

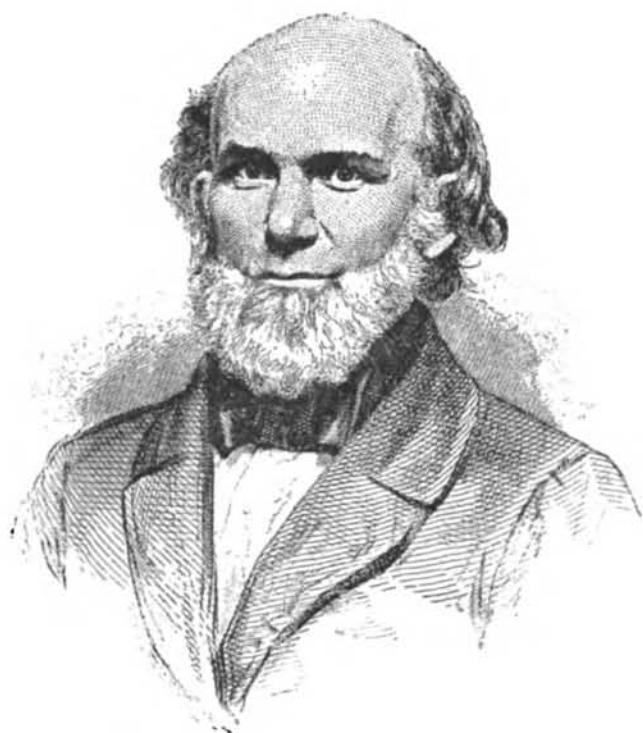
THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

H. L. GREEN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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JANUARY TO DECEMBER.

"The hour is coming when men's holy Church
Shall melt away in ever-widening walls,
And be for all mankind ; and in its place
A mightier Church shall come, whose covenant word
Shall be the deeds of love. Not *Credo* then ;
Amo shall be the password through its gates ;
Man shall not ask his brother any more
'Believest thou?' but, 'Lovest thou?'"

NO. 383 EAGLE STREET,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
A. D. 1893.



Theodore Parker



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THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY (E. M.) 293.

INFIDEL vs. CHRISTIAN INVENTIONS.

BY MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

INQUIRY has been made of me in regard to "Infidel Inventors," especially women. That the reply may be more widely extended, I send it through your Magazine. The printed back of this letter of inquiry gave a short list of Infidel men inventors, preceded by a declaration from Rev. T. De Witt Talmage that the Christian lamp had furnished the best discoveries of the world, giving the names of a few inventors since the formation of the United States.

Upon the same broad ground of assumption taken by Dr. Talmage, Freethinkers can as truly assert that the best discoveries even of the modern world, have been lighted by an Infidel lamp. The United States is not a Christian nation; it was founded by men professedly infidel in belief, who in its principles of religious liberty, gave mankind more freedom than Christianity had ever done. Previous to 1776 the average number of inventions in England, the then Christian light of the world, was but seven. As soon as freedom of thought and action was guaranteed through self-government in religious matters, inventions began to thrive and are now to be numbered by thousands each year, in this country alone, all the result of "infidel" light.

But it is easy to answer the question of my friend in regard to "infidel women inventors" of the ages before Christianity:

women whose names are indissolubly connected with the wealth, commercial prosperity, and very existence of ancient kingdoms, and even of the modern world.

The Chinese Empress Si-ling-chi, 4,000 years before the Christian era, was the inventor of silk, and as Sien Tshan, the goddess of silk-worms, she is still worshipped, the empresses sacrificing each year to her memory. The very word China is a corruption of her name, "Sien Tshan," and is a perpetual recognition of woman's inventive genius. The unparalleled duration and prosperity of China, a country without a public debt, is largely due to silk. It supports a surprisingly numerous population, and even at the present time silk furnishes material for more than one-half the clothing of that great empire, where cotton was unknown until within the last 800 years, and where, had it not been for the fortunate invention of silk, poverty and suffering would long since have blotted the nation from existence. Long known to the western world as "Ser," or "Serica," the land of silk, the secret of its manufacture was skillfully kept from other nations. It formed an export of extraordinary value, its weight in gold being paid by Roman emperors for a single garment.

Aristotle is said to have been the first European writer to mention silk, yet it was a thousand years after his time before the secret of its manufacture became known to the west through the theft of a Christian monk-missionary, who brought cocoons and seeds of the mulberry from China in a hollow staff. It is now a great wealth-producer for many Christian countries—the value of its French manufacture alone being computed at \$32,000,000 yearly, and the profits on the manufactured article at \$12,000,000 a year.

Gauze was the invention of Pamphila, a woman of Cos, who, shortly after the introduction of silk into Europe, unraveled its web, re-manufacturing it into a transparent fabric greatly prized by Roman ladies, under the name of "coa vestis," and to moderns as oan, or gauze. From its delicacy, transparency and beauty, it was familiarly known as "the woven wind," yet it possessed sufficient strength to admit of colors, and embroidery in silk and gold thread.

Silk, above all other fabrics, possesses the quality most sought by manufacturers; delicacy, lustre, strength, and a capability of taking any color desired. It is the strongest of all fabrics, ex-

ceeding that of hemp or flax. By a law of eternal fitness, spinners strive for a thread like a woman's hair, long, fine, strong and vibrant.

Under the forms of velvet, crape, gauze, satin, foulard, pongee, plush, lace and thread, silk has more largely contributed to the wealth of the world, and possessed more influence in shaping the policy of states, than any other manufactured article.

The most ancient Chinese writings attribute the invention of spinning to Lao, wife of the fourth emperor, and in the new world similar credit is given to the mother of the Incas, who was worshipped as the inventor of spinning and weaving,—arts into which she so successfully initiated her countrywomen, that when America was discovered, they had carried them to the highest perfection. Prescott says, "The delicate manufactures of the Peruvian wool were of so beautiful a texture that the Spanish sovereigns, with all the luxuries of Europe at their command, did not disdain to use them.

The Egyptian Isis, whose name has descended to us as that of a goddess, was thus rewarded for her many and useful inventions, among them that of bread and the art of embalming. Diodorus says the inventors of useful things were honored by all men as gods and goddesses, in reward for their deserts. The science of medicine dates to Isis, and down to the time of Galen many medicines still bore her name. So renowned were the medicines of Egypt that the prophet Jeremiah and the poet Homer each mentioned them. So universal became the worship of this inventive woman, that it extended around the known world. The Minerva of Athens,—inventor of logic and the art of breaking horses,—the Ceres of Eleusia, founder of the Eleusian mysteries, so profound and terrifying that few men dare receive initiation,—the Venus of Cyprus, the Cybele of Phrygia, the Proserpine of Sicily, the Diana of Crete, the Bellona of Italy, are but few of the "ten thousand names" under which Isis was worshipped.

That perfection of architecture, the arch, cannot be traced farther back than the third pyramid, the work of Nitocris, a "rosy-cheeked and flaxen-haired" queen of that period. Although smaller than the pyramids of Cheops and of Cephrenes, this pyramid of Nitocris was much more famous, and was considered by Pliny as much more beautiful and wonderful than the first two. It bore inscriptions that its lesser size should not cause it to be

despised, but an examination of its superior scientific construction should be made, when it would be found worthy of the greatest commendation. Although coated with granite, the stones of immense size, its older fame is supposed to have rested upon the arch, here first used by Queen Nitocris. Her name appears twice in the Turin papyrus as the last sovereign of Manetho's sixth dynasty.

Lace, which the Christian popes, cardinals and priests use to bedeck themselves, and long supposed to have originated in Italy, was introduced into Europe by the Spanish Moors, at a period when that continent, outside of Arabic Spain, was buried in a darkness so profound, that from the seventh to the eleventh century not a single heresy arose, a very significant fact, inasmuch as "heresy" simply means opinion. During four hundred years no person in Christian Europe dared to hold an opinion contrary to those taught by the Church. So great the mental and moral darkness of that period, that we of to-day know more in regard to ancient Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt of 4,000 years since, than we do of Christian Europe 400 years ago. No inventions, unless the "rack," "thumb-screw," "tongue-piercer," and like implements, were then given to the world by Christians.

Another priceless Eastern invention of woman is Cashmere shawls, whose manufacture gives employment to thousands of men and women, forming one of the principal sources of revenue for India. It is due to Mheural Nisa, wife of the great conqueror, Jerunzebe, or Noor Jehan. This woman is better known to English-speaking peoples, through Moore's "Light of the Harem," as Noor Mahal. To her is the world also indebted for that most exquisite and costly perfume, "attar," or more properly, "attar of roses." Her husband, most passionately attached to her, through his love, and because of the great benefits her inventions had conferred upon the country, caused her name and the inscription, "Light of the World," to be struck upon the coins of India. As her seventh child saw the light she passed away, her husband building to her a magnificent and fairy-like temple-tomb upon the banks of the Jumna, known to the world as the "Taj Mahal." Travelers vie in describing the "Taj" as the most light, graceful, exquisite and picturesque building, a gem of architecture. Twenty thousand laborers were constantly employed upon it for twenty-two years. The workmen were of many countries, each giving

what was best with himself until the building became a poem emblazoned with jewels. It is built of brilliant white marble, the whole of the Koran inlaid in letters of black marble. It is ornamented with crystal, jasper, chalcedony, turquoise, sapphire, onyx, carnelian, coral, diamonds, agate, blood-stone, lapis lazuli and other precious stones. Lilies, irises, roses and other flowers, in open tracery upon the marble, form a fretwork of the most exquisite and natural designs. Bayard Taylor said, "So pure, so gloriously perfect did it appear, that I almost feared to approach it, lest the charm should be broken." He called it a "castle in the air," brought down to earth and fixed for the wonder of ages, and declared, "If there was nothing else in India, this alone would repay the visit," repeating in Saracenic art the place that the Parthenon holds in the Greek. A sheik having the "Taj" in charge, declared it to have cost seven crores of rupees, or \$35,000,000.

The name of the building is but a repetition of her own, according to some writers, Mumtaz Mahal abbreviated to Taz, and finally corrupted to "Taj" Mahal. She was reported to be a woman of surpassing beauty, great wit and intelligence. Her miniature, painted on ivory, is still shown,—a small, rather delicate face, with large, dark, piercing eyes, and black hair flowing from under a scarf adorned with peacock's feathers.

The vault where this beautiful woman inventor lies receives no light except that which, entering from the door, falls directly upon her tomb in the center. Her husband-lover sleeps by her side. The vault is filled with the odors of jasmine, sandal-wood and roses, whose precious "attars" are constantly sprinkled upon her tomb, while wreaths of beautiful flowers lie upon it, or fall in withered beauty at its base.

"There's a bliss beyond all the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!"

The oldest daughter of this lovely and loving couple, Jehanara Begum, emulated the love of her mother. When Shah Jehan was deposed by his son Aurungzebe, Jehanara accompanied her father to prison, remaining with him till his death. Her marble tomb at Delhi is exquisitely carved, but over the grave itself only grass is growing. The inscription on the headstone, written

by herself, is, "Let no rich canopy cover my grave. This grass is the best covering for the poor in spirit, the humble, the transitory Jenanara, the disciple of the holy men of Cheest, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan."

The lovely and learned Hypatia, succeeding her father, Theon, as head of the Platonic school at Alexandria, and at whose feet the wise men of Europe, Asia and Africa sat for instruction, was an inventor of delicate mathematical instruments, but neither her beauty, her learning nor her inventions saved her from being torn to pieces with tiles, by a Christian mob headed by monks

Kamejo, a Japanese woman worker in bronze, invented those decorations in relief so greatly used by the artists of that country. Iso No Zenji, another Japanese lady, for her inventions connected with the stage, is known as Mother of the Drama. An empress of that country is also celebrated for her inventions, but unfortunately both her name and inventions have escaped me.

Alcohol, attributed to the Arabs, received the name from a powder, the invention of Hagar, mother of that nation, whom saintly Abraham sent, with her infant son Ishmael, into the wilderness, but whose life, according to Biblical history, was saved by a raven.

The use of cotton as a textile fabric in the West, ascribed to the mother of the Incas, in the East is credited to the half-mythical Semiramis. She was also the inventor of military engines which brought the long-protracted siege of Bactria to a close. When sent for by her husband, who was conducting the siege, to meet him at that place, for security of travel she invented a garment—the caftan—long known as "Semiramis' Gown." It was adopted by both the Median and Persian kings as the insignia of royalty, and when Haman was called upon by King Ahasuerus to tell what should be done to the man the king delighted to honor, he, supposing himself to be the favored one, chose to have him arrayed in the royal apparel the king was wont to wear, no other honor equaling in significance that of being permitted to wear "Semiramis' Gown." To this day, in the East, this gown is the symbol of honor.

In traditions of the East the fame of Semiramis exceeds that of any preceding or succeeding monarch. Babylon, that city which, both in its material and spiritual significance, stands for all that is great on earth, was built by her; its bricks, first

inscribed, then beautifully colored and baked, forming to-day the oldest library in existence. Her palaces upon opposite sides of the Euphrates, were connected by a tunnel under the river, ascribed to her as the inventor. All modern tunneling traces its origin back to this woman. The first potters—makers of dishes and materials for use in cooking,—are now universally admitted to have been women.

While as late as the reign of George III. the inventions of England numbered but fourteen a year, Christian inventors had not been inactive down the preceding centuries. To aid Mr. Talmage's memory, a few will be noted :

Foremost, where all were diabolical, stands the "Rack." It consisted of a large frame, so "invented" that the person upon it was gradually stretched until some or all of the joints were dislocated. It was a favorite invention among Christians, who declared that torture could hardly be properly applied without some dislocation of the bones. An account is preserved of a person summoned to court six months after being racked. Still unable to walk, he was conveyed in a litter.

The "Castulars" was an invention of iron, into which the legs were forced, when the iron was gradually heated until the Castulars burned into the flesh.

The "Iron Boot," another torture for the leg, was used to crush the bones and marrow of the victim.

The "Iron Gloves," worn red hot, was an invention of torture for the hands, every portion of the body, in turn, seemingly selected for the purpose of producing agony.

The "Thumb Screw" was another favorite invention, famed for the severity of pain it inflicted.

The "Pinnywinkies" was a kind of instrument applied to the fingers, bringing the blood from under the nails with a pain terribly severe, and we have record of their use upon a child of seven short years.

The "Spider," an instrument of iron resembling a huge tarantula, and used for tearing out women's breasts, was exhibited through the United States, 1884, in Dr. Hadleman's Traveling Museum.

Nor are these inventions those of Catholic Christians alone. After the Reformation Christian inventions of this character were greatly stimulated, especially in Great Britain. Iron collars, or

"Witches' Bridles," are still preserved in some parts of Scotland, this Protestant Calvinistic country being especially famed for its inventions of torturing instruments. The "Bridle" was so constructed that by means of a loop passing over the head, a piece of iron having four points was forced into the mouth of the person—woman—to be punished; two of these prongs were directed towards the tongue and the palate, the other two pointing into the cheeks. A ring was attached to the back of the collar; by its means the "witch" was hung to a staple in the wall, her toes barely touching the floor. The whole was firmly secured by a padlock. The sufferer, to whom every movement brought exquisite pain, was deprived of sleep until her Christian torturers pleased to relieve her. Pitcairn, Vol. I, Part 2, p. 50, says: "The clergy and the kirk sessions appear to have been unwearied instruments of purging the land of witchcraft, and *to them in the first instance all the complaints and informations were made.*"

The "Ducking Stool" seems to have been quite peculiarly an English invention, and, like the "Bridle," women were usually its especial victims. The victim was securely fastened into a chair, carved upon its back with pictures of devils tormenting women who dared to speak. This chair was fastened upon the end of a long lever, could easily be plunged into water, fair or foul, and many an unfortunate wretch came to her death by its means. The Puritan Christian Fathers brought it with them to this country.

The "Brank," fitting firmly on the head, a sharp spike projecting into the mouth for subjugating the tongue, was preferred by our pious forefathers, to the Ducking Stool, which gave liberty of speech between the dips, unless the woman was gagged, as was sometimes done. Has Brother Talmage forgotten these Christian inventions? Freethought women have not. Does he recall the famous Locusta, and Tofana, and the "Aqua Tofana" of a few centuries since? Has he forgotten the "Garotte," the "Guillotine," and the more modern "Electrical Chair," all Christian inventions for legal murder?

Does he remember the famous "Iron Maiden" of Nuremburg, an unique Christian invention, in shape of a woman,—a Madonna, the veritable "Mother of God" herself? Before this Madonna the victim was compelled to kneel in prayer. It opened with two doors; the inside was fitted with sharp iron spikes so arranged

that when the doors were closed, two of these sharp prongs forced themselves into the eyes, others into the back, the chest, and various portions of the body, impaling the victim alive, to linger in agonizing torture for days until death should finally come, when the opening of a trap-door at the bottom allowed the body to fall into a moat or river. It was a most famous Christian invention in its day, and can now be seen in Lord Shrewsbury's collection of seven or eight hundred implements of torture in use among Christians until within the last hundred years, when the light of *free-thought*, and advancing civilization by means of this Infidel lamp, compelled discontinuance of these means of conversion, which in the short space of three hundred years sent millions of human beings to an agonizing death—all Christian inventions.

Did Brother Talmage visit such collections found in various parts of Europe, when he was abroad recently? It is to be feared that his call upon that present despotic torturer, head of the Greek Christian Church,—the Czar,—and the stories he there told of the advance of Christianity in the United States, did not leave him time. But had he stopped in Venice, City of the Sea, he would have found "inventions as curious as any in the Patent Office—ingenious machines contrived to produce extremest anguish without loss of life or consciousness; instruments of torture made to grind, twist, cramp living men and women, all in the name of Christ."

When in London had he given up one day's preaching for the purpose of visiting Lord Shrewsbury's collection, it would have furnished him with new ideas in regard to inventions made by the light of the "Christian lamp."

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

MARILLA.—Rev. Williams, of Kansas, an evangelist, who has been conducting a revival at Williston for the past two weeks, closed his meetings Wednesday night. Walter Barrows, a young married man who resides in that village, became insane during the meetings, and it is feared he may never recover his reason.—*Buffalo Evening News*, Dec. 24, 1892.

If any one besides such sanctified agita-

tors as "Rev. Williams" should go into a strange town, and, by getting up a furore over matters far more truthful and useful than the trash presented by such men, should produce such disastrous results, he would be justly regarded as a public nuisance and held responsible for such acts.—E. D. N.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT CHAMPIONED.

BY REV. E. P. ADAMS.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE having graciously offered me, as an Independent preacher, liberal space and free swing in its columns, I thankfully avail myself of the privilege. Some acquaintance with Freethinkers makes me think of them as a band of fearless, irreverent, but honest rough-riders, who have a roving commission from the Lord of the realm to raid all sanctimonious shams with fire and sword and carbine. A life-long terror have they been to me, for I feared they would leave nothing behind them, good or bad, except only a blackened and smoking waste. Perhaps they didn't intend to leave anything, yet I have discovered that the grass grew greener in their wake, and that nothing but certain old dead stalks and stubble was missing. I therefore feel more kindly toward them. They do harm to nothing but the venerable veneering of solemn humbugs. They challenge everything that is old, and call upon it to explain why it isn't decently buried. If some really living and vigorous party has carelessly allowed himself to go to sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, with his old-style, traditional clothes on, he is liable to be waked up and recalled to earnest living and thinking by the rough handling of the freethinking burial party in their attempt to hustle him into his grave. However, we rather object to burying things alive.

I think there is vast vitality in the Sermon on the Mount. Some think they perceive in it the smell of decay. To me it seems simply the rank odor of the embalming fluid which traditionalists have applied to it that makes it mal-odorous. There are probably many really vital truths which have been corrupted from their original simplicity by dull, prosy, literalistic interpreters and commentators utterly devoid of spiritual insight. Then again, truths that are so far in advance of the times as to lie neglected, always fade beyond recognition, like garments long left lying in the sun. Their original pattern is at last unrecognizable. Tradition has wrapped this "Sermon" in its winding-sheet. It needs only to be set free. If my freethinking friends take alarm at this, and hold their noses, I will still venture to keep on stripping the life-constricting bandages off in the attempt to find and

show what is beneath. Their war as well as mine is simply with the old bandages of tradition. I believe that Freethinkers would be as glad to find indisputable sense and use in the Sermon on the Mount as I am myself.

Modesty becomes me as I enact the role of self-elected champion of this "Sermon." I have no weighty name, and am backed by no sect or party. In 1880 I was deposed by the Buffalo Presbytery for the heresy of accepting conscience as sufficient guide. My actual crime was that of careful thinking and honest intending. I held that thought must be free, and that every man is responsible only to God. I believed that a man's mind would be illuminated to clear perception, if he studied and thought as a free subject and heir of the realm.

As for this old monograph, the Sermon on the Mount, I do not think one's high estimate of it should be regarded as disqualifying him from judging of its merits. If he is known to be sectarian, partisan and prejudiced, his praising and his blaming will rightly be considered alike worthless. But an honest friendship, growing out of intimate acquaintance with any worthy person or cause, is less a bar to correct judgment than enmity or even mere indifference is. If a lover is blind, a hater is blinder yet. He who loves the simple truth will not strain a writer's expressions, but will let the writer's general spirit and aim interpret him. In order to treat a thing justly, your disposition toward it should *start friendly*; yet you need not think that you must regard truth and good as of the nature of gossamer or glassware. On the contrary, let no wholesale plastering of characters or documents with unvouched-for praise protect them from keenest examination and free criticism. Only beware of the jaundiced eye!

The Sermon on the Mount will appear consistent, or jumbled and incoherent, by what we make out of the hackneyed term, "Kingdom of Heaven." That phrase must not be allowed to prejudice us. Many other terms might be substituted for "kingdom." In some respects *republic* might be preferable; in some respects, *rule* or *authority*. I will adopt *sovereign authority*, but shall insist that we do not mix up the simple idea with any form, but let it stand in its essence. If in any sudden emergency a whole crowd of men lose their heads, with the exception of one man who knows just what to do and does it, who commands and whom all obey, and so order is brought out of confusion, we call

him "master of the situation." He is virtual and essential king. Though lacking the sensible trappings, he possesses the real and invisible efficacy. It may not be clear what to call his peculiar sovereignty for the time, for his rule is short, his administration is brief, his management, though autocratic, is yet informal, and in it is no suggestion of "sceptred sway." In lieu of anything better I am willing to adopt the word "kingship." At least I know of nothing more essentially *royal* than this natural sort of sway. Every other form of rule seems contemptible in comparison. In time this must prevail. Thus rationally interpreted, I admit the old saws concerning the "divine right" of kings. I believe in a system wherein the unworthy falls out of his supremacy the instant a worthier appears.

When Napoleon proclaimed to the French nation, "The Empire is Peace," he uttered a figment, for it was a sham empire and there was no peace. Such empires stand on armies and navies. His empire was plunder and personal glory. The old Roman imperialism was no more real, notwithstanding its power and pomp and immense sweep. But Paul in uttering his "The Kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy," and the inspiration of which he said was the Holy Spirit or "divine energy," should be credited with originality. It is certain that Jesus in his teachings sketched the outline figure of a reign of a new pattern, from which the old brute force and autocratic self-will were excluded. The "new management," of which this discourse seems a sort of "prospectus," took no lesson from Cæsars or Czars. As proof of this please think whether or not Jesus was bedizened when he spoke with any royal gewgaws and pretensions. His portraiture of a king, even if not pretty, is decidedly original, and in strongest contrast to the old-time conventional king. He discounted "blood" and muscle and splendor. Said he, "*Thy* king cometh unto thee, meek and lowly, and riding on an ass," which, *par excellence*, is the beast of burden. The richly caparisoned and bit-champing stallion has been the proper royal mount. But in the new regime it is *humble service* that marks the head fit for the crown, the man of authority. And there is no riding into supremacy upon the back of "blood," pride and one's general and particular uselessness to everybody. Practical service, which is the true measure of worth, marks the worthy, and the worthiest shall be most influential and most listened to. The usefulest

servant shall be seated on the top seat, where once sat or lolled the prince, the courtier, the bully, the blusterer, the briber, the wily politician and boss of the ward; the man who could carry with him the venal crowd, the army and the treasury. Character is to be set above force. In short, right shall hold empire in this world's affairs, and a peace and tranquility and joy shall result such as crowned force and crowned cunning have never brought around to us.

If anyone wishes further to indulge in a beautiful and innocent dream of earthly society, let him imagine the details of the scene, where Love, seated on the throne, moves all the living wheels of humanity noiselessly, nay, musically. Love is the perfect Imperialism, and when it is in unrestricted operation, you shall behold "the great Family of Man."

No one should presume to treat of the Sermon on the Mount, apart from the conviction that he is dealing with the above-mentioned family and its internal government, otherwise he is sure to go astray. The word "father" is used seventeen times, the word "brother" seven times, and "children" are everywhere recognized and implied. Love is the law of the realm, and he who should try to engineer and run the "Sermon" to see what its system is worth, and yet leave out the lubricating oil of love, would do exquisite violence to the machinery, and himself be the cause of the creakings that torture his ear. A machine should not be made to go contrary to its law, and then be condemned.

So much for what may be called the natural kingship. But why is it "*of the heavens?*" If we remember that in this study we are dealing with the *upper range* of principles and motives applied to human conduct, and have left the lower where animal-like beings live and act; that we have left the clashing and competitive plane of self-interest, whereon men move like pigs of the sty, each grabbing what he can from his neighbor, and if possible driving him away from the trough altogether, we shall the better comprehend the natural figure of speech here employed. When William H. Seward declared in Congress "The Higher Law" as something that *must* be obeyed regardless of all *lower* law, he only expressed in other terms the "law of the heavens," the law of "the Most High," the "royal law," or the "divine imperialism," so unlike selfish earthly imperialism. This makes of earth's inhabitants a family circle of ever-enlarging dimensions, where

every fully-initiated member can cheerfully, on occasion, practice a bit of "heavenly self-shrinkage" for the common good. Language is quick to seize upon all salient features of nature for symbols. This is especially true of Oriental and of poetical language. James Russell Lowell in his "Sir Launfal," says:

"Earth gets its price for what *Earth* gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
 'Tis *Heaven* alone that is given away."

The earth beneath is made the standing type of the mercenary and selfish. Earth is staked off into personal properties, each of which warns off the trespasser. Earth thus represents the hard and niggardly spirit. It is hard on beggars and debtors and weaklings and *Les Miserables* of all sorts. It is scant in milk of human kindness, and rigid and angular in justice. But the sky is open-handed and beneficent, giving its common stores of rain and dew and sunshine lavishly and without petty discrimination between saints and sinners, and allowing to its children, the birds, free range everywhere. To them there is no "Keep off the Grass." "As the heavens are higher than the earth," so are the principles and motives commended by Jesus "higher" than what have yet been much in vogue. Besides the lines of the heavens are not so straight. The upper range is freer, more graceful and more gracious. Shylock was as stiff and exacting as the law allows; Portia gave expression to the easy, flowing lines of mercy or "grace."

"'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptered sway."

Yes, heaven-high above it. A home of affection on the broad scale of Humanity demands for its foundation, I believe, something that finds very apt and exhaustive expression in the beatitudes or "blesseds" of the first dozen verses of the fifth chapter of Mat-

thew. Does any one take the title "poor in spirit" to indicate something base or mean? Humility is not mean. It is not a base spirit that is content to serve others. Certain it is that no perfect society will "materialize" till such "poor in spirit" furnish the stuff. The sort of boy that sulks and will not play unless he is made captain, is not good building material; nor is the soldierman who has no ear for his country's call till he is offered a high commission; neither is the member of any organization who will do nothing till his superiority is conceded and his pride had due homage done it by his being made "boss." To be poor in spirit evidently implies that the subject doesn't think so highly of self as to require others to bow and stand one side. The ambition to serve, though not a brave-looking, dashing virtue, is yet vastly superior to the ambition to make others serve. I call it a highly cultured condition, and indispensable for social construction.

Perhaps Jesus' teachings are now most objected to because of his use of the motive of rewards. This is regarded as selfish and sordid. We say, do right because it is right, and not because you fear punishment or hanker after a reward. No doubt this is correct, as regards the relative quality of these motives. Still I think that our practical common sense and the native intuitions of our hearts, are more reliable than are often our heads full of such laborious reasonings. Parents and teachers when they would win over children to the better action or course of life, do not hesitate to tell them that in right-doing there is great reward, and that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." You try to convince your boy that it is better every way to do the right and pure thing, and if only you can get him started on the up-grade, you welcome his starting however effected. You do not require angelic motives to begin with. And on the self-same principle I have ceased to be irritated or perplexed at Jesus' use of the reward. In fact, I like to see him taking into his school any and all who can be induced to try to live on the upper plane. If saintship and perfection and absolutely pure love of the right were the terms for *admission* instead of for *graduation*, I for one would say there was little call for such a school in this world.

And yet what has been said hardly touches even remotely Jesus' real appeal to men. He makes no mention of feasts, or couches, or harems, or happy hunting-grounds, or even a happy

heaven beyond. I find no arbitrary rewards promised, but they are all natural "reactions," as Herbert Spencer would say, and they come not *for* well-doing, but *in* well-doing, as, for example, health might be promised to the man who will live healthfully. Indeed, joyous and abounding health of individual and of society is essentially what he promises. It is for no future heaven he tells us to sigh. He points to the heights of existence and tells us that joy must be found there and not on the low beastly plane. "There is always room *on top*," that is, room for excellence. In this sense, great are the rewards *in the heavens*. Our State's motto "Excelsior," preaches the same truth. The promise is to aspiration. The appeal is made to longing and unsatisfied souls that have the pluck to climb for better things. But it is not made so much to men separately, as to men associated. The whole present system of COMPETITION, both in its spirit and its operation, is so absolutely foreign to the Sermon on the Mount, which may be counted the proclamation of the coming CO-OPERATION, that it is not surprising that it is hard for us who were born and bred in the old régime to make head or tail of the new. As artificiality is hopelessly incapacitated for understanding things that are simple, so are we, for comprehending the Sermon on the Mount unless we come to it in the simple-mindedness of little children.

Finally, if any should say that I have put into this "Sermon" more or better than what is actually there, let us get the good of the thoughts whencesoever they came. There is more life by eating than by criticising.

MIRACLES.

By HENRY M. TABER.

"It is more probable that testimony should be mistaken than that miracles should be true." (Hume.)

"It is a waste of time to regard any miraculous reports as even possibly true." (Rev. J. M. Capes.)

THE importance of the subject of miracles is apparent when the fact exists that it is by miracles, and by miracles *alone*, that orthodox Christianity is supported. Think of a religion that is sustained *only* by belief in violations of the laws of Nature; which laws every scientist of note the world over declare are immutable!

The whole immense fabric of Christianity is built upon miraculous records, such as the story of creation, of the fall of man, of the deluge, of Jonah, Joshua, Baalam, Daniel, the three men in the fiery furnace, of the raising of Lazarus, the turning of water into wine, the feeding of the multitude, the virgin birth, resurrection and ascension of Christ. These and other violations of natural law are the props by which Christianity is maintained and without which it would speedily totter to its fall.

We may then well ask for the *evidence* of this sustaining power. Where is it to be found? Is there one single instance in which there is the slightest reliable evidence of the performance of a solitary miracle? Is there a particle of testimony such as would be entertained, for even a second, in any court of justice, throughout the civilized world?

Besides, as Rev. Howard McQueary has said: "An *extraordinary* event should be proved by an *extraordinary* amount of evidence."

Rev. W. S. Crowe says of the miracles attributed to Christ: "We have only the testimony of *partisans*. In no unbiased secular record is there a word of corroboration. Of the partisans themselves we have not the testimony of a single *eye witness*. We have not one authentic word *from the generation to which Jesus belonged*. * * * The Christian churches were founded and were flourishing throughout Palestine and the whole Roman empire before anyone seemed to think of putting the *miracle foundation* under them. * * * The miracles, if facts, would ruin all claims to benevolence in the founder of Christianity. The man who has power to heal every disease and to raise the dead, by a touch or a word, and who, in the course of his entire life only exercises that power in a few isolated instances, is worthy rather of the execration than the gratitude of mankind."

The late Rev. Albert Barnes (Presbyterian, of Philadelphia) says: "An important question is whether there is any stronger evidence in favor of miracles than there is in favor of witchcraft, sorcery, reappearance of the dead, ghosts or apparitions; and if so, *in what respect* is the evidence in favor of the miracles of the Bible stronger than that which can be adduced in favor of witchcraft and sorcery? Has not the evidence in favor of these latter been derived from as competent and reliable witnesses as that in favor of miracles. Has not the evidence in favor of witchcraft

and sorcery had, what the evidence in favor of miracles has *not* had, the advantage of a strict *judicial* investigation? Have not the most eminent judges, in the most civilized and enlightened courts of Europe and America, admitted the force of such evidence (in favor of witchcraft and sorcery), and on the ground of it, committed great numbers of innocent persons to the gallows and to the stake?"

Judge Richard B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, says: "The miracles claimed for the New Testament failed to convince the people, among whom they are said to have been wrought, of the divine mission of Jesus and his apostles, as shown by the treatment they received. * * * Miracles, sorcery and witchcraft were always based on the delusions of ignorance and superstition."

"Miracles resolve themselves into the question whether it is more probable that the laws of Nature, hitherto so immutably harmonious, should have undergone violation; or that a man should have told a lie. We have *many* instances of men telling lies, *none* of an infraction of natural laws." (Shelly.)

"I have known theologians, occupying the highest positions in the Church, who frankly admitted, *among their own intimate friends*, that physical miracles were impossible." (Max Muller.)

"Doubt of miracle is faith in the eternal order of Nature." (Lewis G. James.)

"Miracle is the negative of law." (J. W. Chadwick.)

"When miracles are admitted, every scientific explanation is out of the question." (Kepler.)

"To exclude from history every event of a miraculous character is an absolute rule of criticism." (Renan.)

"The world has trusted in the doctrine of miracle-mongers till skepticism became a condition of self-preservation." (Felix S. Oswald.)

"Miracles exist only for him who has not studied them." (Système de la Nature.)

"Science demands the radical extirpation of caprice and the absolute reliance upon law in Nature." (Tyndall.)

Hon. Andrew D. White expresses his disbelief in miracles in speaking of "that vast power which works in the universe in all things by *law* and in none by *caprice*."

As illustrating how insincere were some of the church fathers, in their pretended belief in miracles and in practicing imposition

on the ignorant, we quote from St. Chrysostom's writings (fourth century): "Miracles are proper only to excite sluggish and vulgar minds; men of sense have no occasion for them."

"In our own time one of the most eminent and gifted of the prelates of the Romish Church, has expressed more or less distrust regarding miracles. The late Cardinal John Henry Newman said: "It is doubtless the tendency of religious minds to *imagine* mysteries and wonders where there are none. * * * The imagination is a fruitful cause of *apparent* miracles. * * * There have been at all times true miracles and false miracles. * * * *No authoritative guide* is supplied to us for drawing the line between the two."

In "Supernatural Religion," vol. ii, p. 478, we read: "Even if the reality of miracles could be substantiated, their value, as evidence for the divine revelation, is destroyed by the necessary admission that miracles are not limited to one source, but that there are miracles satanic, which are to be disbelieved, as well as divine."

In Matthew xxiv: 24, it says: "There shall arise *false* prophets, who shall show great signs and wonders." If signs and wonders—miracles—are a test of true divinity, why are not these so-called "false prophets" divine?

In Mark viii: 12, Christ is made to say: "There shall be no sign given unto this generation." And yet it is by signs and miracles that the Christian Church claims the divine character of Jesus.

It is a matter of history that the age of the Apostles was one in which the most miraculous stories gained credence, and where "little if any radical distinction was drawn between a miracle and an ordinary occurrence." (John Fiske.)

The miracles upon which the Christian religion mainly relies for its support are those of the virgin birth, resurrection and ascension of Christ. The first of these (claimed also for every other founder of a religion), is of course so utterly opposed to natural law that no person who is familiar with such law, and who *thinks*, will for one moment entertain the thought of its being possibly true. As to the resurrection, it is quite safe to say that not a particle of reliable evidence has ever been produced in support of such claim. Rev. R. Heber Newton says: "Most thoughtful men recognize that any such resurrection of the body (as is largely believed in), demands a miracle of such magnitude as is *utterly*

unbelievable by the average man." As to the ascension, to where did Jesus ascend? If you point your finger upwards at twelve meridian, it points in one direction; keep it thus pointed till twelve midnight, and it points in exactly an opposite direction. There is no "up" or "down"—no ascension or descension—where the law of gravity holds sway, in this universe of circling spheres; no place whatever, in all probability, to which Enoch, or Elijah, or Jesus could, by any possibility, have been translated.

T. W. Doane, in his immensely valuable work called "Bible Myths," shows an almost complete parallel between the miracles of Christ and those of Chrishna and Buddha; healing the sick, restoring the maimed, the deaf and the blind, raising the dead and other miracles attributed to Christ, are all to be found in the histories of those two incarnations of Deity who flourished respectively 1200 and 600 years B. C.

Miracles similar to those which Christ is said to have performed, were claimed for Zoroaster, Bochia, Horus, Serapis, Mardeck, Esculapius, Appolonius of Tyana, Simon Magus, Menander, Vespasian and others.

"The Gospel miracles are set in the midst of a series of similar wonders which commenced many centuries before the dawn of Christianity." ("Supernatural Religion.")

Hon. Andrew D. White says that "in the Sixteenth Century such miracles as healing the sick, the miraculous draft of fishes, raising the dead and the resurrection, were attributed to Francis Xavier."

The Romish Church claims that miracles are still being performed, but the Protestant Church says "the days of miracles are past." The former is certainly the most consistent, for it is more reasonable to suppose that IF miracles were ever performed they are quite as likely to be performed to-day as at any time in the past. The miracles that it is claimed are being performed now are quite as well authenticated as the miracles in which Protestants believe.

Professor Baden Powell illustrates the position of the Protestant Church in saying: "At the present day, it is not a miracle, but the *narrative* of a miracle to which faith is accorded."

It must be admitted, however, that the Roman Church derives a splendid income by reason of the position it takes on this question. Enormous sums of money are constantly being raised out

of the superstitious, in all parts of the Catholic world, by pretended miracles, performed by so-called holy relics. In May, 1892, the miracle claimed to have been performed by a supposed bone of St. Ann, in New York city, yielded the handsome profit of \$1,000 per day for sixteen days, in one church alone. Very properly did the distinguished member of the New York bar, John D. Townsend, Esq., recently ask the question, in a letter to the *New York Herald*, that if Madame Dis Debar was justly punished for obtaining money on the false pretense that the pictures with which she supplied the art gallery of Mr. Marsh were painted by the spirits of the "old masters," why should not like punishment be meted out to such priests as obtain money, from the ignorant, credulous and superstitious, on *equally* false pretenses?

Both Catholics and Protestants, however, profess belief in the miracles recorded in the Bible. Take, for example, the one recorded in Matthew xxvii: 51-53: "The earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." Just analyze this record for a moment—calmly consider it—and you cannot help saying that such a statement is absolutely impossible of belief. Imagine, if you can, the surprise of the people living in the "holy city" having visits, "all of a sudden," from the "many bodies of the saints," the recent tenants of the grave! We are not informed as to what welcome the bodies of the saints received, how long their visits were continued, or to where they went on leaving. No wonder that intelligent people are refusing to believe such impossible recitals. No wonder that (even) Christian clergymen are daily repudiating belief in such incredible records, and forcing from them such declarations as that from the Rev. J. H. Rylance, viz.: "All notions of the miraculous character of the Bible has been almost wholly banished from us."

In "Supernatural Religion" it is stated that "the great majority of modern German Biblical critics reject the miraculous *altogether*. * * * As a historical fact there is nothing more certain than that miracles, and the belief in them, disappeared exactly when education and knowledge of the operations of natural laws became diffused throughout Europe."

Dr. Oort says: "Our increased knowledge of Nature has gradually undermined the belief in the possibility of miracles, and the

time is not far distant when, in the mind of every man of culture, all accounts of miracles will be banished to their proper region—that of legend."

But why try to penetrate the supernatural (if such there be)? Is there not enough in the natural to excite our wonder? What more marvelous, or seemingly marvelous, than Nature herself? Why indulge in the recital of impossible stories of the (supposed) preter-natural, when the story of Nature is so inconceivably greater and grander? Talk of the inexplicability of miracles, which are but pretended violations of the laws of Nature; when the laws of Nature themselves are far more inexplicable. The revelations of the telescope and the microscope are infinitely more wonderful than all the miraculous revelations claimed for the Bible. The knowledge of the material world, imparted by Kepler, Newton, Humboldt and Darwin, far transcends in importance (as well as in truth), all the (pretended) knowledge of the *im*-material world, supposed to be miraculously revealed by prophets, apostles, evangelists and church "fathers." There is far more of inspiration in the *one* "book of nature" than in *all* the books of the Old and New Testament. The miraculous accounts by Moses, introducing us to the geology, astronomy and biology of six thousand years ago, are completely superseded by the more modern and more truthful teachings of science. The story of evolution is far more ennobling (in addition to its having become an established fact) than that of a miraculous creation. The marvel of birth, physical growth and intellectual development, towers grandly above the juggling tricks which are known as miracles. All these teachings of the Bible inculcate belief in useless fables, myths and miracles instead of in helpful facts, truths and natural causes. Miracles, and belief in them, are utterly out of place in this age of scientific investigation and of the knowledge of cause and effect.

"When I consider that without a miracle the stars swing in their circles, that without a miracle seed-time and harvest keep their punctual round, that without a miracle the immanent life climbed from the fiery mist of worlds unmade to all their myriad shapeliness and interacting harmony, to mineral and vegetable and animal life, and from the wallowing saurain to the man or woman whom you love—when I consider all these things, I must confess it seems to me a little less than blasphemous to suggest that the power which is equal to them all is not equal to the development

of humanity from any possible depth to any possible height, by methods as serene as those which keep the stars from wandering, or convert the substance of the planet into human smiles and tears." (Rev. John W. Chadwick.)

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

BY JOHN VAN DENBURGH.

A THEORY with many writers of history, and for no other apparent reason except to follow a precedent and be popular, when telling of great events and conflicts, is that particular individuals acting a conspicuous part in such conflicts, were especially commissioned by Providence to control and bring to a happy termination, by their more than ordinary human sagacity, results that no other individuals could have performed; instances like Washington and Lincoln being marked examples.

Of late the inquiry has been made and answered, to the apparent satisfaction of certain parties, particularly those who raised the question, that the responsibilities taken and obligations assumed by Lincoln were of greater magnitude than those resting on Washington when he took command of the patriot army after the battle of Bunker Hill, and for its accomplishment and final ending displayed greater ability, and is justly entitled to greater homage and gratitude than was Washington from the people of America.

Each acted his part well, but whether Lincoln could have filled Washington's place, or Washington Lincoln's, respectively, to their country's benefit, would amount simply to an unprofitable speculation, because no one is competent to tell. And there is neither a necessity or justification for any one to break a single leaf from the laurel that crowns the brow of Washington to add to that of Lincoln. Those who attempt to draw such a comparison have read history with closed or bandaged eyes, and are incompetent, because of bias or ignorance, to entitle themselves or opinions to very little, if any, respect. At the time when accepting vast responsibilities both men were in the full vigor of manhood, strong beyond the average in both mental and physical endowments. In all its outline, the cast of Washington was that of manly beauty and grace, whether in action or repose, and was all in all a magnificent personality. Lincoln's was the opposite, and of him it could be said, without exaggeration, nature had not done

him justice in withholding from him a single outward adornment commensurate with the strength and equipoise of his intellect.

Opportunity oftener makes the man, than the man the opportunity, and it is a mistaken idea that Providence creates and endows certain individuals with almost supernatural ability to conduct and successfully end great events and conflicts, like the war of the revolution or the late civil war. Neither Washington or Lincoln, outside of natural, ordinary events, occurring at all times, can logically be said to have been called by any higher power than the common soldier who died for his country—in other words, the preservation of the Union, whose burial-place is unknown, and his name forgotten. And the claim that either or both were divinely called by special *decree* of Providence to bring to a happy and satisfactory termination the war of the revolution or rebellion, overdoes—in other words, confutes itself, is an absurdity too plain to need contradiction, because it reflects on the wisdom, or want of it, by Providence in not preventing both, but all wars.

Common law and common sense holds the instigator of crime equal in guilt with the perpetrator, and the same accusation, if made against an individual, would be a stupendous crime. Bring about wars, with all the attendant waste and carnage that follows, in order to raise and empower individuals to prosecute and end them, when charged to Providence, can with fitting propriety be characterized, without injustice or extravagance of utterance, as the climax of absurdity. All conflicts between nations and people are controlled, guided and governed by the same laws and forces that individuals are, and in the end, whether empires, states or persons, the weaker always yields to the stronger if the conflict lasts, and independent of any special interference on the part of Providence, simply because nature's laws and forces are unchangeable—alike with a great and powerful state, as with the humblest individual thereof. No less inconsistent would the saying be, that by some whim or change of base, Providence might stop the invisible wheels on which the universe is supposed to roll.

Read from the preface of Louis Napoleon's "History of Julius Cæsar": "When Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, it is to trace out to people the path they ought to follow, to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; to accomplish in a few years the labor of many centuries. Happy the people who comprehend and follow; woe to those who misunderstand and combat them. They do as the Jews did: they crucify their Messiah;

they are blind and culpable." Imagine him looking at a crucifix at the time it becomes little less than blasphemy. Did he believe that, or was it pretense, fraud and hypocrisy by which he hoped to retain power, unscrupulously and cruelly bought, in telling the people of France that Providence had placed him there for their good, and happy would their lot be could they comprehend and see it, but woe if they misunderstood and combated it? The people of France can best answer which act of Providence they are most thankful for, the first or the last. And when was Providence most conspicuous, if such can be claimed, when the first Napoleon looked for the first time, or the last, on the glittering towers and minarets of Moscow, or, when transferred to the British ship *Northumberland*, which bore him a captive, and landed him an exile, on St. Helena's rock, in the distant Atlantic?

It would fill a volume, to place in detail anything like a comparison, tending to show how unequal and much greater were the responsibilities resting on and performed by Washington in contrast with those of Lincoln. Only a few will be given. That which Mr. Lincoln has been most eulogized for was the Proclamation of Emancipation, which gave freedom to the slave, and that was practically a war measure, and issued with some apparent reluctance to cripple the South, more than his abhorrence of slavery or active sympathy for the slave, and so long delayed that it caused comment and sharp criticism from a large loyal element of the people, and not a little controversy and some dissatisfaction on the part of some members of the cabinet. The only excuse for such delay being the fear of offending a supposed Union feeling in the border slave-holding states more or less, to what extent was hardly known. Based on his repeated utterances as the representative of the Government, he was not exerting and wielding the strength of vast armies to destroy slavery, but to preserve and save the Union as he found it, practically maintaining, as it was called, a constitutional or legal warfare, as slavery was recognized as legal by the Constitution, and the states in rebellion claimed, that by providential authority and enactments, bible laws as well as constitutional, they were simply contending for natural and divine rights; and though Mr. Lincoln did not in so many words admit the soundness of the claim, it looked to some like a leaning that way, which policy he abandoned by the promulgation of the Emancipation Act, and then declared that hereafter the war would be maintained and continued by the destruction of all and everything they had or regarded of value, which included all bondmen

and women then claimed as property by the people of the states in rebellion. With that change of base, it was soon manifest the Confederacy had received a mortal wound. The next, but less perplexing difficulty he tried but failed, was to harmonize and adjust the jealousy and envy existing between army commanders, and by his apparent leniency to some, was accused of favoritism, and subjected to not a little sharp criticism.

In all mechanical arts, and the vast researches of scientific attainments, there has been no parallel in the worlds past that will compare with the half century closing with Washington's public life and the beginning of Lincoln's. Not particularly available in that which either had to do, but was a help and advantage that Lincoln had over Washington, on the supposition that their tasks were equal.

There was a generous and ample supply in every department of the government, being many times stronger than the Confederacy in resources, supplies and credit, and when it collapsed, it was because of its own weakness, having fought itself out, more than conquered by the government. A handful of starving, half-clad men, cut off from resources, encircled by a vast army, supplied and equipped as well, perhaps better, than any other army the world has ever seen. Had it been otherwise, most probably history would have contained another and different kind of chapter, never now to be written. A fraction of the valor, wasted in most any other cause but that shameful and senseless one, claiming that Providence granted to them the duty and privilege to hold others in bondage, and not infrequently, those who had an infusion of their own blood, would have deserved the respect and admiration of the world.

Washington never sought place or preferment; that can hardly be said of Lincoln, but in no way or sense of reproach. He was the representative of a political party, and elected to place, power and responsibility by such party. Honors and responsibilities assumed by Washington were the spontaneous gift of a people, accepted with diffidence and reluctance, declining all compensation, and gave back all, with a grandeur and self-denial never approached, and will hardly ever be equalled. It stands solitary and alone, and doubtless will for all time. The belief in the equality of all men by nature, under God's law, when not perverted, was manifestly stronger with Washington than with Lincoln. While slavery was lawful in all of the states comprising the Union, Washington gave freedom to his own.

The rivalry and claims of commanding generals during the rebellion sinks into insignificance when compared with the treachery of Arnold, one of the ablest and trusted of his generals, and by many it will always be thought congress was as much to blame as Arnold. Because he was treated with gross and uncalled-for injustice, which was something of a palliation—and he thought driven to the act—when an effort was made by a poltroon and coward to supplant him as commander-in-chief under a pretense of incompetency, the calm serenity and disdain by which he met the cowardly assault, discomfited and put the instigators to shame. The Continental Congress was incapable, for a time, to grasp the magnitude of the undertaking they had imposed on Washington. No one could have imagined that such an unequal conflict would last seven years, and end in a triumphant victory. We fail to find a parallel in that which he was expected to do and finally did accomplish. He wrote: "My situation is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my own tranquility, I should long ere this have put everything on the *cast of a die*." Again he writes to his brother: "It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause if needful."

To return to the inquiry and answer: are the destinies of men and nations and the changes that constantly occur the predetermined acts of Omnipotent power? In other words, must all that occurs be as it is because ordained by such power? Or are all controlled by unchangeable laws of nature? Does Providence raise up particular individuals to bring about particular events, as claimed by Napoleon and others? If the theory is true, predestination is the only force, the only controlling element in and throughout the universe, no matter whether in the smallest transactions of men, or in great conflicts of peoples. Applying the theory to individuals and places, was the life of Washington shielded and protected by an Omnipotent power, interposition, at the surprise and defeat of General Braddock, where it is claimed two horses were killed under him and four bullets passed through his coat? And again, did Divine power, interposition, protect him from them any and, as claimed, direct aims of the Indian rifles? With just as much reason and logic, the claim could be made for any common soldier who had a coat or hat pierced by bullets from Indian rifles. We have yet to find an historian who would think or write that the life of a common soldier was ever saved in that way. And that coat, if still in existence, would be an infinitely better exhibit at the World's Fair than the crowns of King David, Solomon, Charlemagne, Napoleon, and a dozen other ones, heads and all, still in existence. Thousands would give more, and go farther, to see that coat

than the holy one, lately on exhibition at Treves. If it can be found, and the owners consent, surely they will not object to placing it on exhibition at Chicago, and if there should be no holes, rather than kill the theory of Providence, we respectfully suggest that some respectable and conscientious persons, high in position and authority, make the holes, the outside world need know nothing about it. The good it will do the cause, as well as the coat, will be full and ample justification. Presumably the strain, wear and tear on the conscience would be less than it is for many things they are doing, because of necessity and the supposed good of the public.

There is another nice little story, credited to the good Parson Weems, that during that terrible winter of suspense and privation at Valley Forge, Washington used frequently to go out in the woods, kneel down in the snow and pray, and this on the supposition that he believed that by such petitions Providence would smile on the cause, and his labor and efforts be crowned with success. But there is great doubt as to the truth of all these stories, and whether the parson told them for God's glory, or Washington's, or both, does not matter much now, and the practical man of to day will say, it would have been far more comfortable, and just as available, had such invocations and prayers been made in the tent or log-hut, warmed by a good fire. The repetition of such silly stories detract from rather than add lustre to his name. He believed that the conquering forces, when properly wielded, were strength, not Providence, and that victory is always with the strong and defeat with the weak, if the conflict lasts.

The slaughter of armies, and the carnage resulting from great battles, like that of Waterloo and others, are no more to Omnipotence than a fight between baboons or a civil war in an ant-hill.

Millions of prayers, from as many tortured victims of the Inquisition, and burning heretics, not to mention the indiscriminate and unrelenting slaughter of the weak by the stronger Christians for many centuries, and not the slightest proof that God or Providence ever heard or answered one. Imagine the agonized cry to save that ascends from the sinking ship, black with human freight, when it sinks forever from sight. But no answer, no salvation. What fate directs and what force caused the collision, the crash and the cry? Was it Omnipotence, and was Providence present or absent? Who will answer, and what will it be? And pretend that the feeble petition of a helpless mortal could induce Omnipotence to annul or revoke eternal and unchangeable laws, the same for millions of past years, and will be the same for millions yet to come.

There are some things Omnipotence can not do—that is one.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

WILL.

BY DYER D. LUM.

THE creeping plant in creviced wall
Aspiring toward the light,
With joy responds to Nature's call
To rest upon the height.
Exploring feelers tightly grasp
Some rough projecting edge,
And e'er the same way tendrils clasp
In winding o'er the ledge.
With well-meant aim its course I train,
But wind the other way,
But as if conscious of a pain
No tendril will thus stay.
With effort of an innate will,
Unwinding hour by hour,
It normal growth resumes until
It's life laughs out in flower.
But I in conscious reason proud,
Turn right and left in vain,
And in my darkness cry aloud
O'er wither'd feeler's strain!

TO THOMAS PAINE.

BY MYRON H. GOODWIN.

DEFENDER of the rights of man
From tyrannies of priest and king,
Though late the hour, this simple lay
In memory of thy worth I sing!
No nobler soul than thine e'er lived
Within a mold of mortal clay,
Yet who has e'er been more abused
Than thou hast, Thomas Paine, I pray?

Vainly have Church and State consigned
 To dark oblivion thy fair name,
 For all attempts have only served
 To add more lustre to thy fame.

Historians simply have ignored
 The writings of thy caustic pen
 In our great nation's natal hour
 That sorely tried the souls of men.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
 Better was ne'er exemplified
 Than in thy case, O Thomas Paine,
 About whom man so oft has lied.

At last all men the facts will know;
 At last thou wilt be understood;
 Great soul! whose country was the world,
 And whose religion, doing good.

When Reason reigns on earth supreme,
 There ne'er will be a brighter gem,
 O Paine, than thy illustrious name
 Within her costly diadem.

WEST NEWBURY, MASS.,

THE BURNING OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

Please allow "*An Old Farmer*" space enough in your columns to thank your friend, Dr. Wetmore, for his courteous criticism in the November number of the Magazine, of that paragraph in the essay you have put into tract form, which, although it does not table a "*charge*," does impute to the Moslems, as a historical fact, the destruction of the Alexandrian library. Draper was my authority in the case; for, in all his writings he manifests so warm a side to the followers of the Lord's Arabian Prophet, that I supposed it was the sheer force of *truth* which led him to make the statement he did. This statement can be found in "*The Conflict Between Religion and Science*," chapter 4, page 104, of the edition of 1875, and is as follows: "*There can, then, be no more doubt that Omar did order the destruction of this library, under an impression of its uselessness, or its irreligious tendency, than that the Crusaders burnt the library of Tripoli, fancifully said to have consisted of three millions of volumes.*"

However, if it be either Judge Schell, or Dr. Draper, who is historically correct, it strengthens, instead of weakens, the main position of the essay, which was to show the origin, and true character of the sentiment called religion; that it was the legitimate offspring of the two most ignoble and degrading features in the human character - *Ignorance* and *Fear*; and that it can thrive, and be true

to its parentage, and thoroughly *genuine*, in times only when the masses of the people are ignorant enough to be the dupes of the priesthood, and cowards enough to be chased through life by the four fears—the fear of God, the fear of the Devil, the fear of death and the fear of eternal hell-fire.

The crimes of the Moslems against the eternal truths of the universe, great as they have been, are white as the driven snow when compared to those committed by the church. Five centuries before Mohammed was born, even in the times of the Apostles, according to the indubitable authority of the church historian, Mosheim, the Christians began their career by the universal practice of *forgery*, an offense which, in this country, has sent many a man to the penitentiary, and in England to the gallows. Scores upon scores of gospels and epistles were deliberately forged, and palmed upon the ignorant, and therefore credulous, people as genuine, upon the *conceded principle* that fraud, in all its forms of forgery and perjury, was not only lawful, but praiseworthy, *provided* it was committed in the interest of religion. The Koran of Mohammed claimed to be the revelation of one God, made to one man, at one time, and in one language. Our Bible is a medley, composed of sixty-six books, written in different languages of the world, in different ages, by different unknown persons, and in the service of two kinds of Gods, the Jewish God, who consists of a single person, and the Christian God, whose unity is divided up into three; a modern criticism, conducted by churchmen themselves, *proves* that as a whole, it is full of contradictions, and utterly unreliable on the score of truthfulness.

In this country the Catholic priesthood are billing and cooing with our politicians like loving turtle doves, hoping to recover here the controlling power they exercised for long ages over the governments of the Old World, but have now lost forever. They have adopted the wisest and surest way of accomplishing their object by making war upon our system of public schools, which the wisdom of our statesmen and patriots founded, for the *sole* purpose of keeping the masses of the voters enlightened enough to understand their interests and duties as *citizens*. The priests well know that two generations of the dwarfing system of parochial schools would bring down our people to the level, and prepare them for the condition of the masses in Italy, and in the Central and South American so-called Republics. No true American, who understands the peculiarity of his own government, that it is a *secular* and not a religious institution, would ever object to the Catholics having the same protection in the enjoyment of their religion which the Constitution and laws extend to all other religionists. But it is the terrible meaning and pregnancy of those two Latin words, "*Semper Eadem*," the crowning boast and glory of the Catholic Church, that blanches the cheek of the intelligent and foreseeing patriot with apprehension, that, in the womb of Time there is another civil war, which will be all the more bloody and ferocious, because the conflicting parties will not be separated from each other by geographical lines, as was the case in the late war, but will be found dividing society into bitter and relentless enemies throughout all the cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods of the entire country. No wars on earth have been so bloody as religious wars; and if the Priesthood, knowing this, are not satisfied with the absolute freedom they enjoy under our secular Constitution, to hold their religious theories, and propagate them by moral suasion, but are determined to employ the European

method of *force*; if there is a scheme on foot, with headquarters at Rome, to inundate this country with the ignorant, degraded and pauper classes of Catholic Europe, and to take advantage of our practice of universal suffrage to carry out this plan, then the possibility of a religious war passes into an extreme probability. And if such a war does come it may not end until every priest is exterminated, and a constitutional law enacted denouncing such men as the enemies of mankind, and forbidding them from ever having a resting-place under the national flag.

These words, *Semper Eadem*, express, and were intended to express, the unchangeableness, the infallibility in policy, and the continuance, to the end of time, of the Pope's claim as viceregent of Almighty God over all the governments of the earth. That we may have an exemplification of these claims in the days when the church had power to enforce them: and to see how a government of the people by a mere majority of the people, without any intellectual or property qualification of the voter, is exposed to ruin, let me refer to two historical facts out of hundreds that might be cited.

In the year 1572, on the recurrence of one of the Saint's days in the Romish calendar, the assassination of the Protestant Huguenots in Paris took place. I would not harrow up my own and my reader's feelings, by giving the history of the transaction in detail. But when the news of it reached the city of Rome, Pope Gregory and the cardinals, with the whole retinue of priests, marched in solemn procession to the church of St. Mark, and there joined in a *Te Deum Laudamus* for the glorious event, and sent back felicitations to the French king for the great services he had rendered to the cause of true religion and the church in the blood that was shed.

Now, *Semper Eadem* compels every Catholic priest, from the Pope down, to justify that massacre. Not a priest in the United States, unless he be a Jesuit who has a dispensation to lie for the good of the church, will dare to deny the truth of this charge. He will equivocate, and play the sophist in argumentation, to confuse the mind of his opponent, but if his natural feelings revolted ever so much against the bloody transaction, he will justify it, because heresy is damnable, and the heretic ought to be put to death.

Fourteen years after that event, the spring of 1586 in the Rhine lands was backward, and the cold weather was prolonged into the month of June. The religious people declared that it was the result of *witchcraft*, and the Archbishop of Treves burned, at the city of Pfalz, no less than one hundred and eighteen women and two men, from whom confessions had been extorted, that their incantations had prolonged the winter and exposed the people to the danger of starvation.

Again, *Semper Eadem* makes it imperative on every bishop and priest now to justify the Archbishop's deed. Through what an eternity of suffering these victims of religious zeal must have felt they endured, in *slowly* burning to death, when compared to the speedy work made by the pious butchers at Paris! Some persons may suppose that during the three hundred years of the blind struggle of the race towards civilization, religious diabolism has changed, somewhat for the better, and that Catholic churches would not persecute now as they once did. But the sentiment of religion never changes in its character, and the proud boast of the Catholic Church still is, *Semper Eadem*! There is the same authority in Scripture for putting witches to death that there ever was. Let but

the public sentiment allow it, as it would in a generation or two, under the religious influence of parochial schools, and the Catholic priests would be ready to burn either heretics or witches; for, by the claim of *Semper Eadem*, they are bound forever, like Ixion to his wheel, to endorse as right and duty, whatever an infallible church has deliberately approved and done.

But I wish to be clearly understood on this point. I have no fears that the Catholic *people* would, if left to the dictates of their own judgments and feelings, make any war upon the cardinal principles of our Republican government. Their interest as citizens is precisely the same as ours, and they know that the education which their children receive in the public schools fits them for leading a prosperous and happy life in this country far better than the parochial schools do. It is the priesthood—the *Semper Eadem* men, that I fear. They, with the monks and nuns, are all unmarried. They have no husbands, no wives, and no children, no permanent homes, no country. All the affections of their hearts, and all the duties of their lives they owe to a soulless corporation called a church whose headquarters are in Italy. They are cosmopolitans, as much at home at one place on the globe as the other. They are incapable of the sentiment of patriotism; and they would sacrifice a thousand republics to that dogma of their religion which recognizes the Pope of Rome as not only a spiritual, but a temporal monarch, who is entitled to the allegiance and obedience of all governments and men.

But Protestant Christianity, when in the XVIth century it was about to be organized into a distinct sect, did not make the attribute of infallibility in creed and practice a tenet of the church. For some glorious angel of the truth must have appeared to Luther in a night vision, before he nailed his Theses on the church door at Wittenberg, and whispered in his ear these words: "*Make your battle against the Pope and the Church, on the ground of the natural and inalienable RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.*" This would enable the reformed church to see and acknowledge its liability to errors, both of opinion and practice, and not keep itself chained, fast and forever, to precedent, and thus obstruct the human race in its career of progress, as the Catholic Church had done. Luther saw at a glance that the angel's advice was good, and he took it; but he little dreamed of the ultimate effect it would naturally have on the fate of the church he was founding, for it is the self-assertion of this right of individual judgment which is beginning to shake to pieces all the creeds and churches of Protestant Christendom, and make Reason the supreme judge in every question of truth or error. And it is as impossible to arrest this process of change as it would be to stop the slow but certain movement of an Alpine glacier on its way to the sea.

The difference of opinion between historians concerning the destruction of the library of Alexandria, reminds me of the fearful utterance, made by our distinguished countryman, Mr. Motley, himself the eminent historian of the Dutch Republic, before the New York Historical Society, about thirty years ago. These were his words: "*There is no such thing as human history. Nothing can be more profoundly, sadly true. The annals of mankind have never been written, never can be written; nor would it be within human capacity to read them if they were written. We have a leaf or two torn from the great book of human fate as it flutters in the storm-winds ever sweeping across the*

"earth. We decipher, as best we can, with purblind eyes, and endeavor to learn their mystery as we float along to the abyss; but it is all confused babble—hieroglyphics, of which the key is lost."

If all this be true, coming deliberately from the lips of so capable a judge, it drives the plowshare of doubt and uncertainty up to the beam through all that is told us in civil and ecclesiastical history, past, and even present, and leaves us nothing that we may safely believe except the proved facts in the domain of Science, and the demonstrations of Geometry. Science alone has a right to utter her voice in the hearing of the countless thousands of those who are hungering and thirsting for the truths of knowledge; for she says, *Scio*, I know. All the rest, one after another, can only say, *Credo*, I believe; and the antagonistic creeds of all the forms of that chameleon called Religion, show what stupidities, impossibilities and falsehoods men *can* believe.

Still, there must be a rule, or method, by which a man who wishes to know the *truth*, and the truth *alone*, concerning men and things in history, can feel that the judgment he forms in a given case, is approximately correct.

PSEUDO-PATRIOTIC ORDERS.

By AUGUSTUS W. DELLQUEST.

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatsoever state or persuasion, religious or political.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

NOT only has the spirit of freedom and progress to contend with the influences of such organizations as the National Reform Association, the Evangelical Alliance and the Y. M. C. A., but also with a number of patriotic orders, falsely so called.

The most noteworthy of these are, perhaps, the National Association, the Junior Order of United American Mechanics and the Patriotic Order Sons of America.

The so-called National Association is a secret political order which organized its first lodge at St. Paul, Minn., about a year ago. The main obligations of this order appears to be to sustain the honor of our national government, but this is coupled with a "most solemnly promise and swear" to abide by the dictates of the order, so it is hard to say where the "honor," etc., will be in a pinch. It is a curious fact that citizens shall deem it necessary, or even desirable, to enter into *secret* plottings to further such a universally commendable undertaking as to "sustain the honor" of this country. The idea of acting secretly, acting in the dark, is as old as sin and crime itself, and there is absolutely no need of *secret* societies to look after the political welfare and interests of the American people. They can ordinarily be attended to publicly from the platform and in the press.

We have all heard of the so-called "American" party—the "Know-nothing Party." There is less prejudice against orders than there is against parties, and so we have what calls itself the Jr. O. U. A. M.—the same old political disease under a different name. This organization "guarantees to every man the liberty

of worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience." This is very kind, but we do not need its guarantee, because we have this guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. To mix a little of the United States' Constitution into their "Declaration of Principles" seems to have been thought necessary in order that it may not look too bad. This order is anything but consistent. It makes a great deal of fuss about the American flag, and yet is exceedingly un-American in its principles. In order that the reader may understand more fully the nature of this organization, I will quote from its "Declaration of Principles" and give its "Objects" and "Eligibility for Membership" in full. Think of their audacity of introducing the following principles by the placing of the American flag on our schools :

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

The National Council of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics in annual session assembled do declare : That the constant landing upon our shores of the hordes of ignorant, vicious and lawless criminals of the Old World should be viewed with alarm by the loyal and patriotic citizens of this country. We believe that the Bible should be read in our public schools, not to teach sectarianism, but to inculcate its teachings. It is the recognized standard of all moral and civil law ; we therefore believe that our children should be educated in its teachings, but that no dogma or creed should be taught at the same time. We believe that patriotism and love of country should be instilled into the hearts of children, and that, with the sacred words of "Mother," "Home" and "Heaven," our children should be taught that our flag is the symbol of all that makes a "home" for us. We would place a flag upon every public school in our land, and a Bible within, and the object lesson therein set forth should be a beacon-light in every storm which threatens to engulf us.

OBJECTS.

The objects of this order shall be : First—To maintain and promote the interests of Americans and shield them from the depressing effects of foreign competition. Second—To assist Americans in obtaining employment. Third—To encourage Americans in business. Fourth—To establish a sick and funeral fund. Fifth—To maintain the Public School System of the United States of America, and to prevent sectarian interference therewith, and uphold the reading of the Holy Bible therein.

ELIGIBILITY FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Any white male person born in the United States of North America, its territories, or under the protection of its flag, who shall have attained the age of sixteen years, who is of good moral character, and a believer in the existence of a Supreme Being as the Creator and Preserver of the Universe, in favor of free education, opposed to any union of Church and State, shall be eligible to membership under the provisions of the law in the State and Subordinate Council to which the application is made ; provided, that no person shall be received to beneficial membership who is over fifty years of age.

There is no possible excuse for the existence of such an organization as the Jr. O. U. A. M. It is neither patriotic or cosmopolitan in its character. Not patriotic because it proposes to enforce the reading of the Holy Bible in the public schools, which is a violation of the secular principle of the Constitution of the United States, which forbids the teaching of sectarianism at the public expense. True, the order says that it "believes that the Bible should be read in the public schools not to teach sectarianism but to inculcate its teachings." But what are

its teachings? Who is to decide? All who pay public school tax ought to have the privilege of deciding. There will be the Methodist, the Jew, the Episcopalian, the Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Unitarian, the Congregationalist, the Agnostic and many others. Even if no particular sect should be favored as to deciding what the teachings of the Bible are, the teachers can so manipulate it in reading as to favor their own particular views.

It seems that the Junior Order is endeavoring to build a Chinese wall around the commonwealth, and have regard for no one except those who agree with them. But this order must be made to see that its existence is unnecessary, and its members must be made to see that *they* are not the sole proprietors of the public schools. The common school is supported by universal taxation. Every man, whether he be a Catholic or whether he has no religion, is compelled to contribute to the general fund out of which our common schools are supported. "Public money for public uses, and public uses alone, that is the principle that underlies our school system." This means, in the first place, that no school can justly be sectarian, and the Bible, being a sectarian book, must be kept out. If the Bible is not a sectarian book, how do the different Protestant sects derive so much sectarianism from it? The following definition of the word sectarian is given by Webster: "Pertaining to a religious sect or sects." Since the Bible is the very text-book of a number of sects, it certainly pertains to sects and, therefore, must be sectarian in the most correct sense of the term. It has been claimed that the Bible is not sectarian because it does not say anything against any sect. But if we are to rely upon what the different sects themselves say, the Bible *does* say something against sects. We know very well that the Baptists declare that according to the Bible the Episcopalians do not adhere to the true method of baptizing. We know also that the Universalists declare that the teachings of the Bible are opposed to everlasting torment as held by Presbyterians. In fact it is by the authority of the Scriptures that all "Orthodox" sects pronounce every other doctrine false. Several State courts have decided that the Bible, even "without note or comment," is a sectarian book. The following letter shows the true patriotism that ought to be manifested through the law and by our county superintendents everywhere:

WHATCOMB, WASH., July 1, 1891.

Miss Gertrude Moore, Nooksack, Wash.—I am informed that you have been conducting religious exercises in your school. It becomes my duty under the law to forbid any further continuance of the same, either before or after school, though not taking a part of the school time. The law is very plain and I am sorry that you have not been complying therewith.

The same matter has been referred to me from other districts, and my policy is to make our public schools entirely free from any religious instruction. Your life and example before your pupils is worth a great deal more than formal instruction in any doctrines.

Very truly yours,

C. B. JOHNSTON,

County Superintendent.

The Bible is no school-book, and it is not only Freethinkers, Jews and Catholics that object to its being used as such, but also a large number of Protestants. According to the Junior Order these people's rights are not to be respected.

The Golden Rule is out of question in this case. It certainly cannot be on account of the *best* teachings of the Bible that the Jr. O. U. A. M. and similar pseudo-patriotic orders are endeavoring to force this book into the public schools, otherwise they would show some regard for the Golden Rule. These organizations, proposing to violate the most sublime teachings found in the Bible, such as the Golden Rule and the parable of the Good Samaritan, we have right to question the sincerity of purpose in placing the Bible in the schools. The purpose of these self-styled patriots seems to be to use the Bible as a fetish, rather than an instructor in good morals. Their purpose seems to be to create an *unnecessary* antagonism between the majority and the minority—between native-born American citizen and the foreign-born American citizen. A little closer study of the parable of the Good Samaritan may teach some people who tenderly hug the Bible that they are acting the priest or the Levite. A few more years residence in the United States may teach those pseudo-patriots that the simple fact of their being born in this country does not necessarily make them true Americans. They need to learn that a true American is he who "desires the greatest good for the greatest number," and who understands and loves the principles of the "Fathers of this Republic." Many persons born in this country never can learn to appreciate the broad American principles; but, on the contrary, will institute and maintain societies such as the Jr. O. U. A. M. and P. O. S. A., the principles of which are enough to make Thomas Jefferson turn over in his grave. Thousands of foreign-born American citizens manifest industry, intelligence and patriotic devotion unsurpassable by native-born American citizens. The old Know-nothing policy which would not extend to the honest, intelligent and industrious immigrant coming to this country, even after the age of fifteen, admission to citizenship until he has been here twenty-one years, is simply ridiculous. It certainly would be taxation without representation, to say the least. Says the late assistant Secretary of State, Prof. John B. Moore: "As no class has more highly prized the privilege of American citizenship than our naturalized citizens, so none are more interested in rescuing it from the degrading effect of fraudulent and criminal abuses." Thomas Paine, *though born on English soil*, was one of the greatest, truest and most patriotic Americans. It has been truthfully said that "Washington would have wielded his sword in vain, had it not been for the pen of Paine." Paine was more than patriotic—he was cosmopolitan. Some persons seem to think that patriotism consists in hating all countries except their own, but between true patriotism and cosmopolitanism there can be no conflict. "The world is my country; to do good is my religion," are the immortal words of Thomas Paine. It is the spirit of these patriotic words that shall sound the death-knell of the underhanded bigotry of pseudo-patriotic orders.

It is a significant fact that the leaders of these orders are all enthusiastic supporters of the great political party which has for its leaders such pious (?) men as John Wannamaker, Harrison, Chauncey Depew, Col. Elliot Shepard, Rockefeller and Levi Morton. It is very natural that a false patriotism which has the Bible for its fetish should be the handmaid of an "Orthodox" monopoly. Who can estimate the power of the gigantic machinery with which these deadly forces are working? Let every lover of truth awake—let every friend of freedom arise, for in this "sweet land of liberty" is now, if ever, needed true patriots and loyal Americans to oppose the bigotry and narrowness of pseudo-patriotic orders.

GOOD MEN FOR A PLACE.

THE world is to-day more than blessed with good men; eminently "good men for a place." Do not persons in most respects much inferior, often not only make places for themselves, but frequently for a small army of "good men for a place?" In the September number of THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is an article emanating from the brisk brain of Chauncey D. Allyn, in which he attempts criticising Helen Gardener's article in the May number, hers under title, "The Cultured Poor." I know nothing of him personally, whatever, except his name and his portrayal of himself, consequently unprejudiced. He starts with what Yankees sometimes call "a left-handed compliment" to Miss Gardener, as "one of the brightest literary lights of the day." In the next sentence he refers to "all admiration for Miss Gardener's ability and brains," seeming, or evidently meaning us to understand he admires *all* the brains she possesses.

Now I am positively of the opinion every liberal-minded reader knows, in his or her own mind, that Helen Gardener is a broad-minded, deep-thinking young woman, of strong, active native talent, and a noble-souled naturalist, in the broadest sense, that is, a believer in the Religion of Nature, and the correctness of *all* her laws, as well as a student of the entire machinery of the universe. I regard Mr. Allyn as the only one using a "gifted pen," who ever spoke of her as "whom I esteem one of the brightest literary lights of the day." In the same sentence with his admiration "for Miss Gardener's ability and brains," he says: "I must take exception to the article in question." All persons free from what some call "snobbery," know there can be, and is, a recognition in favor of "The Cultured Poor." But, not having read Helen's article, I am unable to say how she represents it, but trust to her talents and cultivation to do the subject justice.

Since commencing this sketch I have read the production referred to, without cause to change my mind, unless more favorably inclined towards its author. Mr. Allyn, it appears for comparison, tells us about his "physician" whom he (seems evidently, for some reason or without one, to dislike) says, "was shiftless and lazy." I know Helen never portrayed her heroine that way. Even I know enough to know she knows too much for that! Now for an attempt at comparison. Let two young women, each twenty-five years of age, both of apparent respectability, each soliciting occupation one cultured the other not, though of good features, but coarse voice, gestures, movement and general manners, is it not easy to decide which would easiest find favor in the way of employment, at reasonable compensation. He refers to wealth-getting. It may be a noble quality, but it is not when allowed to trample every consideration of honor, justice and philanthropy under his cowardly feet. "The impotence of wealth." Compared with the power of cultivated talents, is it not indeed impotent? The influence of developed minds will extend to the farthest verge of eternity. Has wealth the power of thus extending its influences? "The cultured poor should be fitted for dozens of different occupations." "But they must have one which will be approved by their pride." If not for their *pride* what proportion would become qualified for efficiency in positions of trust and responsibility? What but *genuine pride of character* ever prompted persons to qualify themselves even

for one place, where ability, *together with sterling character and intelligence, are required?* "Simply because it hurts his pride to do it." Does it hurt a man's pride to labor, any more than it *compensates and stimulates it?* Does society owe one man "exactly what it owes the other, no more, no less?" Does not society frequently owe the cultured member, if a capable producer, more than it does the other, *a chance of applying* or using those abilities for the benefit of himself and others?

"During most of my business life I have been connected with concerns employing a considerable number of men." The world is entirely too much supplied with men competent for places. That is one of the grand points wherein mankind at the present day are in fault. What are men really valuable in a community for, who are *only* to eminently well qualified for positions others have provided? The whole (industrial financial, not corporation or capitalists financial) world is to-day burdened, disgusted, with numberless men "fitted for dozens of different occupations," without the least ability or disposition to make business or "a place" for themselves. Such ones are pre-eminently good men for *a place*. I wish every school child in the Union, in the Universe, was not only taught and qualified for a place, but instructed how to qualify themselves (others can not do it for them) to make a place in the world for themselves. Then noble, philanthropic business men, as very many of them are, would not feel their souls tortured by the frequent applications of good men for a place. •

In my business life I have not "been connected with concerns," but have found and observed that laboring people, producers, almost invariably seek the occupation they are best calculated for. Not always so of "good men for a place." Exactly as Mr. Allyn has said: "Every business (concern) has (every year) more applications for positions as managers, than as porters and clerks; every newspaper (concern) has (every year) more applications (for positions as) editors, than as reporters." This must satisfactorily prove to those willing to know it, that there has been, and is, a great want somewhere, of proper training. Most likely both in public institutions of learning, as well as the fault of parents and guardians, in not trying to train children, and develop youth; in such way they may have the *disposition*, if they have that, they will try to *find* the ability, to make places for themselves. Otherwise their physical and mental ultimatum is to be eminently well qualified for a place.

Some young persons, as they advance towards maturity, seem to develop of themselves, the disposition of, or for, being able to furnish themselves with business or employment, but those who are becoming well fitted for a place, *unfortunately* seem, if they ever had it, to lose the ability, or at least the inclination, for anything but to accept a place others have provided for them, however uncongenial said occupation may be in itself. Probably there may be in part, or in some measure, a remedy for this laxity, or perhaps inattention to plain, practical points of utmost interest to the young, which none are able to perform for each other. What is now meant is trying to develop and maintain sound, strong character, ideas of and respect for individuality in themselves. This practical principle must be sustained in a person, to withstand the influence of unfavorable surroundings.

In reference to cultured or uncultured poor, really meaning all business or

industrial classes, is it not a plain, patent fact to those willing to know it, that as long as all classes, but one, are allowed and encouraged to oppress all others, will there or can there be any improvement in the condition of the laboring so-called dependent class. Every one willing knows that class infinitely increases in relative proportion with each succeeding year. They are the class not encouraged, neither are they allowed, by the working of certain political machinery, to have or hold any real right in themselves even, except the right of acting, almost entirely, in subservience to the will and interests of other individuals and classes.

One remedy for these great and constantly increasing evils, is very simple, and, when understood and approved by the masses (it cannot help being approved by them when understood) may be very readily, effectively, harmlessly and easily applied. The one great peaceful, quiet, philanthropic remedy, all should encourage by every reasonable means in their power, or which their influence can encourage or favor, intelligent application of the right of suffrage.

Since writing the previous paragraphs, a melancholy instance illustrating an unfortunate want of development of individual traits of character or mind, has come to light in one of our large cities, of an evidently well-educated young lady, of decidedly amiable characteristics, who, it seems, adopted the plan of purchasing goods under false pretenses, or at least such impression is conveyed, and bestowing them in presents among the needy. In a well or fairly cultivated young lady, what may we attribute this glaring as well as pre-eminently lamentable fault to, but lack or want of proper development of, and encouragement in the practice of the plain, stern, mental and moral virtues, often witnessed as being most rigidly and honorably prominent in those entirely lacking even the elements of a polished education, or any instruction in religion.

Why such fearful increase of criminal conduct, with and in proportion to advancement of what we call civilization? Who will show the logical reason for such multiplication of depravity? There is never an effect without a cause. In order to prevent irregularity in the working of a machine, the true *reason why* it goes wrong must be known, then radical improvement may be made in its action. Until such is set to working upon a correct PRINCIPLE, oiling, cleaning, polishing or whitewashing, are of little avail. Philanthropic organizations, benevolent institutions and humanitarian measures are only like cleaning and oiling machinery that has been constructed upon a principle that is radically incorrect. Where is the prompting cause or reason for such things? Is its foundation in our educational means? The multiplication table is *infallible*. Euclid's "Elements of Geometry" can *not* be controverted! Natural philosophy and chemistry contain within themselves all proofs necessary to sustain or condemn what are claimed for them. Grammar, rhetoric and elocution, teach nothing more than the construction, arrangement and management of words for the conveyance of ideas. Geology only informs us of what our earth is composed. Geography gives us the manner of its surface being divided, naturally and politically. Is there any principle inherent in an understanding of *any* of these branches of science which would or could tend to deprave the human mind? Is it not, then, almost conclusive, the source of increase of wrong and crime must be either with some book or books, or some whole class of literature very popular generally, or some creeds or mistaken ideas universally promulgated among the inhabitants of countries where

the various forms of depravity are most prevalent and increasing? Truly the time is fast approaching when a more intimate understanding of such points should and will be reached by the general thinking public. Is it not time all reflective people were determinedly and unceasingly at work seeking to know the *real cause* why such conditions exist, and the greater increase of all forms of crime in countries claiming most advancement in civilization? We are all well satisfied that it is easier to change or check the course of a stream near the source, than after its having gained greater volume. But its source must first be known. May not the same points of logic apply to preventing crime, as well as counter acting other wrong influences?

Must such fearful increase of all kinds of criminal conduct inevitably follow increased educational facilities, or are those conditions due to advancement of religious influences? We certainly do not read or hear of such increase, except in countries where our own, or similar forms of religion prevail. Never among those nations who are called uncivilized. •

B. T. D.

ENON, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1892.

"THERE SHALL ARISE FALSE CHRISTS."

By A. POINT D'VUE.

A. D. 33.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures."

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these."

A. D. 1893.

"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are"

"All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

"It was so, and behold 'devils came and administered unto' them."

THAT which presumes to be the representative of Christ in this world is most unlike him. The Church is one thing in professions, another thing—the antithesis—in practice. The Church of to-day courts royalty, caste, the better classes, wealth, and this in the name of him who went about doing good to the least of mankind. The result is that the trend of the times is away from the Church. Upon the materialism of the age is laid the blame in pitiful blindness, by the un-Christlike Church and clergy, and in the face of the fact that infidelity doth adore the Christ-man, while the Church doth betray him again unto Cæsar.

Dogmas, creeds, isms and cisms of late rend, disturb and shake denominations to their foundations. Amidst the roar of battle of conflicting partisans, the true utility of the Church seems lost sight of, to save by making the world better. Reason and theology doth work strange exhibitions. It is not, however, our purpose to note the newer heresies of the times, but more practical and material issues of the subject.

In the first place, a low degree of intelligence rules the Church. It is an observed fact in any community in which a theological seminary is situated that scarcely any qualification of intellect or character is required of ministerial candidates. Brains are no requisite, examinations are farces, a college diploma—a certificate of an accomplished "horned cattle"—is the open sesame to

seminary doors. The bachelor degree in theology opens the portals of the ministry. Positive vices are ignored by faculties and examining boards. A good proportion that enter these portals are beneficiaries, charitably educated more frequently by reason of poverty of parents than ability of mind or purity of character. It is as easy for the blockhead or knave to pass from the denominational college to the denominational seminary, to the denominational parsonage, as for an adult to learn his A, B, C's. A moral and intellectual standard is not required.

That the moral element is ignored is seen in the frequent exhibitions of ministerial weaknesses, human weaknesses, but blotches that the Church has taken no care to protect itself against. It is quantity not quality that the Church apparently seeks. Weak, stamens, vicious and perverted characters rush to be numbered among that quantity where angels would approach with trepidation.

That no intellectual standard is required is made evident by the average sermon. Sermons dull, lifeless, devoid of thought, platitudes, are the rule. Sermons that often contain nothing but biblical quotations gathered from a concordance, strung together without semblance of connection. Sermons of a type which one heard, in which no better illustration for salvation could be found than a watermelon, which vulgarity closed with the climax, "the more you eat of it the more you want." To the brainless sermons must be added those of coarse conventionalities and vulgar commonplaceness. There is no cure for this state. Brains and culture cannot be placed where none exist.

That the average intelligence is low is not only due to the lack of guards to protect the Church, but to human weakness to reach an existence hastily and easily. How very, very often would candor to the question, why are you going to be a minister, develop the reply, because it is the shortest cut to an existence which in any other avenue of life would mean a weary struggle. Graduation means a professional position in the world, the envy and ambition of youth. The poorest salaries being between \$400 and \$500, with perquisites of as much or half as much more, an income is assured at the outset that several or many years in other professions or avocations would require. That the prize is what is coveted is demonstrated by the struggles, the begging, the amassing of influences, to obtain good appointments. The Church makes no pretensions to check this tendency, rather tempts it on. The prize won, intelligence goes to sleep. There is no struggle, competition, to keep it bright and fresh. Hence the result.

Ordinariness and commonness is so packed into the ministry that the Church is suffocated, throttled with it. Count the ministers of good talents of any city, section or State, compare them with the talented men in other walks of life, and the assertion is ventured with confidence that proportionally as to their numbers in those avocations dependent on brain power that the percentage of great talents will be the lowest in the ministry. The one great cause for this is the mental grist that is fed into the seminaries yearly.

That the main chance in life is the goal of this grist is not only evidenced in the rush for lucrative appointments, but also in the numerous marriages contracted all the way from a few days to not longer than a year after graduation. The Church is the shortest cut to matrimony for those so inclined. A love-sick

collegiate is followed by a love-sick divinity, and the latter by a parsonage and matrimony as sure as night doth follow day. There is an insinuating significance in the event that attaches to hundreds of young men entering the ministry.

To the more ambitious graduate foreign missionary work at good pay is an ever-present temptation. Confessions of young men have been heard who adopted this course to see the world before settling down. Free transportation and a good salary while seeing the world was a chance not to be idly thrust aside. Other confessions have also been heard of missions saved from innocuous desuetude by a smattering of medical knowledge, to preserve them for the benefit of other young men who might wish to see the world, rather than by missionary efforts parried by native brains as logical as their own.

There is another observation of the times to be noted. The Church is legion where the minister's intellectuality is far inferior to that of the majority of his congregation. Were he in any other station of life he would be soon relegated to his proper social and mental plane by those whom he administers unto, and is only saved from the dead level he belongs to on account of his profession. This produces a strained, artificial and false condition of affairs in hundreds of charges, and is but one of the many evils resulting from the low standard of intelligence in the pulpits. The pulpit must be a leader in thought or the pews will think for themselves.

Worldliness, salary, place, money have come to be the prime objects in the minister's pursuit of his profession, and the objects have smirched the institution he represents from corner-stone to dome and pinnacle. Customs have worked themselves into full operation in the Church that demonstrate this blot. It has come to be the rule, of which the exception is often more noted, that in addition to the salary for ministrations, the clergy receive fees and perquisites for all special acts. The rule is specially prevalent among certain nationalities.

It is come to pass in many sections that no babe is born into a household of the Church but baptism involves a fee that is expected and paid by reason of such expectations. The child grows and as soon as possible is persuaded to join the Church. Even this that is called salvation is not free in these later days. The parents of the child are expected to pay to exorcise the devil, but receipts are given under another name, for catechetical instruction. There are places where two dollars is the uniform price. It becomes quite an item to coax big classes to seek salvation. As a member of a church, he or she is supposed to support the minister, help along missions, take an active part in donations, etc. After a lifetime fulfillment of these duties the estate of the modern Christian is expected to pay for the last ritual of burial.

The methods by which the pastor obtains his salary are in direct contrast to the commands of the Master presumed to be represented, in taking no thought of the morrow. The clergy do put scrip in their purses when going upon their errands of salvation. It is the exception that the congregation provides existence while the minister takes no thought of the same. The rule is that the pastor takes a hand in it himself, often sole control, to see that he receives the full amount that is coming to him. It is rare to find a church, wholly dependent on voluntary contributions, free from pulpit and public reminders of an unpaid salary, or its smallness, or of its need of increase. This is supplemented by personal

appeals. Other modes have been evolved in these later times, such as published statements of the contributions of the members of the church, to shame them to further support, to compel the left hand to behold what a pitiable thing its brother right hand is. These manifestations of money-seeking, place-hunting, worldliness, are excused in the name of the cause for which they are asked. Meanwhile the Christ-like is obliterated in the worship of Mammon.

The rot is, however, deeper. It manifests itself in the shame-face collection of money from the public under any and every pretense, and often by methods that in any other business would be regarded as criminal as being gambling, false-pretense and blackmail.

The professional and business world annually pay thousands of dollars toward church support, not because of the pleasure and duty therein involved, but partly as an advertisement and partly by fear, fear of loss of business and injury that may follow the refusal. When the individual repulses the contemptible position, what is the result? A recent illustration makes plain the consequences. When the church event was celebrated for which the money was collected, he who had refused to give, received an ovation in the shape of an extended allusion to as the meanest man in the village. The expression of gratitude to those who had given was entirely forgotten, to dwell upon the meanness of the one who had the courage to refuse the payment of what was levied blackmail, and levied by those who called themselves followers of the Christ, he who only had love for the good young man who would not give up his money for the poor, and follow him.

The various schemes to build churches are frequently of a character that, indulged in in any other avocation, would ruin men and business. They are not only of questionable taste, but of evil and harmful tendencies. A new fad is sending unsolicited, unasked, a small trifle worth a penny, with a request to remit the sender for his church not less than twenty-five cents, and as much more as one may desire to give. Searching the large-type circular reveals in smallest letters, "Of course if you don't want article, please return it."

The disease of the Church goes still deeper. The politics in the Church is as disgusting and more nauseating than that in government. The various methods of obtaining positions and appointments are full-blooded relatives to those of the office-seeker and professional politician. When it comes to conventions, assemblies, presbyteries, synods, councils, and the like, the same human characteristics struggle for the mastery as in the great world outside the Church.

The selection of delegates to such gatherings involves button-holing, wire-pulling, threats, coercion, and the like, that rival that of political primaries. Slates are prepared and arrangements perfected to effectuate the will of a clique. In convention the whole machinery of the Church is set a-going to accomplish the ambition or thought of a coterie or an individual. The missionary and church-extension boards are used to bring delegates submissive to the wills of the bosses. Missions vote against convictions by reason of orders from headquarters, threatening their financial help if disobeyed. All branches of the Church are brought under the same influence and manipulated for the same purpose. Rival factions only add to the misery of the situation, and antagonism begets bitterness and hatred far exceeding that in the domain of politics.

The Church papers are for the most part organs as slavish as the most des-

picable political species. It is their constant aim to hide from the world all dissensions, discussions of questions, issues and the like, so that the church collections and subscriptions may not be harmed. Editors frequently refuse to publish any contributions of any kind from any one on a vexed question. If there is a right or wrong side to an issue, the organ does not lead its people, it submissively follows. It is always in the rear crying peace. They are apparently acquainted with the money-pulse of the country, and will confidentially approximate the cost of an intellectual discussion in the number of bequests that will be lost, contributions of the wealthy that will not be made and the percentage of decrease of general collections. Before a late Church body, in which certain questions of vital interest were for consideration, the representative organ prohibited discussion in its columns. In the issue of the paper preceding the convention, containing hints of the work to be done, two characteristic articles appeared, one, an editorial, boldly headed, "Blessed Are the Peace-Makers;" the other, a communication, entitled, "Don't Unchain the Tiger;" the ferocious animal being temper. Was it to be a conclave of wild animals or human beings reasoning upon questions of theology and philosophy?

The time is past when the laity and the outside world obey the mandate of the Church to shut their eyes, open their mouths and swallow whatever dose the clergy may choose to thrust down their throats. The spirit of the age permeates the people, they note events and facts as they occur, such as are narrated in this article, appreciate the significance of these facts, reason from premises to conclusions, propound the most astonishing questions to themselves, and slowly learn to answer them, and the inevitable consequence is that the Church is falling, has fallen, into disrepute.

Why should the Church not fall into disrepute? The rock she presumes to stand upon is Christ, but are her foundations not in reality in the sands? If Christ were to appear on the earth to-day, would he not drive the money-changers from the temples, even more mercilessly than he did over eighteen centuries ago? Would he not come unto those calling themselves his own, and they would know him not? The ethics of the Great Preacher exemplified in his life, the Sermon on the Mount, his teachings and preachings, are entire strangers unto the Modern Church. Christ has been dethroned to make room for the Church, a soulless worshiper of Cæsar and Mammon. As a representative of the Nazarene, the Church has been for centuries and is to-day a stupid fraud.

"THE COMING SYSTEM."

THIS is a sub-head in the elegant article of Voltairine DeCleyre in the *FREE-THINKER'S MAGAZINE* of November, 1892, entitled. "In What God Shall We Trust." A rigorous analysis might censure the constitution of her theologic evolution as an incoherent synthesis of Jehovah & Co., the imaginary beings, with Money, the common vehicle or factor of exchanges, and Liberty, a principle of ethics, neither a being nor a thing. But when we consider that the imaginary god-beings were and are worshipped from the hopes of gain or reward, which money represents in both material and social values, and do justice to the writer's

economic and prophetic views of liberty; the being, the measure, and the principle, are all powers, all subjective to human thought, and all worshipped from analogous motives.

The following remarks are confined to the last part of the fourth paragraph on page 669. This expresses the aspiration for an "international organization of labor, that shall utilize the right workman in the right place, secure the opportunity of employment to every human being at all times, guarantee the full amount of product to the producer, and render trade an exact exchange of equivalents." I make no issue with all this as an ideal, but cannot foresee "such a system as the inevitable future." It is too arithmetical for the varieties of human nature, and for the caprices of demand, which vary with circumstances often escaping calculation.

International organization of labor is a phrase which in the writer's mind means something quite different from the sense it conveys, because of the *International* revolutionary movement, of which Karl Marx has been the leading spirit, and which aims at the confiscation of industrial capitals by governments which majorities of workingmen shall constitute. It is objectionable in view of the writer's liberal purpose, to use terms polarized by our economic enemy, the school of governmental authority. Moreover, even a liberal organization of international labor, without revolutionary violence, can mean nothing more than intelligence among syndicates of trade. Personal liberty begins nearer home, in the township or municipal organization of exchange, reducing rates of interest to the minimum by obviating in great measure the need of money for exchange of products.

There is something more essential to personal liberty than even the organization of township labor. This is the free access of labor to the soil, unmonopolized by government usurpations and legal title deeds, instead of such as personal improvements with occupancy validate. This goes behind profits and money, the proof of which appears in the farmer's self sufficingness. Deliver him from taxation, that of government and that of usury, and if he is not free, it is the fault of his religion.

The titanic factory imposes like industrial fatality, but it is no less true now, than in primitive epochs, before ever the shriek of a steam whistle, or even the overseer's horn waking slaves to their tasks, that a laboring family and the soil (minus the priest and the statesman), suffice to each other.

From this fact economic and social, I infer that Money, with which the farmer may dispense, and but for his superstition, would dispense, as he has dispensed with it, very largely; that Money, if admitted to throne among the Gods, should confess its fealty to government; as indeed it does by "*legal tender and taxation*."

Money is no superstition, though the autocracy of gold, or the oligarchy of specie, may be so considered. Whatever the vehicle employed, the fanaticism of money-making begins for the worshipper, where its necessity for him as a medium of exchange ceases; it then becomes one of those instruments (the sword is another), of which Power avails itself for oppression. This power, this governmentalism, national or financial, is the God. The attributes essentially divine being parasitism and oppression, Money becomes divine by graduating

from the economic into the political or ecclesiastical sphere, *i. e.*, from use into abuse.

Voltaire De Cleyre seems to conceive of personal liberty as dependent first, on the adjustment of the laborer's habits to the economic exigencies of machinery, and second, on the international organization of labor by exchange. Without underestimating either the former or the latter, it is too much to say, that *nothing can be surer* than their *complete* control of labor. The clauses quoted may express approximation, not exactitudes. Otherwise, they recall the arbitrary measures of state socialism.

It seems to be a fashion in socialism, as in politics, to promise an *equality*, or an exact justice, foreign to all known dispositions of nature or society, whether faculties, ambitions, or opportunities, be considered. Social harmony does not depend on either equalities, or exact proportions in awards, though it stipulates for the abatement of excesses and the removal of oppressions. The excessive subdivisions of labor in production, such as have made the operative represent the one-ninth part or less of a pin, are modifiable on the one side by improved machinery; on the other, by the interchange of occupations, permitted by shorter sessions of work in each, which practical education will favor. The multiplication of powers, and divisions of power, may partially restore the artisan's individual control of his work. Certain economies, to which health and comfort are sacrificed, will be repudiated, as a higher social tone comes to prevail.

Besides the inequalities of faculty among producers, all production is subject to exchange, and exchanges, to the correct estimate of demands: hence the judgment of the bosses or the syndicates of trade have no common measure of value with industry or skill. It must suffice, to determine such social ties and such dispositions of character, that all shall be satisfied to live and let live.

The intellectual culture and social refinement of the laborer are postulates of such sympathy, and these in turn postulate short sessions and varied employments in workshop and farm combined. Last, though not least, the Sabbath must be enfranchised from religionism and converted to instruction and amusement, by the sciences and fine arts. The quackery of soul-saving now monopolizes the laborer's leisure, and constitutes an effective barrier to his social as well as industrial education. Under the prevalent superstitions, the spontaneous progress of the workers to refinement and prosperity is impossible. All must depend on a capitalist initiative and wise organization in view of preconceived ends. The necessity for capitalist initiative varies inversely with the culture of the laboring classes.

EDGEWORTH.

THE "CULTURED POOR" AGAIN.

TO CHAUNCEY D. ALLYN:

Dear Sir—I read your ideas and expressions on the above subject with great interest, for I am one of the "cultured poor," with a poor ability to *get* money, and far *less* ability to *keep* it. That finds me now at 73 a *poor* old beggar—not a *rich* beggar—and invalid. I and the "cultured" Doctor you refer to, in your estimation, are of but little *account* in the world to what we might have been, if we had done like the Irishman you take to illustrate your *ideal*, your conception

of what a man should do and be, the life he should live and the place he should fill. I am with you most heartily as far as you inculcate temperance, industry, economy and self-support, but otherwise you suggest much that is disparaging, illogical, inconsistent, inhuman. The inference from your expressions is, that you set up, or prefer, a coarse, grasping, muscular, *un-*"cultured" Irishman, who got, by labor and scheming, law and public opinion, 1,000 acres of land, that by nature, justice and humanity, does not belong to him, to the aforesaid Doctor, or any other "cultured poor," however honest, noble and unselfish. This grasping, miserly, uncultured Irishman, suits you, with his "several hundred thousand dollars," and, I infer, is your model man, or standard, for others and far different and higher organisms to follow,—to go and do likewise. Why, the editor of this Magazine is one of the "cultured poor," and is, like myself,—and *you*, too,—dependent on the "cultured poor" for his subject-matter, and on the poor laborer and on subscriptions and contributions. How much has your uncultured Irishman, rich as he is, done for Freethought and Humanity? I do not think he has done much, except in a material sense, and at the expense of some parts of his manhood.

Suppose everyone was organized like your Irishman, and impelled by the same desires and motives, would you like to be in such a state of society as would be the result? Worst of all, to me, is your interrogatory: "Who will say that the years of patient toil and self-sacrifice, have not given this man the right to the power he has?" I will say it. No man on earth has the moral right,—and that is the sense in which you use the word right, for he has the legal right to the whole earth, if he can get it in the same way,—to 1,000 acres of land and "several hundred thousand dollars." Hard labor and "self-sacrifice" alone never accumulated that much. "Toil and self-sacrifice" helped him to a little capital; scheming, managing, speculating, law and public opinion did the rest, just as they have for all the grasping millionaires and Shylocks. Twenty-one thousand persons in this "land of equal (?) rights legally own—not morally—one-half,—\$36,000,000,000,—of the wealth of the United States. If, as you say, the Irishman has a right to his possessions, then they have a moral right to theirs. Do you, can you believe it?

"Presumptuous poverty is mighty appalling.
If a man is *down* kick him for falling.
If he is *up*, raise him higher,
His *soul's* for sale and *you* are the buyer.
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes."

"Right to the power he has"—the rich Irishman—money power,—the plutocratic power, that is crushing, killing, American, Jeffersonian principles and liberty; and has produced an impending bloody (?) revolution. When millions of hungry men, women and children, not "cultured," are "driven to the wall" of desperation, they will, they must react, and fearful, woful will be the result.

If a rich man is "lazy, shiftless, and lacks a high sense of responsibility," you have nothing to say. It is the "cultured poor," the incompetent poor, that must bear the might of your unfair, one-sided, criticisms and reproaches. Laziness and all other defects are just as many in the rich as the poor, without whose

labor no one would be rich. You say there is room to-day for competent men and women to work. Is it true? How many competent men went to Chicago to get work on the World's Fair buildings, failed, and spent their all and had to leave? I think there are many competent, honest men and women everywhere, who cannot get labor. The lower grades of labor, being far the most numerous, are in proportion destitute of employment, and yet their labor is as essential as the higher brain labor, or cerebro-muscular work. The cultured and uncultured rich live on the labor of the cultured and the uncultured poor; and to you it is right (?), for you say it is right for the Irishman to hold his thousand acres and his "several hundred thousand dollars." If he is now "lazy," and so on, you will find no fault with him, for he is rich.

What would your property,—what would land be worth, also railroad, bank, mining, factory and all kinds of stocks be worth, if labor, skilled and unskilled, did not keep it up and make it productive? You say government provides against men's starving, by charity. Where does it get its means? From the "starving." From labor. Government has no means. Its first step is to levy a tax in some form upon labor. A true government would supply labor to all, and see that it was not robbed and starved by unequal and unjust legislation granting monopolies and special privileges. It would protect and defend the "cultured poor," as well as the uncultured rich.

The truly cultured poor do not commit vice or crime; do not rob and steal by law and scheming, like your uncultured Irishman and those of his organic tendencies; and, to my mind, do as much good,—and far less evil,—as your selfish, grasping, care-for-no-one-else rich men.

How many on this planet could have what the Irishman now holds?

Although the cultured poor, like myself, now, may live very poor, and suffer, yet they have resources of enjoyment that your rich Irishman, and most of your millionaires never aspired to, and cannot appreciate. I would rather be a rich poor man, than a poor rich man. I do not disparage wealth, but I want to see it used and enjoyed by those who produce it.

Well, I am full, but must stop. I am impressed that you are "cultured," and have much manhood and humanity. I have brought up the "other side of the question," in my own and others' defense. I am one of the "cultured poor," who would now have plenty if I had been paid all I have earned with hands, tongue and pen. If we could meet, perhaps we could dispose of this subject to our mutual satisfaction.

Yours for Truth and Justice,

PROF. J. H. COOK.

COLUMBUS, KANS.

Do not fail to read the editorial in this number entitled "Shall this Magazine be put upon a sound basis" on page 60.

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

It certainly must be quite amusing to a squirrel hidden safely in one tree to watch a dog barking up another one. So I am amused at Mr. Newbranch's article in the October number of your magazine, which you have entitled "Our Quasi-orthodox Friend Hawks Replied To." Mr. Newbranch is barking up the wrong tree entirely.

To reply to the last part of his article first, we believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God in the same sense in which we believe Shakespeare to be, and it is about an even thing as to which needs the most expurgating. Is that plain enough, Friend Newbranch? Now, all the rest of the questions following the one just answered, as—"Will I go forth preaching the word of one who has ordered the murder of countless thousands," etc., are already answered.

To his question as to what the Christian religion stands upon if the Bible is not inspired, the answer is very simple, to us, at least. The Christian religion, the same as all other religion, stands upon the religious element in man's psychic nature. When Mr. Newbranch speaks of the Christian religion we suppose he means the set of dogmas and doctrines commonly known as orthodox; and we feel sure that he will agree with us in saying that they rest upon superstition and tradition, much of which people learn from the Bible.

The Christian Church, historically considered, dates from Jesus. Not that we mean to say that he organized it, but that it was organized by those whom his teachings had influenced and gathered together. We are well aware that Mr. Newbranch is justified, in a sense, in saying that the Christian religion rests upon the Bible—considered as the inspired word of God—for the great bulk of church members makes the same statement, and it is but one of the many false theories the church people hold to. But we protest against the church being considered as the only school of false philosophers. The world is constantly discovering hidden truth and old mistakes in every branch of knowledge. The mistake that the church has made in its use of the Bible is that it has taken a book written mostly in the language of emotion—which is never exact and philosophical—and used it as though it had been written in the language of philosophy.

The theory of its infallibility did not come from its writers, nor from Jesus. Roman Catholicism, another name for *Ancient Roman Paganism*, taught, and is responsible for, that theory. But when all the common dogmas of to-day are things of the past, *religion*,—call it Christian or what you like,—will still stand, unless man's nature is radically changed. We hope that after this none of our Freethought friends will consider us as holding that the "bad parts" of the Bible are "to be explained by some deep interpretation which ordinary mortals are unable to supply."

It is certainly quite interesting to meet a friend who knows a person's own mind better than the person himself, as Mr. Newbranch claims he knows ours. He takes issue with us when we state that we *reasoned* our way into a religion, and feels pretty sure he knows we did not. In answer to his questions as to

whether we had a Christian mother, etc., we answer that we had a Christian mother, quite regularly went to orthodox church and Sunday-school during our juvenile days, and, as a result, became the "bothersome heretic" of the society. Nothing delighted us more than to corner the good old Sunday-school teacher, which we feel quite proud in being able to boast we did occasionally. If Mr. Newbranch knew us well he would understand that the attempt to teach us orthodox theology was quite a failure. After having heard orthodoxy until we had a fair knowledge of its tenets, and after having learned the tenets of atheism fairly well—among other sources being lectures from Judge Waite and others at 476 W. Madison Street, Chicago,—we found ourselves where we are now. *Reasoned* our way there, Mr. Newbranch to the contrary notwithstanding. The best exponent of the religious belief of those who think as we do—the best in our estimation and within our knowledge—is Dr. Crowe's *Universalist Monthly*, published at Newark, N. J. I can heartily commend that paper to all lovers of Freethought as being sound and sensible, and at the same time religious.

Mr. Newbranch grows a trifle indignant because we said, "When Mr. Newbranch says that Christianity has done *nothing* (italics mine) for humanitarian movements, the falsehood is only exceeded by the dense ignorance whence it sprang." Now, one of the first things which science teaches—and we presume Mr. Newbranch is a votary of science—is exactness and truthfulness. A man should be very careful about his universal statements when he wishes to be strictly truthful, even when he uses them as figures of hyperbole. But I can hardly think that his words, "Nothing, absolutely nothing," were intended for a figure of speech. I will submit it to any candid man who knows anything about the Church *from the inside* and not alone from the criticisms of its outside enemies, that it is not fair to claim that Christianity has done "absolutely nothing" for humanitarian movements. Churches are constantly appealed to for aid in these various movements, nor are the appeals by any means in vain. I do not forget the Church's disgraceful record in regard to the slavery question, but if it is a question between *religion* and *atheism*, how many atheists distinguished themselves by hearing the brunt of the abolition movement, compared with men like Phillips and Parker? And while the Church has no right to claim the work of these men as its own, much less can atheism, for they were not atheists. Some of them were infidels, of the same kind that the writer is. Then, does Mr. Newbranch forget the work that such Christian societies as the W. C. T. U., etc., are doing? Did space permit, any number of similar movements might be named which are known to the world as Christian movements. Why that criticism above referred to was made was because of the Talmagian style of loose, slipshod statement of which Mr. Newbranch furnished an example.

The writer is perfectly well aware that religion has precipitated the world in countless religious wars, etc., although we were not aware that the "Church" had "instituted slavery and polygamy." We would like to learn where Mr. Newbranch became acquainted with that latter fact. We would also ask him if he is aware of the fact that the machine known for so many centuries as the Christian Church was in reality the old pagan Church of Rome, which simply

changed apotheosis for canonization, and its gods for saints? In reality, they changed a few names, but kept the same spirit and forms. They have the same office filled by a *Pontifex Maximus* to-day that they had before the time of Christ, and he and his have always been up to the same kind of deviltry. We feel quite certain that we are just as desirous of having these facts made known to the world as is Mr. Newbranch; and as testimony to that fact have been mobbed for our pains to make them known. We strenuously protest against Universalists, Unitarians and other liberals being bunched with Roman Catholics, etc., and all condemned alike. We beg also to call the attention of any who may be inclined so to do, to the fact that the battle for progress has not been fought entirely outside of the Church. The great martyrs to progress have had their full quota inside its ranks.

Those of us who find we can be truest to our convictions and perform our duty best inside the church, in the struggle for liberty and progress, do not like to have our brethren across the way tell us that we are doing "absolutely nothing" for humanity. It sounds cold, and not the least bit friendly. In place of your wholesale denunciations, be more careful to adhere to the strict truth, and do not denounce friend and foe in the same breath.

Believing in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, we are trying, in our feeble way, to bring about the conditions of life which those principles imply are the right ones; and we deprecate very much wholesale denunciation of all branches of the Christian Church.

T. R. HAWKS.

CANTON, N. Y.

REPLY TO MR. J. BOYD.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

Mr. James Boyd's review in your October number of my article, "The Tactics of Spiritualists," again illustrates the untenability of the positions assumed by Deists and Spiritists. He starts out with the assertion that "what we must admit is that wisdom is manifested in all departments of Nature." If a human being were manifesting his "*wisdom*" by causing Johnstown floods, Ashtabula disasters, epidemics and cyclones *he would be torn to pieces by the infuriated populace*, unless he were securely confined in a penitentiary or lunatic asylum. But in spite of this self-evident fact, deists continue to prate about the wisdom or design manifested in Nature. Out upon such despicable idiocy!

His sophistries are further shown in his arguing that what had a beginning must have an end, from which he draws the conclusions that our spirits have existed from all eternity. What constitutes our spirits but mind, in which memory is the most conspicuous factor? If, then, our spirits never had a beginning, would we not be aware of all that transpired during the past cycles of eternity; would our memories not extend back into the infinite past? The fact, then, that they do not so extend, proves that our minds or spirits had a beginning, hence must have an end.

He "suggests difficulties" (!?) in the following question: "Will Mr. Wettstein say what becomes of the vitality of a seed? Chemistry cannot tell us by

analysis the difference between a seed that will not grow and one that will." I reply that the vitality of a seed consists of the fusion of the vitality of its component units of energy, and that when this fusion is destroyed the vitality of the seed *as such* is lost, though the vital principle of its segregate parts is unimpaired. If a seed is subjected to chemical analysis its *aggregate* vitality is destroyed instantly, hence no difference can be discovered between one that possessed germinal properties and one whose vitality is already gone. The nature of the vital principle resident within the constituents of so-called "matter" is not yet clearly understood or known; this much is, however, beginning to be accepted by scientists, that it consists of various modes of motion or vibratory rates of the units of ether or force-centres with which space is filled, and that if they coalesce into certain forms they constitute what appears to us as matter, while under different modes or rates they assume the various forms of force. Many physicists also strongly incline to the view that each force-unit or etherial particle is governed in its action by a psychic principle, intuitively choosing its mates or associations through the exercise of their "primitive judgment," as Edison calls it. Mr. Boyd admits that when the vital principle which, through amalgamation, constitutes the personality or exalted mind of the individual, has fled, that its "matter" resolves itself into its original elements again. How can such exalted mind or spirit continue, then, after that what caused it is scattered to the "four winds of the heavens"?

He claims to possess the faculty of perceiving spiritual things. I presume he takes every figment of fancy, and every product of an overwrought brain for a spirit. Dogs see spirits too, no doubt, in their dreams, only theirs walk on all-fours, and Mr. Boyd's in human fashion. And when he sees his "spirits" decently dressed, I presume he argues that their immortality extends into, or includes, their apparel (!) What deep reasoners these Spiritualists are! Yes, "it shows such a decided advance when scientific men admit hypnotic illusions as an explanation of spiritualistic phenomena," that ere long the entire "philosophy" will be reduced to hypnotism, cerebral illusions and legerdemain.

He mentions a "notable case" wherein a clue was obtained to a mysterious murder through a spirit. If, then, they are not averse to assume the role of detectives at times, why can they not serve the cause of justice at all times? They must have a queer code of ethics in spirit-land that its denizens would refuse to do after their decarnation what they would only too gladly have done before.

HERMAN WETTSTEIN.

MARENGO, Ill. 1892.

AN INDEBTED TRIBUTE TO COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

ONCE before have I made public expression of gratitude I owe to the great liberator of human thought. That one acknowledgment might have served the full purpose, had not new obligations compelled an infraction upon further silence, and if our seventy-seven years of honest belligerency should be extended to five years more grace, may feel indebted to further obligations, while defending myself with his infallible arguments against all the forces of my consanguinity. No human tyranny can transcend that which authorizes fanatics,

by "divine right" to force upon his fellow-man a consecrated outfit of inhuman dogmas, which have no truth in the laws of nature's god or humanity in design. Mr. Ingersoll's unceasing research has unearthed the policy of that dogmatic cruelty, which has transformed the kindred spirit, man to that degree of vengeance which meets its equilateral only in human victims. And from the fact that human kindness has demonstrated its power in taming the most ferocious animal type found in the Himalayas, Mr. Ingersoll has made the same successful experiment upon a class of people whose ancestral dogmas were first formulated in the valley of the Ganges. His treatment of the theological brains of our time, are becoming convalescent and returning to normal senses and natal humanity. Many of the great intellects have made death struggles against a returning consciousness that man owes more to humanity than to an apostolic creed, which has been enforced for eighteen centuries, under the injunction that it was not in the province of the people to criticise—but to obey.

We believe the greatest calamity which has befallen the human race, is the tyrannical zeal which has ruled the historic world in all ages, with the insignia of death to him who dares to obey the dictates of reason at the expense of theological dogmas. The creed part of this rule of human terror is not in the interest of personal elevation to the lay members of society, but it is purely to perpetuate the distinction between priests and plebeians; without the latter, the former would be reduced to commonality. If peons were elevated to peers, there would be none to till a "glebe," in the interest of a "benefice," and priests would no longer revel in *selected society* and indolent luxury.

But when Mr. Ingersoll trespassed upon consecrated grounds, dedicated to the mysteries of the unseen gods, the holy magnates were eager to measure Christian swords with the infidel Achilles whose unanswerable problems have brought them to an inglorious encounter, and have silenced the whole "Salvation Army," forcing them to a respectable recognition of himself.

We owe more to the heroic teaching of Mr. Ingersoll's *single dogma*—liberty of thought and speech to all humanity—than we owe to any dictatorial gods of christendom. The historic god, who creates and condemns human brains for the receptacle of logical conclusions, drawn from the mutations of human life, when the brain cannot dispossess those conclusions, however, varied from Christian notions—to such a god we owe no allegiance. He lives only in the marrow cell of clerical brains that would rule the world for personal aggrandizement.

The cruelty dealt to unbaptised infants after death, drove us from that consecrated house of infinite cruelty—the Episcopal Church—in time to recover a little humanity ere we take the eternal sleep.

Mr. Ingersoll has more ably defended the right to criticise all Christian dogmas, than any other modern writer. Millions owe him a debt of gratitude, for which they will embalm his name for other ages.

Mr. Ingersoll can glory in Christian maledictions while he drops the shackles from their slaves, and they tremble in mythological armor while he lifts the veil of superstition and beckons the peons to realms above their master.

The name of the distinguished champion of human liberty will brighten in the friction of ages. When granite columns shall have fallen, when churches shall have returned to their native elements, and when the pyramids shall have crumbled with the dust—nations will assemble in commemoration of the great liberator of physical and metaphysical slavery. The time of his memorable services will date back to ancient New York in the nineteenth century, A. D.

IRA H. WILSON.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER'S portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine. Last month we had something to say of a Freethought church. Parker, in our opinion, was the best representative of what a Freethought preacher ought to be that has appeared in this country. We do not mean that he was nearest correct in his theology, but he seemed to be so in love with the Truth that he was willing to follow wherever it might lead at any cost. That is all that can be asked of any person. It is not the opinions held that constitute a Freethinker, but the spirit in which they are held. We have known many persons who held to what are known as Liberal views who were the furthest from being Freethinkers—they were actual bigots. Emerson well describes the character of a real Freethinker when he says something like this: "To-day speak your honest thought, and to-morrow speak your honest thought, if what you say to-morrow contradicts all you said to-day." We are sure that was Theodore Parker's doctrine. He was never in fear that he would not be consistent with himself, he aimed only to be true to himself. If we had a hundred such men as Parker was in the pulpits to-day they would revolutionize humanity.

As we have before stated in reference to Theodore Parker, we are sure he held to many theological ideas that would not stand the test of the present advanced thought, but if he had lived until now he would have been up with the times. He believed with Lowell that—

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past blood-rusty key.

Theodore Parker was a Deist. He believed in a God, but it was not the orthodox God. According to orthodoxy the human race is a motherless race—they have a father but no mother. If this orthodox theory is true it is no wonder that humanity has not been a success. Parker remedied this defect in inventing a God whom he addressed as the "Father and mother of us all." This was a great improvement on the old Jehovah. Parker, we think, did not claim to prove the existence of his God. He claimed to know him by intuition. He contended that the human mind had an intuitive knowledge of God. The real fact was, we suppose, that Parker believed in God because he had been educated into this belief in childhood, and it had become a kind of second nature to him, and he, no doubt, honestly thought it was intuitive knowledge. And Parker's God differed from the orthodox God in being a merciful and a just God. He was not so much a God as he was a loving parent. He contained the tender attributes of a mother as well as the sterner ones of a father. His prayers were generally addressed to God the Father and Mother of us all. His prayers were poems. We have a book of his prayers before us, and as probably but few of our readers ever listened to or read his prayers, we will quote a little from one of them. Here is what he says in one delivered February 22, 1857:

"Father, we thank thee for the exceeding beauty of this wintry day; we bless thee for the ever-welcome countenance of the sun, so sweetly looking down on our Northern land, and bidding Winter flee. We thank thee for the moon which scarfs with loveliness the retreating shoulders of the night, and for all the wondrous majesty of stars wherewith thou has spangled the raiment of darkness, giving beauty to the world when the sun withdraws his light."

"We thank thee for the great land in which we live; we bless thee for its favored situation, and its wide-spread from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf. We thank thee for the millions of people who have grown up here in the midst of the continent. We bless thee for all the good institutions which are established here; we thank thee for whatsoever of justice is made into law of the State, for all of piety, of loving kindness and tender mercy which are taught in many a various church, and practiced by noble women and earnest men."

It will be seen that Parker thanked his God for all the beautiful things—all the good things in the world. We would like to know what his reply would have been if some one had asked him who he thanked, or, more properly, who he held responsible, for all the cruel, deformed and bad things in the world? He claimed his God was infinite in goodness, in knowledge and in power, therefore he knew of all the suffering, all the oppres-

sion, all the cruelty there was on this planet, and being infinite in goodness he must have desired to remove it, and having the power to remove it why did he not do so? Here is a question that neither Theodore Parker could nor any other Christian can answer intelligently. We know what their answer usually is. They say that all our suffering here is to bring about happiness in some future world—that good will finally come out of it in God's own good time. But then our reply to that is: If God is infinite in all his attributes he could just as well produce all the good things that he proposes for the future by happiness here and now as by affliction here and now. We affirm that a being, be he called God or man, in this world or any other, who has the power to save humanity from pain and suffering, and will not, is a tyrant and unworthy the admiration of anybody. There is no such thing as reconciling the idea of infinite power and goodness with a world so full of misery as is this one. If there be a God of infinite goodness it is evident he has not got the power to bring about his desires—has not got infinite power. If there be a God of infinite power every one must see that he does not possess infinite mercy and goodness, for if he did there would be no suffering in any world over which he presides. Theodore Parker, with all his wisdom, had not sufficiently broken away from the old orthodox idea of God to perceive the above truth. Notwithstanding, Theodore Parker was a noble, brave and grand good man who went as far as the light of his age and generation would allow and accomplished a vast amount of good to humanity. His religion was much in advance of the then prevailing religion, and for that reason he was hated above any man of his day by the popular church. In the eyes of the Church Parker's greatest heresy was in insisting that God was good. Says Col. Ingersoll, "Strange! that no one has ever been persecuted by the Church for believing God bad, while hundreds of millions have been destroyed for thinking him good." And that was Theodore Parker's great crime. Every Freethinker should honor the name of Theodore Parker for the great work he accomplished in liberating the human mind from the thralldom of orthodox superstition, and for his persistent advocacy, in his pulpit, on the platform and through the press, of antislavery doctrines.

SHALL THIS MAGAZINE BE PUT UPON A
SOUND BASIS?

THIS question ought to be decided at once. If the reader has not already done so, we request him, or her, to read carefully the editorial article entitled, "This Magazine," on page 783 of the last (December) Magazine. They will there learn that on the 14th day of November we settled with our printers, and gave them our note for \$673, payable in three months. That note will be due on the 17th day of February, 1893, one day before our birthday, when we shall be 65 years old. Now after our ten years experience in publishing the Magazine, we feel sure that if we could have a birthday present of that note, the Magazine thereafter would be on a sound basis. And we are confident that nothing would please the patrons of this Magazine more than to see that impediment removed. All that is necessary to accomplish this universal desire is for a sufficient number of the friends of the Magazine to act in unison.

There are about twenty-five hundred subscribers to the Magazine, which includes some two hundred young people who are getting the Magazine free for a year, and some one hundred more who are not able to pay anything, and about one hundred more who are in the doubtful list. That leaves about two thousand persons who, we have no doubt, would each be glad to do something towards lifting the debt. Out of this two thousand there will be at least five hundred good people who will never read this notice, or if they do, will forget all about it before the next morning. That leaves about fifteen hundred who will be glad to each do something towards paying this six hundred and seventy-three dollar note. *Forty-five cents (45c.) from each* would pay the note, and two dollars over.

We feel sure that there are two or three of our friends who would be glad to give one hundred dollars, two or three more who would consider it a privilege to give fifty dollars, a few more who would readily pay twenty-five dollars, a score or more who would gladly pay ten dollars, and we do not know how many there are who would pay five dollars, and when we come down to the one dollar list, but few would object to taking that much stock in the Magazine, and then we can not entertain the thought

that any professed Liberal would object for one moment to paying fifty cents.

Now, friends, we do not ask you to pay anything until the full amount is subscribed. This is what we propose: That so soon as our friends and the friends of the Magazine, read these lines, they each notify us how much they will be willing to pay on or before February 10th, towards paying the note, *with the understanding* that if the whole of the \$673 is not subscribed, they will not be obligated to pay anything.

We know, friends, this is putting quite a tax upon your shoulders, but remember now much your orthodox neighbors pay to maintain superstition, and then consider how much you should be willing to do to promulgate Liberalism.

The name of every person who subscribes to this fund, and the amount subscribed, will appear in the February and March Magazines, even if they occupy half our pages. We know of no better use that these pages can be put to. If the amount is raised we promise never to ask for anything more than our regular subscriptions thereafter. To those who may have fears that our advanced age will prevent our continuing the Magazine for many years, we will say that a young man of ability, education and high character, is ready at any moment to take our place when we fail. But we think the payment of this note will renew our age ten years. Shall it be paid? We wait with confidence for the reply.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN AND THE SEXUAL RELATIONS. By KARL HEINTZEN. Boston, Mass., Benj. R. Tucker. Pp. 173. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

The following, from the *Detroit News*, states the character of the book very fully:

The rights of women is somewhat of an old subject, but in the hands of Karl Heinzen it meets with an able champion, possessed of both the will and the capacity to fight the good fight in the justice court of public opinion. "The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations, an address to an unknown lady reader," by Karl Heinzen, is a thoughtful essay, or, rather, series of essays, on matters which

affect the social economy of the whole race. The author has a thorough grasp of the social problems of the day, and he grapples with the difficulties, both moral and social, that beset the most important of questions like a veritable Sir Eglamore and the dragon, and, like that worthy knight, he is entirely triumphant. His most vigorous attack is on the marriage relation, as at present subsisting. The attack here is the most vigorous, because the subject represents the citadel most strongly defended by a bigoted and uncompromising enemy. That the author is something of an iconoclast goes without saying. Mankind has for millions of years been building up idols that meet the reformer wherever he plants his foot. Let us rather call him a husbandman that

seeks to clear the way of the tares and briars and brambles that the ignorance or selfishness of past ages have sown in his path. The author's text is the emancipation of woman, and so intimately is the lot of man bound up with that of woman that the emancipation of woman is also that of man. What is needed is the emancipation of society from superstition, which has led us to a state of things which is unbearable. In conclusion, one may say of "The Rights of Women," that it carries conviction with every chapter. It is a bold and splendid essay in the direction of marital reform and its corollary, true morality.

GOVERNMENT ANALYZED. By JOHN R. KELSO, A. M. Edited by ETTA DUNBAR KELSO. Longmont, Colorado. 1892. Pp. 519. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

We never met Col. Kelso but once, and that was at the congress of the National Liberal League at Chicago, some ten or more years ago. We were delighted with the man, and always entertained a high opinion of him up to the day of his death. We believe he was an earnest and true friend of humanity, that he had the courage of his convictions, and, if needs be, would have, at any time, given his life rather than to have become a hypocrite. Therefore we honor his memory. But we must say that we are radically at variance with him in most of the opinions and views he advocates in this book. That we are not so far "advanced" as our esteemed friend was when he wrote this publication, nevertheless we respect him for writing it, as we do his intelligent widow for publishing it. We admit there is much truth in it, and like all extreme theories will do good, as it will set people to thinking. Therefore, as we are not a disciple of Col. Kelso's radical political and social theories, we deem it best to allow one of our intelligent friends, Prof. J. H. Cook, of Columbus, Kansas, who fully agrees with the writer, to do the reviewing of this work. Here is what Prof. Cook says of the book:

With my naturally radical, truth-loving

brain, I have been reading and thinking a vast amount for 60 years. No author I have read has met with a more hearty response, in me, than Col. Kelso. His "Government Analyzed" requires more mental development, more love of truth, more analytical power, knowledge and humanity than the average mind or most of free (?) thinkers possess. In its high aims and purposes, it is more a book for the future than the present. I have said *great* book. Yes, it is (to me) great in its altitude and scope, its unanswerable logic, its humanitarian and saving truths. It does indeed analyze, dissect and probe "things as they are" to the bottom; traces the paths or footsteps of all so-called governments, laws, customs and institutions back to their origin, and depicts their character and results with a masterly power, and with the "courage of his convictions." Col. Kelso was a thorough investigator, and looked on all sides of a subject. He did not write for money, office or popularity, for he well knew that the plain, humanitarian truths he wrote would not be palatable to government and society as it is, to its advocates and defenders, and all who live on the labor of the robbed and enslaved. Col. Kelso was a man of great physical and mental courage and energy, whether working, talking or writing. He fought the rebels in the "late unpleasantness," to protect and save the government, with a zeal, energy and courage that was not surpassed. It will pay you to read this searching, humanity-saving book, even if it, in some respects, repels you, or finds you unprepared to appreciate it. Henry Ward Beecher said: "People must read what they *don't* believe if they want truth and progress." No man made governments or institutions are finalities. To me, as to the author, they are but the temporary scaffolding to build the great, possible, prospective Temple of Humanity wherein there shall be the only real, true, effective government—*self-government*.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION—WHAT IS TO BE ITS FINAL OUTCOME? By AN OLD FARMER. H. L. Green, publisher, Buffalo, N. Y. Pp. 36. Price, 15 cents.

This essay consists of a series of magazine articles which were originally published in THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. It is an effort to show that Christianity as a supernatural system of religion will in the next century take its place among the

mythologies of ancient nations. The work is marked by earnestness, and it shows a pretty thorough acquaintance with the subject treated. The author evidently has been a Christian minister, and has outgrown the creed which he taught from the pulpit. It is possible, however, that he is too sanguine in regard to the speedy decay of Christianity, which is one of the great historic religions, and is likely to endure many centuries, retaining its name and its more general elements, while that which is special in it, its positive dogmas as well as its rites and ceremonies, are likely to decline or to be greatly modified. Evolution is along the line of the existing order of things and old systems of religion may persist through centuries in which that which was valued at an early day is entirely outgrown, and that which was little esteemed in the past receives special emphasis. However, this work is a thoughtful essay, and it will stimulate many to think on this subject, which the author has treated so ably and so fully.—*R. P. Journal*.

THE PSYCHICAL REVIEW for December received. The contents are as follows: "The Science of Psychometry," by Prof. F. Rodes Buchanan, M. D.; "Some Cases of Psychical Diagnosis," by L. A. Phillips, M. D.; "The Totality of Individual Mind," by B. F. Underwood; "Prejudice and Psychical Research," by Rev. T. E. Atten; "What and Whence is the Inspiration of Art?"; "Experiment in Psychography," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "An Experiment in Psychography," by Hamlin Garland; "Review of the London Committee on Spiritualism," by Calvin W. Parsons; "Cerebral Radiation," by Prof. Edwin F. Houston, and other valuable selected and editorial matter. This Review is published quarterly by the American Psychical Society, at Room 19, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass. Pp. 96. Price, single number, \$1.00; per annum, \$3.00.

THE CLIMAX, OR SKELETON KEYS TO SACREDOTAL SUBJECTS, by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., L. L. D.—a new book of some 450 pages—reaches us too late for

notice in this number. By a casual notice of its pages we are impressed with the idea that it is a most valuable addition to Freethought literature. It will receive a full notice in the February Magazine.

THE STEP-BY-STEP PRIMER, in Burnz' Pronouncing Print. Correct Pronunciation shown without new letters or change of spelling. By ELIZA BOARDMAN BURNZ. 25 cents. Published by Burnz & Co., 24 Clinton Place, New York.

To teach children how to read and spell English has been the puzzle of teachers for centuries. How they ever learned to read and spell themselves has been a continual wonder. The greatest device for primary reading ever published has been lately worked out by Eliza B. Burnz in her "Step-by-Step Pronouncing Primer." She has for more than a generation been one of the foremost advocates of the Spelling Reform Movement; but in this primer the established form of the words is retained, while at the same time the pronunciation of the words is made evident at a glance. This is done without respelling by her ingenious device of "Pronouncing Print." This little book saves the children much time, confusion and heartache. If the devices used in it can be applied to books and periodicals, it will satisfy the etymologists, make English the easiest of languages to read (since every page will be its own most complete and perfect pronouncing dictionary), and finally complete the great step necessary for the universal introduction of phonetic print and script. Burnz' Pronouncing Print has received the written approval of a number of prominent and experienced educators, among whom are: Dr. Wm. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education; Prof. F. A. March, of LaFayette College; Melvil Dewey, A. M., Secretary University of the State of New York, and many others. For sale at this office.

ALL SORTS.

—If every one who we have recently sent bills to should pay *promptly*, the Magazine would be out of debt and a thousand dollars ahead.

—Moody claims it was his prayers that kept the *Spree* from going to the bottom of the ocean. Who knows but it may have been his prayers that prevented Biela's comet from knocking our earth into "pi."

—The passenger and freight transportation companies ought to permanently engage Moody to offer up a prayer for the safety of every vessel that makes a trip across the Atlantic. It would lighten their marine insurance bills.

—Eve—Addy, my dear, I'm going shopping this morning. Can you let me have a hundred dollars!

Adam—Great heavens, Eve! You seem to believe the report that I'm made of dust.—*Harper's Bazar*.

—"Father" McGlynn has returned to the Church. His first sermon should have been from this text: "The dog has returned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."—[2 Peter, II. 22.]

—When a preacher in high station
Loses faith in inspiration,
And rather doubts that devils dwelt in pigs,
In the way the fossils fear him,
And the people flock to hear him,
He'll remind you very much of Dr. Briggs.
—*Puck*.

—A number of professed Liberals have recently requested us to discontinue sending the Magazine because they "had no time to read it." Then pay for it, and hand it to your neighbors, who have time and a desire to read it.

—The receipts at this office during the last month are not half what they should have been. Friends, let us warn you in time that if you desire this Magazine to

live you must do much better than you have been doing.

—During the last month we have been to considerable expense sending out bills to delinquent and other subscribers, and notifying our friends whose subscriptions expired with the December Magazine, and now we are waiting with much anxiety for the responses.

—Not being able to keep an expert book-keeper, we sometimes make errors in sending out our bills. When such is the case we hope our good friends will at once notify us, and they can be assured that any such error will promptly be corrected.

—Volumes IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX and X of this Magazine, beautifully and substantially bound, are for sale at this office. Price, each, \$3.00, with 25 cents to pay express or postage. They make a good Freethought library of themselves.

—In naming some of the Freethought churches in the December Magazine we should have included the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, Michigan. We know of no other church in this country better entitled to the name. Rev. W. D. Simmons and many of the members we count among the best friends of this Magazine. Mr. Simmons is doing a grand work in Battle Creek.

—Jay Gould's funeral required the services of three high-toned, high-salaried, Protestant clergymen, to conduct it. We did not notice that either one of these sky-pilots read that passage of Scripture, which declares, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." But then, as the papers reported a few months ago, that Gould gave some twenty thousand dollars, out of his hundred millions, to help the Church, the clergy will see to it that he gets there all

the same. That old Bible saw, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," was long since changed to "Blessed are the *rich*, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

—F. R. Perkins, of Ukiah, California, sends us the following :

The city in which I live has 2,500 inhabitants. The people here may be, in a measure, led away from superstition by the distribution of tracts, magazines, etc. If those of your readers who have books, tracts, papers, etc., treating on the divinity of the Bible, and who desire to further the cause, will mail them to me at the above address, I will see that they are distributed. Will you please insert this in your Magazine?

—"My husband is a good man morally," said Mrs. Arthur Dox, "but I have the greatest fear for his soul."

"Why so?"

"Well, first he drifted away from the Methodists and joined the Baptists; after a while he left the Baptists and joined the Universalists. It would have been all right if he'd stopped there, but now he has thrown religion aside altogether and joined the Unitarians."—*N. Y. Press*.

—Mr. William A. Bennett, a day laborer who is paying \$7.00 a year to support the Magazine, writes: "I like the Magazine better and better every month. The November number was as good as gold. Dr. S. W. Wetmore's open letter to Rev. Jas. C. C— was a death-blow to Christian superstition and bigotry. I will try and find a subscriber, but I can find much easier persons who like to borrow and read the Magazine. So soon as I read the magazines I start them on their way around the village." We have no doubt many who borrow and read the Magazine are much better able to pay for it than is our good friend Bennett. But what they lack is the disposition.

—A boy 15 years old was hung in Macon, Ga., Nov. 29th, for murder. The report says: "After a short prayer on the gallows, Sheriff Wescott pulled the lever and

the small body fell with a thud. His neck was broken and death ensued in a few seconds." In that State the Christian religion prevails everywhere, it was on hand at this child-murder by the State. An outspoken "Infidel" would not be allowed to live in Georgia. There they carry out the infamous old Mosaic law, even on children, "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." When we read of such inhumanity by Christians we are glad we can truthfully say that we do not bear that name. Cruelty is the natural fruit of Christianity.

—The police department of Pittsburg, on the application of the Protestant clergymen and others, closed the houses of disrepute in that city, and forced some one hundred and fifty of their women into the streets, without food or lodging places. They called on the ministers for aid, so the papers say, and the ministers refused to assist them, or take them into their houses over night, but to the credit of the Catholic Church, they received aid from that direction. The report states:

"Right-Rev. Bishop Phelan, of the Catholic Church, is the only minister who has offered to assist the women. He has ordered the House of the Good Shepherd thrown open to receive them. After giving them shelter he will try to reform them. The Protestant ministers want the women to reform first and take the shelter afterwards."

—Mr. Daniel Bower, residing near Auburn, N. Y., died December 17th. We were called upon to speak at his funeral. Mr. Bower at his death was some seventy years of age, and has been nearly all his life a staunch, out-spoken Freethinker. For forty years he had been a subscriber to the *Investigator*. He was a well-to-do farmer, having one of the best farms in Cayuga County; and he was highly respected by all who knew him. He leaves three intelligent children—one son and two daughters—all of whom have arrived at manhood and womanhood, and who, like their father, are Liberals, and

most worthy people. The funeral was numerously attended by neighbors and friends, and our three-fourths of an hour address seemed to be well received.

—John L. Moore, of Quincy, Illinois, sends \$5.00 to aid the Magazine, with the following private letter, which we take the liberty to publish. We are sorry to say this letter contains much truth. In most towns where professed Liberals reside, one, two, or three of them, like friend Moore, have to foot all the bills. There are others who like to hear Liberal lecturers and read Liberal papers, if they can get them free of cost. We now well understand why preachers and priests desire to perpetuate hell and purgatory. It is to scare their stingy followers into paying their just proportion of the expenses of maintaining the Church. Some people have no higher incentive to action than fear. We now see that hell is a valuable institution. Liberalism needs one for its stingy members, for its dead-beats, who *talk* boldly of their freedom from church authority, but cannot be coaxed or persuaded to pay a cent to propagate their professed Liberalism. These are hard things to say, but nevertheless they are true. Here is what Brother Moore says on the subject :

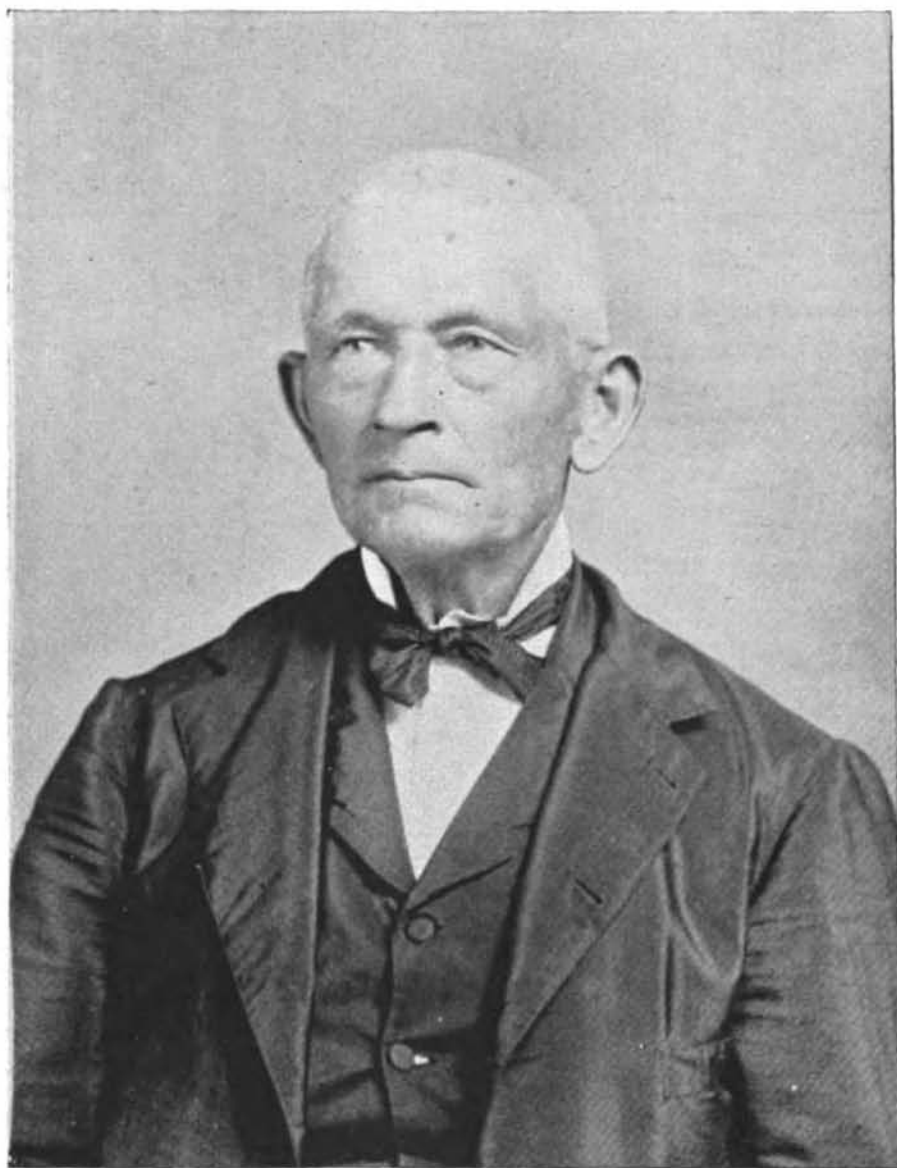
BRO. GREEN: As an agent, I am a failure; have distributed Liberal documents and papers, and have never caught but one subscriber, and that was to the *Twentieth Century*. How I did it I do not know, as he sent for the paper himself, after he had been reading my paper for more than a year. You have no idea, the dollars I have spent for the only real good cause that I firmly believe will benefit my fellow-man,—other benefits will follow in good time. I do know, as I have written you before, that the Liberals, taken as a class, will not support their church. If a lecturer comes to this priest-ridden city, a few of us,—and a *very few at that*,—have to bear the whole expense. Charles Watts was here on his last lecturing tour in this country, delivered two lectures, and I do not think two hundred people heard them, and this was on a Sunday, too. I shall, as long as I live, talk up free speech and

a free press,—which is not likely to be much longer, as I am nearly 73. Two lecturers wrote me recently. I answered by saying, "If you want to come to Quincy, come on your own responsibility, for I am done with footing the bills, or at least a big share of them." I expect my time for your Magazine is about expired, so I send you \$5.00 to extend my trip on your good ship, THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

—Two very wealthy men have lived and died in this country. Stephen Girard, an Infidel, and Jay Gould, a Christian. The Infidel made his millions by honest trade, and at his death bequeathed a large portion of his fortune to the city of Philadelphia, to be used for the building, establishing, and maintaining a great college for fatherless and motherless children. This man, if orthodoxy be true, is now in hell, there to remain eternally. Jay Gould, the Christian, made his money by wrecking railroads and defrauding humanity wherever and whenever there was an opportunity, and he never gave a dollar while living, or left one when he died, to benefit his fellow-man, but being a Christian, if orthodoxy be true, he is now in heaven. All know that Girard was an Infidel, and as some may not know that Gould was a Christian, here is the proof :

New York Sun, Dec. 6.—Mr. Gould himself was deeply interested in the subject of religion, more especially during the last years of his life. He was a diligent attendant upon the services of Dr. Paxton's Presbyterian Church, and his religious belief was unaffected by the skepticism of these days. A little essay on the Atonement, which he wrote in a lady's album, is described as remarkable for its deep devotional spirit and orthodox faith. He died in that faith. So far as we can learn, there was not a trace of infidelity in him. His religious belief was as orthodox as President Patton's or Dr. John Hall's. He believed in the Bible as the infallible Word of God, in the life eternal, in future rewards and punishments.

The *Sun* truly says "there was not a trace of Infidelity in him." It would have been much better for the world of humanity if there had been.



D.C. Isbell.

MEET THE NEW
MAGAZINE.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

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1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

$$\begin{aligned} \mu_{\text{eff}}^2 &= \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{\mu^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) = \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{g^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) = \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{g^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) = \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{g^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) \\ &= \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{g^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) = \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{g^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) = \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{g^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) = \mu^2 \left(1 - \frac{1}{2} \frac{g^2}{\Lambda^2} \right) \end{aligned}$$
$$\begin{aligned} \left\| \frac{\partial}{\partial t} (\nabla u - S) \right\|_{L^2(\Omega)} &\leq C \| \nabla u - S \|_{L^2(\Omega)} + C \| \nabla u - S \|_{L^2(\Omega)}^{1/2} \\ &\leq C \| \nabla u - S \|_{L^2(\Omega)}^{1/2}. \end{aligned}$$

$\mathcal{C}(\mathcal{C}_1, \mathcal{C}_2) = \mathcal{C}_1 \cup \mathcal{C}_2$ and $\mathcal{C}(\mathcal{C}_1, \mathcal{C}_2) = \mathcal{C}_1 \cap \mathcal{C}_2$ if and only if $\mathcal{C}_1 \subseteq \mathcal{C}_2$ or $\mathcal{C}_2 \subseteq \mathcal{C}_1$.

$\mathcal{H}^1(\mathbb{R}^n) \subset \mathcal{H}^1(\mathbb{R}^n)$ and $\mathcal{H}^1(\mathbb{R}^n) \subset \mathcal{H}^1(\mathbb{R}^n)$ are the Hardy spaces of functions of vanishing mean and of vanishing mean and vanishing mean, respectively.

and the following lemma is proved. \square

[illegible][illegible]

to get the $\mathcal{O}(n^2)$ bound for $\mathcal{O}(n)$ and $\mathcal{O}(n)$ for $\mathcal{O}(n^2)$ is probably not a good idea.

$$= \frac{1}{\sqrt{\pi}} \int_0^{\infty} \frac{e^{-t}}{t^{3/2}} dt = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\pi}} \Gamma\left(\frac{1}{2}\right) = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\pi}} \sqrt{\pi} = 1.$$
[illegible]



THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY (E. M.) 293.

NEVER-ENDING LIFE ASSURED BY SCIENCE.

By DANIEL KENT TENNEY.

WE are prone to believe that there is embodied in man a personal entity called the soul or spirit. "A blessed immortality," for this spirit is our vision and our hope. So it has been through all historical time. The earliest writings, long before the Christian era, indicate the expectation of a life hereafter. In one form or another, it is the intuitive belief of all nations and tribes of whom we have accurate knowledge. These circumstances constitute some evidence of eternal life. Universal instinct, itself natural, should meet in nature complete response, but this inference is not conclusive of the fact. Eminent scientists and philosophers, and, to some extent, christian biblical critics, reject altogether the idea that anything has been communicated to us by revelation or inspiration on any subject. Both of these so-called sources of light are, to my mind, vagaries of the brain and sources of darkness. They are discredited by nearly all independent thinkers of the day. Able men in great numbers, who get their living by advocating the other view, still exist in over-supply, and will not easily abandon it. The kingdom of unprejudiced research is, however, fully enthroned.

Independent of so-called revelation, the innate religious emotions and opinions of mankind remain, that the spirit is immortal and destined to more favorable conditions of life here-

after. Is there anything in the discoveries of science, the analogies of nature, or in human experience to support this opinion? I think there is, and that the proof is most assuring.

1. The universe exists. We know that. It is composed of a great number of elements. We have named some of them and know a good deal of their nature. Others we have named, but do not know their complete nature. Still others, doubtless, exist, of which we have no accurate knowledge. The scientists have demonstrated that what they call matter is ever changing in form, but that its elements always remain the same in force and quantity. That is to say, the component parts of a lump of coal are in existence after it appears to have been consumed by fire, just as much as they were before, though for the most part invisible. The potentialities of the product of this combustion are not destroyed, but only transmuted into and conserved in other natural conditions. The doctrine of science, therefore, is that in nature there is nothing lost and nothing gained. These conclusions are everywhere recognized as proven facts. It is also conclusively shown by the astronomers that the earth and all the planets of the solar system were once a part of the sun, and have been, by causes well known to science, thrown off and separated into the individual orbs of our system. The quantity of the whole, however, remains precisely the same. There has been no change except in form and locality.

2. It is well proven, also, that when the earth was thus cast adrift to shift for itself, its elements were in a state of igneous vapor, of such fervent heat that no animal or vegetable life, in present or analogous forms, did or could exist upon it. This condition, gradually ameliorating, existed for untold ages. The earth was slowly but surely approaching conditions adapted to life as we now see it. Where, in the meantime, were those combinations of the natural elements which we now know as the animal and vegetable kingdoms? Where was that subtle thing which we now describe as the spirit of man? Did this spirit spring up from nothing, or was it in natural supply, like the other elements which went to make the man? There is perceived no difference in this respect between incipient matter and incipient mind. Science tells us that all things now on earth have ever been in existence, through in some other form or combination: that there is nothing intrinsically old or intrinsically

new; that there is an eternal concurrence of all. It is thus evident that the potential elements of nature, which we call the souls of men, always existed, as well as the like natural elements which enter into the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in all other forms. It would thus appear that the souls of men became embodied when the natural elemental conditions of evolution became such as to attract and require that embodiment, and that the same rule has held and holds in all other departments of nature.

3. Science also assures us that all the elements of animal and vegetable life now on the globe were contained in the ooze or primordial slime which settled upon its cooling surface when the vaporized condition had ceased. Few scientific conclusions stand better established by proof. The germs of our present teeming life were then embryonically present on the globe. Before that they were in the igneous vapor. Before that all were in the sun. Before that, where?

4. It seems plain, therefore, that as to both the material and spiritual constituents of man we can assign no date in the past. We know that the material elements of the body are ever living and active. That science tells us. Why less the spiritual? I can conceive of no reason, and thus the conclusion is reached that both have lived concurrently forever. It cannot be otherwise. The idea, sometimes put forth, that at birth a spirit is evolved from the bosom of God, and at death involved back again, has nothing in natural analogy for its support.

5. When the evolution of time and matter brought into being the first specimen of animal life that could be called a human being there was the potency which we call a soul, or spirit, ready to vitalize it. And so it has been, and will be, in all nature. Results occur when natural causes become effectual to produce them. Heterogeneous things then become homogeneous. The whole scheme of life and its particles have existed potentially forever. So the essential soul of man had no beginning.

6. Likewise the universe had no beginning. There has simply been a never beginning and a never ending genesis of changed and changing forms. The astronomers look out through the ether with their telescopes, and discover stars and planets countless billions of miles away. Do they see the end? Im-

proved telescopes will enable them to see other planets at other billions of distance. Is that the end? Is it not plain to the reflecting mind that the universe has no end in time or space? Can it be conceived that there is a remote jumping-off place in the heavens, beyond which there is nothing? Such a condition of vacuity and nothingness the human mind can neither contemplate nor comprehend. It is impossible. There is no vacant end in nature. Who says there is? No man, living or dead, who knew or knows anything about it.

7. We do know that the universe exists. Had it a beginning in time? Was there ever a period when everything which now exists existed not? Impossible. The human mind can grasp no such idea. Nor is there any reason looking toward such an idea, whether we can grasp it or not. The reason is all the other way. So-called revelation, indeed, undertakes to tell us how and when the universe was created, and the origin of the first man and woman. No intelligent person now bases any faith or opinion on that mythical recital. That aside, we know nothing, except what science and its analogies in nature have taught us, which is that there never was a beginning of things visible or invisible. Eternity only measures all. The earth, as such, had indeed a beginning as evolved from prior organisms. Its present habitable condition will probably have an end. There is no reason to believe that there was an ultimate beginning of its component organisms.

8. If there was, as we have seen, nothing but eternity in the past, is there anything less than that in the future? Here again the mind can grasp no such idea as that the elements of nature will sometime cease to be. It is utterly inconceivable. The ever-acting forces, even as we know them, effect continual evolution both in mind and matter. Nothing is to-day precisely what it was yesterday. If we contemplate a past or a future broken off in either direction, the mind is staggered. Facts and conditions are only proven to us by our ability to perceive them. We can easily conceive an eternal duration, both past and future, for we can conceive of nothing else. As surely, then, as we see that the universe now exists, so surely is it plain to the human mind that it never began and will never end. No one would ever have thought of placing a limit either way but for the intimation of alleged revelation.

9. Human souls, or the essential elements from which they are evolved, are therefore in quantity and number the same as they have always been. If it be thus true that they have ever existed, is it not clear that they always will exist? There is nothing lost, not even a soul. The embodiment in the human form depends upon the fecundity of the human family. In the remote past there was, perhaps, the first man, and therefore the first embodied human soul. The number has rapidly increased during all subsequent time, as circumstances have favored or discouraged births. As babes have been born, souls have been evolved to animate them. As deaths have occurred, disembodiment has taken place, but the spirits thus set free have not been lost to nature. They still live. Of this, science and its analogies give faithful assurance.

10. In the protoplasm, or other primitive terrestrial element, whatever its name or condition, there existed the germs which were to be evolved in due course into human beings. Other germs, destined for all other forms of life which have since existed, were there also. Undeveloped souls, destined for human embodiment, then existed also. It is an assured fact. Undoubtedly the conditions affecting the development of life in the infant world were far different from any now observed, except by analogies. Such conditions in nature existed as were then required for the work to be accomplished by them. There appears no such work now on hand. We have no longer need for the development or differentiation of high vital forms from protoplasm. The secret of the method is locked in nature, at the service of nature's requirements.

11. Is the soul of man a personal, individual entity? If not, then we need have little concern as to its immortality, however well science assures it. If it is a mere active impulse when applied to physical matter, and a mere latent possibility when not so applied, we need have no special anxiety about it. With great unanimity, as we have seen, the soul is believed to be a personal entity. If the soul is the mind, surely there are no two alike and individuality would be apparent. We have no evidence that the spirit of man dies and decays like his body. It has thus far been contended here that the soul has had and will have a perpetual existence. This implies physical embodiment prior to

the present life, and the same after death. Under the recognized rule of variability and general improvement, established by scientific research, we must assume that the souls of men entered their present embodiment, after passing through and out of an infinite number of prior embodiments, and that the condition and capacity of each soul upon contact with its earthly body is influenced and chiefly controlled by its prior development and education, and that at death it will enter future life further tempered and influenced by the development, for better or worse, produced by its human experience; and so on through other embodiments and experiences forever. Now, assuming this to be so, some things which now amaze us will seem less remarkable. Most men of great mental strength and genius have been lowly born, having parentage of mental mediocrity. One of the greatest, it is said, was the son of a carpenter and born in a manger. Heredity has, indeed, much to do with both physical and mental strength and peculiarity. The quality and quantity of the gray matter of the brain is said to give great indication of the power and trend of the mind. It cannot account for all. The mental disposition and ability of no two persons is alike. No two members of large families are much alike. Each has a distinct mental individuality. Representations of highest moral tone and of lowest criminal inclination are found among brothers and sisters, raised under similar conditions in the same environment. Poets and orators are such because they were born so. The parents of Shakespeare were not poets, and could not probably read or write. Where is the genius, in any direction, born of a genius? Blind Tom was born blind, on the plantation, of common field-hand parentage. Whence came his intuitive musical genius? Whence came the soulful benevolence and splendor of our own Frances Willard? And the opposite tendencies to all that is wicked of a Lucretia Borgia? Had heredity or gray matter all to do with these? Why were not the brothers and sisters of all these somewhat like them, if heredity is all-controlling? Do not these reflections, and a hundred others which will occur to the intelligent reader, indicate that the souls which were born into these people were, aforetime, of various grades and tendencies? It seems to me that such marvelous differences between men, and between members of families, can be accounted for in no other way.

12. Everything with which we are acquainted in nature consists of atoms and molecules, which have a separate individual existence. No two grains of sand under the microscope look alike. Invisible gases are composed of individual molecules. So is the atmosphere. Light and electricity are said to be. If, through the great realms of nature, as far as investigation has extended, individuality is ever present, we are entitled to believe, are we not, that the same rule prevails in realms with which we are not yet well acquainted? If the physical germ of man was an individual affair, which is quite certain, why may we not conclude that his spirit was also? Thus the testimony of science, the analogies of nature and the indications of general human knowledge and aspiration all point in the direction of a personal, individual existence of the spirit of man, even though no soul has ever come within the actual range of human sight. With no evidence to the contrary, how can we doubt the one conclusion of that which has been presented?

13. There is another species of testimony, not thus far referred to, which establishes the same fact to the satisfaction of thousands of our intelligent contemporaries. I refer to the so-called developments of spiritualism. A considerable number of intelligent investigators, entirely skeptical, but desiring to be informed, have given their testimony that manifestations in great variety do actually occur, alleged to be caused by spirits once embodied in human form, and which can be accounted for in no other way, except as alleged. A considerable number of honest and intelligent men, acquaintances of the writer, have assured him that they have both seen and conversed with spirits, besides having unmistakable communications in other ways. These evidences have been by no means convincing of the facts alleged, my mind not being a ready and credulous recipient of strange assertions. The testimony of such men, however, and of thousands like them, with no proof to the contrary, except improbability, has produced conviction in the minds of a vast number of good people, and would secure an affirmative verdict before an impartial jury. Candidly considered, what is there so improbable about it? If there is personal identity of the spirit after death, as is pretty well established here, why is it impossible that such spirits can communicate with us? It would have been considered impossible a few years ago to convey the human voice

a thousands miles on a wire. Yet it is now every day done, and the same thing, if desired, could be extended around the globe. Such ethereal things as rays of light make themselves known to us, through traversing billions of miles to do so. There is no intrinsic reason that we know of why the so-called spiritual communications are impossible. If they are consonant with nature they may occur, otherwise not. We do not know yet. To my mind there is no conclusive assurance of a spiritual telephone. In an inquiry into the subject of personal immortality the belief and alleged actual knowledge of so many credible people should neither be omitted nor altogether cast aside.

14. It may be said that the philosophy which has here been expounded is akin to that of Pythagoras, the Grecian philosopher. It is conceded that there is some similarity. His metempsychosis had much to commend it in his day. He was both a wise and good man; so much so that he was, by many of his followers, regarded as a god. He flourished nearly six hundred years before our era, yet he understood the sphericity of the earth and of the planets of our system, and knew that all revolve around the sun, some thousands of years before Copernicus ever thought of it. Twenty-two hundred years later, the philosopher Bruno advocated the immortality and a like transmigration of souls, and asserted that the earth is a globe. For these offenses, the alleged repositories of inspired light burned him to death at the stake, and did not know any better. Had Pythagoras been enlightened by the revelations of modern science, he would very likely have contemplated the same sort of transmigration of souls which is here contended for, and which is far more probable, if not certain, than that said to have been revealed to men half a thousand years after his death. His ancient philosophy, and that of Plato, Aristotle, and sundry others, assured the idea of personal immortality quite as plainly, if not as plausibly, as the philosophies of those subsequent leaders, announced long afterwards, which secured unfortunate lodgment in the minds of the Christian and Mohammedan world. The former encouraged further inquiry, and investigation, and put a premium, on human knowledge. The latter discouraged inquiry, pandered to ignorance, and punished the assertion of any fact, militating against the assumed disclosures of inspiration, resulting as we know, in an age of mental darkness throughout Europe, lasting some sixteen centuries, and

powerfully felt at the present day. Neither of the founders of these later philosophies is, however, in any proper sense responsible for the base uses to which his teachings have been diverted, or for the unfortunate mental degradation which thus befell mankind.

15. In considering the subject of never-ending existence, the natural inquiry always arises, where will the soul hereafter reside? The only correct answer is, "Each soul will enter that place and condition to which its state of development, in the order of nature, entitles it." We may safely say that it will not be a place of eternal rest. There will be neither wings, nor harps, nor unending Sabbaths. It will be a place of improved opportunity and ceaseless activity. There is no permanent rest in nature. Souls embodied hereafter will have the same opportunity to develop and improve as here and heretofore, and, with that added development, will in time again pass out and onward through other and improving combinations forever. This is all that is assured. Science cannot give the name or number of the street, or the form or material of our future homes. It cannot be doubted that there is a multiplicity of habitable worlds to which our spirits may be removed.

16. Does human conduct affect the growth, development and condition of the spirit which animates it? If not, the known laws of nature, which disclose an improving tendency, are in this case reversed. The mind and the body exert, as we know, a reflex action upon one another. Our physical peculiarities are representative in some measure of our parents. The influence of heredity is likewise shown in the mental constitution. Much more is it affected by education and environment. Our minds, properly cultivated, are greatly improved. Without cultivation, the improvement is slow and hardly noticeable. Social surroundings, as we know, have great influence upon the mind in all stages of its development. Men incline to grow better as they grow wiser, better when surrounded by improving influences. There is thus more or less improvement in the condition and capacity of the mind, according to the treatment it receives when animating the man. Our improvement, both mental and physical, even in the historical period, is marvelous. How great has it been from monad to man! If this gradual betterment be conceded, then at least it seems certain that the soul goes forth in a condition of

greater or less culture or improvement, and so enters the great beyond. The improving tendencies of nature are surely not retarded by beneficent human experience. It is thus apparent that the obtaining of wisdom, high social morality, the practice of self-denial, benevolence, philanthropy, and the other virtues, which make for righteousness, are desirable in man, that they may improve the quality of his mind and give it greater capacity and better standing in the life soon to be entered upon.

17. We are, therefore, assured of the immortality of the soul by science and its analogies, and entitled by them to believe also in personal immortality. Who can think that matter survives, and that the spirit is absorbed? If it be true, then are we not certain that our conduct on earth, in the matter of mental development and moral improvement, will affect our capacity and condition hereafter? In other words, does it not well appear that, though science does not indicate streets paved with gold for the good, and lakes of burning brimstone for the bad, it does indicate, with considerable clearness, greater advancement and happiness for those who do the best for themselves and their brethren while here, and a lower condition of entry into after life for those who fail to properly improve their opportunities in this?

I have thus indicated the conclusions of much thought on the subject involved. I am no scientist, as the reader will easily discover, but a plain thinker. I am only familiar in a general way with the ascertained facts of modern science. There is very little in what I have said that my mind would not have evolved by general study and reflection. Human experience is really a great inspiration to thoughtful minds. Had some of those old and unknown writers of the remote past possessed a wider horoscope, they would have refrained from relating myth as history, and miracle as fact. My purpose, at least, is to set men's minds on the road to truth.

The church has existed for centuries, and I hope will always continue. It is the great conservator of morals and director of our religious emotions and sympathies. It does not take much knowledge to discern, however, that the theological creeds are rapidly losing ground, and that they are wholly unnecessary for moral or spiritual development. The churches may have as many attendants as of old, but the pews do a good deal of thinking for themselves. Not one-half of church members have any faith in

the creeds. To the other half they are distasteful. All who think receive them with many mental reservations. The great body of civilized men, wise or ignorant, refuse to be vexed from week to week by explanatory disquisitions of affairs, human and divine, drawn from texts in that ancient book, the writers of which knew very little of what they were talking about, and many of them, if they knew anything, knew that they were not relating the truth. So the influence of our churches, upon the morals of our communities, is by no means as great as it might and ought to be. Larger congregations should attend, and if need be more churches should be built. Three-fourths of every community stand aloof from sheer disbelief and disgust with dogma and miracle. Immortality, only assured by such authority, is altogether incredible. That future bliss is not desirable, which demands as a condition a blind faith in things which we know have no existence. Revealed immortality is accompanied by too many ghost stories, falls of man, immaculate conceptions, resurrections and the like. Few intelligent men do even flatter themselves that they believe in it.

My purpose in writing this monograph is by way of suggestion to the clergy, and the general reader as well, that immortality need not be worked out through any incredible means; to indicate that science and philosophy assure the great desideratum; and that all absurd accompaniments and conditions may safely be ignored; that the necessity of mental and moral culture and improvement is as much required and may be as unctuously advocated by the clergy under a popular theory of the situation, governed by its logic, as under that governed wholly by a waning or wanting faith. Let people be taught to do right because it is right, and because it will have a materially improving tendency on their condition and prospects, both here and hereafter. Preach immortality, accompanied by the facts which indicate it, omitting the discrediting utterances of him who is said to have brought it to light. I would hope that thus the permanent advantages of the pulpit would be greatly increased.

NOTE.—The above article by Mr. Tenney, and the following one by Mrs. Freeman, will each be put into pamphlet form, and each will sell for six cents a single copy, or ten copies for fifty cents.—*Publisher.*

RELIGION IN THE REPUBLIC.*

BY MRS. M. A. FREEMAN.

THE Rev. Mr. Jasper has achieved notoriety by repudiating the facts of modern astronomy, and declaring that in accordance with ancient belief "the sun do move."

The colored clergyman and the United States Senate stand on the same platform. The flat earth and the divine day are but survivals of the same superstition.

It only remains now that the Congress of the United States the people's representatives, at the dictation of Sam Jones, Talmage, Cook, Wanamaker, Quay, Shepherd, and the other members of the cowardly conspiracy, should roll back the wheels of the grand car of progress, until all the splendid achievements of modern science have been discarded.

Those achievements belong to the nineteenth century. They were not born of the belief in a flat earth or a holy day. They are the attempted realization of that superb ideal, the divine rights of men, equal freedom and religious liberty.

Through the centuries, superstition, a fleeting, ever-changing phantom, devoured the soul and substance of the people. Humanity outraged, robbed, brutalized, crouched in craven fear at the feet of Power. Then slowly assuming fact and form, evolving through the ages, an eternal truth captured with its resplendence the conscience of men.

The United States of America materialized, culminated the grand embodiment of the sublime conception. The new nation, the strong young athlete, with every limb loosened, sprang forward at a wonderful speed. Civilization looked on amazed. Never before in the history of the ages had men agreed. In all the past no dogma had been formulated, no creed promulgated, so cosmopolitan in character, as to mold into unison the sentiments of a nation, as to enthrall with its grandeur the thought of the world.

"All men are created equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." It was a simple platform, and yet so magnificent in proportions as to hold all the nations of the earth. It wasn't intended that the

*An address given at the Sixteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, October 23, 1892, at Chicago, Ill.

inhabitants of any other world should stand upon it. That wasn't what it was built for. It was made for the people of this earth. In one form or another the next world had been a constant tax upon this. The people were often hungry, but the celestial representatives, whether divinely crowned or divinely ordained, were well fed. At last the exploited discovered who it was that had devoured their substance. And so the Catholics, and the Baptists, and the Methodists, and the Presbyterians, and the Freethinkers, all sects, all classes agreed together to peaceably disagree, and the religions were retired from their government.

To make the compact strong and abiding, at the convening of Congress an amendment was made to the Constitution, the first amendment, declaring that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." That amendment has never been repealed. It remains unchanged, and the representatives of the people in voting to close the Exposition on Sundays have betrayed their trust in ignoring the Constitution, which they are pledged to maintain. A large proportion of the grandeur of that exposition will be represented by the years that may be numbered as constituting this nation's existence. If religion, then, is to be recognized, honesty demands that we should go back of the republic. Take out of the exhibit the steam engine, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, electricity in all its wonderful appliances. Drag up from the depth of the ocean the Atlantic cable, disconnect the continents. Sweep from off the face of the earth the lines of steel that band the nations together.

Votaries of superstition accept your own. Go back of evolution, back to the mud-made man, back to the flat earth, in whose history is recorded also that of your holy day. Stand by the side of the Rev. Mr. Jasper. Accept his astronomy. It was made to fit your theology. It isn't honest at all that you should repudiate it. Stand your world again on an elephant's or a turtle's back. Accept the vaulted sky as a roof, the shining stars as nail-heads holding up the canopy. Locate your heaven beyond the azure depths, and at your feet lighten again the fires of your eternal hell. Take back to your bosoms the dogma of infant damnation, and pave again the hot floors of your inferno with the skulls of unbaptized babes eternally damned. Build the dungeons, pile up the faggots, band the brains and fetter the limbs of men. Wipe out of existence every tender, human thought. Enforce the cruel

command, "If one is found picking up sticks on the Sabbath-day, he shall be stoned to death!"

Will this American people return to this gloomy past? Will it permit the sweet sun of liberty to set in so somber a cloud? Shall intelligence crouch again at the feet of superstition? Is labor to be robbed of its rights and no protest uttered? Or rather shall not one grand cry go forth from millions of liberty-loving citizens, demanding that this nation shall remain as it was intended by its immortal founders, purely and uncompromisingly secular, a government, not of the gods, but of the people only.

It is recorded that Jesus of Nazareth wandered on the Sabbath through the fields of Judea picking corn. Accused of breaking the commandments and forced to defend himself he replied, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day."

Now it would be supposed that the founder of Christianity would be accepted by Christians themselves as authority, and that to open the Exposition on Sundays would be a grand opportunity for Christians to follow in the footsteps of their Master. If the workshops of the mighty universe were closed on this day, and the churches alone in full blast, the question would be beyond discussion. Jesus said the Sabbath was made for man. Talmage, Cook, Sam Jones and the Rev. Herrick Johnson do not believe anything of the kind. The Sabbath, they say, was made for the ministers. It is their monopoly; and like the members of any other ring or corporation they demand control of it. And they go about getting it just as any other corporation or monopoly would. All their religion hasn't prevented them from resorting to the most questionable schemes—boycott, bulldoze and boodle—that political trinity playing an omnipotent part.

Now there are a great many people who do not believe that Sunday is a bit better than any other day. Sunday was created by the Emperor Constantine nearly three hundred years after Christ's death. The Jewish Sabbath is the seventh day of the week, Sunday is the first day. If the members of the United States Senate had been Adventists or Hebrews, they could have closed the Exposition on Saturdays, and I don't see why, as it is the holy day of so many people, if it is to be closed on Sundays, it shouldn't be closed on Saturdays, too. There should be no partiality.

Friday is another holy day, observed alike by Catholic and

Mahomedan. Said a Sunday-school teacher to his class: "Why did not the lions eat Daniel when he was cast into their den?"

The small boy at the foot shouted: "Because it was Friday, and they wouldn't eat meat."

But whatever the lions may do about fasting on Fridays, they haven't the least bit of respect for the American Sabbath.

If Congress has the right to close the Exposition on Sundays, it has the right to close it every day in the week. But the fact is Congress has no jurisdiction whatever in the matter, and can no more legislate a day into holiness than it can legislate the sun out of existence.

The American Republic has posed before the world as a grand example of the success of popular government. To-day it presents the piteous spectacle of a nation bowed in shame, with all its proud boasts and banners trailing in the dust. Several years ago a statue of liberty was presented by France to this Nation. It stands in New York harbor, looking out over the sea. Alas! the statue is about all that is left of the sublime ideal, and that has turned its back on us.

Millions of Christians, we are told, demand that the World's Fair should be closed on Sundays. Millions of citizens demand that it should be opened on Sundays. Are these pious people prohibited from attending their places of worship? Is it proposed to close their churches, force them to attend the Exposition? Why then should they seek to rob other people of their liberty, deny them the right to go where they please, to amuse themselves as they choose?

"It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day," and we will accept for the moment the Christian claim that Sunday is the Sabbath. In the shops, and factories, and stores of Chicago are thousands of working people who week in and week out bend in hopeless slavery over furnace, bench and forge. Only one day in the week are they permitted a glimpse of the sweet sunshine. Only one day in the week may they wander untrammelled in the parks. Only one day in the week are they cleanly attired, free from dust and grime. Only one day in the week do they stand upright, not the slaves of a corporation, but men. That day is Sunday. And as it is lawful to do good on that day, I say that the Exposition should be opened so wide, that the poorest, humblest, most degraded of all God's creatures may pass in.

And then the children, the poor little working children, whose tender hands are hardened with toil, whose small backs are bent with the shameful burdens imposed by a selfish civilization, these have but one day that they may call their own, that day on which it is lawful to do good. Shall they, too, be excluded, denied the privilege of beholding this splendid pageant, this monument of art and genius, this grandest creation that will ever come into their humble lives?

Oh, the shame of it! the infamous shame, that we, American citizens, should be compelled in this republic to beg for that which belongs to us as an inalienable right! Better, infinitely better, that the 400th anniversary of the discovery of this continent should have passed unobserved, than that it should have been made the occasion of perpetrating upon the people so cruel an injustice. Better, far better, would it be that the World's Fair Commissioners should fling back to Congress its infamous bribe, and the people retain intact that grander possession than wealth, the Constitution, which was carefully constructed to guard and maintain the civil and religious rights of men.

The grand statesmen of the past, the heroes who were found at the front representing the thought and struggle of the people, were they living to-day would be the leaders in this renewed battle for liberty. Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Grant, Garfield—these stood on a platform identical to that of the American Secular Union. They were secularists. They believed in individual liberty, in individual responsibility. They believed in the government of the people. They knew that all other forms of government had been tried and failed.

"In God we trust," is the legend on the American silver dollar. This shouldn't be there. It is misleading. In the people we trust—in their honesty, in their loyalty, in their patriotism, in their love of liberty. Individuals may trust in their gods, but the Nation's trust is in the intelligence of its citizens. The citizen is the only factor recognized in this republic. Beneath the folds of the Nation's flag all gods are guaranteed protection. But they must be self-supporting. That is right, that is just. Is there any good reason why the people who believe in the Universalist's god should be compelled to support the Presbyterian god? They are not at all alike. They haven't an attribute in common. Is there any reason why millions of dollars' worth of

Church property should remain untaxed? Somebody has to pay it—this tax. Who should it be? Why of course the believers in the creeds and dogmas that the Church represents. Who does pay it? The people. An additional tax is levied on every house that the churches may be exempt. That isn't right. It is injustice. It is oppression. It doesn't belong on American soil.

It is said that the Freethinkers, the radicals, tear down but do not build up. I do not believe this, for I maintain that the Freethinkers have done about all the building. There isn't an art, or a science, or a discovery that the Church hasn't opposed. But let that pass. I haven't time to dwell on it. Accepting the statement, then, that the Freethinkers tear down, I say if one finds a poisonous weed in his path, it is his duty to destroy it. He isn't bound to put anything in its place. He has prepared the soil for something better. Now this ecclesiastical robbery of the people is a big weed, and I tell you we should all get right hold of it—Adventists, Baptists, Secularists, Loyalists, whether Democrats or Republicans—and give a big pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, until its roots are forever loosened from American soil.

In Scotland this sectarian weed flourishes in all its pristine vigor. It is a Presbyterian weed. Its roots suck up the substance of the people. These are taxed to support it, and the priests sometimes gather in the tithes.

A certain old Quaker who was a barber, refusing to pay his assessment, was sued by the parson.

"What is this for?" he demanded. "I have never dealt with thee in my whole life."

"It is for tithes," the parson replied.

"For tithes? Friend, on what account?"

"Why," said the parson, "for preaching in church."

"But," replied the Quaker, "I come not there. I owe thee nothing."

"Oh, but you might have come," said the parson, "the doors are always open."

The Quaker shook his head, but departed, and at once entered action against the parson for forty shillings. The parson came to him immediately and angrily demanded why he put this disgrace upon him, and for what he owed him.

"Truly, Friend," replied the Quaker, "for shaving."

"For shaving!" cried the parson, "why I was never shaved by you in my life."

"Oh, but thou mightst have come and been shaved if thou hadst pleased, for my doors are always open as well as thine."

There is nothing revolutionary in this demand for a separation of Church and State. It is pure, unadulterated Americanism. It is the doctrine that the founders of this republic believed in. It is the doctrine that we are determined to perpetuate. It was handed down to us as a sacred legacy. We are going to hand it down to our children. We are going to oppose this ecclesiastical encroachment upon the people's liberties. It isn't a new fight. The Church justifies its action in seeking to ally itself with the State, by claiming that it is for the people's good. That plea isn't original with the Church of to-day. As far back as we search into the Church's history, we find it putting forward the same claim. It burned Bruno for the good of his soul. It bound men to racks and pulled them limb from limb. Perhaps in the terrible torture, in the throes of death even, they might repent. What was the agony of a few hours to the fires of an eternal hell? All along the centuries, amid the curling smoke of funeral pyres, in the dark dungeons—the living tombs of condemned heretics—that same infamously false extenuation has been urged.

No good thing ever happened to the people through the union of Church and State. The more the Church has left the people alone the better they have become. What did the Church do for Italy? Appropriated its land, its gold, its wealth, erected magnificent temples, created an army of priests and a nation of mendicants. What has the Church done for Mexico? Impoverished it, degraded it. What has the Church done for Ireland? Undermined it, disintegrated it, pauperized it. What has the Church done for Russia? Enslaved it, tortured it, brutalized it. What the Church has done in all other nations when supreme, it will do in this if permitted an opportunity. It isn't one bit better than it ever was. And when I speak of the Church I mean organized creeds, whatever the form they may assume. The record of Protestantism is but little better than that of Catholicism. Protestantism has done some cruel things when in power. It hung the Quakers. It hung the witches. It hung women for heresy. It has perpetrated about all the diabolical wickedness that it could perpetrate. In this country five million slaves

clanked their chains under its sanction, and they would be clanking them yet, had not a few brave Freethinkers declared that in accordance with that divine declaration "that all men are created equal" they should be loosened. And they were loosened, but the Church didn't command it, but went right on quoting Scripture to prove that slavery is a divine institution, until almost the very last. And I believe that the relations between the Northern and Southern Methodists are somewhat strained, even now, on account of that little Scriptural disagreement.

But perhaps you do not believe that the Church is as bad as ever. You think it has reformed. It hasn't reformed. It is just what it always was, and, given the same opportunity, it would do the same things over. What did some of its supporters say in regard to a reconsideration of the bill to close the World's Fair on Sundays? Why, they said that bill should not be reconsidered, that rather than permit it—a reversal of the former decision—they would enforce Sunday closing with bayonets.

I am not criticizing religion. I am not attacking belief. That isn't the question at all. These people have a right to their religion, they have a right to their belief, they have a right to their churches, a right to their liberty, but they have no right to infringe on your liberty, or on my liberty. No human being can be trusted with the control of any other's liberty than his own. To that he has an inalienable right, and if any sect or number of sects believe that they have the bone of St. Ann or the bone of any other saint, and have found that it is a specific for rheumatism, they have an inalienable right to that sacred relic. But I maintain that they themselves should pay the expenses of that bone. Dead men's bones have cost the people dear! If the saints must have shrines, let the sinners who repair to them foot the bills.

Now there are a great many people who believe just as I do about these things, but who hate to come out and say so. These are mostly men. It would make them unpopular, perhaps, with their party. I am not a Democrat. I am not a Republican. I am not a voter. It doesn't matter what I say. It can't hurt me. I can't be elected to office. I can't run for President, or Senator, or Representative. Of course I don't think this is fair, but then, there is no great loss without there is some small gain; and the gain is that I have the blessed privilege of saying what I please.

I can afford to be independent. I am not of enough consequence to bribe. Nor can I be made to trot in the traces by the sting of the party lash. And so I am prouder of my position than as though I had stood on the floors of Congress and at the dictation of fanaticism had voted the rights of the people away.

We have heard so much about woman's conservatism. It wouldn't do to let her vote. She'd be getting God into the Constitution. She'd upset the republic. Well, she didn't vote. The male citizen had it all his own sweet way; and he did exactly what he had always said woman would do if she were given an opportunity—disregarded utterly the Constitution, allying the Church with the State.

That vote of the United States Senate forever refutes the argument that woman should be disfranchised because of her belief. If when woman has been in possession of her liberty as long as man, when she has been permitted the enjoyment of political rights as long, has been admitted to the colleges and the professions for the same length of time, if then she hasn't evolved a better brain than the members of the United States Senate, why I shall be perfectly willing that she should be disfranchised. And she ought to be.

But even to-day, I say that the conservative woman is a shining light compared to the conservative man. Frances Willard, with all of her nonsense, is splendidly radical contrasted with the Cooks, the Sam Joneses, the Talmages. Think of her grand plea for purity and the contemptible methods of a Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. But I am not going to say much about the woman question. We have yet to talk to the men. It is they that have the power, and I want them to use that power backed up by so magnificent a number of ballots, as to knock out completely those other fellows' bayonets.

They tell us, these Christians, that they have closed the Exposition because they want the poor laborers to rest. They are afraid the capitalists would take advantage of its being open on that day and insist that the toilers should work every Sunday forever after. If this interest in the laborer is genuine, the most convincing course by which to make it manifest is to take their hands out of his pockets—pay their own way.

Gen. Grant's position in regard to this question is well worthy of consideration, and I cannot better conclude these remarks,

than by giving a short extract from his famous speech on the school question, delivered at Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 29, 1875. He said:

"Now, in this Centennial year of our National existence, I believe it is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that either the State, or the Nation, or both combined, shall support its institutions of learning sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family circle, the church and the private school, supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the Church and State forever separate!"

THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE SCIENCES— FURTHER REPLY TO MR. HOOVER.

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

See Some Words on Atoms, the Ether, World-Forming, Life, Mind, Spooks, Devils and Religion, in *FREE THINKERS' MAGAZINE* of Aug., Oct. and Dec., 292.

[THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

THERE can be no "Liberal Education," not in any sense of the word *liberal*, without some knowledge of the scientific classification of the sciences—that is, of human knowledge, in its true order and divisions. Most of the nonsense in the world comes from not knowing where things, facts and ideas belong. Mr. Hoover expressed the common error of confusion on this subject when he wrote (in our August number): "All the sciences are co-related, and all classification is, more or less, *arbitrary*, and only useful in the light of convenience." Now if the sciences are "co-related," it is evident that their classification must be in the order of their co-relation, and that such order must be nat-

ural and not "arbitrary," and must also be according to the real order of science, and not "only for convenience." This false notion that everything is arbitrary about the order of the sciences, and that "convenience" is that which determines their classification, is the very foundation of mental chaos. The principal trouble with Mr. Hoover, and, indeed, with the "rest of the world," is that they do not know in which section of the world their ideas belong, and so they make a *pot-pourri* of their whole existence,—for instance by mixing up "life" and "atoms," or "matter" and "spirit." Such words have no place nor meaning, except at the extreme opposite ends of any "co-related" classification of the sciences. As well mix up the North with the South Pole, in geography!

The true and only map of human knowledge is the true scientific or "co-related" classification of the sciences." That is the true map of the world; the triumph of mankind, achieved through centuries of thought; the greatest page ever composed,—and here it is, *in short*, and never to be forgotten by the eye that once rests upon it:

THE INFINITE.		
Objective or Scientific Order.	1. Abstract and General Concepts and Relations. (Quantities, Properties and Qualities.)	{ Infinities.....15 Logics.....14 Mathematics.....13
	2. Material or Inorganic Sciences=Things..... (The Mineral Kingdom.)	{ Astronomy.....12 Physics.....11 Chemistry.....10
	3. Organic or Biological Sciences=Processes..... (Vegetal and Animal, or Vital Kingdoms.)	{ Protistology.....9 Botany.....8 Zoology.....7
	4. Human or Sociological Sciences=Unities..... (The Social and Historical, or Human Kingdom.)	{ Sociology.....6 Ethnics.....5 Politics (Law)....4
	5. The Sciences of Individual Culture and Co-operation resting upon Biology and Sociology. (The Individual Kingdom, including Psychology and	{ Aesthetics.....3 Linguistics.....2 Ethics,—including Education, Mor- als and Conduct of Life.....1
	THE EGO.)	
	Read down on the left side and up on the right.	
		The Subjective or Human Order.

Here you have the order of the co-relation of the world in the true order of the sciences and their departments from the more distant general and unmodifiable down to the more near complex and modifiable. That is, *the objective* order gives the line of the forces from the "Infinite" to the solar system, *thence* to the earth, *thence* through matter in mass (physics) to chemistry, or matter

in its elements and changes or motions, *thence* to organic or living matter (biological sciences), *thence* to societies of animals and man (sociology), *thence* to individual existence, or *The Ego*, or *Self*, or *You*!

Thus we come down by a regular series of co-related steps of changes or forces, from the starry Infinite to your own thinking and perceiving *self*, which is the *constant creation* of THE ALL. Thus objectively we have come down from the simple general and afar-off to the more and more complex and special ending in your own thoughts! But on the right side of the page we go *up* from the *Ego* to the *Infinite*, through the three main subdivisions of each of the five general sciences. This is the human or subjective order, that is, the order in which man regards the phenomena as close to, and liable to be changed or modified by, himself; but which he can modify *only* according to the laws and conditions which obtain in each of the five general sciences.

Now these two orders of the co-relation of the world—(1) from the Infinite Space down to Man; (2) from Man out to the Infinite Space—are the two hemispheres (objective and subjective) of the world of knowledge. They are just as necessary to a knowledge of our existence and our use of words, as are the two hemisphere maps of our earth, with which each geography opens, to a knowledge of the places and names of places on the surface of the earth. Without a knowledge of this co-related order of the world, human existence, and the use of language, which describes it, can never be little more than a jumble of words and ideas; clear and intelligent thinking is quite impossible. When things, thoughts and words are kept and used *from* their right place in the world, most of the confusion and differences among civilized people will cease. How can we get along when nearly every other person we talk with is trying to use a different order of the world, and getting his ideas and words out of and then into the wrong scientific pigeon-hole? What can we do, for instance, with Mr. Hoover, who will mix up "life" and "spirit," which are biological *processes*, and not *things* at all, with atoms and molecules and matter, all of which belong to the material and inorganized world? * And then in the end he wants to knock out the word "religion," which is the only one word which, in human

* In the *Monist* of January, 1893, p. 251, Dr. Paul Carus, the editor, says: "There are no atoms in themselves. Atoms regarded as things in themselves are a scientific superstition."

language, describes *the sum total* of all of the relations of the world, objective and subjective, included or implied, in that Map of Existence! Of course this scientific classification is *telescopic*, and may be enlarged or contracted at will.*

Mr. Hoover would seem to limit the use of the word religion to those who imagine that they believe in one Creator, God, or Supreme Personal Being. But those who have thus believed, or have claimed to believe, are but a small fraction of the human race, mostly Europeans. The vast majority of mankind have never so believed—for instance, the Chinese and the Buddhists, but they all have their religion, of some kind, to express their solution of the world. The scientists have to use the same word religion, to express their scientific solution. And so they and all the world are doing, as I pointed out in my last article.

But why, might Mr. Hoover say, do you drop the word "God?" We do this partly because the words *world*, or *universe*, or *The All*, or *Infinite*, or simply *It*, have in science taken the place of that word. But in art and poetry we still find Nature and God retaining a use and a proper meaning. Nature and God were formerly the creators and sustainers of the world. Now Science shows that the eternal world creates and sustains itself; so Nature and God, instead of being the creators of the world, have become, as figures of speech, its *impersonation*, or short way of symbolizing it for æsthetic and moral purposes. This new use of these words may be wise; for it is not wise for liberals, if they can help it to leave any word unappropriated by a new and true meaning. For, then the old meaning will remain, and we shall be like an army of progress leaving uncaptured or unappropriated fortresses in the hands of the enemy, and in our rear! This is not good strategy. As the people become liberalized, or secularized, they must learn that every word has, or can have, a true meaning under their new dispensation and solution of things. Thus we may follow Goethe's example, and say: *The All*, or *It*, for the *World* in Science, as if it was of the neuter, or no gender. In Art he used the feminine impersonation—*Nature*, as the proper word in Poetry. In moral and human affairs, he said *God*, as the masculine impersonation, as we are accustomed to say *He* for the Sun. Thus the world can be inflected by genders, according to the aspect we take of it, in developing our ideas and feelings. Thus:

* I have extended the classification into a chart, which can be sent for 10 cents to anyone wishing it.—T. B. W.

*It rains; Nature smiles; God orders; but the World is only thus meant, if we reflect. So we say, the Sun rises, the god of day; but in physical fact, we know that he is not a he, nor a god, and does not rise at all. All these, and hundreds of other instances, only show how *Æsthetics* appropriate words and expressions which Science has dropped, and they must now go into that grand division known as Art and Poetry, in our classification of the Sciences, and so not necessarily go out of use, but only into a higher use.*

I will close by quoting two remarkable pieces of poetry, to show how the now mythological word "Nature," and the theological words "God," or "Lord," and "Angels," have been necessarily, and probably unconsciously, used in describing the world by two poets, who therein describe, and thereby testify, most effectively to the truth and value of the co-relate order of the world. But before quoting this poetry, let me say that children and philosophers have alike concurred in this scientific classification. In the child's play, of guessing what a thing in hand may be, the question runs: "Is it *mineral, vegetable, or animal?*" This order of the words is the beginning of the true philosophy of the world. The scientists and philosophers or the British and American Associations for the Advancement of the Sciences (see any Annual Report of their Proceedings), have extended this scientific classification to a beautiful particularity. In all this they have substantially followed Comte, Spencer, Mill, Lewes, Bain, Fiske, Ward, and every scientific man or philosopher of note, so that it is the established scientific order everywhere recognized. But two poets had anticipated, as stated above, the philosophers in two remarkable instances, in picturing this ladder from stars to sun and planets and earth, to the *mind* of man. These passages deserve to be made a part of our æsthetic treasures. The first is from the old, but now too often forgotten, "Thomson's Seasons," near the close of his *Autumn*, wherein he makes use of "Nature" to give this true classification. It was written in 1730, and reads thus:

O Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven! thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the void immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: The mineral strata there
Thrust, blooming thence, the vegetable world;

O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals ; and, higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift—
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
 A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !

The next poet we referred to was a far different, and a far more wonderful man and artist,—the great German, Goethe, the "soul of his century," and of ours. His greatest work, *Faust*, opens with the celebrated "Prologue in Heaven," which Shelley has translated and calls "this astonishing chorus," and which remains one of the wonders of the world. Its deep import, and far-reaching meanings, it would require a life and a book to develop, but one thing is clear, the poet has used the old mythology of "Lord," "Heavenly Host," and the "Three Angels," as æsthetic names and symbols, wherewith to begin to work out the great problem of the "Lot and Fate of Man," which is the real purpose of *Faust*. The scene of this great chorus is the immensity of space within which our solar system moves ever on before "the Lord," while Raphael speaks for the Sun, Gabriel for the Planets, and Michael for the Earth in its adornment. Goethe was at work on *Faust*, off and on, for sixty years, but this Angel Chorus was written in 1797. It is universally regarded as one of the rare jewels of literature. By giving the original German in English letters, with a literal interlinear translation, any one can get a touch not only of its meaning, but of its wonderful swing and melody—a melody in which the salvation of man is based upon the order, and is echoed *from* the harmony and music of the solar system itself, thus making it the foundation of our modern world, instead of the old and false astronomy prior to Copernicus, as all of the old religions do. Upon this basis, since "the Lord" has become incomprehensible, the Angels—that is *our* strength comes from the *world* of lofty, lordly works, or Nature, instead.

In closing these articles by this unexampled work of art, I feel that I have conferred one of the greatest favors I possibly could upon every one whose eye may rest upon it ; for, if followed up, it may lead the reader to a solid foundation upon the true order of the world, and to a life sustained by the correlated strength derived from it, as must now be the case with all the "Angels," human or other. Remember, the Sun is *she* in German, *he* in English.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. The Heavenly Hosts (later, Mephistopheles).

The three Angels appear :

RAPHAEL.

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise

The Sun sounds now as of old

In Brudersphären Wettgesang,

'Mid brother-spheres his rival song,

Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise

And his predestined course

Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.

Completes with thunder strong.

Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,

His aspect gives to the angels strength,

Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag ;

Though fathom him none ever may ;

Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke

The incomprehensible lofty works

Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

Are lordly as on the earliest Day.

GABRIEL.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle

And swift and inconceivably swift

Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht ;

Spins the earth's adornment ;

Es wechselt Paradieses-helle

Alternating Paradise-brightness

Mit tiefer, schauervoller Nacht ;

With deep and dreadful night :

Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen

There foams the sea in broadening floods

Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,

Up to the rocks' deep base,

Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen

And rock and sea forth are whirl'd

In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

In the ever swift race of spheres.

MICHAEL.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette
And storms roar as in strife
 Vom Meer aufs Land, vom Land aufs Meer,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
 Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
And raging form a chain
 Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher;
Of deepest effects round them all;

Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
There flames the lightning's destruction
 Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags:
The path before of the thunder's crash:
 Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Yet thy Angels, Lord, revere
 Das safte Wandeln deines Tags.
The gentle succession of thy days.

THE THREE.

Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
This aspect gives the angels strength,
 Da keiner dich ergründen mag,
Since fathom Thee none ever may,
 Und alle deine hohen Werke
And all thy lofty works
 Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.
Are lordlike, as on the earliest day.

HYPOCRISY AND CHRISTIANITY.

By BLANCHE MAY ARNOLD.

AS Christianity is represented by many, there seems little good, wisdom, or satisfaction. If I judged Christianity from some of the professed Christians I know, I should certainly say, I do not want to be so inhuman. There is no good in such a life,—it is profession, not belief. People are not to blame for all their mistakes, and we should be very careful in judging the ignorant; but the so-called Christian is constantly

doing wrong when he is not ignorant of it, and such an one is the worst type of human nature,—a hypocrite. As there are black sheep in every flock, there is the hypocrite among the Christians. De Foe has rightly said :

“ Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there.”

In every church there is the hypocrite doing his dangerous work, and driving noble and scientific minds into atheism. There is but one way for us to find the truth of a God, a Supreme Being, that is by His own manifestations of Himself through nature to every individual heart. The child is taught from the cradle by his Christian parents to believe and love God. What reason has the undeveloped mind of a child to believe there is a God, but that its mother or father tells it so? This is right and well, but it is a delicate matter to represent God so the child can comprehend, and lead him to *know* God, not turn from Him in later years, when he knows from his *own mind*, not from having been taught. The Church teaches that *it* makes the Christian; but no: Christians are not made, they come from natural development, and follow Christ. The heathen do not, and the atheist seemingly follows nothing. His creed is to work for the growth and benefit of humanity. He works for man only, as he knows no God and believes in nothing higher than man; therefore his highest aim is to lift up humanity and make men perfect. Is he not all unconsciously doing Christ's work? His watchword is *Justice*, and when all do justice to everybody, there will be more real Christianity.

Do we not mean, as Christians, to go on with Christ's work, with the Christian motive or spirit at all times? Otherwise we are not his followers, and not Christians. Some people think all church members are Christians, also that there are no Christians who are not church members. This is a mistake. There is not a church in the universe without some hypocrite members. You can tell them on short acquaintance,—one who has time to look into other people's affairs, profess a great deal, and practice very little. This is what hurts Christianity. The atheist cannot be a

Christian while he sees falsity and injustice in Christian society. The Christian cries out to the murderer, "Hang him! hang him!" the atheist cries, "Man, forgive him, for he knows not what he does." Which is following Christ? The atheist is the unconscious Christian, using Christ's own words, except that he says, "*Man*, forgive," instead of "*Father*." The Christian may say the Bible says, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; but Christ never said such a thing, and Christians are following Christ, not Moses. God gave us life, let Him take it away.

The so-called Christian professes that he who knows not God, will not in the life to come. He says to the unbeliever, "Unless you recognize God and worship Him, He will cast you into hell, saying, 'Depart from Me, I do not know you.'" Ah, the wickedness of such teaching! As if the loving Father of all, who gave life to every one of us, both evil and good, could say, "I do not know you." Is it strange we see nothing good in such a belief? Such Christians would be better named if called pretenders, since they only pretend to follow Christ. The Christian pretender says, "Hang the murderer," and "Depart from Me, I do not know you." Christ said, "Forgive them, for they know not," etc., and "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." How can a Christian contradict Christ's own statements: "Other sheep which are not of this fold," meaning those who do not know him,—“they, too, shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd”? Believing this, how can we believe in the separation of the good and evil, and how can anyone believe such an absurdity as burning in everlasting fire?

Some there are who think hell is a real imperishable flame. What is it that will burn? We see the body of our beloved friend laid beneath the sod; in years to come we find them untouched, except by Time and Nature. "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." We know this, we have seen it, and have proof of it. The body, then, surely cannot thus be destroyed; and the soul, the spirit, what is it? Define it, if you please. It can suffer untold torture, worse by far than burning coals. The absurdity of teaching such injustice of our God,

is the curse of Christianity. Atheists will never believe until they see for themselves. How shall we help them to find God? Not by injustice ever, and not, in fact, have we power to do it.

The revivalist tells of God 'mid shouts of excitement and hypocrisy. The weaker class begin to feel excited, and think it the love of God in their hearts. In a little while the weakness is overcome, and then you call them "back-sliders." Would you have them professing Christianity, adding more hypocrisy to the Christian world? How do you expect to hear God's voice among a thousand shouts of excitement? The only way to find God is to seek him in his marvelous works. Go onto the hill-top and look below upon the valley, the brooks and trees, the birds and flowers, all that Nature possesses; the stillness of the night, when the moon floats above you in radiance and beauty. Can you doubt that there is a God, a Father of all nature and all people of the world? Can the physician doubt that God constructed the human body? Can he believe such wondrous works came from nowhere and of themselves?

Many think from their sorrows there can be no Comforter, because God does not change his whole course of nature. He has done His great work in making the world and man, now man must complete and make perfect all that God has created. If we make mistakes and bring sorrow to our hearts, who shall we blame? Not God, but ourselves. If we are conscious of our mistakes when we make them, what can we expect but suffering? If we are ignorant, surely it will be a great lesson of wisdom, which we sorely need. It is the greatest duty of man to seek good in everything, all that is grand and beautiful, and he will surely feel the spirit of a Divine Presence, and as sure of a happy life to come as Theodore Parker was when he said, "Proof of immortality is written so plainly in human nature that the rudest nations have not failed to find it. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as notions of time and space. We feel it as a desire, as a fact. What is thus in man is writ there of God, who writes no lies. With my views of man, of God, of their relations, I want no proof, satisfied with my own consciousness of God and immortality.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

DISINHERITED.

"Thy brother came with subtlety, and hath taken away thy blessing."

BY W. B. COSSITT.

ARE we Dame Nature's bastards then—
No right except by bounty of
Our more shrewd brothers to the earth
With all its glorious fullness!
Ere we were born upon this sphere
It had been parceled out in haste,
And "this is mine, and this is thine,"
They wrangled until might prevailed.
There was no thought of future man
Who sure would come to find himself
Defrauded of a hearth and home.

A mess of pottage for birthright
One brother gave—scorned for all time,
As trickster, traitor to his own;
And ever since the hunger lash
Has kept us crouching at his feet,
To beg for work, or we must starve,
Ourselves, our wretched babes and wives.
A mess of pottage all we asked—
In unsuspecting ignorance
Gave up our right for future time,
To own ourselves, our lives and speech,
And bred a race of slaves on earth!

Are we Dame Nature's bastards, then—
Come, show us the bar sinister;
The toil-bent form, the grimy hand?
That's from without; our babes are fair,
As straight of limb, more sinewy
Than your own cherished darlings are—
We are not "born with saddles on
Our backs, nor ye with spur on heel!"

A mighty doubt grows on apace,
A storm of wakening thought is near,
And justice must be done to all!

BOSTON, MASS.

THE MORAL ELEMENT.

BY P. C. ISBELL.

MANY grand and illustrious men have used their splendid talents for the promotion of the cause of reason and humanity. A great intellectual contest is waging between enlightened reason and faith, founded upon sentiment. The champions of free and independent thought and action are like the rays of the sun, which infuses new life into everything. All the religious sentiment that ever existed has never produced a grand national moral example to light up the pathway of humanity. But enlightened reason has flung rays of light across the universe from time to time, which have placed humanity on a higher plane. Every thing is subjected to the analysis of reason and knowledge. Nothing is left to sentiment or to chance. Organic law rules with positive and unerring certainty, and cannot be bent to suit the whims of man. Sentiment is as vacillating as the wind, and as treacherous as a serpent. If there is one element in human nature more unreliable than any other, it is sentiment. Intelligent reason investigates, and acts with cool and calm deliberation. Sentiment acts from the impulse of the moment, and errors may occur in a geometrical progression. The moral part has an organic basis, like the hand, or the eye, or it could not be effective in human life. The hand may be trained so as to deceive the very eye itself. The man who handles the blacksmith's sledge acquires wonderful physical strength in his hands and arms. Sentiment has argued for hundreds of years that morality consists in the belief of certain doctrines in relation to a future life, and not upon personal action, making that about which we have no information paramount to the vast accumulation of human knowledge about things which come within the scope of human conception.

The mind is dazed to try to think about the conflicting opinions with regard to a future life. They are beyond computation, and greatly encumber the acquisition of practical knowledge, useful in every-day life. A proper and judicious course of conduct pays well enough in this life to induce it. That is the best that can be accomplished, and the grandeur of such a life ought to be satisfactory without so much speculative complication about it. Intelligent reason has greatly modified ignorant sentiment, and will in the future be crowned as the great element of human contentment and human happiness. The moral element is an organism, and it can be developed, trained and applied in practical life just as any other part of the human constitution. It is a creature of circumstances and associations, like any other organic part. The writer, when a small boy, was sent by his mother to take a Christmas turkey to her preacher. He was so impressed with the moral grandeur of the act, that it had its effect, like many other similar things, in shaping his future course in life. There are hundreds of little incidents that occur all along the path of life which impress us with the noblest aspirations. The writer, some years ago, visited some of the military posts on the Northwestern frontier, where he found the soldiers steeped in every possible immorality. They were entirely isolated from society, and lost to every sense of moral rectitude. A man whom the writer had known before he joined the army, to be of fine moral deportment, had become a debased animal, lost to

every moral sense. Morals are to be taught, impressed by actual personal conduct. They are to be thought about, studied, learned and applied in every-day life, like attention is given to any other science or like attention is given to any other department of human affairs. Evolution, the act of unfolding, covers the whole ground of every department of the human system.

Human life is an organic fact, with a definite constitution, which cannot be violated with impunity. The moral element in man is to be treated as we treat the science of gravity, mechanics, etc. The intelligence of sectarianism opposes with great force the position occupied by the writer; but the writer is not surprised, its votaries have been schooled and trained on a single line of thought and action for hundreds of years. They have been impressed with the idea that everything outside of that line was heresy. Until recently every man who dared to express an independent idea was sought to be overwhelmed and brought into universal contempt. But enlightened reason has greatly modified sectarian doctrines, and forced its votaries to occupy a higher plane. The time will come when intelligent reason and conservative moral knowledge will occupy the highest position in human conception, and the world will bow to their noble mandates. This life is purely a practical fact, and its recognition will be the grandest step ever taken in the interest of humanity. If two men meet to settle their little accounts, and they are about to get into a serious difficulty over them, and a grand man comes along and says, "Stop, gentlemen, that won't do; men cannot attend to important business when they are excited, put up your papers and go away, and come together some other time and settle your matters like men." He then says, "I am going to lecture to-night, come out and hear me." When they get there he says, "Gentlemen, I want you to keep as much more cool and deliberate to-night, as the subject is of importance over the accounts you were trying to settle to-day, for I am going to make an appeal to your reason and your intelligence." There is something very practical and noble in that. It is in strict accordance with man's actual necessities. No one can find any objection to that course of procedure, and therefore we are all agreed on one point which has been settled strictly on principle.

Now if principle is invariably adhered to when will any difference of opinion ever occur? People never differ seriously about what they know. The difference is mainly about what they do not know. Faith founded upon sentiment, based upon matters about which the people have no information, has given the world more trouble than every other element. It is said that history knows all things, and contains all things, and teaches all things. Let us look in that direction for a moment. After the election of Mr. Lincoln, if South Carolina thought her institutions were endangered, she had the right to send men to Washington to confer with the government. When they got there it was the duty of the President to meet them at the door, take them by the hand, look them kindly in the face and say: "Come in, my brothers, you shall be heard." It was then his duty to use all the legal and conventional arguments at his command to induce South Carolina to remain in the Union. When all that was done, if the men had said, "Well, Mr. President, we have heard all you have to say, and still we feel that we must withdraw from the old Union." Then if Mr. Lincoln had looked them kindly in the face, laid his hands gently on their heads, and said, "My brothers, as much

as I dislike to see a single star torn from our great national ensign, as this is an advanced age of civilization and humanity, if you must go, in God's name go in peace." Before the men sent to Washington got home, the other Southern States would have said: "South Carolina, you behave yourself and remain in the Union, there is no danger in that grand man." South Carolina would have remained in the Union. There would have been no civil war, Mr. Lincoln would have written his name higher in the margin of fame than any other man who ever breathed the breath of life, and the world would have bowed to the noble act.

Again, the Southern States had the perfect legal right to withdraw from the old Union if they saw proper. When they determined to do so a convention of all the states should have been called, and a paper issued setting forth the causes why they proposed taking this step, and said, among other things, "that as this is an age of civilization and humanity, our action is no cause for a conflict of arms. We rest our cause alone upon our legal and conventional rights." The world would have said, "There is the grandest people that ever lived," and the whole world would have been impressed with the great national moral example, by which the national pathway would have been lit up for all time to come, and there would have been no civil war. But again, at the inception of the late civil war, it was the duty of all churchmen, North and South, to announce to the world that we are Christians, and do not fight. The leaders on both sides would have hesitated and trembled in their boots at the grandeur of the announcement, and the whole world would have bowed to the noble act. It would have inaugurated a new and grand international policy, in the interest of humanity, and there would have been no civil war. Faith founded upon sentiment, is responsible for the late civil war, and the very cause which it advocates is debauched with immorality, and stained with blood.

Every advanced idea which reflected upon the system of theology created a storm of indignation among its devotees, but they are gradually advancing up to the new position. When Copernicus said the earth was whirling through space with a rotary motion of nineteen miles a second, faith was wonderfully shocked, and Martin Luther said he was a fool, and would upset the whole science of astronomy. Moral ignorance must yield to positive science. It is the only road to true and practical results.

Galileo Galilei taught that the sun was the center of the world and immovable, and that the earth was not the center, and that it moved. For which he was arraigned and tried before the Holy Apostolic Church, and forced to abjure such teaching as heresy. Columbus taught that the world was round, and was forced by the Church to abjure the teaching as heresy. A thousand other errors of sectarianism might be mentioned, and it is high time that its votaries investigate cautiously both sides of every important matter. A person is a complex organism, subject to fixed and immutable laws. It is evident that food, exercise, and sleep are indispensable to life, and to make life desirable they must be administered with reason. Every department of the human system must be educated, trained, instructed and developed, step by step, so as to make it effective in practical life. There is progress in morals as in physics and mind. Evolution applies with force in all three of the departments. There is no avenue left open by which the work can be accomplished in any other way. The matter is not left at loose

ends and to chance. It is a matter of positive knowledge that similar efforts invariably produce like results. Everything is invariably subjected to the analysis of reason and knowledge. Generally the professional men occupy the highest position in every community, not because they have more sense than other people, it is the work necessary to be done to acquire a profession which gives them the place. In order to have a just conception of the true result, the matter must be investigated from the bottom up, and not from any assumed point along the way. Some writers talk about the numerous systems of morality. That is very wide of the mark. There is but one basis from which all moral action springs, and that is an organism. Moral action may be modified in many ways by the effect of a line of teaching calculated to mislead.

Physical science forces itself upon us in such a manner that we are bound to submit to its behest; but ethics and mental science meets with a thousand obstructions based upon sentiment in relation to matters about which we have no information. It is said that the elements of morality have remained the same for centuries. Morality is the result of an organic germ, and in the development of the moral germ, blood flowed like water. Enlightened reason takes in the whole situation—analyzes and digests everything. Induction and deduction are two great elements which enter into the work to be done. To be attracted in the proper direction man must see beauty, fitness and intelligence everywhere. That which strengthens and dignifies a people adds to their intellectual and moral powers. Honor and truth always command the confidence and respect of mankind. In the main, moral qualities, guided by enlightened reason, rule the world. By the exercise of a little mind no one can be mistaken in the true road for a man to travel. It is said of the first emperor, Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Froude, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gate unbarred, and it was said of him, that his personal character was a better protection for him than a regiment of men.

We bow submissively to a great power and that power is conservative, moral intelligence. In the face of all past history it has been written that "all moral and all consciousness emanate directly from a higher power in the very nature of things." That argument is assumed without the slightest evidence and greatly complicates the efforts of the people to obtain proper information in relation to the moral element. No one will dare argue that every conception of the mind, or every physical action, emanates from a higher power. The whole assumption is simply nonsense refined, and a wonderful reflection on the higher power. Everything is subjected to the analysis of reason and knowledge, and beyond them is a step in the dark. The grandest thing that sentiment could do would be to step out of darkness into light and look around. It has been written that "Christian morality could not be improved on, and that man is incapable of living up to it." The grand principles professed in connection with religion have had very little effect in modifying the follies of human nature. It is manifest that the principles of Christianity have been and are now greatly in advance of the ability of the people to comply with their mandates.

Enlightened reason and conservative moral knowledge constitute the only road to proper moral deportment. They make people humble, charitable and

grand. There is now much of the same disposition in the strong to oppress the weak, and much of the same cruelty and blind prejudice as existed hundreds of years ago. The further back we go the more determined we find the people in religious belief, and more deeply merged in moral evil. The crimes and infamies of the past were the results of human passions enveloped in ignorance. There is a wonderful difference between a grand moral principle and mere sentiment. The first is like the rays of the sun, which gives life and health and beauty to everything. The second is like breathing foul air. Intelligent reason, if it can do no better, comes to the half-way ground and compromises, but sentiment never. Sentiment assumes too much and steps over the solid things of life, and worries about the imaginary. When the first newspaper was distributed in New York City on Sunday it created a storm of indignation. Now extra attention is given the Sunday edition, because it is the favorite. When the first street railroad cars were run in New York City on Sunday it met with decided opposition. Now the people would not know how to get to church without them. The exercise of a little reason about many things is very wholesome and adds greatly to the intelligence and happiness of the people. To-day the daily papers have columns of the committal of every grave crime known to law, morals, and common decency. Sentiment founded upon faith is a failure.

When the cholera was so fatal in transatlantic countries the inhabitants of the City of Rome chanted prayers and burnt incense on every corner of the city in order to avert the great calamity. The inhabitants of the City of Edinburg went to work and cleansed and disinfected the entire city. When the great scourge came the City of Rome was almost depopulated, and the City of Edinburg was not even visited by the terrible malady. No sane man will, on a cold winter night, lie down in an open street to sleep, although he may do so for the best of purposes, that is, surrender his bed to relieve a suffering fellow; for he well knows that neither by prayers, supplications nor otherwise can he avoid the penalty for so flagrant a violation of the rule. Men who fight the battles in war receive vastly more laudations than the grand men who fight the battles of civil life.

If a man, ignorant of the laws of mechanics, have a water-power which he wishes to occupy with machinery and desires to know the extent of the power, and what amount of machinery it will handle, should call in his neighbors, equally ignorant with himself, for advice about the matter, he would act very unwisely, for no two would agree for the want of proper information; but if he should call in learned mechanics from all advanced nations, the matter would be settled at once without disputation.

The moral element is as comprehensive as any law in mechanics, and when we go to work on it just like we do on the laws of mechanics there is no difficulty about it, and as definite results can be obtained. The basis of science and knowledge is the immutability of the laws of nature. This law or rule is the very essence of every part of the universe, whether it be physic or metaphysic. Nothing is left to chance, no supposition is allowed. The rule is inflexible and cannot be violated with impunity. How do we know it is a proper action to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, or by what power or authority do we determine the fact or come to the conclusion? In order for a man to understand

anything, he must have sufficient mind, and then to discriminate correctly and justly, he must have enlightened intellect, and properly developed moral part. If a man is capable of coming to a conclusion in relation to a matter, he is doubtless capable of coming to a true conclusion. Then every act of a man's life which is in harmony with his enlightened intellect and properly-developed moral part is a right action; and every act of a man's life which is obnoxious to his enlightened intellect and properly-developed moral part is a wrong action.

Therefore, it is considered that man's ability to distinguish right from wrong is inherent in his very constitution, and that it is as much a part of his very organism as his hand or his eye. It is just as easy to make an eye by which one can see as to make a mind by which one can think, or a moral part by which action is modified. There is an adaptation in the organism of man to the work to be done, and it is manifest that his education should be in harmony with the wonderful contrivance of his constitution.

This life is purely a practical fact; and when we regard it as such and treat it as such there is no difficulty in coming to a universal agreement as to the exact condition of humanity. Law's institutions, and, in fact, everything which tends to benefit humanity, are the result of personal effort alone. In moral reform, the first thing is to enlighten the popular mind. Intellectual deformity is bad enough, but moral deformity is a thousand times worse. The moral element is subjected to the analysis of reason, and unless reason is enlightened the chances for error multiply in a geometrical progression. No man can solve an abstruse problem in mathematics unless he is skilled in the science. Grand moral qualities guided by enlightened reason leave their impress upon the world. As long as sentiment declines to investigate both sides of a great question, it must be permitted to revel in its own ignorance. Power used with discretion, forbearance and charity is the crucial test of intelligent manliness. Lord Chatham said "character was fully illustrated by the sacrifice of self and the preferment of others in the little daily occurrences of life. That riches and rank stood below genuine manly qualities." Human effort is omnipotent. The brave and inspiring efforts of one man light up the minds of many. Vast intellectual work dignifies, humbles and makes a man worth his weight in gold. Moral reflection necessarily occurs to the cultivated mind. Personal effort is the only road to successful results. Man is what he makes himself. Arkwright devoted twenty years in the most abject poverty to the invention of a spinning-jenny, and his effort was finally crowned with great reputation and boundless wealth. That person in any community who sets the grand moral example of industry, honesty and sobriety is a priceless jewel, whether he is identified with any religious denomination or not. It is an old maxim, that Heaven helps those who help themselves; but vast human effort and human experience have demonstrated the eloquent fact that man succeeds only when he helps himself.

MANCHESTER, TENN.

A YOUNG ATHEIST.

FOR some time there has lived in Troy, N. Y., a worthy man and intelligent Freethinker, Robert Wade. Some two years ago on account of failing health he went to a more congenial climate and requested us to suspend sending the Magazine until he returned.



But the other day, by mistake, a bill for the Magazine was sent to him at Troy for this period that he had not had the Magazine. But, notwithstanding, the money was forwarded, with the statement of the circumstances as they were. We offered to return the money, and in reply received the following letter :

FIRST LETTER.

123 FIRST STREET,
BATH-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.,
DECEMBER 17, 1892.

Dear Sir—My uncle, Mr. Wade, has just come home. He is much better. I am only eight years old, but I am an Atheist, and can read well, so uncle says, if you are willing, to send the back numbers of the Magazine, also the next year's, to me instead of to him, I may have it, as he does not read much now. He does not desire you to return the money, so if you are willing to do this, send the Magazine to my address, viz., Bath-on-

the-Hudson, N. Y., instead of Troy. When I am a little older I mean to write nice story-books for children who are Atheists, as I am sure they deserve them as much as Christian children deserve Christian story-books. Uncle and aunt wish you success, so does your little friend,

MARIE LUMLEY.

This letter pleased us so much that we wrote to our young friend that if she would send her photo, we would publish her likeness in the Magazine. She complied with our request by the following letter :

SECOND LETTER.

Mr. Green—I received your letter yesterday, and to-day THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINES. I am very proud that you think of putting my picture in the Magazine. I inclose photo; it was taken, in England, where I have just been. I received a dollar for writing a piece of poetry for the *Times*, and I think I shall get the last volume of the Magazine bound with that dollar. I had a lovely doll for Christmas, and it is dressed in red satin. Have you a little girl about my age? If you have I would like to correspond with her, as it would be so nice to have a little Freethought girl to write to. Yours truly, MARIE LUMLEY.

What is the world coming to? Here is a little eight-year-old girl who is an Atheist, who does not believe in God. How the orthodox Jehovah will rave when he hears of this, for there is nothing so criminal in the sight of God as denying his existence. This is what Col. Ingersoll so eloquently says of this crime of crimes, that this sweet, innocent little girl is guilty of:

DENYING THE EXISTENCE OF THE GODS.

Each of these gods promised happiness here and hereafter to all his slaves, and threatened to eternally punish all who either disbelieved in his existence or suspected that some other god might be his superior; but to deny the existence of all gods was, and is, the crime of crimes. Redden your hands with human blood; blast by slander the fair fame of the innocent; strangle the smiling child upon its mother's knees; deceive, ruin and desert the beautiful girl who loves and trusts you, and your case is not hopeless. For all this, and for all these you may be forgiven. For all this, and for all these, that bankrupt court established by the gospel, will give you a discharge; but deny the existence of these divine ghosts, of these gods, and the sweet and tearful face of Mercy becomes livid with eternal hate. Heaven's golden gates are shut, and you, with an infinite curse ringing in your ears, with the brand of infamy upon your brow, commence your endless wanderings in the lurid gloom of hell—an immortal vagrant—an eternal outcast—a deathless convict.

As we have no little girl to write to our young friend, we hope some of our young readers will open a correspondence with her.—[ED.]

MOSES HARMAN IN THE PENITENTIARY.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

It seems so exasperatingly strange that our laws are framed in such a manner as to protect the strong at the expense of the weak. What but the narrow, bigoted Church power, could be guilty of scourging to death our progressive thinkers? It has ever been the rule of the Church *to kill* what it could not *conquer*. Is it any wonder, then, that when Moses Harman started the *Kansas Liberal* thirteen years ago, to demand justice and liberty for womankind, and to oppose all tyrannical laws, that he should be immediately put upon the rack of the American-Comstock Inquisition! Harman demanded that no longer should women be the marital slaves of brutalized men, either in or out of marriage; demanded that none but welcome children with sound bodies and minds should be born, and would not be, if parents had a better knowledge of sexology. No wonder the inquisition should raise the alarm of "fire," being sure that a *quantum sufficit* of hell-and-damnation (suffering) would follow each victim. These Christian (?) "obscenity-hunters" are afflicted with a mind-disease fully equal to the smallpox, for they seem all "broke up," if any one differs from them in opinion, and forthwith the offender must be silenced in the penitentiary.

Are the Americans babbling babes, who have not sense enough to know what literature they want to study and read? If not, then *Repeal the Comstock Postal Law*, otherwise the "Society for the Prevention of Vice," named after the one in London. The latter jailed Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, in 1877, for mailing "Fruits of Philosophy," a most admirable treatise. Sidney Smith says: "An informer, whether paid by the week or crime, is odious." I say repeal these

laws, and there will be no need of any informer. Let us glance at the "indelicate" condition of "burning" this law. On March 3, 1873, at the Forty-second Congress, and at a few minutes before 12 P. M., this bill, with two hundred others, was rushed through. Bad liquor ruled, and a bare quorum present, called a negro, Mr Rainey of South Carolina, to the chair, as he was about the only sober man. The signing of many of these bills was hurriedly done by President Grant. Should the temperate, intelligent, civilized American citizen feel *honored* in supporting this \$4,000 Comstock office, to jail our thinkers and benefactors? Hardly.

A few reformers who have ignominiously suffered are here named, being but few out of over thirty-five arrested, and fifteen deaths: That of Dr. E. B. Foote, than whom no greater benefactor lives in the United States to-day, was arrested in 1876, paid a fine of \$3,500, expenses attendant making it \$5,000, besides damage to his practice. His crime was in giving physiological advice through a pamphlet. D. M. Bennett, the grand old man, served thirteen months in the penitentiary for selling "Cupid's Yokes," a fifteen-cent book, sold everywhere now, and for which E. H. Heywood was also arrested, but got clear. Dr. Sara B. Chase, Victoria Woodhull and sister, John A. Lant, Dr. T. R. Kinget, author of "Medical Good Sense," Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Slenker, and others, all for sending through the mail scientific instruction on sexology.

But for pure, unadulterated, purgatorial, Puritanical punishment, the later cases of E. H. Heywood and Moses Harman cap the climax! Mr. Heywood served two years in Charlestown, Mass., penitentiary, for the "Mother" article, and reprinting the O'Neill letter from *Lucifer*, and for general "indelicate" expressions in *The Word*. The crime of Moses Harman has been that he has incessantly called public attention to the outrageous abuses of women by men, both in and out of marriage, and trying to induce people to have a better understanding of their sex natures, and that of their children. The *Kansas Liberal* evolved into *Lucifer*, and Moses Harman is in prison! The end is not yet.

In 1886 E. C. Walker, Geo. Harman and Moses Harman were arrested by Comstock's agent, and their case was postponed from time to time, resulting in releasing the two former and retaining M. Harman. Seven long years! has he not *suffered enough*? During the past five years he has been forced to leave his home, attend court, pay counsel, support *Lucifer*, and suffer the vicissitudes of prison life, which, for a cripple like Mr. Harman, cannot be easy. In 1891 served seventeen weeks in prison, released on a writ of error secured mainly through the efforts of Mark M. Pomeroy, who interviewed President Harrison and Attorney-General, personally.

To say that M. Harman has an unimpeachable character, is putting it mildly. Five-sixths of his townsmen signed a petition for his release, besides 10,000 other friends. But on June 21, 1892, Mr. Harman was notified to prepare for prison again, as Judge Caldwell had sentenced him to one year in the penitentiary. I had been so ignorant as to believe that a person had to be present when receiving sentence. The present jailing is upon the O'Neill, Whitehead and Chavannes letters, I believe, and still there is the sentence of Judge Foster, of five years yet unsettled. The Markland letter gives a case of legalized marriage-murder, and its author asks if a married woman has *no rights* her legal tender must

respect. The supposed obscenity consists in using the dictionary term for the male organ of generation,—nothing at all about the horrible death the sick wife died, on account of too much man!

A bill, H. R. 120, to amend section 3893, brought up in Congress last January, declares: "Postmaster-General shall have full authority to declare what is non-mailable," giving him authority "to suppress any newspaper containing objectionable matter." How much better off are we than Russia? All the press of the United States should combine to *repeal* the unconstitutional Comstock Postal Law, before all our best men and women are politically beheaded; *because* it is the legitimate business of the United States District Attorney, who has ample authority, to deal with all cases against the postal laws, and he needs no emissaries of the Young Men's Cutthroat Assassination Society to help him; neither will he take it upon himself to throttle free speech, press, mails.

Lucifer "is devoted to the emancipation of woman from sex-slavery," and is eminently a woman's paper, and as a woman and mother, I protest against the legal injustice to my sex, of keeping them in utter ignorance and serfdom. I fully concur with what Mr. Harman says: "To me the evidence is overwhelming that our tendencies, propensities, controlling desires, etc., are *born* with us, not educated into us afterwards, and as it is through and by sex that we are born into the world, it seems to need no argument to prove that sex education is the most important of all educations." Yet who wishes to serve a term of years in the "pen," for trying to learn? "There is but one protection against the tyranny of any class—give that class *very little power*, * * no matter what their claims may be, they are sure to abuse their power if much is conferred."—*Buckle's History of Civilization*.

Then, friends of free thought, the very best, wisest and most consistent way to help Harman *out of the penitentiary*, is to combine, demand and consummate a total *repeal of the Comstock Postal Law!*

FLORA W. FOX.

ROCHESTER, MINN.

LIBERAL APATHY.

WE'VE got it. Professing liberality in all things, Freethinkers have an over-supply of apathy in pushing their work and opinions. With the best, broadest and most humane creed and belief of any sect, backed by all the truths of science and common sense, with so much that is really worthy of a struggle to maintain, we sit idly by, watching and commenting, but doing little. Nearly every religious denomination in this country owes its existence to unceasing work, forcing its belief upon all parties (unless it be the intelligent Freethinker whom they generally avoid), in season and out of season, demanding and often obtaining recognition by sheer impudence and persistency.

"I would go there to church once in a while," said a lady, "but I would be continually besieged to just bake a cake, or 'buy *one* ticket,' or give something anyway; so I don't go."

I live in this active, pushing city of St. Paul. It has grown from an Indian trading-post, in a few brief years, to a metropolis of 150,000 inhabitants. (This

is not a census comparison with Minneapolis.) In all material things it is a wide-awake, progressive city. It has all the machinery of the modern municipality for carrying out all schemes of trade and commerce. Nor is the so-called spiritual interests neglected. Churches have seemingly increased more rapidly in proportion than the population. Builded and furnished with all the modern sumptuousness and luxury that is a characteristic of the followers of the Peasant of Palestine in these days, it would seem that the minister has but to make his mark of the amount needed to build "a house to be dedicated to the Lord," and, lo! the miracle is wrought. Of course they do not hesitate to apply for aid to the "worldly"—fairs, auctions, lotteries; but they "get there," and that is the present criterion of success. It is true they over-reach themselves sometimes, and a ludicrous example has just happened here. A joint stock company was organized to build a so-called "People's Church," and they put up a splendid building, elegantly furnished. This they rented for concerts, amusements, fairs, lectures, etc., and, as the property was untaxed, the dividends were fat and frequent and the stockholders correspondingly jubilant. But one fatal day they rented it for a political convention. Members of the city council of the opposition party thought that this was not "strictly for religious purposes," as the law defines and sets forth, so a tax is now levied on the property. So in this one case justice has been done, not from a sense of justice, but from political jealousy. But this will not decrease the salary of the minister and presumably not the dividends of the stockholders. The begging will be a little more persistent. The premium continually levied by these soul insurance companies must be increased, and if necessary still more florid promises made of the solvency and ability of this particular company to carry out all promises set forth. Of course there is no proof of a soul saved or a loss paid, and the fact makes this particular form of insurance so plausible and easy to work.

Here, too, as in almost every city, the Roman Catholics own hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property, and command an influence that means success or ruin to thousands of unsuspecting people. Only a few days ago a man who has the reputation of being a first-class railroad wrecker, who has impoverished thousands of stockholders, who a few years ago was a section-hand, but is now worth (excuse the word)—is now the possessor of several million dollars, made a gift of \$500,000 to the Catholic society with which to build a college, to be devoted to educating young men to the priesthood! And still the patient nuns will go on their daily begging expeditions, and the fat priest will send forth his fiat, and the servant girls will respond as of old.

It is possible to see how the Catholics hold their dominion. But how the more intelligent audiences that go to hear the average Protestant sermon are held to their allegiance, is a mystery. I suppose men allow their wives to wheedle money from them, thinking it will help in business the same as any other advertising; and the women? It is not difficult to see why they go to church. So between the zealots, the fashion plates and the gossips, the minister still fares well.

Yet, it is not as it used to be. Too often for his own peace he runs up against some hard-headed Agnostic that pool-pools all his ministerial chinning

and plainly tells him that two-thirds of it is all nonsense, and intimates that none know it better than the minister himself, but he is learning to avoid these fellows. The fox is a fool to battle with the pack. Then our poor minister must do the lightning-change act with considerable frequency. The old creed won't hold Mrs. Grundy and her daughters. A new suit must be donned and that quickly. Every nerve in his body must be sensitive to every string pulled. New scenery must be run in for every act nowadays. He must read the sensational newspaper and the modern novel vastly more than the Testament. Oh, what a relief it would be to give 'em straight hell-fire and the sinner be damned as of old!

Out of curiosity I attended one of these ministerial acrobatic performances not long ago. The minister announced through the press that it would be very liberal. It was in the opera house. All was soft and sumptuous as an oriental dream. Soft music filled the dimly-lighted room. Then the burly, well-fed minister came to the front and, with closed eyes, prayed. (How appropriate it is for them to close their eyes and go it blind when praying). He glibly rattled off the usual form, interspersed with allusions to Heavenly Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Divine Spirit and many other things as unintelligible to me as a string of Choc-taw. He acknowledged our entire dependence on this God, "every instant of life, responsible to him for every act," he seeing and judging every moment from birth till death. A beautiful ballad was sung so charmingly as to be almost worth the imposition of the prayer. Nonsense ceased when preaching began. He had his eyes open now, both mentally and physically. He told his audience that science had found no God or any need of one; that matter and force were the poles of the magnet and contained the pre-potency of all life. He agreed with Darwin in evolution, with Grant Allen that life is arrested solar radiation. He went beyond all scientists in everything but facts and knowledge. In his benediction he appealed again to the "merciful God" he had denied and blasphemed, if that be possible, which I doubt. "You will come again, now that you see how liberal he is," said an old man as we were passing out. "Never. One dose of such slop is sufficient."

We Freethinkers must learn something of our friends, the enemy. We must cultivate something of their zeal, courage and earnestness; something of their clanishness, too, if this be necessary. We trade with old Deacon Mossback, when a few steps further we could buy equally cheap of the bright young Liberal. Above all we must support our literature and should have it multiplied an hundred-fold. We should get extra copies of every liberal paper and magazine and put them where they will do the most good. The splendid tracts advertised and published by this journal should be scattered by thousands. Those with spare money should help publishers of Liberal literature by direct contribution, not as an act of charity, but for the good results sure to follow. Without being obnoxious, openly avow your sentiments and be prepared to defend them. Live such lives that others may see you have something better than religion—*i. e.*, principle. Treat your children so wisely and lovingly that others will follow your example for very shame of the brutality that their religion taught them, and made them capable of practicing. Show them that religion and morality do not necessarily have the least connection. That the latter can live and flourish without the first, and most of them will know plenty of examples proving that religion can attain a rank growth without the assistance of morality. In a word, throw off the fatal apathy and work for our good cause.

C. J. GREENLEAF.

"ORIGIN OF ALL SO-CALLED EVIL."

MR. EMERICK'S distinction between "natural and artificial," or social and political evils, though convenient, and justified by his purpose, is subject to the reflections that Nature is integrant of man in all his possible relations; that as the sphere, such is the life that comes to fill it, and that no break nor chasm can be proved between the physical and the psychic aspects of man or other animals. Transposition of races, consequent on wars or the spirit of adventure, prevents general illustrations of adaptiveness. Such are felt in the Arab of the desert, in the mountaineers of Switzerland, Montenegro, the Pyrenees, the Himmaleh or Caucasus, contrasted with the reflection of climatic suavity in South Sea Islanders, as described by Cook, Bougainville, and Herman Melville, in his Typee, and Omoo, before Christendom had civilized and syphilized them. Man by his varieties of races adaptive to zones and local spheres, is, more than other species, a terra solar psychometer. The snow-capped peak or pathless wilderness impersonates itself in hardy independence; but child-peoples, cradled in banana leaves, are more sympathetic.

Without overcharging the evils of misgovernment, Mr. E.'s generalization is subject to partial exceptions, even in the most complete State Socialisms, such as ancient Peru under the Inca dynasty, as compared with most Indian tribes much less governed. This is no argument for imitation. We cannot reproduce the peculiar conditions of adaptiveness in races and spheres. On the other hand, the warlike spirit, fraught with cruelty and amateur in torture, among North American tribes, dispensed with both government and religion as motive. Mr. E., in his zeal against secular oppressions, overlooks or underrates their theocratic origins and connections. These have not always been associated with fictions about life beyond the grave. Judaism did not speculate in such fancy stocks; it was none the less despotic and oppressive in its government of religion, by religion, for religion. The costs of priestcraft generally, even irrespective of its disastrous frustration of scientific culture and hygiene, have equalled or exceeded those of political parasitism, and have alike interlocked with economic monopolies. The idea of the *divine* right of kings still overshadows half the world like a upas tree, while the *Vox populi vox Dei* so ably supplements it nearer home.

The oppressions of woman, half mankind numerically, and much more qualitatively, by her influence over childhood, are rooted in the Christian religion, and still more grievous in the Brahminic. The lot of young widows has been changed, not mitigated, by the English opposition to the Suttee. In these United States, superstitious women are the most intimate enemies of social enlightenment, friends of sumptuary despotisms. If you want personal liberty for man, enfranchise woman from the Church.

I note with pleasure that Mr. E., in protesting against land monopoly and other governmental privileges oppressive of labor, gives no hint of infection by the prevalent crazes, either single tax or Communist. Doubtless he apprehends the intrinsic despotism of both standing squarely for personal liberty, he seems equally free from exclusive "*egoism*," the Tucker and Takak school of individual-

ism, in which caprice invalidates ethical standards of conduct. He is not fascinated by an evolutionism that leaves untouched the economic conditions of evil, but there may be a trace of Church education in his assumed antagonism between the "*animal*" and the "*spiritual*." Paul, the apostolic type of spiritual-mindedness, while repudiating Mosaic prohibitions, sabbatical and sumptuary, re-enforces the subjection of woman and the slave, and kowtows to secular despotism. Sometimes, as in Oberlin of Steinthal, spirituality is associated with practical beneficence, but oftener in the religious, with a sterile pietism. Altruist or selfish, alike they side with despotic authority. Even Tolstoi does not seem to be an exception; his work, like that ascribed to Jesus, is but palliative. Too much regard for the souls of our fellow-men has been known to take caustic effect on their bodies. In the better sense of spiritual, animals share.

If selfish greed and ruthless pride are animal, not spiritual, why is it that man, who has the highest pretensions to spirituality, is the only animal that organizes governments and religions to serve those greeds and pride?

If devotion is more spiritual than selfishness, who is more spiritual than a good dog? If loyalty is spiritual, what servant surpasses the elephant, that works without an overseer in the lumber yard? If the desire to excel is spiritual, who more emulous than the race-horse? If magnanimity is spiritual, see it in the treatment of the fice by the mastiff. If benevolence is spiritual, honor the St. Bernard breed, the saviors of the snow. If social charity is spiritual, who is the more so -- paroquets, that press under fire to succor their wounded, or the sportsman, who shoots them all? Is it spiritual in man to defend woman and the child? Then knights of the *round table* may have taken lessons from the wild horse, the bison and the elk.

If *spiritual* apply to combinations of intelligence with sentiment and social affairs, see the behavior of bees to their queen-mother. Then they kill off parasitism in their drones. So mote it be!

I need not ask Mr. E. if he prefer to these exemplars the spirituality of Saint Simon the Stylite, or even that of Goethe's fair Saint in "*Wilhelm Meister*." To conclude: It is well to unmask the popular superstition of the absolute necessity of governments, but how to depopularize them? And this among a people that prides itself on being their creator by the ballot! and who never question the wisdom of entrusting representatives unknown to them personally, with unlimited power over their property and persons, by taxation, conscription and charters of privilege! I esteem that the only effective argument may be the organization of industrial independence and social prosperity by an economic mechanism foreign to government, at first segregative and local, then extending by imitation.

Foregoing details I refer to kindred thought in Josiah Warren's "*Equitable Commerce*," Col. Wm. B. Green's pamphlet, and P. J. Proudhon's "*Banque d'Exchange*."

EDGEWORTH.

GUNTERSVILLE, ALA.

TALMAGE MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

In your admirable comments on the work of Theodore Parker, in January number, you state strongly, "There is no such thing as reconciling the idea of infinite power and goodness with a world so full of misery as is this one." Now the Rev. Talmage, in a sermon from his pulpit, December 17th, illustrated clearly that you are wrong; and fearing that many others like yourself would miss this man's bold and ingenious solution of the vexed question, I suggested to the *Truth Seeker* the importance of giving it publicity among Freethinkers.

The Rev. Doctor said that in order to keep the universe loyal to himself, the little world we inhabit was made a theatre, whereon to illustrate the effect of allowing sin to enter. It did not need a large world for the illustration, as it was plain a chemist could illustrate a widely extended principle in a very small laboratory, so God chose the little world we inhabit to illustrate to all intelligences the fatality of departing from loyalty to him. When you shall have read this, you will seize your pen and write: "If there be a God of infinite power any one must see that he does not possess infinite mercy and goodness, for if he did, there would be no suffering in any world over which he presides, *except in one wee small one, just to illustrate to the countless multitude of his worlds, the dire effects he could exhibit on one small planet*, if only it should occur to his mighty mind to do so."

I know yourself and readers will be careful how you cut capers in the air, as Don Quixote would say, when they reflect that they are actors on a stage, with God and an infinite realm of intelligences looking on.

Most readers will remember how Sancho Panza shut his eyes and left his master alone, to cut capers to his heart's content, when they were up in the Sable Mountain.

It seems to me the first caper cut by Adam in the Garden, ought to have disgusted Yehowah, and that then and there the curtain should have dropped; notwithstanding it must cut off all the entertaining scenes which were to follow, and to be known as *sacred history*, by the after-coming generations of our earth, and all habitable spheres.

How long this relishing exhibition must be kept up, I suppose our Brooklyn Divine has not yet made out, but I feel confident that an imagination so fertile in resources, will not long remain in ignorance on a theme so important.

When we seek rationally to make the most of the conditions surrounding us, to the end that we may be happier, coming generations will rejoice that we lived on this earth; and it is also to be hoped that the denizens of other worlds are engaged in the same good work, and find satisfaction therein.

JAMES H. CRAIN.

BEECHWOOD, ILL.

GOD?

GOD? What is God? I hear someone ask me if I do not believe in a Supreme Being, and I answer, like any good Yankee, by asking other questions. What matters it so that the sun still shines, the rain moistens the parched earth, fruit, grain and all things necessary to the well-being of earth-life flourish? Does it change my nature if I believe in God? Does it change the fate of the world, past, present, or future? Does the existence of a God change the fate of things? If so, to what one of the almost countless number of deities is given the power?

Can one of them all change the turning of my hand unaided by my human will? Can one of them all blot out a star or cause the earth to turn back in its course?

Standing here in this advanced age, I look behind me and see the long, almost endless, procession of gods coming from the dimmest past, even to my own time, from all nations, peoples and tribes. Which one shall I choose? Yours! Why? By whom was he created? In what age? Must not I choose wisely? If so, must not I then go back to the infancy of the world and study and weigh in the balance of reason all the religions of the past? How can I choose otherwise? How can I use less reason in this than in all other things? When I have chosen, what will be the benefit to myself? Must I know the infancy of the world who have forgotten my own infancy? Who will declare to be in existence that which no one has sensed? Who will explain what no man comprehends? It must come by faith, that same voice says. Can it not then come by reason? Will and reason are given us to use in all earthly things, and must we then nourish a weak faith to a comprehension of things never understood? Must we cast reason out and take to our use a powerless faith? Can we, by that faith, conceive more or less of good and evil? Can we act less of evil and more of good? If an understanding of these things, gods and religions, is necessary, why do the heathen, so called, so prosper? What has ever been achieved by faith alone?

You say his wisdom is infinite, his judgments are mysterious, that his justice is not like the justice of man. Why, then, in his infinite wisdom, does he not make his judgment plain, that man may reason and comprehend? If the justice of man is imperfect, why is it not perfect? Divinely conceived, nothing should be wrong. To believe without evidence is an act of ignorance; to take for granted is folly. An honest man will bear contradiction because it leads to argument, and in argument is evidence which begets conviction. Violence is the argument of tyrannical bigotry and power usurped. Such has always been the argument of religion, and was the argument of the gods of old. To say, "Here is a God in whom you must believe; here is a creed you must accept," is to usurp an authority most tyrannical. But to accept that because a hireling priest says it is the only perfect belief, is to cast aside your reason, trample your understanding under foot and become a blind follower of egotism.

Let us look through the history of time and behold what crimes have been committed in the name of religion for the glorification of God! Believers in

creeds have battled with each other in open war ; they have tortured and put to death thousands, yea, millions in the name of God. Nations have prayed to Jehovah that they be given strength to overpower, destroy and lay waste countries and peoples with whom they battled, saying, "And Thine shall be the glory, O God, for ever and ever." How can it be that a just God would listen to such sacrilegious prayers? Can it be that he will accept bribes like a judge corrupted, allowing the guilty to go unpunished.

Is there not more justice in believing it all a humbug, a farce and bugbear? Is it not more in reason to believe man created God after his own selfish image and to further his own selfish ends, rather than that God created man in his image? What would be easier or more in likelihood than for mystery-loving man to create a mysterious deity and surround him with mysteries, and, later on, for a class of people to spring up who would turn those things to his material benefit, and by teaching the existence of a life hereafter, oblige the ignorant believer to buy that future happiness, saying that true righteousness consists in *faith*, repentance, *alms-giving*, ignorance and a perfect trust in the priests, who are the middle-men, between man and God.

The idea of doing right during this life, simply for the sake of future reward, always reminds me of a child who tries to be very good one day that he may raise old Ned the next. The ideas of everlasting reward or punishment are both childish and undeserving the momentary thought of any rational being.

What is the soul that it should live forever? Can anyone imagine force except as it is connected with matter, or conceive of matter without its quota of force? I never heard of such a case, surely it neither can be proven to exist. Then when the soul takes to itself wings of air, what part of the human body does it take with it?

It surely does not take any perceptible part, for we know that is placed in the casket ; it is that which we follow up the lonely street to the village kirkyard ; it is above that body, in later days, we plant flowers of love ; it is here we come of quiet evenings and recall the kind words and kinder actions of the material being once so dear to us. We never think of the soul as the seat of action, then why should we imagine it could be eternally damned for what it has never done?

I ask you, so-called Christian, do you imagine if there were no God, or rather, if you believed not in a God whom you might ask for guidance, you would be incapable of doing right? If so, why? Are you then so weak? No one can make you do wrong ; you are given a will : it is your birthright, although of uncertain strength ; it is yours to strengthen by use ; as the arm of the iron molder grows strong from use, so the strength of your will depends upon yourself. A person may tell you to place your hand in a red-hot fire ; your will is sufficient to keep you from doing so. He may tell you to kill a certain person, or your passion may lead you to such action. Why should you not exercise your will as in the other case? No one can oblige you to do against your will, therefore who is to blame if you do wrong? Is there not twice, aye, a hundred-fold the honor in freely disbelieving that there is in being bullied into believing? In the first place, man himself becomes a god ; in the second, a cringing slave to the priesthood and bigotry.

If God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son to save sinners, why, I ask, did he not save them, and not leave a great majority in total ignorance regarding him? Still, he said, "If ye believe not in me ye shall be damned, for I am the Lord God." Is that expression worthy of a power in whose care one would wish to trust his soul for all time? Why did he allow the world to become so wicked if he had everything in his hand?

In the beginning, it is said, God made the world and caused it to be covered with flowers long before he made the sun. Can that be possible? Will a flower bloom in total darkness? What held the earth in space while the other planets were being made? What were they all made from? Of what were the atoms of universes constructed? For an eternity God had existed, still he never accomplished anything, then he happened to think he would work a little, so he made our little earth, and placed upon it a man and a snake. He made some stars and the sun and moon, and by that time he was so tired; he had worked six days, you know, and in that time this great force, capable of creating all things, became so tired that he has rested ever since. Still he was so disgusted with himself for being so idle he bade man to work all the days of his life to obtain his daily bread. Don't it seem that he must have been dissatisfied with himself many times when looking over his work, especially that part when the serpent was made, it has been such a successful rival, you know? He must have known what the effect would be when he let that serpent into the Garden of Eden. Why didn't he kill the wicked snake at once? Making him crawl upon his belly didn't inconvenience him any. By the way, how did he manage to navigate before that? What language did he use in persuading Eve to taste of the forbidden fruit?

Why will we, so many of us, throw away our strong legs of reason to accept the tottering, unstaple crutches of superstition? If the crutches are beautifully carved and inlaid with legends which have cost rivers and rivers of heretic blood to preserve, may not the crutches be too costly? May not the carver have carved too deep so that they crumble beneath our weight?

I say to the questioner, do not let ancestral gloom and prejudice cloud the bright sunlight of the dawning day of reason. Do not always be a child. Do not always dream, lest you use the power of deeper thought. When anything comes to appear unnatural or improbable investigate it though it may have been the darling dream of all your former life; use your mind. If you find no foundation for continuance in your belief, cast it aside. If, on the other hand, you see the light of reason shining up from the hidden bottom, believe. Believe with your whole soul, or mind, or self, the end will come—then something or nothing. But, should the flower of spring, knowing it is to die, refuse to bloom, or the bird refuse to sing? Rather should the bloom be sweeter and the song clearer and gladder during the time it has.

Thus Nature meant it to be; so let it be.

W. M. HAZELTINE.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

P. C. ISBELL.

WE publish, as the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine, the portrait of Mr. P. C. Isbell, of Manchester, Tenn. Mr. Isbell has not acquired a national reputation as an advocate of Freethought views, and for that reason some of our readers may query as to why we give him such prominence in the Magazine. It is for this reason: That Mr. Isbell, having been born and reared in the most orthodox section of the country, in one of our Southern States, where the mental atmosphere is, like Egyptian darkness, so thick with superstition that it can be felt, and where every child born is thoroughly impregnated with it soon after birth, if not before, and therefore from childhood to manhood is constantly under its influence and teachings, the subject of this sketch, by his own intellectual powers, perfectly freed himself from its blasting influence, without the aid of Freethought books, or of Freethought associates; became, early in life, an outspoken Freethinker, and for fifty years has fearlessly and intelligently, in the hot-bed of orthodoxy, proclaimed his unpopular views. Such a man is deserving of special mention. Such an one stands infinitely above the mere politician, or even the war general, who has gained his position and popularity by pandering to the prejudice of an ignorant and superstitious populace, and by following in the wake of a depraved public opinion, and who adopts any method of conduct, however dishonorable, to gain coveted position and power, as we regret to say many noted men have done and are doing. The true hero, and the one who is most deserving of respect and honor, is the man who dare express his honest convictions in the face of an arrogant, popular, ignorant superstitious multitude, who, if not thirsting for his blood, are asking their God and the general public to in some way destroy his influence and silence his voice. Such a man is Mr. Isbell.

We therefore take great pleasure in introducing him to our readers. In the literary department of this Magazine we publish an article from the pen of Mr. Isbell, that we are sure will interest and enlighten our readers. Below we allow our worthy friend to speak for himself:

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I was born in Kentucky, raised in the backwoods of Missouri, and never recited a lesson in a school-house. My mother taught me to spell, read, write, and the four leading rules in mathematics, and I worked out my education from that point. My parents were members of the old Hardshell Baptist Church. The preachers taught that persons carnally-minded need not read the Bible, because they could not understand it; but that, after they became spiritually-minded, they could read it, and understand everything in it. The teaching was so remarkable that I went to work, at a very early age, to investigate it. I tried hundreds of practical experiments. I would listen to people talk about the Bible who professed to know all about it, but they were carnally-minded, not having professed religion and joined the Church and of course they could not understand it. After a while, such persons would profess religion and join the Church, and become spiritually-minded.

I would then go back and listen to them talk again, and all the difference I could see in carnally-minded persons and spiritually-minded persons, was that, when they became spiritually-minded they were much more persistent, intolerant and overbearing, than they were before. I then examined the life that Christ is said to have lived, and I could see no similarity between that life and the life that spiritually-minded persons were living here. I then often heard the members of one Church denouncing the doctrines taught by all other Churches, saying that they were teaching lies, and that they believed it was done wilfully and maliciously to deceive the people.

On further investigation of the question, I found that there were about two thousand religious denominations founded on the Bible, every one having a different view of the book, which brought it into common scandal as revelation. On further historic examination, I found that religion, that is, faith founded upon sentiment, had created more disturbance, destroyed more property, overrun more governments, shed more blood, committed more murders and midnight assassinations, than every other element in the world, and that members of churches now decline to investigate any question outside of their church doctrine. On further scientific examination, I found that man's physical system is a perfect organism, subject to fixed and immutable law or rule, which cannot be violated with impunity.

Man knows that his physical system requires food, sleep and exercise, and, to keep that system in good condition, they must be administered with reason. Man's mind is a perfect organism, subject to fixed and immutable law or rule, or it could not exist and be effective in human life. Nothing but a positive organism can be known and utilized as a factor in the interest of humanity. It is well known how mind is cultivated, developed and brought into use for the benefit of

humanity. The moral part is a positive organism, or it could not exist and be effective in human life. Every kind act of a man's life, and of every other person in his presence, is moral tuition. Evolution is the word. The grand elements in man are not left at loose ends, yet he treats them as though they were. Everything which has occurred in the interest of humanity, was effected by human effort alone.

Mind or moral must be treated as a science. In any other manner is a step into the dark, and no satisfactory results can be obtained. In the dark past, faith, founded upon ignorant sentiment, shut itself up in an iron cage, and defied and fought, with a two-edged saber, every effort to advance the people to a higher plane. It has, in all times past, held its book as paramount to the learning of the world, and laid its hand violently upon every innovation upon its creed, and bid defiance to intelligent reason. Enlightened reason and properly developed moral parts must concur in the actions of people, so that their conduct will be in harmony with the vital interest of humanity.

UPON A SOUND BASIS.

WE asked last month: Shall this Magazine be put upon a sound basis? and we are glad to announce that the question has been answered in the affirmative. We can now truthfully say that this Magazine is, virtually, out of debt and on the road to permanent success. Some of our good friends thought we made a mistake in so fully and plainly setting forth the exact financial condition of the Magazine. We know that is not the usual method with publishers; the usual method is to constantly insist that no other publication is having the success of this particular one—that the circulation is very large, and increasing beyond all expectation. We have known such journals to die while declaring in their last issue that success had been attained. We had little fear that the Magazine was going to die after ten years of existence, for we knew it had numerous earnest friends, who would not permit it to give up the ghost. Many had written to us in substance: "Keep me informed as to the financial condition of the Magazine, and when you think it needs assistance let me know and I will respond. The Magazine is doing a grand good work, and it must live." We noticed that it was running behind a little—only a little—and we thought best to let its friends see the worst side, and ascertain, what we had little doubt of, if they really meant what they had so often and so earnestly promised. The result has fully justified our course, and the Magazine is now secure, we believe—safe from further financial embarrassment.

Our earnest appeal in the January number not only set the good friends of the Magazine to sending in their contributions, but large numbers have paid up their subscription arrearages, and we are sure some have renewed their subscriptions who would not have done so, only that they had seen that the Magazine needed their help, and they did not propose to desert in the face of danger. We learn there were, here and there, a few timid friends (?) who did not propose to risk the loss of two dollars by subscribing for a publication, the permanent existence of which was not assured. We have no doubt these brave friends will now gladly return when they learn that the little cloud has passed over. Such people are not constituted of the right material for good radicals and true reformers, and we are glad to know that but few such were subscribers to this Magazine. But space in this number will not allow us to say much more. We can only add that this article is being written on the thirtieth day of January, and that contributions are continuing to come in more rapidly than ever, and the prospects now are that the final total before the said note is due, that we mentioned last month, will greatly exceed the sum asked for, and that the subscriptions and renewals will be sufficient to nearly pay the full expense of publishing the Magazine for the present year. We promise, friends, that every dollar received shall be used to enhance the value of *your* Magazine. We know of no words that will fully express our thanks to our good friends, who have and are doing so nobly. All that we can promise in return is that we will do all in our power to make the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE worthy of the glorious cause it represents—the cause of Liberty, Truth and Justice. Here are the

CONTRIBUTIONS UP TO THIS DATE.

A New Friend	\$100.00	John Wolfe	\$10.00
A. Schell	100.00	M. Reinan	5.00
Hon. C. B. Waite	73.00	A. B. Bennett	5.00
A Young Man	75.00	Ethelbert Stewart	5.00
Dr. S. W. Wetmore	50.00	Ole Granberg	5.00
Dr. D. B. Wiggins	50.00	John Helm	5.00
Henry M. Taber	50.00	John H. Keizer	5.00
P. C. Isbell	10.00	Mrs. R. B. Jones	5.00
St. Louis, Mo., German		Minnie A. Hickethier ..	5.00
School	10.00	Jane C. Hitz	5.00
Sames Parsons	10.00	A. B. Stebbins	5.00
G. W. Watson	10.00	Charles J. Rader	5.00

G. E. Swan, M. D.....	\$5.00	A. P. Lloyd	\$1.00
Orrin H. Warner.....	5.00	C. H. Callahan	1.00
Portia Broadbelt.....	5.00	W. S. Knisely	1.00
Philip Bruch	5.00	Chester Bedell.....	1.00
G. Fred Johnson.....	5.00	U. Fritz	1.00
Mrs. Chris. Scofield	5.00	Geo. Dormire	1.00
Merritt F. Lamb.....	4.50	P. Frawzman.....	1.00
G. A. Kenyon	2.00	Jas. Haight	1.00
J. H. A. Lacher	2.00	Thomas Balkwill	1.00
C. L. Abbott	2.00	Alexander D. Blair.....	1.00
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Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine..	2.00	Dr. M. Bailey.....	1.00
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Perry B. Sibley.....	1.00	Mrs. S. J. Campbell45
Charles Klimtz	1.00		

This list will be republished, with the subsequent subscriptions, in the March Magazine, and it will be a good one to refer to in the future. And here allow us to say, that in our admiration of present friends and saviors of the Magazine, we will not forget its many former friends, some of whom have left this earthly sphere of action. Now friends, that this Magazine is safe, let each of us do all in our power to increase its usefulness by enlarging its circulation. A new friend, who just came to our aid

with \$100.00 in cash, has undertaken the labor and expense of giving the Magazine *thirty thousand* subscribers before the expiration of this year. He desires his name kept a secret at present, but we are sure every friend of the Magazine will rejoice to learn this fact, and will thereby be stimulated to aid him all in their power. The young man whom we referred to in the last number as the future editor, is all that we described him and more, and he is also doing at the present time valiant work for the Magazine. He may, possibly, be our associate editor before many months.

P. S.—Friends will please notify us of any errors in the above list, that we may correct them in next number.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE ELIMINATOR, OR SKELETON KEYS OF SACERDOTAL SECRETS. By RICHARD B. WESTBROOK, D. D., LL. D. L. B. Lippincott Company. Philadelphia. Pp. 435. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

The object of this work is to eliminate the falsehood in the orthodox creeds and retain the truth therein. That is precisely the work that all true Freethinkers are engaged in, in every field of research. The old orthodox theory was that falsehood, deception, and even fraud, were justifiable when used in the interests of the Church, but Freethinkers contend that nothing good can come from error and falsehood, and to all thoughtful persons it is very evident that no religious system, however absurd on the face of it, has ever existed for any great length of time, but contains many germs of truth, and therefore it is not the proper way to reject entire the religious tenets of any sect, or of any of the various religions, but to sift them, and as Dr. Westbrook has done with orthodoxy, eliminate the false and retain the true. And Dr. Westbrook is peculiarly fitted for this work of dissecting orthodoxy, having for many years been a popular orthodox minister, and a thorough

student of orthodox theology. The Doctor says in his preface :

I desire to explain more fully than appears in the "Table of Contents," the plan of this book. I first combat the folly of *suppression* and *deception*, and insist that the whole truth shall be published, and have shown that sacerdotalism is responsible for the fact that it has not been done. As so-called Christianity is based on Judaism, I undertake to show the fabulous character of many of the claims of the Jews, disclaiming all intentions to asperse the character of Israelites of the present generation.

There are sixteen chapters in this book, entitled as follows : "The Whole Truth," "Sacerdotalism Impeached," "The Fabulous Claim of Judaism," "Moses and the Pentateuch," "Ancient Symbolism and Modern Literalism," "Astral Keys to Bible Stories," "The Fable of the Fall," "Search for the 'Last Adam,'" "What is Known of the New Testament," "The Drama of the Gospels," "The Ideal Christ," "A Reverent Critique of Jesus," "A Few Fragments," "Blood Salvation," "The Things that Remain."

In our humble opinion this is one of the most valuable Freethought works that has been issued from the press for a long time. It is just the book that these crit-

ical times demand. It is a cyclopedia of the advanced thought of this inquiring age. Every Liberal ought to read it, and there would be a revolution in the orthodox world if every orthodox clergyman would peruse it with an honest desire to ascertain the Truth. Dr. Westbrook has evidently put a great deal of study and profound research into this volume, and it is deserving of a large circulation among honest, thoughtful persons. And we will add here as a postscript, that what is a little singular about this volume is, that the Doctor, after as thoroughly demolishing orthodoxy as Thomas Paine did, or as Col. Ingersoll has ever done, declares that he is a firm believer in God, in religion, and in morality; and that he accepts the Bible for just what it is, which amounts to just about Thomas Paine's creed. But we suspect that the Doctor's God would hardly be acceptable to the orthodox Church, and his religion would not pass muster among the faithful.

SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE.

By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. In two volumes, 8vo., with two frontispiece portraits. Price \$5.00. For sale at this office.

"Sixty Years" is a story of experience and adventure, thought to have public instruction in it. The author enumerates more than sixty personal friends who gave trouble to juries and judges, all of whom were incarcerated, transported, hanged or beheaded. The pages of this story depict opinion in transition, controversies, and conspiracies,—with characteristics of heroes, politicians, orators, journalists, prelates, philosophers, murderers, suicides, and usurpers. The narrative describes the origin of insurgent movements of English Socialism—Co-operation—the Civil Rights of Women—Secularism—with out-of-the-way incidents not elsewhere recorded. The reader will find new estimates of some public men, as John Bright, W. E. Forster, and others; delineations of the eccentricities of seri-

ousness, the tragedies of peace, the fortunes of many whom Kossuth called the demi-gods in the ranks, and greater Agitators—the Forgotten and the known—with events not told, nor likely to be told, by anyone else. See our advertising department.

TRUTH IN FICTION—TWELVE TALES WITH A MORAL. By PAUL CARUS. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. Pp. 111. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

We judge this was gotten up as a holiday book, for its mechanical get-up is most beautiful, greatly surpassing in this respect the general publications of this publishing house, which are always very fine. These stories are all very interesting.

HUMAN WONDERS, FREAKS AND DISEASES By E. B. FOOTE, JR., M. D. New York, Murray Hill Publishing Co. Pp. 149. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

This little volume ought to be in every home in America, for it is full of medical scientific facts and statements that the world needs, in relation to the human system. It is well printed, and appears in the best modern style of paper-covered popular literature, and is full of instructive illustrations. Dr. Foote says of the work in his "Prefatory Note":

This pamphlet is the result of an attempt to present the most important outlines of human physiology in *one* lantern-illustrated lecture. The time occupied was an hour and a half, and the main effort was to avoid tiring the audience, by infusing enough novel features to reawaken interest when the eyelids might be inclined to droop. It has not been convenient to reproduce all the illustrations that were exhibited by the stereopticon, but in this pamphlet the pictures are, if not elegant, at least sufficient and appropriate, for a tract of such modest pretension. Many have been borrowed from "Science in Story, or Sammy Tubbs, the Boy Doctor, and Sponsie, the Troublesome Monkey," a story written by Dr. Foote, Sr., to interest, amuse and instruct

the young. In that book of five volumes and 1,200 pages, may be found more of the facts of human physiology than it is well for everyone to know. One object in typing this lecture has been to arouse an interest in such subjects, with the hope

that in those who may be allured to read it there shall be stimulated a desire to "know more about their insides," and a disposition to read and study in larger books more detailed descriptions of the house we live in.

ALL SORTS.

—A club of subscribers for this Magazine ought to be at once procured from every city and large town in the country.

—Do not forget that the third edition of "Church and State," by Jefferson, is just out. Price, ten cents; twelve copies for \$1.00.

—J. C. Curtis, Esq., of Bradford, Pa., as usual, has procured the largest club for the Magazine, it numbers some thirty. Who can do better?

—The prospects of this Magazine were never before so good since it had an existence. All that is now necessary is for every friend of it to do their duty.

—We wish our space would permit us to publish all the good words our kind friends have written when sending in their subscriptions to aid the Magazine. They give us great encouragement and consolation, and will never be forgotten so long as life lasts.

—A friend who has money and energy, whose name we are not permitted to mention, has taken the job of giving this Magazine a circulation of thirty thousand by the end of the present year. Who will aid him, or may we not better ask, who will not aid him?

—We learn that a few of our subscribers refused to renew their subscriptions because there was some danger that the Magazine might not prove a success. Soldiers who desert in the face of danger are not entitled to much honor when the battle is won, as it evidently is in this case, by our brave friends who have stood by us.

—S. W. Wetmore, M. D., of this city (Buffalo, N. Y.), who is well known to

the readers of this Magazine, has gone to Los Angeles, Cal., which he proposes to make his future home. The Doctor is a brave, able, fearless Freethinker, and we recommend him to our many Freethought friends on the Pacific coast. He wields an able pen, as any orthodox minister will find who gets into a controversy with him.

—A Western paper says that heresy is caused by the heresy bacillus, which inhabits the brain, and that the only way to cure a patient is to take the brain out. It offers a prize to anyone who can produce a brainless heretic.—*New York Tribune*.

—When the children come to our aid we are sure we are safe.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.,
JAN. 17, 1893.

Mr. Editor—I am thirteen years of age, and will agree to send you \$5 towards paying your note. Hoping that the payment of this note will prolong your age for many years to come, truly yours,

PORTIA BROADBENT.

—Parker Pillsbury, the veteran reformer and agitator, sends one dollar inclosed in the following note:

Dear Friend—I shall feel a little better to send my 45 cents in advance to "put the Magazine on a safe basis." Inclosed in this I will send one dollar, which will pay for two and a dime besides. With plenty of subscribers, whose annual income is thousands of dollars, and increasing every year, surely your journal should be a banker, not a beggar, at least so thinks your humble servant, P. P.

—Another theological slave has struck for liberty, and how many more would do so if it were not for the bread-and-butter question:

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The Rev. Edward Clark, D. D., who has for the past

20 years been the pastor of the Church of the Puritans, to-day publicly renounced his allegiance to the Presbyterian General Assembly. "I cannot endure the tyranny of the General Assembly," Dr. Clark said, "It cannot dictate what I shall think and believe, or rather I cannot think and believe what it may dictate. I am done with it."

—COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 31.—George G. Howe, a young Englishman, completed a three-year sentence in the penitentiary to-day for horse-stealing, and at once began work as a lecturer for the Railway Y. M. C. A. at a salary of \$100 per month. He left to-day for Springfield, where he will lecture on prison life.—*The World*

Bro. Howe may be all right, but we would advise our orthodox friends to keep their stable doors locked where he lectures.

—Judge Waite, President of the American Secular Union, sends us the following with the request that it be published in this Magazine. We are glad to learn that what he states is true:

CORRECTION—The statements which have been made from time to time, "that there was a very small attendance at the last annual meeting of the Union, sometimes spoken of as a handful, sometimes as a couple of dozen, etc., are absolutely untrue. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, and the number of delegates as large, if not larger, than usual.

CHARLES B. WAITE,
Pres. Am. Sec. Union.

Chicago, Jan. 12 1893.

—Prof. A. J. Oliver, an old soldier of Annie, Ga., when sending in his yearly subscription, writes:

"I will send you as much more as soon as I draw my pension money in February next. You cannot imagine how highly I appreciate THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, and how deeply I regret that I am unable to contribute more liberally to its support. I hope your derelict subscribers will come to the rescue at once by paying up arrearages, and thus putting the Magazine upon a safe and sound basis. May you live along to continue the publication of the best Freethought periodical on the American continent."

We are getting many such letters that our space will not permit us to publish.

—The following "Personal" we clip from *The Gazette* of Fort Worth, Texas:

A. W. Delequest, formerly a Unitarian minister, and who, in that capacity, lectured in Fort Worth about a year ago, was in the city yesterday. He has severed his connection with that church, and is now delivering lectures in the state in the interest of Freethought.

Mr. Delequest we know to be an able, honest, scholarly young man, and we cordially recommend him to our friends everywhere. He ought to be constantly engaged in the lecture field, or as a permanent preacher in some Freethought church. He is agent for this Magazine.

—A 16-year-old girl reads a lecture to the young men in a Lincoln County paper. She exclaims: "Why do the young men of Edgecomb do so much loafing? Go to work! Push ahead! I am but a young girl; I have clothed myself and got money in the bank, and am only 16 years old. I lay up more money every year of my life than any boy or young man within a radius of three miles of my home. When they get a dollar they go to a dance and go home a dollar out. My father is able to support me, but I choose to support myself. I advise all the girls to cut clear of those loafing boys. Give them a wide berth, and never marry a man unless he is able to support you. And never put your arm through the handle of a rum jug.—*Lewiston Journal*.

—NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Dr. Charles A. Briggs is still receiving the congratulations of his friends over the vote returned in his favor by the court sitting at the Scotch Church Friday afternoon. But Dr. Briggs himself is not at all elated. He is almost broken down by the strain of the long trial. "I am tired of it all," he said wearily. "But the case is by no means near an end. I have no doubt that it will be appealed. They have no legal right to appeal direct to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Washington," he said, "and in case they do I shall certainly protest their action. I shall take no action until the other side

does. It is for them to move first now, and then I can follow." Dr. Briggs stated that he would resume his lectures at the Union Theological Seminary next Wednesday.

—Edward Panton, for many years one of the most substantial Freethinkers of London, Canada, sends the following

ODE TO TRUTH:

Truth, how beautiful and lovely are thy ways,
Personified I view thee and proclaim thy praise.
Thine own inherent power must every foe subdue,
And cause the march of Truth only to pursue.
Though falsehood and deception in mighty phalanx join,
Deluded theologians their forces all combine
Their teachings dark and dreary must fall,
Of hope bereft,
While Truth, the worthy conqueror, has no opponent left.

—Mr. A. J. Moses, of Latham, Mo., writes:

Your plan of conducting the Magazine has my approval. It must ever be in harmony with true Freethought principles to give all sides a hearing. Freethinkers must, from the very nature of their mental attitude, be opposed to one-sidedness, intolerance and bigotry in every quarter. I recently received a letter from an orthodox friend, in which he stated that it was the custom in his community to burn "Infidel" literature whenever it found its way to them through the mail. Now it is not the religious views or the belief in the supernatural, which such people may entertain, that should principally be assailed, for many tolerant and free-minded people hold to beliefs in the supernatural. It is the dark spirit of bigotry, the disposition to burn, destroy or suppress everything that does not accord with one's belief, against which Freethinkers should make united front, no matter whether it manifests itself among the orthodox or the Infidels. Let truth, as each individual may perceive it for himself, have full sway, and no one need to have any misgivings as to the final outcome.

—The Psychical Science Congress to be held in connection with the World's

Columbian Exposition of 1893, promises to be a great intellectual feast. Among the subjects to be discussed are Thought-transference, or Telepathy, the action of mind upon mind, independently of the channels of sense, hypnotism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, psychophysical phenomena (such as raps, table-tipping, etc., and the connection between psychics and physics). The executive committee in charge of the arrangements are Dr. Elliott Cones, Dr. Richard Hodgson, B. F. Underwood, Lyman J. Gage, Rev. H. W. Thomas, and E. E. Crespín. On the Advisory Board are many eminent men. Papers by the most noted thinkers of Europe and America will be read at the Congress. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, now ably edited by B. F. Underwood, one of the Psychical Science Committee, is the official organ of the Psychical Department of the Congress. This paper now has a leading place among the publications devoted to a scientific discussion of psychical and psychological subjects.

—The title of the Unitarian Church of Tacoma, Wash., has been changed to "The First Free Church of Tacoma." The pastor, Rev. Alfred W. Martin, in a sermon defined this Church as "one whose bond of union is so broad that *all* men, whatever their race or creed, can accept and indorse it; a Church distinctly unsectarian in spirit and undenominational in principle; a Church for *all* souls; a Church in which the theist and the atheist, the materialist and spiritualist, the believer and disbeliever, can stand together on a common platform, for the attainment of a common aim; a Church whose articles of incorporation and declaration of purpose contain no sentiment of thought that would exclude from its fellowship a single human being; in short, a free Church in the best sense of the word; a Church planted on the eternal and indestructible basis of human nature itself." Evidently the Freethought churches are growing in force and numbers.

—Suppose this Frank Vining had been a Freethinker in place of an orthodox Sabbath-school superintendent, how the Talmages and Joe Cooks would have rolled up their eyes in holy horror at the depravity of "infidelity."

HAVERHILL, MASS. Jan. 15.—A sensation has been caused in Georgetown by the arrest of Frank Vining, a prominent citizen and Sunday-school superintendent, who by his own confession is a forger. Over two years ago Vining came to Georgetown with good references, and purchased a half interest in business with Harold F. Blake, for \$10,000, paying \$1,000 down and giving notes as collateral for the balance. The notes bore gilt-edged names, but Vining always opposed their negotiation, and finally confessed that they were forged. He confessed also to forging other notes, the amount aggregating about \$11,000, of which the Georgetown National Bank held \$10,000, the balance being scattered. These papers were settled by parties interested, and Vining was given a chance to reform. Within a few months, however, other checks indorsed by Vining, bearing the signature of D. L. Outen of this city, have been presented to and protested by the Georgetown bank, and these transactions led to Vining's arrest. He is in jail in default of bail.

—Prof. J. H. Cook desires to make the following explanation in relation to "Government Analyzed," a book noticed in this Magazine last month :

In the Jan'y number the editor says, that "I fully agree with the writer of the above book." This is an unauthorized and misleading statement, and cannot logically be inferred from my notice of the book. I said it was more a book for the future than the present. I recommended it to be read for the same reasons Bro Green does. He says "We are radically at variance with the author in most of his opinions," and then says on the other hand, "We admit there is much truth in it ; like all extreme theories it will do good, as it will set people to thinking." Thinking about what? Thinking that human governments, like all human religions, are man-made and not finalities, and both are based on ignorance, slavery, and usurpation of power. In commending the book I do not advocate any revolutions, or war, or coercion, or dynamite, but as Bro. Green says, "thinking." An ideal, prospective, higher, freer, more humane life

on earth cannot be fought out, but thought out and grown up to. I think the book is full of truth, that cannot and will not be practical for a long time, any more than some of the truth Bro. Green publishes.

—If what the *World* says below is true we give it as our opinion as a lawyer that this Dr. Gates ought to be indicted for obtaining money by false pretense :

Dr. M. L. Gates, of Grace M. E. Church, Tonnele avenue, Jersey City Heights, told the congregation yesterday morning that one-tenth of all they made belonged to the Lord. He said: "If you pay it into his treasury you do not give it to him. You simply turn over his part of what you have made." He said further that whoever returned to the Lord what belonged to him would be repaid ten-fold. He quoted many instances of this, and stated that if a person gave to the Lord \$5 he would guarantee that he would get \$50 back within the year, and that he had told many in such cases to draw on him if they did not get it. He asserted that the givers had been able to trace the return of \$10 for \$1 given directly to the work of the Lord, and he repeated, if anybody gave him \$5 for the Lord he would promise them \$50 in return for it, and if they didn't get it they could draw on him personally for \$50.

—That noble old Freethought veteran, Sames Parsons, is out again, scattering blessings among the Liberal workers and Liberal editors of this country. His list starts with \$50 for the Secular Union ; then follows the names of the various Freethought journals, to which he contributes \$10 each, including the FREE-THINKERS' MAGAZINE ; then he has \$5 for each of some fourteen Liberal workers, the whole amounting to \$200. There is no man living that has ever done the like before. He glories in his Liberalism, at the ripe old age of eighty-nine years. He is a good witness against the oft-asserted orthodox saw, that "Infidels get frightened as they near the grave, and call on the clergy or priest for help, or to interfere with the Lord in their behalf." His dear wife left him some months ago for the unknown country, and in his loneliness we are glad to know he has the tender care and most agreeable companionship

of a noble daughter, who is herself a zealous Freethinker, Mrs. Chris. Scofield.

—It seems by the following resolutions sent us by Mr. E. M. Dewey, of Tulare, Cal., that the Farmers' Alliance proposes, among other things, to assist the Lord a little. To an unregenerated man it would appear that a God of infinite power and unlimited resources might not need so much human aid, but then there is "The mystery of Godliness" that ordinary sinners cannot understand, but the Farmers of California, who propose to prevent people from doing a little honest work on Sunday, seem to comprehend it. Here are the resolutions:

The following resolution was passed at the meeting of the Supreme Council of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 18, 1892:

Whereas, We not only firmly believe in the religion of our fathers, but the divine inspiration of that book, whose pages are open in our numerous subordinate Alliances whenever in session; and

Whereas, We believe that reform in Sabbath-day observance is imperatively demanded throughout our Heaven-blessed Republic; therefore,

Resolved, That we appeal to our membership as well as all other good friends of our government, to do whatever they can to restore observance of the Lord's day everywhere in our beloved country. Adopted.

—We read in the Christian Bible that "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi: 8), but notwithstanding this Mr. George Darmire, of Coysville, Ohio, sends us the following false statement:

A few evenings ago myself and family attended a revival meeting (Divided Brethren church), and the preacher, in the progress of his sermon, compared the "virtues" of King David and those of Thomas Paine, and stated that "Tom" Paine once stole a woman, for which crime he was convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for a term of six months. He did not state when or where this occurred, or who the lady was that he stole.

This is an accusation that I had never heard of before. I have a revised copy of "Encyclopedia Britannica," "Sage's Thinkers and Reformers," and a sketch of

the "Life of Paine," as given in his complete works and included in the "Truth Seeker Library," but I cannot even find in all these that such a thing had ever occurred; so I will apply to you for aid. Is there any shadow of truth in the statement, or is it a base falsehood, fabricated by crafty priestcraft, in order to slander and debase the history of the life of that great and incomparable man?

Please help me to learn the truth. If this statement is a base falsehood I intend to give this "minister" a severe rebuke. I will write to him to-day, demanding his authority for the statement.

—Miss Minnie Hickethier, when sending five dollars to the Magazine, writes:

I see by the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE that some of our Liberal friends are still a little cowardly, and wish to change the name of this model periodical. My sentiments in regard to this are well expressed in the following familiar language:

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm,
And dare to make it known."

No! I say, let the name show *just* what the Magazine is, for it is certainly worthy of such a noble name. What can be grander than free thought?

Brethren! O ye of little faith! have we not courage enough to stand by a teacher that comes monthly into our homes to bring to us "glad tidings of great joy" for only \$2.00 a year? Friends, take courage, for we are no longer content by viewing the hindmost part; we must see the whole monster face to face, and on all sides, whose drones so greatly oppress their poor followers. The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is doing its share to expose the tyrant whose dethronement will doubtless bring "peace on earth and good will to men."

I inclose five dollars to assist Mr. Green in his great work, and I hope all who can will give him their assistance, for we surely do not wish to see the Magazine go down.

We had a course of lectures last May, by John R. Charlesworth, who is a young giant in intellect and oratory. I will say to any and all Liberal friends, that if Mr. Charlesworth ever comes into your parts, do not let him pass, or you will surely lose an intellectual feast.

—CINCINNATI, Dec. 31.—Prof. Henry Preserved Smith, of Lane Theological Seminary, was interviewed this morning

as to his views on the Briggs victory. "I've heard the telegraphic news from New York," he said. "Of course it is satisfactory. The fact that Dr. Briggs has been acquitted by the large and influential Presbytery of New York weakens, in the public mind, the effect of my own condemnation on similar charges, by the Presbytery of Cincinnati."

"Do you think now that higher critics will continue their work of investigation as to scriptural inaccuracy?"

"Certainly. Those of us who claim to follow higher criticism through the channel of historical investigation will continue it and follow its leading, even though the Scriptures be annihilated."

"Do you think that the higher criticism will lead to annihilation of the Bible?"

"No," responded the theologian, "we do not expect that. We believe in the Scriptures, but we propose to follow out historical investigations as already indicated."

"Is the higher criticism spreading among other denominations?"

"Yes; although up to the present time no public utterances have been made. I have received many private letters and assurances from the clergy of our churches that they are in sympathy with my views. The higher criticism will continue to spread rapidly."

"How do you account for the opposite verdicts of the New York and Cincinnati Presbyteries?"

"There is more conservatism in the Cincinnati Presbytery."

"Will you appeal your case?"

"Most certainly. It will go to Synod, and then, if necessary, to the General Assembly of the Church."

—Want of space compels us to discontinue the publication of the list of officers and members of the Young People's Free-thought Temperance Society in these pages. And we can not afford to send the Magazine free to any more young people who may join the Society. We have been a little disappointed that so few

desired their portraits published, and that so very few subscribed for the Magazine after their *free* year's subscription had expired. During the last year and a half we have sent some 200 copies free of charge to the young people, and we hope and trust good results may follow, and we trust all who have taken the pledge may strictly observe it in every respect. We now ask the officers to take the entire charge of the Association and make it a living institution. Communications from any of the members will always be welcome to these pages, and we will hereafter send the Magazine to any member of the society for \$1.25 a year, payable in advance, and also to new members who may hereafter join. The society ought to hold a convention in Chicago next year, and more permanently organize. The present officers of the society are as follows:

President, Elmer W. Pride, Cisne, Ill.; Vice-President, Ida H. Ballou, 991 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Secretary, Augustus W. Dellquest, 1959 Penn. ave., Denver, Col.; Assistant Secretary Mary E. Moore, Fawley Place, Quincy, Ill.; Treasurer, Roy Miller, Alma Center, Wis.; Assistant Treasurer, Elda S. Billings, Fabius, N. Y.

Executive Committee: P. J. Andrews, Meadville, Pa.; William Channing Brown, Meadville, Pa.; Nellie Van Diest, 1230 Washington ave., Denver, Col.; Otto Wettstein, Jr., Rochelle, Ill.; Albert T. Currah, Detroit, Mich.; Ella Beman, Meadville, Pa.; Carrie A. Leonard, Decatur, Ill.; Mollie Meares, Haddock, N. C.; Beulah B. Coward, Norwalk, Cal.

—Mrs. Josephine Cables Aldrich, of Aldrich, Ala., in a very welcome private letter writes:

I have often wished to write for the Magazine, but I believe the objects nearest my heart are not in its line. I work mostly for prisoners and children and animals. I wish the horrible sight of horses checked so high they cannot pick their way might be stopped. I mean they cannot see the ground. I was made sick with the uncanny sight in Rochester when North this summer. The dreadful cruelty of all persons in power over everything that can suffer staggers me. When I was in the convention at Washington with

Mrs. Gage, I did not think as she did concerning the Church. I did not believe much in its efforts for good, but I did not see the danger of its power as I now do. The Catholic Church, especially, is now uncovered to me, as I think it will be to everyone who will carefully study it. * * * I feel sure that before long we shall have to fight for our freedom again from church rule. See the great Tammany society that controls the politics of the country, which society is under the rule of the Church. Think of the Pope of Rome sending condolence to our President, whom he hates.

We desire to say right here that we are fully in sympathy with all that Mrs. Aldrich here says. We should be glad to publish articles denouncing cruelty to our dumb animals, against cruelty to any living thing. Cruelty is the product of the Church. The most cruel being ever described is the orthodox God. The most cruel religion ever taught is the orthodox religion. The most cruel torture ever invented was invented by the Christian Church to please their God. The orthodox devil, as pictured by the Church, is an angel of light compared with their God, who, it is said, when he sees his children groaning in hell, "will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh" (Prov. i : 26). We believe that this religion, this church, is the greatest obstacle in the world in the path of human progress, and for that reason the special aim of this Magazine is to demolish *that* religion and *that* church, and establish in its place, not a creed religion but a *deed* religion. A religion that shall be a religion of kindness, of mercy, of tender-heartedness, that shall, in the near future, banish from the earth all cruel and inhuman punishments, and bring about the good time coming so grandly set forth in the following lines :

"The hour is coming when men's holy Church
Shall melt away in ever-widening walls,
And be for all mankind ; and in its place
A mightier Church shall come, whose
covenant word
Shall be the deeds of love. Not *Credo*
then ;

Amo shall be the password through its gates ;

Man shall not ask his brother any more
'Believest thou?' but, 'Lovest thou?'

—One of the homeliest men in Detroit has a beautiful little girl about five years old. The other day she was sitting on his lap, with a hand-glass before her. She looked at her father a moment, then looked at herself, and turned to her mother.

"Mamma," she inquired, "did God make me?"

"Yes, daughter."

"Did he make papa, too?"

"Yes."

Then she took another look in the glass at herself.

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "he's doing a great deal better work lately, ain't he."—*Free Press*.

—It was very gratifying to us to receive so strong an indorsement of this Magazine from Mrs. Hooker, the sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher:

HARTFORD, CONN., January 23, 1893.

MR. H. L. GREEN :

My Dear Sir:—Please find inclosed a small contribution to your debt fund. I desire greatly to see your Magazine established on a paying and permanent basis, and would do more if I had not other pressing demands upon my rather scant means. I regard freethinking, which is a grand word, as essential to correct thinking, and this latter to true living, and I look on you as a public benefactor in conducting your Magazine in such a candid spirit of inquiry and discussion

Please keep the small sum which I send, whether you make up the whole amount that you hope to get or fail to do so, and believe me cordially yours,

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER.

—Remember that the first two articles in this number are now in pamphlet form, and are for sale at this office. Price, six cents; ten copies for fifty cents.



THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

MARCH (E. M.) 293.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE.

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

ON the eighth of August, 1892, there was gathered around a newly opened grave in Highgate Cemetery, London, England, a group of serious-eyed, intellectual-looking men and women. The grave was that of William E. Rose, buried some years previously, and opened that day to receive all that was mortal of his loving and beloved wife, Ernestine L. Rose, the friend and eloquent advocate of civil and religious liberty for all, regardless of color, race or sex—a woman to whom American freethought owes an incalculable debt.

Among the names recorded of the representative men and women gathered to pay the last personal tribute of respect and honor to the memory of her who had passed from among them, we recognize such names familiar to freethought and literature as George Jacob Holyoake, Miss Emilia, and Malthus Holyoake, Mrs. Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner (the only living child of the Great Commoner, Charles Bradlaugh), G. W. Foote, J. M. Robertson, and Edward Truelove.

It was beautifully appropriate that the venerable veteran in the English war for liberty of thought and equality of rights; the tender-hearted, gentle-mannered, silver-haired George Jacob Holyoake, should make the address at the grave of this noble woman so long a worker in the same cause, and in that address,

published in this Magazine soon after the occasion on which it was delivered, the brave apostle of equal rights and co-operation rendered a glowing, chivalric, yet just tribute to the courageous life of Ernestine Rose. He summed up her cosmopolitan breadth of outlook in saying, "She was Polish by birth, Jewish by race, German by education, American by adoption, and English by affection." The friends of Mrs. Rose everywhere will thank him for the testimony borne at the grave of one who had been in the early days of Woman Suffrage agitation, accused of favoring "free-love" in the worst sense of that term, that the love of Mr. William Rose for his wife "exceeded anything of the kind I have ever known, and her affection for him was such that though she had numerous personal friends in every great city of America, she would never leave England where her husband lay buried. Her desire was to lie in the same grave, and to-day, in this spot, her desire is fulfilled."

She met and married Mr. Rose when a comparatively young girl in England, and came to this country with him where, for so many years, she did noble and stirring work for liberty of man and woman, speaking in behalf of civil, religious and intellectual freedom for both sexes and every race and condition. She began this work in America in 1836, and continued in it without ceasing until failing health in 1869 induced Mr. Rose to give up his business as jeweler in New York and return with her to his native England, where they resided until the close of their lives; his death preceding hers by ten years. They were in close sympathy with each other in their love of freedom, and while he took no public part in the work, he appreciated the talents of his wife, and aided her by constant encouragement and financial assistance. Miss Anthony, in a sketch of Mrs. Rose in the "History of Woman Suffrage," says she "was sustained in her work by the earnest sympathy of her husband, who gladly furnished her the means of making her extensive tours, so that through his sense of justice she was enabled to preach the gospel of Woman's Rights, Antislavery, and Free Religion, without money and without price."

The work of this foreign-born woman should never be forgotten by Americans. In those days there was nothing in the work to tempt avarice or personal ambition. Opposition, misrepresentation and vilification were the only rewards, and to

pursue it meant loss of time, work, money, and almost faith and hope in humanity. Then how divine, pervasive, and all-consuming must have been the fiery love of truth in the souls of these earlier martyrs! To give a hint of what Mrs. Rose underwent in following out her humanitarian impulses, I quote from a letter written by her to Miss Anthony in 1877, in response to a request for some recollections of incidents in her career: "All I can tell you is that I used my humble powers to their uttermost, and raised my voice in behalf of human rights in general, and the elevation and rights of women in particular, nearly all my life. And so little have I spared myself, or studied my comfort in summer or winter, rain or shine, day or night, when I had opportunity to work for the cause to which I had devoted myself, that I can hardly wonder at my present state of health. Yet in spite of hardships—for it was not as easy to travel at that time as now—and the expenses—as I never made a charge or took up a collection, I look back to that time when, a stranger and alone, I went from place to place, in highways and byways, did the work and paid my bills with great pleasure and satisfaction; for the cause gained ground, and in spite of my heresies, I had always good audiences, attentive listeners, and was well received wherever I went."

The eloquent words of praise which Mrs. Rose applied in eulogy of Frances Wright at a convention in behalf of Woman's Enfranchisement held in Cooper Institute, New York, in May, 1860, might well be spoken of her own self with some modifications. She said: "Frances Wright was the first woman in this country who spoke on the equality of the sexes. She had indeed a hard task before her. The elements were entirely unprepared. She had to break up the time-hardened soil of conservatism, and her reward was sure—the same reward that is always bestowed upon those who are in the vanguard of any great movement. She was subjected to public odium, slander and persecution. But these were not the only things she received. Oh, she had her reward!—that reward of which no enemies could deprive her, which no slander could make less precious—the eternal reward of knowing that she had done her duty; the reward springing from the consciousness of right, of endeavoring to benefit unborn generations. How delightful to see the molding of the minds around you, the infusing of your thoughts and

aspirations into others, until one by one they stand by your side, without knowing how they came there! That reward she had. It has been her glory, it is the glory of her memory; and the time will come when society will have outgrown its old prejudices and stepped, with one foot at least, upon the elevated platform upon which she took her position."

It seems like a prophecy of what her life was to be that she was named Ernestine, for earnestness marked her actions from girlhood to the close of her life. Ernestine Louise Susmond Potoski, was born in Peterkoff Tribunalski, Poland, January 13, 1810. Her father was a Jewish Rabbi, and she was educated in the strictest forms of that faith, but she early began to question the basis of the religion she was taught. Her mother died while she was little more than a child, and by reason of a young step-mother and a lover forced upon her whom she disliked, disagreements arose at home, which she left at seventeen, going to Berlin, where she added to the small income left her by her mother by the sale of a perfumed paper of which she was the inventor. Two years later she went to England, where she found employment as a teacher of languages. Here she formed the acquaintance of some of the leading English Radicals, for already her soul was burning with indignation over the wrongs heaped upon Poland, and the injustice with which Christians treated the Jews everywhere. Of her first introduction to the public as a speaker in England, M. D. Conway gave the following account:

"In the old days when Robert Owen was filling all England with his Socialistic ideas, and had built here in London a huge forum of Radicalism, almost as big as the Crystal Palace, a young and remarkably beautiful girl just from Poland was introduced to him. Discovering that she was a precocious Radical and possessed of considerable ability, he invited her to speak in his huge hall on an occasion when several thousands of people had gathered there. Notwithstanding her slight knowledge of the English language, the good looks and the enthusiasm of the girl made a good impression on the audience. She was thenceforth encouraged to appear in public again and again."

The same writer thus describes her fearlessness of personal danger when she felt it her duty to arouse the soul and consciences of those grown callous in wrong-doing. She was a

strong Abolitionist, and once in slave-owning times, and when Southern feeling was at white heat against those who would despoil the owners of their human property, "she went down South, and after being there a little time, her soul was stirred at what she saw going on in the fair city of Charleston. So she advertised that she would publicly lecture the Charlestonians. The novelty of a woman appearing in public attracted a large audience, who were amazed and overwhelmed to hear her rate them about Slavery in a way that could hardly have been surpassed by that of Mr. Garrison, on whose head they had set a price. It was due partly to her sex, and partly to the paralysis caused by her audacity, that she was not torn to pieces; as it was, it required considerable influence to get her safely out of the city."

Even in later years there was a force and fire in Mrs. Rose's voice and manner when on the platform which was electrical and thrilling, and she was no less beautiful, though in a different way, at fifty than at twenty. There was self-reliance, dignity and confidence in the justice of the truths she uttered, expressed in her ringing voice, the gentle fire of her soft black eyes, and the firm sweetness of her lips. Her pale cheeks, with silver curls drooping over, and the mature beauty of her figure gave her a nobly inspired appearance. Her speeches are well worth reading, even long after the occasions which called them forth have passed away, because of their vigorous eloquence. I have not here space to quote more than one extract from the few preserved.

To a young man who arose in a Woman's Suffrage Convention in 1856 to ask if the claims for women advocated at that meeting were founded on Nature or Revelation, Mrs. Rose replied: "I will show him the revelation from which we derive our authority and the nature in which it is written in living characters. * * * That revelation is no less than the living, breathing, thinking, feeling, acting revelation manifested in the nature of woman. In her manifold powers, capacities, needs, hopes and aspirations lies her title deed, and whether that revelation was written by Nature or Nature's God, matters not, for here it is! No one can disprove it. No one can bring an older, broader, higher, and more sacred basis for human rights. Do you tell me that the Bible is against our rights? Then I say that our claims do not rest upon a book written no one knows when, or by whom. Do

you tell me what Paul or Peter says on the subject? Then, again, I reply that our claims do not rest upon the opinions of anyone, not even of those of Paul or Peter, for they are older than they. Books and opinions, no matter from whom they came, if they are in opposition to human rights, are nothing but dead letters. I have shown you that we derive our claims from humanity, from revelation, from nature, and from your Declaration of Independence: all proclaim our right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and having life, which fact I presume you do not question, then we demand all the rights and privileges society is capable of bestowing, to make life useful, virtuous, honorable and happy!"

Like all reformers—or others brought for awhile into public prominence, by reason of heroic work, or unique qualities—Mrs. Rose, so soon as her active work for the world was over by reason of her age and long illness, was forgotten by that world; and it is said that this forgetfulness, which seemed to her like ingratitude, preyed upon her mind and made her last years full of gloom and discouragement. She felt as though others were wearing the laurels she had so hardly won. Occasionally some remembering admirer from America would seek her out, and to one such who visited her two or three years ago, and asked her for some records of her years of work on the platform and for the press, as data for an article, Mrs. Rose replied sadly, "I have destroyed nearly all the newspaper reports lately, thinking no one would care to see them." This her attendant and nurse corroborated, saying that only a short time before whole bags full of such records had been torn up.

It is a pity that among that loyal group of English friends who stood by her faithfully to the last, one had not been able to dissuade her from this step, for she had been intimate with most of the chivalrous and lofty minds of her time, and these records and her correspondence must have been full of interesting bits of history of the reforms of the last half century and more.

During the session of the Woman's Council, held in Washington, D. C., recently, one morning was devoted to addresses in honor of the memory of those workers in the woman's movement who had passed away during the year. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the two honorary presidents of the council, contributed to that memorial meeting a resolution in memory of Geo.

W. Curtis, Whittier, Abby Hutchinson and Ernestine L. Rose, accompanied by personal reminiscences of each of these friends and co-workers with her in the battle for human rights. From this I quote a paragraph or two from her glowing and generous tribute to Mrs. Rose. Says Mrs. Stanton :

"How much of the freedom we now enjoy may be due to this noble Polish woman, cannot be estimated, for moral influences are too subtle for measurement. Those who sat with her in bygone days on the platform will remember her matchless powers as a speaker, and how safe we all felt when she had the floor, that neither in manner, sentiment, argument nor repartee would she in any way compromise the dignity of the occasion. She had the advantage of rare grace and beauty, which in a measure heightened the effect of all she said. She had a rich, musical voice, and a ready flow of choice language. In style she was clear, logical, and at times impassioned. I visited her during her last sad days in London, after the death of her husband, when she was stricken with the disease which terminated her life. She talked with deep feeling of her eventful life, with a lively interest in what was still passing. * * * 'I am happy,' she said, 'that I helped usher in the dawn of a new day for women.' Of death and the future life she said nothing. I had often heard her say in former days that of the future she knew nothing. She had no fears of death, and passed calmly away, sustained in her last days by the same philosophy that inspired her noble, unselfish life."

Mr. Holyoake quotes her as saying: "It is no longer necessary for me to live—I can do nothing now. *But I have lived!*" But such a soul as hers is immortal and cannot die. In the words of Webster: She "still lives!"

SUNDAY.

By HENRY M. TABER.

PROBABLY very few Christians are aware of the fact that what they call the "Christian Sabbath" is (like almost everything pertaining to Christianity) of Pagan origin.

The first observance of Sunday that history records is in the fourth century, when Constantine issued an edict (*not* requiring its *religious* observance, but simply *abstinence from work*) reading, "Let all the judges and people of the town *rest* and all the various trades be suspended on the *venerable day of the Sun*." At the time of the issue of this edict, Constantine was a Sun-wor-

shipper; therefore it could have had no relation whatever to Christianity.

Dean Stanley says: "Our present legal institution of Sunday was appointed by Constantine's authority, but not as a *Christian Sabbath*."

Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., says: "Constantine was a well-known devotee of the Sun-God, as were his predecessors. His attitude towards Christianity was that of a shrewd politician. Towards his rivals that of an unscrupulous, bloody-handed monarch. He gained power by intrigue, deceit and murder. No accurate historian dares call him a Christian emperor. He refused to unite with the Church until on his death-bed" (337).

Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D., says: "In the celebration of Sunday, as it was introduced by Constantine (and still continues on the whole continent of Europe), the cultus of the old Sun-God Apollo mingles with the remembrance of the resurrection of Christ."

At the Church Council in 538 the religious observance of Sunday was recommended, but very little attention was paid to it.

In 780 Alcuin, an English prelate, became the spiritual adviser of Charlemagne, when, for the first time, it was formally declared that the fourth commandment covered the first day of the week; but this declaration was observed by comparatively few; and for eight centuries thereafter Sunday was observed far more as a day of sport and festivity than as a religious one. The English parliament sat on Sundays and English courts were held on that day, down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In 1595, Dr. Nicholas Bound, of Suffolk County, England, published a work called "The True Doctrine of the Sabbath," in which he maintained, not that Sunday was divinely appointed as a Sabbath, but that the obligation to observe a Sabbath was divine. This idea seemed to take root and to grow rapidly, preparing the way for the rigid observance of Sunday as a Sabbath by the Puritans. To quote a Christian writer: "At the opening of the seventeenth century, the Puritans in England began the unscriptural and deceptive practice of calling Sunday the Sabbath."

W. H. Burr says: The Christian Sabbath was instituted, not in Judea, but in Great Britain; not in the first, but in the seventeenth century; not by Christ or his apostles, but by the Puritans."

Another writer says, "The story of the establishment and reign of the Puritan Sabbath—whose decrepit form is still supported by State laws—constitutes one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of ecclesiastical despotism."

Rev. M. J. Savage says: "The Puritan Sabbath was an outright creation of something which never existed in the world before."

The gloom and absurdity of a Puritanical Sabbath is well illustrated by Macaulay: "The Puritans opposed bear-baiting on Sunday, not because it gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the people."

As showing that the inheritance of Puritanism, by its ignorance and bigotry, does violence to the kindly feelings of our nature, even to-day; we quote from a recent issue of the *Toronto World*: "You might as well commit murder, as violate the fourth command; *of the two evils murder is the least.*"

Why will not Christian people investigate and find out for themselves (which they easily can), that the keeping of Sunday as a "holy Sabbath day," is wholly *without warrant*.

I challenge any priest or minister of the Christian religion, to show me the *slightest* authority for the religious observance of Sunday. And, if such cannot be shown by them, why is it that they are constantly preaching about Sunday as a *holy day*? Are they not open to the suspicion of *imposing* upon the confidence and credulity of their hearers? Surely they are deliberately and *knowingly* practicing deception upon those who look to them for candor and for truth, *unless* they can give satisfactory reasons for teaching that Sunday *is* a sacred day. There never was, and is not now, any such "satisfactory reasons." No student of the Bible has ever brought to light a single verse, line or word, which can, by any possibility, be construed into a warrant for the religious observance of Sunday. Quotations from the writings of the "Church Fathers," and others familiar with Church history, support this statement, and include the names of Tertulian, Eusebius, Ireneus, Victorinus, Theodoretus, Origen, Chrysostom, Jerome, Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, Knox, Tyndale, Grotius, Neander, Mosheim, Heylyn, Frith, Milton, Priestly, Domville. John Calvin had so little respect for the day that he could be found playing bowls most any Sunday.

The claim that Sunday takes the place of Saturday, and that

because the Jews were supposed to be commanded to keep the *seventh* day of the week holy, *therefore* that the *first* day of the week should be so kept by Christians, is so utterly absurd as to be hardly worth considering.

"The only authority for observing Sunday as a Sabbath, is the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church." (*Brooklyn Examiner*, R. C.)

"All the great exegetes deny that the fourth commandment covers the Lord's Day." (Rev. E. H. Johnson.)

"The Sunday law has neither scriptural authority nor standing room in the law of God." (Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D.)

"Sunday, as a holy day, was unknown to the early Christians." (Judge Reed, Supreme Court Pennsylvania.)

"To call any day of the week a Christian Sabbath, is not Christian, but Jewish. Give us one scripture for it, and I will give you two against it." (William Penn.)

"The new doctrine (that the prescriptions of the fourth commandment have been transferred to the first day of the week) was for a long time strenuously opposed by the leading divines of the English Church, but warmly contended for by the Puritans." (Bannerman.)

In 1848 an anti-Sabbath convention was held in Boston to protest against the popular delusion of a Puritan Sabbath, and which convention was earnestly supported by William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, Charles K. Whipple, Charles E. Pratt and William C. Gannett.

"The commandment distinctly specifies the *seventh* day of the week (Saturday), and *not* the *first* (Sunday), as the Sabbath; and it is wholly by tradition, by extra scriptural authority, that Sunday has been so designated instead of Saturday." (*Catholic Review*.)

"Sunday is no Christian institution." (B. F. Underwood.)

"Christians carried on their work on Sunday, the same as on any other day, down to the time of Constantine." (President Andrews, of Brown University.)

"In the first place, the fourth commandment refers to the seventh day; in the second place, it was never binding upon anybody but the Jews; in the third place, the Decalogue was abolished by Christ." (Rev. B. B. Taylor.)

"The Sabbath of the commandment is the *seventh* day of the week, *not* the *first*." (Prof. Smyth, of Andover.)

"Thousands of sincere Christians know that calling Sunday the 'Holy Sabbath,' has no warrant whatever from Christ or his Apostles." (*Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati.)

"Their (the Puritans) warrant for what they did (with reference to the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath), whether we look for it in the pages of the New Testament, or in the traditions of Catholic Christendom, was neither substantial nor sufficient. . . . He has not suddenly become a Godless and profane person, because he differs from others about Sunday, or because he holds that there are inherited views as to the observance of that day, *which cannot by any process of ingenuity be read into the pages of the New Testament, nor into any canon by which Christendom is bound*." (Bishop Potter.)

It has been claimed by some Christians that Sunday should be kept holy because Christ was said to have arisen on that day. This cannot be true, for if Christ died on Friday, and if he rose on Sunday, it was not in accordance with the usually accepted Christian belief that he "rose on the third day," for there would be but *two* days from Friday to Sunday. Besides, if "the Gospel according to Matthew" is to be believed, he must have risen on (not later than) Saturday, for in Matthew xxviii. it distinctly states that it was "at the end of the Sabbath" (Saturday) that the sepulchre was found to be vacant.

It is also claimed that the Apostles met on Sundays for religious exercises. So they did on other days of the week. "Religious worship was more fully attended to on Wednesday and Friday than on Sunday." (Rev. Dr. Lewis.)

"Not long after Justin Martyr's time, we are sure the Christians observed the custom of meeting solemnly for divine worship on Wednesday and Friday." (Joseph Bingham.)

Rev. E. Nesbitt, D. D., of Santa Barbara, says: "In *only one* instance is an Apostle said to have met with any company of persons on the first day of the week, viz.: Acts xx: 7." And in that it appears to give as a reason, that Paul was to depart on the next day. That Paul habitually observed and preached on the *seventh* day of the week, is shown in Acts xviii: 4,—"*And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath*" (Saturday).

It is certainly not from Paul that these Sabbatarians get their

persistence and intolerance, for, in his Epistle to the Romans, xiv: 9, he says; "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike; let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Again, in Cor. ii: 16, "Let no man judge you . . . of the Sabbath day."

It is claimed that the interests of order and morality are promoted by Sabbath laws: the very reverse is the case. All places where rational and innocent amusement can be had being closed, people are tempted to indulge in such entertainments as the saloon and kindred places afford.

The late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, said: "We counted on one occasion, in Paris, thirty-three theaters and other places of amusement, open on Sunday; *but, in one hour*, we saw in *London and Edinburgh*, with all their churches and schools and piety, more drunkenness than we saw in *five long months* in 'guilty' Paris."

Rev. Norman McLeod (another Scotch clergyman) speaks of the strict enforcement of Sabbatarianism as the "multiplication of practical inconsistencies, dishonesties and Pharisaical sophistries."

William C. Gannett says: "At the Scotch Synod in 1867, the Puritan Sabbath was openly proclaimed a failure; one speaker saying that Continental Sabbaths produced no parallel to the disgraceful behavior which marked the day in Scotland."

The narrow-minded bigotry which would close our Art museums and seeks to close our World's Fair on Sunday, because a comparatively few of our people have inherited the false idea that Sunday is a sacred day; thus denying to the large majority of our people what is far more sacred than *any day*, their rights as citizens, ought not to be longer tolerated.

The clergy are now expressing themselves boldly and frankly on this matter, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the day is near when the sacred right of doing that, on Sunday or any other day, which the individual conscience of each approves, will not be denied.

Such conspicuous representatives of the Christian Church as Bishops Potter, Tuttle and Simpson, Cardinal Gibbons and others, have taken steps in the right direction in this matter, and it is to be hoped that the tide of righteous indignation against those

who would restrain us from such enjoyments as tend to elevate the race, will so rise as to overwhelm the present representatives of mediæval times.

Bishop Potter says: "We shall get a good Sunday in America when men learn to recognize its meaning and its uses; not when we have closed all the doors which, if open, might help to teach the lesson of using the world as not abusing it. It would seem as if the door of a library were one of those doors, the door of a well-arranged and well-equipped museum another, the door of a really worthy picture-gallery another. If there be those who would seek the precincts of the exhibition at Chicago to look, it may be, more closely at the handiwork of man, to study the progress of the race in the story of its artistic and individual and mechanical achievement, that certainly can be no unworthy use of some hours of our American rest day."

Principal Cunningham, of Edinburgh, says: "It is a sin to keep the museums and art galleries closed on Sundays. . . . Farmers are foolish not to take advantage of a fine day to take in their crops."

Cardinal Gibbons says: "I entirely agree with Dr. Weld, Pastor of the First Independent Christ Church, in deprecating the closing of our art galleries, libraries, etc., on Sunday."

Archdeacon Blunt says: "The movement for Sunday observance ought to be opposed as unsound and unwise. . . . I have no wish to go back to the old Puritan Sunday, with its gloomy austerity, its rigid formalism, its bigoted uncharitableness, its oppressive savor of Sabbatarianism."

Some one has (truly) said: "To forbid work or play on Sunday is as much a tyranny as it would be to forbid worship."

The "National Religious Liberty Association" have issued this ringing protest against the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday: "Let us protest against these religio-political movements. Protest in the name of seventh-day observers, not because their faith be true or false, but because of their right to liberty, the heaven-born heritage of every man. Protest in the name of America and an hundred years of unparalleled constitutional freedom. Protest in the name of every citizen of the United States, be he Infidel or Jew, Protestant or Catholic, whose right it is to worship or not to worship as he wills. Protest in the name of the down-trodden millions of Russia, who trust

in the example of America to break their galling chains. Protest in the name of earth's millions of every age, who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of conscience and free thought. And lastly, protest in the name of Christianity, pure and unspotted, from a State's pollution."

The sentiment among those in control of the World's Fair at Chicago, is very largely in favor of Sunday opening; and as indicating the wishes of the Board of Managers of the Chicago Fair for the State of New York, it may be mentioned that twelve out of the thirteen members of said Board have protested against the action of Congress in voting to shut the Fair on Sunday.

Ex-Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio, estimates the proportion of those desiring to close the World's Fair on Sunday at not over *five* per cent. of our population (which is undoubtedly a fair estimate), and yet these blatant, busy-body religionists, seem to so control the wealthy and influential classes as to override the true sentiment of the country. If these religious fanatics do not want to go to the Exposition on Sunday, let them stay away, and find entertainment in their churches and prayer-meetings, but why should it be in their power to prevent those who *do* want to go from going? What a gross injustice to the working people, who have but this one day on which to view the great exhibition, to have it closed against them.

There is an organization in this country which is a disgrace to the civilization and the intelligence of the age in which we live; it is the most ignorant, meddlesome, inquisitorial, unjust, persecuting, arbitrary, heartless, pharisaical and unpatriotic association that exists to-day. It is called the "American Sabbath Union." The spirit that it manifests is that of the most unreasoning intolerance; which imprisons for opinion's sake, as it did in England in 1618, when Mrs. Trask languished for sixteen years in prison for having her own opinion on the subject of Sunday; and as it did recently in Tennessee, when three estimable (Christian) persons were incarcerated for weeks in jail, for the crime (!) of attending to their garden or farm duties on Sunday. It evinces precisely the same spirit that used the thumb-screw and the rack and the stake, to compel conformity to the dictates of fanaticism a few centuries ago.

The American Sabbath Union is *un-American*, in that it is utterly opposed to that great American principle which would entirely and forever separate the Church from the State.

Mr. B. O. Flower, in the *Arena* for December, 1892, says: "This intolerant spirit has, in recent years, crystallized itself into an organization known as the "American Sabbath Union." . . . It seeks to establish, in this Republic, the odious laws of the sun-worshipping, Christian-Pagan Constantine, and to persecute, with the ferocity of a Nero, all who do not believe as these narrow-minded children of Paganism."

We may well fear for the perpetuity of the freedom of which we have boasted, when such an association of bigots undertake to control legislation for the purpose of imposing their particular views upon the laws of the country, in utter disregard of the rights of a great majority of our people.

Even those of the same religious persuasion, as are the members of the A. S. U.—and among them the clergy—have boldly protested against this usurpation of the rights of American citizens. The late Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., has said: "The Christian Sabbath is a day observed by the individual according to his conscience, and with regard to which *the law has nothing to do*. We cannot urge the maintenance of the Christian Sabbath by law. This would be enforcing religion by law, and would be a dangerous infringement of our liberties."

There can be no greater danger to the priceless heritage of liberty, to the grand American idea of freedom from all hierarchical control, be it Roman Catholic or Protestant, than the success of the objects of such an organization as this American Sabbath Union.

Let every one who loves his country; every one who believes liberty more precious than the unproved dogmas and absurd superstitions taught by irresponsible zealots; every one who loves justice and who hates tyranny; every one who believes in the "golden rule"; every one who is swayed by kindness rather than prejudice; every one who has read of the horrors which history records of the consequences of the Church fastening itself upon the State; do all that it can to oppose this greatest enemy to our progress as a nation, and to our liberties as a people—the American Sabbath Union.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"Never-Ending Life Assured by Science," by Daniel Kent Tenney, and "Religion of the Republic," by Mrs. M. A. Freeman—articles that appeared in the February Magazine, have each been put into pamphlet form and are for sale at this office. Price 6 cents, 10 copies for 50 cents.

INTOLERANCE OF RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION.

By D. K. TENNEY.

THE awakening cause of truth in its contact with the mental slumber of superstition, must have received a fresh impetus in this country, from a recent leading article in the *North American Review*, on "The Limits of Legitimate Religious Discussion." Its author was "The Right Rev. Leighton Coleman, S. T. D., LL. D., Bishop of Delaware." The design of the article was to prescribe and fix a limit to thought and discussion on a subject ever closest to the heart of mankind. Its effect will be, on the contrary, to stimulate thought and discussion on that very subject, greatly to the bishop's discomfiture. When intelligent Americans, who are accustomed to think for themselves and to express their thought, are told that they may continue to do so on all subjects but one, that one will be certain to attract more thought and discussion than ever before. The prohibited apple of Eden tells the story. Adam ate it because he was told not to. No *ex cathedra* announcement will ever prove a barrier to investigation and discussion in this country, among those whose mental caliber and ambition are prone to seek the truth. The *North American Review* reaches a veritable army of most intelligent readers, Christians, Jews, and Infidels alike. As they perceive that a barrier is sought to be erected against the exercise of their inquiry, they will surely leap it and roam at will in the bright pastures beyond. No invitation of science or philosophy could have been half so effectual as this Christian prohibition, to stimulate thorough discussion of that particular matter which is said to be too sacred for discussion.

It will be of interest to point out by an abstract, the pith of the expressions of this simple-minded bishop.

He says, in substance: Anything which calls in question the fundamental principles of religion, it is not legitimate to discuss. Christianity is our national religion, and therefore not a proper subject of debate. The fact that our constitution prohibits Congress from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, is an evidence that Christianity was already supremely established, and that it was throughout pre-supposed. This is confirmed by the fact that chaplains for the army and navy have

always been employed and paid out of government funds. Moreover, the common sentiment and practice of all classes, shows that Christianity is the national religion of America. To make this more certain, several courts have so decided, and that should settle the matter. *Christianity is undergoing a perpetual war.* Enemies are attacking it all along the line. Therefore, a perpetual limit must be placed to the questioning or denial, by way of discussion, of such things as are essential to it. *To go beyond that limit is treason* to the King of Kings. The fundamental principles of Christianity which thus must not be discussed, are the personality of Jesus Christ, and that he was both God and man. Those who deny his divinity transgress the limits of religious discussion. His divinity, and man's salvation through his atonement, are too dear to allow them to be questioned by any one. *To do so makes Christians feel bad.* Neither must his commandments be discussed, nor the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. "These are generally necessary to salvation." We may talk about modes of baptism, as, for instance, whether it should be by sprinkling or immersion, by hot or cold or holy water, or the like, but not about baptism itself. Whoever, by argument or practice, shows disrespect to such a fundamental principle of the Kingdom, puts himself out of Court and is *guilty of treason.* This is not an open question. What makes impiety more deplorable is that it belongs in many instances to *those who pride themselves upon their morality*, and who are *acknowledged by others as moral men*, but they do not belong in that category. *A man who is not a Christian cannot be accounted a moral man.* "For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." *In the truths of Christianity we have reason in its highest form.* It is the religion of reason, and of reason in its strength and purity. *The first Adam was no myth.* Neither is the second Adam an abstract idea. It is out of no fear of the ultimate issue of what I have described as illegitimate religious discussion that I insist upon limits being set. *The truth is always stronger than any attack upon it.*

This abstract gives a fair idea of the bishop's entire article. If it had been written in the dark ages, a thousand years ago, it would have accorded with the spirit of the times. It is perhaps good theology in Delaware to-day. It is certain, however, that the good people of that little sovereignty, who do not hire the

bishop and others of his kind to do their thinking for them, would treat his pious words only with laughter and derision. So will like people everywhere. It is news to readers of our history that Jefferson, Franklin and Paine, and the other independent thinkers who inspired our constitution, by *refusing to recognize* Christianity in that instrument as the national religion, *thereby actually did recognize it* as such. It is also news to us that the employment of chaplains in the army and navy nationalizes Christianity. This governmental act simply recognizes that in the army and navy, as well as elsewhere, there are many superstitious persons who think that a chaplain can intercede for them in religious matters better than they can for themselves, and it is right that their wishes should be respected.

It will be amusing to the legal fraternity also, nine-tenths of whom are Infidels or Agnostics, to learn that the decision of certain courts, in the early days, holding in substance that respect is due to the Christian religion, as the one most prevalent in this country, thereby stamps the entire community as believers in it. Judges are like other men. If they happen to be Churchmen, they will go to as great and unwarranted lengths as the clergy themselves, sometimes, to sustain their favorite faith. Or, if they are after Christian votes or influence, they will do the same. Judges are little more than politicians on a bench. It was of old, in this country and elsewhere, competent for them to pass upon the verity of witches and witchcraft. Both were established by all the solemnity of judicial utterance. We now know that neither ever existed. It was never competent, in this country, for a court to say what is and what is not sound religion, and it never will be. If courts have at any time deviated from their duty by oracular utterances on the subject, such were "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing." It is not denied that religious believers, whatever their faith, are entitled to decent respect and consideration from the members of every community. Seeing that the religious opinions of men are of such great variety, and tinged with so many vagaries, tenaciously and honestly avowed, equal tolerance of all is the highest duty of good citizenship. The Infidel, and his faith, are entitled to the same tolerance and respect as is the Christian. This is one of the fundamental ideas of the American Constitution.

It is most true that when our constitution was adopted there

were very many Christians in this country, far more in proportion to population than there are to-day. So there was more ignorance. But there were very many Infidels also. For the most part, their independent spirits furnished the courage and the aggressive thought which incited the revolution, brought about our independence, and separated Church from State. The number of Infidels,—of men who do their own thinking instead of letting it out by contract to the clergy,—has very rapidly increased, and is most rapidly increasing. In the same proportion, the number of believers has decreased and is decreasing. If the good bishop can turn to the statistics showing the number of church members in this country, and will divide that number by two, he will come very near knowing how many real believers there are. Not more than half the church members believe in the creeds and dogmas to which they have nominally subscribed. More than half of church attendants are neither members nor believers. They attend as a matter of genteel pastime, because it is fashionable, and because the music is good. In rare instances because there are brains in the pulpit. The unction of worship has well-nigh faded away.

The present condition of affairs religious, is well expressed by that eminent scholar and scientist, John William Draper:

"Whoever has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mental condition of the intelligent classes in Europe and America, must have perceived that there is a great and rapidly-increasing departure from the public religious faith, and that, while among the more frank this divergence is not concealed, there is a far more extensive and far more dangerous secession, private and unacknowledged. * * * It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force. * * * Ecclesiastical spirit no longer inspires the policies of the world."

So, although this is commonly called a Christian, as distinguished from a heathen nation, it is probable that not one-fourth of our adult population has any belief whatever in the dogmas of the Christian churches.

But surely our good bishop would be greatly at fault for prohibiting religious discussion, even if Christians were in the majority. For, "if in the truths of Christianity we have reason in its highest form," as he insists, and if, as he says, "there is no fear of the issue of such discussion," then he should welcome it as a royal and ready means of converting the unbelievers. Why

not? May be, after all, the bishop fears that the issue would be decided against him, as it certainly would be, and hence feels that its discussion would be illegitimate. If the good man is as honest as a bishop should be, he would frankly admit that it is not the discussion of such matters, but its result, which he most fears. So it has ever been in the conflict between dogma and fact. When the latter seemed to be getting the advantage, further discussion must cease. It is illegitimate. It is "treason to the King of Kings."

The reader may remember that some years ago the doctrine of the immaculate conception, which lies at the very foundation of Christianity, was greatly discussed and doubted. Some, otherwise good people, actually could not see into it. The Pope, Pius IX., came to the rescue and stopped the discussion, or, rather, intensified it, by his infallible "*Bulla Dogmatica*," as follows:

"By authority of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and of our own, we declare, pronounce and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, was by a singular privilege of Almighty God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of mankind, preserved free from every stain of original sin, is a doctrine revealed by God, and is therefore to be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful. Wherefore, if any,—which God forbid,—presume in their hearts to think differently from what we have defined, let them know and be assured that they are condemned by their own judgment, have suffered shipwreck concerning their faith, and have departed from the unity of the Church."

The good Bishop of Delaware cannot issue an infallible prohibitory bull, because he is not a pope; but as the Pope intensified the discussion and increased the doubt about immaculate conception, by attempting to suppress them, so has the gentle and lamb-like bishop, unbeknown to himself, done a great service to the cause of truth by publicly avowing that there are some things too sacred for investigation and discussion, thereby surely inciting all inquiring minds to investigate and discuss them. Free thought is greatly indebted to the Pope and the Bishop for their respective follies.

True religion, as I understand it, is simply a reverential emotion of the mind of man toward the mysterious and unknowable. We are all possessed of this in large volume. Such emotions are

universal and are entitled to reverential treatment. The Christian religion, however, though it has this genuine emotion at its base, really consists of a series of dogmas in which one must profess belief while knowing them to be false. The gap between the creed and our knowledge of its untruth, must be leaped by faith. When that is successfully accomplished, we are Christians, not before. The great majority of mankind, nowadays, cannot accomplish this feat, and do not hesitate to say so. The story of the "First Adam," on which all else depends, was long ago definitely discovered to be a myth. I did not suppose that there was a man, even in a Delaware pulpit, who had not found this out. Yet the Christian religion, as a general scheme, has very many adherents, and will have for perhaps a century yet. It has been driven into people by pulpit and pen, by poetry and song, by war, by persecution, by the inquisition, and by other approved Christian methods, for many hundreds of years, until its superstition is fairly ingrained by heredity in many of us. It is, however, gradually being driven out and eradicated. The remaining believers, however, are entitled to the kindest treatment. We should deal gently with their error. They are entitled to pity rather than punishment. Although unbelievers are now in the great majority, we do not, like our pious bishop, wish to erect a barrier to free discussion. We do not think there is anything too sacred in common-sense to be talked about. A "fair field and no favor," is all we desire. It does, indeed, make us feel aggrieved, sometimes, to hear our Christian friends proclaim their utterly stupid faiths in impossible things. Yet we know that good men before them have done the same, and that this form of lunacy is only occasionally fatal.

While we have the highest reverence for true religion and undefiled, we are of opinion that education in the rudimentary books of common knowledge has done more for the elevation and advancement of mankind in all truth and progress, than all the books of the Bible, of Mahomet, of Buddha, of Confucius and of the Mormons combined. The books of elementary knowledge have never killed a man. The others, howsoever sacred, have ruthlessly slain their many millions.

One further thought for the good man of Delaware. He says "a man who is not a Christian cannot be accounted a moral man," "for whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one

point, he is guilty of all." Now the good man, whom our holy friend worships as God, remarked, upon a memorable occasion, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Our friend has violated this sacred canon clearly by expressing his judgment that a man cannot be moral unless he be also a Christian. Hence he is "guilty of all," and no better than he thinks an Infidel. Now, unless the horizon of this Delaware bishop is more limited than I believe it to be, or unless his bishop's frock interferes with his perception, I am confident that he can name a hundred acquaintances, unbelievers, whose morality is as unquestioned and thoroughly established through long lives as his own, and who, though they have made no holy appearance or pious noise in a pulpit, have done a hundred times as much to befriend and uplift humanity, practically, by charity, generosity, philanthropy and good works, as he has himself, and I dare say he has done, in the churchly way, a good deal himself.

I hope our gentle and superstitious friend will contribute to current literature a further expression of his desire to choke off discussion.

CHICAGO, February, 1893.

THE FALL OF MAN—A SERMON.*

BY REV. PERRY MARSHALL.

TEXT: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—Eccl. vii: 10.

IN other words, the text states, "It is not true that the former days were better than these." There is a disposition in some men to say that the days of their childhood were better than the present days; to believe that the world is all going wrong; that crime is increasing, and instead of the ripening of humanity, the rotting of it were the correcter term. And so some have ever placed the golden age in the past, being devoid of both the hope and the knowledge which would place it in the future. In the doctrine of the Fall of Man there is a permanent and a perishable element.

If I am told that I fell in Adam in the Garden of Eden, I deny. If I cannot prove my *alibi*, yet I know I was not there!

* To the doctrine of the Fall of Man, so essential to some systems of salvation, Jesus seems never to have referred.

That were a very convenient excuse for sin, as it was convenient for Adam to say, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Men love a doctrine which makes a woman—or somebody else—responsible for their sins; and they love to confess other people's sins, but not their own. When a man arises from his knees, and from saying "We are all poor, miserable sinners," if you tell him, "Yes, you lied to me and cheated me out of ten dollars," though he know it to be true, he will strike you. So he is not really confessing his own sin, but Adam's. It is very convenient! One good woman said, "The doctrine of total depravity is a good doctrine, if we only live up to it"!

The truth in the doctrine of the Fall, is, that we fall personally and individually. We fall below the ideal we have in our own minds, to which we relentlessly hold our neighbors. The fall of man, therefore, is a fearful fall, since it consists in the personal wrong we do, when and where, and to whomsoever it be. We may not attempt to do away with, or belittle the importance of, the permanent element in the idea of man's fall. This is the lesson of the legend in Genesis, which, scholars tell us, was originally a poem, and never designed to be read as history. Taken as history it is disputed by all the facts of the evolution of man and of civilization. But as a legend it contains both truth and beauty. The story of the serpent points back towards the Mesozoic age, and the reign of serpents. The ichthyosaurus was a monster of some thirty feet in length; the plesiosaurus sometimes attained the enormous length of forty-five feet, and the little lizard of our own times is his representative and descendant. The pterodactyl, an order of which a score of species are known, measured sixteen feet from tip to tip of the wings. These were flying serpents, as the bat is a flying mammal.

Says E. P. Powell,* "I am convinced that the myth connecting the serpent with the earliest troubles of the human race, arose from the fact that the Saurian survival was man's most dangerous enemy during his primitive career, in a warmer era preceding the glacial. When the anthropoids began to multiply, there were still vast numbers of saurian monsters, the chief of which were serpents. You can imagine the severity of the fight between the old conservatives on their bellies, and the rad-

* "Our Heredity from God."

ical on his feet. Naturally have floated down from these ages traditions of the struggle."

The same author also remarks that it took man a hundred thousand years to make the stone hatchet, and it took this world a hundred million years to build a fire, and the friction match was not invented till 1832.

Proof sufficient that the race has risen rather than fallen, is the single fact that for twenty thousand generations the squalid ancestors of historic man, lived homeless and clotheless, in dens and caves, beside the beast, and the skulls they have left us prove that their capacity for brain was but seventy cubic inches, whereas the Teutonic brain of to-day is one hundred and fourteen or one hundred and fifteen cubic inches. The highest apes have a skull capacity of thirty-five cubic inches; thus approaching ten cubic inches nearer to prehistoric man—and also the lowest tribes of man now in existence—than prehistoric man approaches the present Teuton. And even this difference in size is said to be of fifty times less importance than is the difference made by the convolutions, furrows and sulci in the gray matter of the brain of developed man, and absent in lower orders.

The fact that every individual in the prenatal state begins with the form of the single-celled animal—protista—and later takes the form of the fish, then the tadpole, the anthropoid, and then approaches the form of man, is at once illustration and proof of the evolution of the race from the lowest form of life upward. There are periods in embryonic human life in which it is impossible to discern, from its shape, whether the little life is to be a fish, a serpent, or one of the lower mammals. At the sixth month he is covered with soft short hair, indicating that he is to be an anthropoid.

Thus every individual in particular, as well as the race in its entirety, has certainly fallen upward from the cell-life of conception, to the wonderful structure and life of a man. If we do not like the idea of an anthropoid ancestor, we certainly have had that, and much lower ancestry, in our personal prenatal conditions. And is it not less a shame to us that we have gone from the low to the higher, than the prevailing idea that we have gone from the highest to the lower?

The story in Genesis plainly implies that Adam was not the first man, though it makes him the first historic man. From the

standpoint of the Genesis account, there is every reason to understand that after Abel's murder, Cain was the only living son of Adam, till some time after Cain went away into the land of Nod, and not only married a wife, but "built a city." (Gen. iv: 17.) But cities are not built where no people are.

According to the mediæval idea of the origin of man, one of two things is certain: God created the race and put them under the absolute necessity of either going into extinction, or of committing the crime of incest, by marrying brothers and sisters. I gladly accept the Genesis science.

In Genesis vi: 2, we read "That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all whom they chose." Old-school commentators have said of this passage, that the "sons of God," means the angels; and the daughters of men were women, so fair that the angels fell in love with them. We have all seen women with whom the angels would do themselves credit to fall in love! but the more probable meaning is, that "the sons of God" were the descendants of Adam, and the "daughters of men" were women of other and pre-existing tribes: thus harmonizing with the story of Cain's "city," before Adam's third son was born.

Some have stumbled over the idea of the survival of the fittest in the doctrine of natural selection and evolution. But any one who can see the difference between a merino sheep and a cots-wold, the former covered with immense wrinkles, giving great space for fine wool, the latter smooth-skinned and wool like goat's hair, can also see that animals can be made to change their form, by selection. So can any one who can perceive the difference between a Norman French horse which weighs a ton, and can not move faster than a walk, and "Maud S.," with her wonderful speed.

The survival of the fittest does not mean the survival of those most morally fit; but the survival of those most fit to take care of themselves, and so preserve the species. The ancestors of the beautiful and fleet gazelle or antelope, may have been as clumsy as the cow. But pursued by carnivorous animals, the clumsy were overtaken and the fleeter escaped, and were thus naturally selected, generation after generation, to perpetuate their kind, and the fleet gazelle is the result.

The ancestors of the tiger had not the heavy paw and the

heavy jaw of that present African beast. But in their search for prey those having the most cunning and the most power to hold the swift prey when secured, were the ones which could get a living, and so they were thus naturally selected to preserve their kind, till the tiger is the result.

In northern regions, those having white fur or feathers were best concealed from their foes in the snow and ice, and so escaped to rear their race. Likewise the brown-colored creatures, where the brown earth is not covered with snow, escaped their pursuers, giving us, generally, white animals in the cold regions, and brown ones in warm regions.

"Natural selection is God's election," and there is important truth in the doctrine of election, as related to the rise of man; and this election is made largely by climate. Cold, determined either by altitude or latitude, is one of the most potent factors in the evolution of the race; yet it must not be too cold, as in the frigid zones. Look on your map for any permanent civilization of importance within thirty degrees of the equator; and if you find it, it will be at an elevation which secures the influence of cold. Athens is about as far north as Washington, D. C., and Rome lies near the latitude line that crosses Hartford, Conn. Greece, which is Europe in miniature, was elected as the home of early European civilization, partly by her shape: her gulfs and bays bring water-ways for contact with other people, to traffic in thought, and also for commerce, in days before highways were well known; and the Grecian is a trader to this day. Her lofty mountains cooled her climate, too, and thought was stimulated by the air they breathed.

Rome also was selected by her position near the sea, and in climate not too cold to overcome her men, and not too heated; and she taught the world to build highways, and so could conquer land. The Grecian ground was not made for roads, and Greece has few to-day. And now that railways open extensive countries, civilization no longer confines itself to little countries by the sea, as in ancient days. The chosen people of our times are the Teutons. Climate did much to develop their larger brains than others, and position by the sea, as in the case of England, contributed a large share to make a world-conquering race and a world-conquering language. Courage, the love of freedom and the love of ideas, is born of cold climes. Massachusetts and

Georgia were settled by people of the same blood ; but climate made the one, and emasculated the other.

Dr. Dio Lewis spent two years in California, and says that in the southern part boys learn about half as much Latin as boys in Massachusetts, learn it about half as well, and forget it with frightful rapidity. Teachers there, who had taught in Illinois, told him that pupils learned about seventy-five per cent. as much as in Illinois, about seventy-five per cent. as well, and forgot it with alarming facility. The same author quotes a bright thinker on the annexation of San Domingo: "Select ten choice families from New England, the heads of which may all be exemplary deacons. Let them remove to San Domingo. The third generation will not, on Sabbath mornings, dress in immaculate suits and demurely walk to church, but in shabby clothes, bare-footed, hair sticking out of the tops of their hats, armed with pistols and bowie-knives, a rooster under each arm, they will make their way to the cock-fight."

"Give Massachusetts the climate of Florida, and within two years her people will begin to lose the moral vitality which is their most precious characteristic."

"Give Massachusetts the climate of Southern California, and in one year she would begin to lose her most precious treasures—the force and enterprise of her people."

"Time," says one author, "is an important factor. We think of the Pyramids as old; but the Pyramids are but as yesterday, when compared with the Cave-men thousands of generations preceding," and the time of the Cave-men is but as yesterday when compared with the day-dawn of the first cell-life in the protista. And in this later time animals are rapidly becoming extinct, while the average duration of human life is fast increasing. The fall of animals and the rise of man, is the correct formula.

Those who dislike derivation from an ape-like animal, affirm that man was made out of nothing, or at best out of dust. Yet any of the higher animals is millions of years above, and in advance of, nothing, or of inorganic matter.

But we may glance at human progress in other ways. Compare astronomy with the old astrology. Compare chemistry and its mathematical laws of equivalents, with the old alchemy. Compare geography with its exact description of the form and surface of the earth, weight and all, with the geography of men

who thought Sheba was "the uttermost part of the earth." Consider that in the one matter of facilities for travel, more progress has been made in the last seventy years, than in all time preceding, from Nebuchadnezzar to Benjamin Harrison.

Or take the matter of war, from the times when tribes fought over food, exterminating each other, to the time when nations will war for principle, by the establishment of which, war will be prevented. Or listen to the arbitration commission in Geneva; and the settlement of difficulties by the sword of the spirit, truth, instead of by the sword of steel.

Again, note the progress made, as shown by the history of slavery. We hardly need look back beyond so good a period as that of the Roman civilization, to see enslaved, not the blacks only, but all prisoners of war. And when they became old and worthless, they were sometimes exposed on an island in the Tiber, and left to die. Vedius Pollio, in the days of Augustus, cast his useless slaves into his fish-ponds. But between August first, 1834, and August first, 1838, Great Britain, a gold-loving nation, put her hands deep into her pockets and took out one hundred millions of dollars, and paid it to the owners of eight hundred thousand slaves in her dependencies, and thus set the black men free.

There is hope for a race which can make such moral progress as that.

In 1848 the French freed their slaves; Hayti hers in 1791; Brazil began emancipation in 1871; and the Spanish Republics, at the time of their several revolutions, set their slaves free. We might examine every branch of human conduct with like good results.

Whether, therefore, we look at man in his physical form, or at his scientific and general intellectual achievements, or at his moral progress, we shall find that if he falls, he falls forward and not backward. His "descent" is a rise. What orthodox church—and all churches ought to be orthodox—dissatisfied with its minister, would be willing to take for his successor, the wisest man, and "The Preacher" of the olden times, Solomon, with his seven hundred wives, and three hundred others, not his wives? How much better, and more hopeful, and more sacred, too, is the thought of man risen, and yet ever rising, than the pessimistic

idea of man fallen, and yet ever falling, till in countless cases he shall reach the lowest sheol!

The fall of man, by personal sin, is a solemn and awful reality. The rise of man, by successive steps of struggle, is a glorious promise of ultimate and lasting victory.

In the words of the author of Ecclesiastes, then—whether Solomon or some other—I conclude that we “inquire not wisely,” when we say, “What is the cause that former days were better than these?”

Tennyson sings:

“I said, The years with change advance;
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

* * * * *

“And if through lower lives I came—
Though all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

“I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

* * * * *

“’Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, which we want.”

NEW SALEM, FRANKLIN CO., MASS., JAN. 10, 1893.

SUNDAY CLOSING OF WORLD'S FAIR.

—The following sensible editorial appeared in the *New York World* of February 6th:

The advocates of a Sunday closing of the World's Fair, persistently shut their eyes to the alternatives.

If the gates of the Fair are shut, will the hundreds of thousands of visitors in Chicago flock to the churches or join the Sunday-school classes? The suggestion is preposterous. The very worst way to induce people to go to church is to prevent them from going where they wish to go. Coercion is not one of the means of grace.

With every saloon, theatre, dance-hall and pleasure resort wide open, and every

worse place easily accessible, Sunday in Chicago with the Fair closed, will be more like a Saturnalia than a Sabbath.

What a satire upon sense, what a parody of piety, it is to close a beautiful, educative and refining exhibition, out of alleged respect to a holy day, when it is perfectly certain that such a course will result in an actual and ten-fold worse desecration of the day!

All this leaves out of account the right of every individual to decide for himself what days he will observe, and how—with due regard to the rights of others—he will observe them. The Sunday closing is sustained neither by religion nor reason. It should not be conceded to an organized small clamor.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

"MANHOOD IS MIGHTY WHEN MANHOOD IS FREE."

BY SUSAN H. WIXON.

"**M**ANHOOD is mighty when manhood is free !"
Sound it afar, from the hills to the sea ;
Let it adorn all history's pages,
And grandly illumine incoming ages ;
He who can know it will ne'er bend the knee,—
"Manhood is mighty when manhood is free."

Free from the vices that shame and debase,
That carry but pain and burning disgrace ;
Bound by no habit nor fettered by fear,
Unawed by frowns, undismayed by a sneer,
Buoyant and brave to meet any decree,
"Manhood is mighty when manhood is free."

Free from traditions and ills of the past,
From the clanking chains that bigots have cast ;
With honesty armed, equipped for the fray,
Bright as the silver and fair as the day ;
Proclaiming this truth, regardless of fee,
"Manhood is mighty when manhood is free."

Before free manhood tyranny trembles,
The mandate of truth never dissembles ;
'Tis strong in its power all error to reach,
As quickly it hastens each fraud to impeach ;
And graved in gold should it evermore be,—
"Manhood is mighty when manhood is free."

Manhood is mighty all wrong to o'erthrow,
All crafty guile in the dust to lay low ;
But, free must it be in thought and in speech,
If, in their splendor, new truths it would teach ;
And then, with the fact, the world will agree,
"Manhood is mighty when manhood is free."

"Manhood is mighty when manhood is free !"
Sound it afar, from the hills to the sea ;
Let it adorn all history's pages,
And grandly illumine incoming ages ;
He who can know it will ne'er bend the knee,—
"Manhood is mighty when manhood is free."

NOTES FROM NEW YORK CITY.

WHEN the Truth Seeker Publishing Company issued the first three editions of the "Crimes of Preachers," they requested the readers of the book to forward any newspaper clippings containing any accounts of ministerial conduct "from lying to murder." The fourth edition of the book will shortly be published, but so many clippings have been received and will be added to the book that it will double its former size. Mr. Macdonald informs me that so great is the demand for the book that he is seriously thinking of doubling the price.*

* * *

I DROPPED into Hugh O. Pentecost's law office at 229 Broadway, the other day, and had a very pleasant talk with him. He has a very neat little office and is doing a good business, so I hear. There are few men who are more entertaining in conversation than the ex-minister. He is very busy establishing a law practice for himself. He has given up lecturing for the present, but hopes to resume the aggressive work that he dropped over a year ago when he gave up the editorship of the *Twentieth Century*. Mr. Pentecost seldom attends the Liberal meetings in the city, his acquaintance with organized Freethinkers being limited. About once a month he runs out to the meeting of the Newark Liberal League. Speaking of the theater, he made the remark that he seldom visited the play-houses. "I was very fond of the theater at one time; but now there are so many plays that are not worth seeing. When I did go frequently, I found that I witnessed too often the same thing in a new form. There is little originality nowadays among the playwrights." I mentioned what poor houses Minna Gale-Haynes is having at the Star to see her Shakespearean productions, while such places as Koster & Bial's and Tony Pastor's Theater were crowded nightly. Upon this statement Pentecost's comment was: "People *praise* Shakespeare and talk and read *about* him, but they neither *read* his plays nor go to *see* them unless they are magnificently staged. Shakespeare was a poet, a student of human nature and of human motives, but he was not a playwright. The only way he can be made to interest the common people is when some great modern mind, like Irving, takes up his pieces and arranges them to suit the taste and ideas of the public. The public taste is not sufficiently elevated to relish hearing the philosophy of the great poet unless it is presented in a manner that pleases their fancy. People, like Mrs. Potter, who talk of elevating the stage are not aware how utterly foolish they appear in the eyes of sensible people. The stage cannot be elevated by the efforts of one person or one company, nor the newspaper by one editor. The elevation can take place only by an elevated people demanding better plays and better papers than they have heretofore received. The managers

* We are more interested in the *good deeds* of Freethinkers than in "*The Crimes of Preachers*," and therefore never were an advocate of this kind of warfare. The publishers justify themselves on this ground: They say the Preachers claim that by their "second birth" they met with an entire change of heart, and became so sanctified that they could not commit crime—that they are not like other men. This book is therefore offered as evidence in refutation of that claim. But the real truth is, Preachers are just like other men, no worse, no better, with this exception, that they are more guilty of the sin of hypocrisy—preaching what they do not believe for the sake of their bread and butter. We prefer to attack this most pregnable citadel.—Ed.

must produce and the editors publish what suits the public taste; if they do otherwise the play fails and the newspaper collapses."

Mr. Pentecost reads regularly the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, and when I remarked what a bright number the January issue was, he said, "It always is bright; I enjoy reading it very much."

* * *

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is a radical of the most aggressive type. He spoke so freely at a series of lectures he was delivering in Starvation Hall, that Messrs. Koster & Bial warned him that if he did not stop "abusing" the press, Byrnes, Parkhurst, and Christianity, he would not be allowed the use of the hall. Citizen Train refused to be gagged, and so when he next appeared at the door of the hall he was refused admittance. The manager who engaged Train will sue Koster & Bial. I made the Citizen a present of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, and the next time I saw him he presented me with the following:

To Citizen Payne, with thanks for Freethinkers' Magazine:

Semper Eadem (in politics)
 Kills thought and independent mind,
 As in religion all mankind
 Are hoodwinked by its priestcraft tricks.
 Bible compiles sixty-six books
 In sixty-six old languages
 By sixty-six old dogma spooks,
 Embalms sixty-six diseases.
 I would rather be a poor man, rich,
 Than rich man, poor (where wealth is pitch
 In hotel hash of small-pox cooks).
 As creeping plant can crevice wall,
 As ivy crawls around the oak,
 Creation seeks sunlight for all
 Making lark sing and raven croak.
 Each budding thought will blossom when
 Nature directs creation's way
 To open mind to voice and pen
 To sweep cobwebs and dust away.
 Washington's sword would have been vain
 But for brave pen of Thomas Paine,
 As darkest night makes brighter day.
 Green's Freethinkers' bright Magazine
 Should rally round that cash-box note,
 To keep freethinking thoughts afloat
 A decade longer, with H. L. Green.
 I would lecture in Buffalo
 If he beforehand could sell
 "Bursting Heaven" and "Bogus Hell"
 Of "Golden Frauds" of long ago.

Were Freethinkers as free with pay
Magazines would be rich to-day.
Why not help reap thought-crops they sow,
Not give their magazines away.

* * *

AT the meeting held on January 8th, the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, the Freethought society of Long Island, re-elected Joseph Warick, president; H. A. Stone, vice-president; W. V. Winham, treasurer; and Henry Rowley, secretary. The meeting on January 15th was a very successful one, both from the number present and the spirited controversy that followed the lecture. A. G. Sullivan was the speaker, and "The True Philosophy of Shakespeare's Poetry" his subject. Mr. Sullivan undertook to prove that Shakespeare was a Spiritualist and that his was a Spiritualistic philosophy. His premise that man had a soul evoked some excellent arguments against that theory from Mr. Henry Rowley. The latter gentleman is an eloquent speaker and a very deep thinker. Having scourged Mr. Sullivan for his "soulic" theory, he expressed his indignation that such a thinker as the "late Mr. Shakespeare" should be classed among people who avowedly have no minds of their own, but are led around by the nose by some spook or another of whom we know nothing. On January 22d, Mr. Rowley lectured on "Prophecy and Miracle" to a large and intelligent audience. The lecture was well received and the discussion thereafter very interesting.

* * *

DR. JACOB HARTMANN, whose literary labors in Freethought and medical circles have brought him into considerable prominence, has placed a very interesting work in the hands of the publishers. The doctor is an interesting talker, and in a talk I had with him at his office he explained the nature of his work. The book will be called "Creation of God," and will be out soon. It will contain about 350 pages and be illustrated by three very novel diagrams. These last have not been quite completed, but from the rough drafts which I saw I think they will not only be very interesting but very instructive. The subject will be treated exhaustively and will serve to bring into prominence the doctor's long studies in astronomy, chemistry, geology, paleontology, etc. He also has in view a topographical model of the region around Mt. Ararat which, if completed in time, he intends to exhibit at the World's Fair. The doctor's idea is to illustrate the absurdity of the deluge, for which purpose he would have an arrangement made by which his model would be deluged every hour. He would also show the feasibility of the passage of the Red Sea by the Jews and the subsequent drowning of the pursuing Egyptians by having water flow in and out of that part of the model representing the Red Sea, illustrating the tides. While the tide was out small figures, representing the Hebrews, would be made to cross, and as the tide began to come in the Egyptians would come along. Although to construct such a model with such mechanisms appears at first a somewhat impossible task, Dr. Hartmann has no doubt but what he will eventually accomplish his purpose.

G. HENRY PAYNE.

NEW YORK, January, 1893.

GOOD DEEDS.

IT should be one of the pleasures of life for Liberals to chronicle good deeds. They are none too frequent in this matter-of-fact age. And one way of adding to their frequency is a quick and hearty recognition of their merits. Too many people get into the habit of thinking that it all makes but little difference, and often say: "It will be all the same in 100 years from now." But it will not be the same. Heredity is a law. "Like produces like" is a great truth of evolution as much as anything uttered on Sinai. Years ago a few of the residents of the little City of Dowagiac, Mich., gathered together and formed a society for social discussion under the name of "The Liberal League." It was strictly anti-orthodox, as well may be imagined, but they did not waste all their powers on senseless ranting against creeds and isms. All were welcome to the ranks. All manner of questions were discussed. Clergymen and business men were invited to attend. The only general rule prevailing was that the society felt bound to take no man's opinion as a fact. That if assertions were made the assertor must be prepared to back up his statements with facts.

Among these earnest spirits who were building better than they knew was Mr. P. D. Beckwith. This gentleman had worked his way up from poverty and obscurity to a position of wealth by utilizing the products of his fine mechanical mind in the manufacture of the celebrated heating stoves that bear his name. But to his fine temper and true democratic instincts, added money and influence only brought added humility and an increased desire to aid and assist others less fortunate. He did not consider his workmen as so many machines from which to wring money from, but treated them with courtesy, respect, and, where they were worthy, with warm and hearty friendship. He provided dances, amusements, a library, an insurance fund, and one day when the writer called at the busy factory, a workman casually stated that he had been compelled to discontinue work on his house for a time from lack of funds. "O. K. the bills and send them to me," said Mr. Beckwith, "I'll see them paid," and turned to continue his conversation with me as if he had just given an ordinary direction concerning the work. I asked if he was in the habit of helping his men in that way. "Of course," he replied. "Look here." He opened a drawer and took out a number of contracts. He explained that he had bought several houses and lots for his men, had made contracts with them and indorsed a portion of their wages on the back of the contract every week. On one I counted over 300 indorsements. There never was a strike in the works. Well, a year or two ago death came to this man; a vast concourse came to see the remains laid away; no clergyman, no prayers. Only the kindly expressed memories of friends and fellow-workers; tearful expressions of irreparable loss, beautiful music, and—Farewell.

It was found he had prepared his monument before death summoned him, and the inheritors of the generous estate have sacredly carried out his desires as expressed.

It has now taken form in "The Beckwith Memorial Theater," one of the finest buildings in America, planned and builded with no regard to expense, but with the single purpose of beautiful artistic effects and quiet, superb elegance in every department. Upon the first story, in bold relief, but exquisitely carved, are

the portraits of George Eliot, George Sand, Mary Anderson, Sara Bernhardt, Rachel and Susan B. Anthony. A massive carved band divides the second and third stories, and in the portraits and decorations of this story we see the memorial designs and the ideals of the builder chisled from the solid stone. The builders very appropriately dedicated a large panel to an elegant portrait medalion of the late Mrs. Beckwith, and artistically grouped are massive heads of Beethoven and Chopin, Rossini, Wagner, Verdi and Liszt. On the left Voltaire, Ingersoll, Thomas Paine, Victor Hugo, R. W. Emerson, Walt. Whitman, Shakespeare and Goethe. On the 25th inst. this temple of art was formally and impressively dedicated by the brilliant and gifted Ingersoll, a man for whom Mr. Beckwith entertained the most profound regard. And it was certainly a happy thought in the managers in procuring this most eloquent orator and grandest Liberal to formally dedicate the Liberal Art Temple.

The interior decorations are exceedingly rich and artistic, the colors soft, harmonious and delicate. In fact no expense or pains have been spared to make this theater one of the most beautiful and artistic in the world, and at the same time emphasizing Mr. Beckwith's pronounced ideas of Liberalism. Mr. F. E. Lee, manager of the estate, has been most enthusiastic in the work and is determined to carry out the grand plan of the departed in as full and complete a manner as though he himself were present to superintend the grand plan. The managers also publicly announce that the theater will not be conducted as a commercial enterprise. That they shall make engagements with the very best talent procurable, yet the prices shall not be in accord with either the house or the artists engaged.

Ah! what an example for Liberals to cite and follow. This hero toiled on in poverty and obscurity for years, doing a man's full task of physical labor, besides the mental strain of conducting his business, perfecting numerous patents, etc. Simple in his habits as a child; approachable by the most forlorn beggar, even more readily than the wealthy and honored; with ever a kind word for all and a ready excuse for the erring.

I do not wish to be understood that this beautiful theater-building was decided upon as a late compensation for a niggardly life, as so many wealthy men seek to wipe out a life of avarice and oppression by some gift after death. It is really only the last and most magnificent of a long list.

He was mayor of the city for many terms, and among the many public works pushed to completion under his official life I might enumerate from memory: Prohibiting cattle running at large in the streets; graveling many miles of sandy roads till the drives are things of beauty now; laying miles of the best asphalt walks; continual improvement of the public schools and public library; a complete system of water-works and electric lights; a winter's course of lectures and concerts; and so I might go on almost indefinitely. And when the city's funds were exhausted, his ready checks bridged over until the city was again in funds.

One is loth to leave such a subject. It is so wholesome, so inspiring, so hopeful, so truly, grandly liberal. We feel certain that every resident of that city, whenever they look about, and certainly when they enter the beautiful temple of art bequeathed to them by this splendid man, must feel that even though dead yet doth he live again, and, too, in the sweetest and best sense in the hearts and memories of those that loved him.

C. J. GREENLAF.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION FROM A RADICAL STANDPOINT.

BY ETHELBERT STEWART.

"MARRIAGES are made in heaven," says a proverb. Some people believe that in the shuffling of souls there are "pairs" dealt out from the hand of the Great Dealer. There are, of the human race, 705,000,000 of each sex. A man may become fairly acquainted with two hundred women before the average age of marriage. It is from these he selects. If I have been "paired" with a soul in heaven, my chances are not one in five hundred billion of "filling my hand" when I "draw from the deck." Suppose I don't; suppose I do, and *she* does not (for there are one-sided loves in this world), what then? Is marriage a failure?

Our idea of marriage is a failure. It is dominated by a selfishness, the result of the inbreeding for centuries of an intense individualism.

The bulge that Me-ism has acquired over We-ism by the inbreeding of Me-ists for two thousand years, is wonderful. Perhaps a greater wonder is that any We-ists are left. But they are the salt of the earth, these We-ists; and God nor Good have wholly forsaken us. In all this Devil's cry of *me, me, me*, there have been a few voices crying in the wilderness, *we, we*. Back of that little *we*, which sounds like the Frenchman's yes, has stood the Eternal Yes, the Omnipresent We, the Everlasting Truth.

The Me-ism and Mine-ism of a most ghastly individualistic age, shines through our idea of marriage, like a skull and cross-bones shining out of a jack-o'-lantern rising from a miasmatic bog and floating over a graveyard. *Self* never forgets for an instant to assert itself.

It is true that man and wife are somewhat vaguely held to be one, but in this age the question always arises *which one?* and the answer has to be fought out, when the honey-moon has changed to the money-moon, upon precisely the same grounds that determine which is the bulkiest bull buffalo of the herd. By force; if not of muscle, then of *will*; but by a *personal* force; and if generally will-force, it is not yet weal-force. Oneness is unthinkable to the selfish mind, and the connected *two*, tethered, wind each one himself and herself about with *personal* grievances, *personal* affairs, until the rope is all wound up, and each goes down to death or the divorce court declaring and swearing, "I am I, and you are you, d—n you."

The Spirit of Denial will not permit any of his to agree for long even among themselves, lest they learn to love one another as brother and sister, and, loving, be lost to the spirit of Hate and Self that builded our "civilization." Even "associations of gentlemen," railroad presidents and managers, lie to each other under oath, until one of them declares "there is not a 'gentleman' in the room he would trust with his watch,"—so well has Disruption, Discord and Self his cohorts trained.

Vanderbilt tells his New York Central employes that "every fellow for himself" is morality, and all preachments about "an injury to one is the concern of all," is

conspiracy and crime. Then he employs one extra detachment of Philadelphia detectives to aid the New York detectives, at a ball given by him to those of his own ilk, to prevent his invited guests from stealing each other's diamonds. For the devil is a great hog, and in every age he hath entered into the swine, and they have run down into the sea of Self and drowned themselves, returning to him again.

Suppose we believed that we are all real brothers and sisters, and believed it as thoroughly as we now believe that "money makes the mare go." It is in this Heaven of a Universal Love that all true marriages must be made. When we have learned to truly love all, then we can live happily with any. Oliver Wendell Holmes truly says, "Nature made all men to love all women, and left the matter of special choice to the merest accidents."

Man was created to admire woman; at least all his other faculties are subservient to this. He is ambitious that he may honor *her*, and feel that *she* is proud of him. He seeks wealth that he may bejewel her, for degraded as is the ideal of the age—wealth, power, pomp, face-powder, bangs, jewels and general palaver—yet, these being the age-ideal, they are the highest the age-man knows, and he gets them—gets them for woman.

Naturally every man has an ideal, and finds in woman its nearest earthly counterpart. No woman is quite that ideal to any man, but some woman resembles it. But under the artificial separatist doctrine of "every fellow for himself," the love of woman in man has been "differentiated," and is "specialized" into love (or lust) of *a woman* in men. Thus detached, individualized and selfish love has degraded our whole nature by exaggerating sexuality. Any part singled out from the whole being, and either dwarfed or over-developed as compared with the rest, becomes itself abnormal, unnatural, monstrous. A man separated from Man, that is a unit-man separating himself from the Mass-man, becomes simply an animal; all his thoughts necessarily center around himself, all things are good or bad according as they give him pleasure or pain. To such men women become mere machines for gratifying a sexual desire, cooking potatoes and "tending the kid," whose colic might otherwise disturb *my* sleep. Women, degraded from an ideal position, and themselves more thoroughly saturated with the me-ism of the age than are the men, use their *personal attractions* for all they are worth to draw to themselves a man, who will give them a home, position in society, a gold watch, a silk dress, or a dollar. Selfishness or individualism—for both terms in the last analysis are one—hath run mad. There is no faculty we will not degrade to subserve a selfish gain or pleasure. Every strata of society is alike in this. The daughter of wealth makes her social *debut*, puts herself on the market, and the grand ball is the auctioneer's bell and flag, to call in the buyers. Everywhere the relation of the sexes is that of buyer and seller. The seller, conscious of an abnormal demand, asks extravagantly. The buyer buys lavishly, paying in "promissory notes" unsecured even by the endorsement of good intentions. I am a traveling man, and from the expressions I hear from men, and from women, I do not believe a pure or happy marriage (and to be happy it must be pure) is possible in the United States to-day. Everywhere there is a baseness of idea in which happiness could not dwell. The salesman, traveling or stationary, leaves the hotel in the evening or on Sunday morning to promenade the park, or go to

church, to "catch on." Women come forth by scores, powdered, crimped and banged, to meet this hotel animal in churches, parks, or on the street, and "make a mash on him." Her idea is no higher than his. She proposes to use his selfishness to further her self-interest.

Behold the cockerel as he scratcheth up a kernel of corn and calleth up all the hennery to eat it! What sayest thou? Is it pure benevolence on the part of the cockerel? Watch him. And the hens are perfectly willing to contribute to his lust and laziness, and to save him the trouble of running overmuch, provided they can get a kernel of corn for themselves without working for it.

Can happiness dwell in such an atmosphere? It is the seed-bed of misery; false unions for a false purpose; contempt, separation, divorce.

"Catching a man" by playing upon his passions, the woman seeks to "hold her husband" by means of sexual indulgences and law. These are her only anchors. Hence the greatest crime against marriage is adultery. In New York this is the *only* ground upon which actual divorce can be granted. The "theory of the law" evidently being that marriage is for sexual purposes, and that nothing but a violation of *this* can invalidate the marriage. In fact the greatest crime against marriage is the loss of sympathy, kindness, and love (unsexualized love), geniality and companionship.

What is the remedy? There is a bill now before the Illinois legislature to regulate all bad impulses! In Boston I was told that a law ought to prohibit the sexes from promenading the parks. In all our schools frantic attempts are made to keep the sexes apart; thus emphasizing sexuality. The sexes now are like two distinct species, playing hide-and-seek with each other, each apparently afraid they will not succeed in keeping hid the thought every motion reveals. Every look brings a blush of feverish consciousness born of the exaggeration of sexuality. In Pittsburgh the ministers are demanding that "street-walkers of both sexes be arrested, whether evil motive be shown or not."

Oh no! Cause tried hanging its own effect in Chicago, and the Saturns of every age have tried the experiment of killing and devouring their own children. O this eternal and infernal lancing of boils we call our criminal law, our correctional institutions that do not correct, but need correcting more than all else. Millions for poultices and lances, not a cent for blood purifiers. Millions for disease remedies, pills, quinine, fever specifics, cod-liver oils, lymphs, all quackery, but not a cent for health. Courts criminal (too criminal), courts civil (like civil war), lawyers *ad finitum*, fighting (or aiding and abetting), crime and injustice, yet is JUSTICE nowhere taught, sought or believed in. We are circling in a false orbit around a false star. Self is the center of our moral universe. "Love your neighbor as *yourself*" makes self-love the measure, and deifies a crime. "Do unto others as *you* would that they should do unto *you*," makes me-ism the standard by which to judge even ideal conduct. In the back-ground stands a *personal* God, contemplating *himself*, and *his* creatures. A masculine, jealous, selfish, angry God. A horrible concept! It is the ideal of a race that warred with adjoining tribes, and drove off their young kine and made concubines of their maidens—thrust forward into another age, and made the ideal of a people who plunder each other, take bread from each other's mouths, and make prosti-

tutes of each other's daughters. The real ideal of the true man has no place in this false-face in the sky; this orthodox Theos. Woman can get into heaven only by serving man, says Paul. Of all the books of the bible not one was written by a woman. Theology is Heology—not a woman in the trinity. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—all males! No sister to kiss, no wife to caress, no mother to say, "Don't cry, my boy, it will be all right by and by," nothing tender, feminine or sweet about it. The Catholics are wiser, and have the Mother of a Man in their Olympus. After the nonsense of the three in one, and oneness of three, will come a broader sense. A sense of the Oneness of the billion and four hundred million human souls upon this earth of ours, and the billion-and-four-hundred-millionness of THAT ONE. Nor will God be lacking from this concept. God is a component part of the Eternal Oneness of Man. The center, the Soul of It; the Why part of It is this God. He was missed by Porter's census-takers, nor did the police recount of New York discover Him; but who hath an eye to see can see.

Race prejudices, national prejudices, color prejudice, any prejudice that stands in the way of an honest, free and full acceptance and *feeling* of the Universal Oneness of the race must be destroyed. If you cannot destroy these prejudices, destroy the race distinctions upon which they rest. The marriage of American girls to Chinamen on the Pacific coast, is a second declaration that all men are created equal. American, English, Irish, French, Italian, Hungarian, Indian, Esquimaux, Aryan, Semite, Celt, Mongol—all distinctions and artificial classifications and separations must be forgotten in the Manness of men.

As there was no science of astronomy until man agreed that the earth was not the center of the universe, and began to look for a center outside this little globe, so there will be no morality until we get something beside self for the base of it. The all-good must succeed the me-good or we are lost—damned forever. For I tell you that so long as "every fellow is for himself," the Devil will get us all, and to "drive the wolf from our door" by driving him over to our neighbor's door, is bad political economy, idiotic statesmanship, and most damnable morals.

There is no personal salvation, no personal character. Now that physicists have discovered that no man can lift himself by his own boot-straps, let moralists study that problem. No man can be good alone, nor much better than others. The Indian whose conscience shrank from the scalping customs of his tribe would live very uncomfortably even with the squaws. We must all go up together, or we will all go down together. Daniel Boone would not live within eighty miles of a white man, so his character became that of a roving hunter, a killer of bears and a murderer of red-men. A determination not to come in contact makes character as surely as contact. Boone was as much the product of Christian civilization as Jay Gould and Jesse James, Ulysses Grant and Henry Ward Beecher, Chauncey Depew or "Blinky" Morgan. We can become better only by making our human contact better, elevate ourselves only by elevating all around us. We must have a new ideal. A nation's ideal will be its reality in time. Our thoughts "materialize" in the seances of the street, the factory and the counting-room. This new ideal is the humanity in man. The allness of each, the oneness of all. Then we will see in all women sisters of all men.

A noted French picture shows a young man in the act of leaping from a window to kill himself. After becoming drunk at a masquerade ball, himself masked, he takes a masked girl, whom he had gotten drunk, to a brothel, to end in debauchery the night begun in drunkenness. In the morning he wakes first. The masks are on a chair by the bed. The beautiful girl lies sleeping sweetly by his side. With sobered eyes he gives her one glance, and then with a look of unutterable horror and remorse he plunges through the open window into eternity. It is his sister. But every girl is someone's sister, and we cannot learn too soon that every woman is the sister of every man. Some day people will look upon the painting I have described as we now look upon those frightful Aztec pictures of priests offering up human heads, hearts and lungs as burnt sacrifices to the gods of evil.

The "Kreutzer Sonata," which this licentious age and nation was fooled into reading by a report that it was obscene, was the book of all books needed to-day. John Wanamaker said it was nasty, and a world of nastiness plunged into it, to find itself portrayed by an artist so god-like himself, yet drawing a picture *so true* that even Nastiness was conscience-stricken. The poor wretch whose story is told in "Kreutzer Sonata," had he seen in the living wife what he saw in the dead body, a human being, a sister, a traveling companion in the journey of life, his marriage would have been a happy one. But this essential idea, a comprehension of the humanness of each other was not there. Lust and Selfishness were at the bottom of that, as of most marriages, and where these are Happiness can never come. To some New England clergymen calling themselves the National Divorce Reform Association, the remedy for all social ills lies in restrictive divorce legislation. I would not make divorce law more stringent. Long before desire for separation reaches the divorce stage, the heart has ceased to cherish, and love is dead. Marriage without love is adultery in the most aggravated sense, far worse than love without marriage; for in the highest soul-sense love is marriage. I would hasten to cancel by "decree of court" that marriage bond which had become bondage, and be quick to dissolve a union that no longer united.

I would, however, be slow to sanctify that which contained no sancity. A request to be married may be the voice of a pure love, a maiden trust and a manly heart asking society through legal forms to enter into that Holy of Holies prepared by Love for all his angels, and it may be the last resort of a devil of lust to accomplish the seduction of a woman; or the voice of a woman sealing a bargain by which she trades herself for a house on Murray Hill or Michigan Avenue. We cannot tell, yet far more danger and uncertainty of policy lies in marriage, around which we place no restrictions, than in divorce around which we place so many. The ultimate remedy lies, however, not in legislation, but in a changed ideal, an altruistic purpose in social life.

Woman will then take her place by man's side, not to seek silk dress and diamond pins by playing upon his passions, but to cheer him with her smile, to help him morally, physically and intellectually.

The happiest hours we spend with woman are the purest ones. Hours in which no thought of sex enters the mind, when pure companionship lifts the soul into regions of ecstasy no self-thought could reach. It is held that ideal friend-

ship exists only between men, never between men and women. We have Jonathan and David, Damon and Pythias, but no corresponding friendships between men and women. In ages of Self-ism doubtless such friendships are rare. But Me-ism must give way to a We-ism in which man and woman are one, in which they can and will love unselfishly.

Woman will write her share of the coming World-bible, will be herself that Bible—the word of God to man. For woman is the natural vehicle of Moral Truth, since moral forces, like physical ones, move along lines of least resistance. Despicable as are most biblical allusions to woman, its facts of history sometimes afford most beautiful illustrations of her truest self. When Jesus was captured, betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, forsaken by all; when from the cross of death, ignominy and pain he called to his God, and found that he too had forsaken him, then his eyes fell earthward, and there were the Marys, both of them, weeping in helplessness, but in pity and love. By the side of every crucified Christ, by the side of every suffering man-child has stood, in the last hour of agony, a woman—a woman to comfort him as he goes over into the Beyond. O you generation of “chippy-chasers,” could you but for one moment feel in your souls what a woman is, that indeed would be a second coming of man.

In woman man sees an ideal moral beauty; woman an ideal moral strength in man. Let their choice be of that companionship, sexuality aside, most conducive to the self-culture and development of each. For so alone can the institution of monogamous marriage, now tottering to the ground, be rejuvenated and maintained. A man wants a wife, a companion, a home-keeper and a friend, and he wants them in one volume. If he cannot find them in one volume, he finds them bound in two or three, and then the world frowns. A woman wants a lover, a husband, a provider and a friend, she wants them all in one volume; but sometimes she too must take them in separate volumes, and then the world gets mad, and though not without sin, throws stones. The World is a fool. It thinks Frivolity and Selfishness can wed with Selfishness and Lust, and no ripple of Discord should mar the happiness of these. Then, when Lust and Frivolity fight the World says things have come to a pretty pass, and straightway wants a constitutional amendment that will enable Congress to pass a uniform divorce law that shall keep Lust and Frivolity fighting for all time. Better strike at the schools which teach senseless frivolity to girls, and selfish ambition to boys, making neither housekeepers, companions or women of one, nor providers or men of the other.

The wail of the wife is: “A man’s ideal is different from the youth’s. With years, toil, child-bearing and child-caring, I cease to grow. He grows away from me. Though he is each day more and more my hero, I am less his ideal, therefore his real wife.” For only the ideal is the real, let schools of philosophy wrangle as they will. But do you think to hold by an act of the legislature the love-place you cannot hold by your love-life? You have lost your place by arrested growth due to excessive toil and care; and right here lies the *sine qua non* of all advancement. We *must* give to each an equal opportunity for soul-culture and intellectual development. The excessive toil of some women results from the idleness of others, and the misdirected labor of still others. Women doing at half-pay the work of men, while men search in vain for work; and other

women over-burdened with household duties that would be easy enough for all if all were trained to do it. Excessive toil stunts and dwarfs these, while by their excessive idleness the others are sensualized and debauched.

Just as the over-work and under-pay of the mass of men results from the idleness and over-wealth of the few, so with our wives and mothers. What we want is more leisure for the people of work, more work for the people of leisure. No reform of marriage, of ballot, of temperance, of anything, can come until comes the industrial reform. The all for each, and each for all in industry. Every man and woman, according to their ability for the common good, and from the common good to each according to their needs.

There must be no "support" element in sex relations, no marriage of "convenience" or "for a consideration," for such is mere prostitution, no matter what the conformity to conventional law.

Perhaps the most characteristic thing in American life is the contempt an American heiress, who has given herself and ten thousand dollars for a leprous duke or baron, has for the poor girl on the Bowery who gets what she can for herself. For one our social institutions have a marriage certificate and a splendid wedding; for the other and purer-minded one, the police courts and a fine. Idiots that we are to impose a fine for a crime, knowing at the time that the money to pay the fine can only be secured by a repetition of the crime.

When woman can earn a livelihood without excessive toil; when no fear of poverty stares her in the face; when every place and position is open to her, alike whether as wife, mother or maid; when as full opportunities for self-development and soul-culture are given to her as to him with whom she joins her hand in life, if she cannot then remain his ideal, if she and he still grow farther apart, there was a mistake in choice, and by a law stronger than legislative enactments, man will follow his ideal.

Love must mean life, not passion. The doctrine of Tolstoi is the Divine Truth, that "whosoever looks upon a woman to lust after her has committed adultery already, and none the less so because that woman is his wife." Indeed the crime is greater.

Such degradation of the soul's deepest impulses will be as impossible when we truly feel the oneness of man, as it would be now for the typical hotel animal to form a pure marriage with the "typical girl of the period," who, talking eternally and only of "fellows," goes to the depot* to every passenger train.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS.

* A happy illustration is found in a verse of current newspaper poetry :

" ' Where are you going, my pretty maid ? '
 ' Going to the depot, sir,' she said.
 ' What you going there for, my pretty maid ? '
 ' To make a mash on a drummer, sir,' she said."

That this is confined to "girls of the town," is a very grave mistake. They are not "fallen women," except that they are infected with the prevailing low order of ideas. The sad fact is that everywhere the ideas of the relation of the sexes are becoming less and less those of sympathy, and more and more those of sexuality.

OBITUARY—JACOB ADDISON LAWYER FISHER.

ADDRESS BY ABRAHAM SCHELL, UNCLE OF THE DECEASED.

WHEN the red hand of rebellion and treason was at the throat of the nation, and the bugle note sounded "*To the rescue!*" this brave man lying now in the slumbers of death, then but a boy, rushed to the field of battle, and, seizing the starry banner of the Republic, carried it high aloft, and planted it firmly and securely on the ramparts of liberty, and there it shall wave,

" O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave."

When the integrity of the nation was endangered by treason and rebellion, followed by the clash of arms upon the field of battle, this young man heroically tendered his services to the government for the preservation of the Union, and took part in the stupendous struggle then impending.

The great rebellion, inaugurated for the destruction of our government, and which for magnitude and the desperate courage displayed by those engaged in it is without a parallel in the history of civil war, was crushed after a fearful struggle of four years, under the guidance of General Grant, assisted by brave men, of whom the deceased was one, and ended in the military vindication of the Union by the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox.

The conflict of arms in which Addison Fisher, and men like him, immortalized themselves, illustrates the force of a political idea. What was that idea? That there shall exist on this continent one republic, great and indivisible, whose grandeur and glory shall have no rival among the sovereign powers of the earth.

To give force and effect to that idea a navy was created which revolutionized the naval warfare of the world. Armies were organized, equipped, and put into the field, that astonished the monarchies of Europe. Three thousand millions of dollars were spent in four years to perpetuate that idea.

" Rome would never permit a divided empire in Italy. The lion will tolerate no competitor in his lair."

So the American eagle, proud bird of the air, in bathing his plumage, will endure no rival where the thunderbolt illumines and rifts the clouds. The American people, animated by that patriotism that sent young Fisher into the field, will tolerate no competitor, no rival, no divided Union, nor recognize a divisibility of states on this continent.

I wish he had been my son. I loved him. I would erect a monument to his memory, whose apex would penetrate the clouds—if it were possible. Upon it I would engrave:

1845. JACOB ADDISON LAWYER FISHER. 1892.

WILDERNESS.

SPOTTSVYLVANIA.

COLD HARBOR.

PETERSBURGH.

He always fought the enemy with his face to the front. Among the ancient Greeks, love of country, bravery and courage were considered cardinal virtues of the human heart. Then the fate of nations and communities was settled by the broadsword and the javelin upon the field of battle. After the battle, it was the custom of the victorious party to carefully examine the dead and wounded, in order to ascertain upon what part of the body the wound was inflicted that produced death. Those who had died from wounds received in the front, for that was evidence of "love of country, bravery and courage," were carefully gathered up and carried from the field of battle, and laid into coffins decorated with flowers, and the dead heroes were then buried with military pomp incident to victorious war.

At the grave was erected a tombstone, upon which was inscribed the epitaph: "He Loved His Country, and Died with His Face to the Foe." His name was enrolled upon the scroll of honor which was deposited among the public archives of the nation, accessible to all. Children and relatives of the deceased hero would point out the name with pride and say: "That was 'my father,' 'my brother,' 'my nephew,' 'my uncle,' 'my cousin,' who fell at Marathon, Leuctrae and Thermopylae, with his face to the foe, because he loved his country." The name of no coward was enrolled on this scroll of fame; only to brave men was accorded this honor. There were some who fled when facing the foe—were pursued by their comrades and overtaken, and the letter "C" (coward) branded on the middle of their foreheads, a mark as indelible as that stamped by the Almighty on the forehead of Cain in the land of Nod. There was no such mark stamped on the forehead of Addison Fisher, for he never wavered in the presence of the enemy, nor fought the foe with his back to the front.

When relatives and friends of the deceased hero, looking over the scroll of fame deposited in the archives of the nation at Washington, the capital of 65,000,000 of people, come to the name of Addison Fisher, they will say with pride: "He was 'my father,' 'my brother,' 'my uncle,' 'my nephew,' 'my cousin,' 'my neighbor,' who fought at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, with his face to the foe, for the perpetuation of the best government the sun ever shone upon"; and when his widowed mother, at the age of 89, with dimmed eyes spells his name on the scroll of fame, she cries out with suppressed emotion: "*Addison Fisher!—was—my—son, my last born*; he spilt his blood on the field of battle in defense of his country, and carried the scar of his wound to the grave that the Republic might live. Oh, that I might have died for thee—in thy stead—that thy little ones might not have been left orphans in this cold and selfish world!"

There yet remain other things to be said of the virtues of the dead hero that challenge our admiration.

We have come hither to perform the last sad rites of the dead. Within the deep, still chambers of our hearts we will cherish and never forget the courage, the individuality, independence and manly virtues of our departed relative.

Society is in a transition state, for we behold here to-day a funeral without the presence of a clergyman or priest. This was the will of the deceased. He desired none of them to say prayer or mass over him at his burial. He knew he was going to die, but he had no need of their assistance. There was no spectre,

no ghost in the air to haunt him in his last moments of approaching dissolution. He had no need of prayer from any quarter. He was not afraid to die; death to him was eternal rest. This was the philosophy that Nature taught him.

Deceased was forty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He possessed a genial, frank and sympathetic nature, which made friends wherever he went. He will be missed from the circle of friendship. His death has created a void which it will be hard to fill. He was honest; he was virtuous; he respected the rights of his fellow-men, and did to others as he would have others do unto him; and thus secured the confidence and good will of all who knew him. He loved his family; he was a devoted husband and father; and to make his loved ones happy was his supreme aim. These were his passports at the portals of death.

It is said that the deceased was a Freethinker, a Liberal, and that he was skeptical as to immortality. It is thought by some that it is criminal to be a Liberal. If it is criminal to be a Liberal, then the world is filled with criminals.

"The pioneers of human thought; the intellectual leaders of the world; the foremost men in every science; the kings of literature and art; those who stand in the foremost ranks of investigation; the men who are civilizing, elevating and refining mankind, are to-day unbelievers in the dogma of inspiration." Upon this question the intellect of Christendom agrees with the conclusions reached by the Freethinker.

As to our belief, that is determined by circumstances over which we have no control. We are just what education and experience make us, and we cannot be anything else.

The old theological ideas have been outgrown. Men are becoming kinder to one another, and human hearts are looking to the future with less fear than formerly. We no longer accept the notions of Deity taught in our childhood, nor look with fear and trembling upon the operations of Nature.

Nay! further; we feel confident that we are dealing with regular, orderly, universal forces, whose laws we can study, and whose movements we can calculate, so that our faith, founded on experience, is unspeakably better and more comforting than the belief of the old creeds.

We know now that pain, sickness, and afflictions are results of broken law, that death is the seed planted in the body at the beginning of life. If we are wise we will not attribute death to any supernatural agency, or to the wonderful and mysterious ways of an "over-ruling providence." We have learned to recognize the fact that life, pain and death are all under law. We ought to learn these laws, and so regulate our conduct as to make the forces in Nature help us as much, and hurt us as little, as possible.

Humboldt, author of Humboldt's "Cosmos," one who studied Nature and Nature's laws from almost every accessible point on the globe, and one of the most learned and distinguished scientists of his day, said: "The universe is governed by law."

All the great men of the world, who have made themselves illustrious and have immortalized their names through the discoveries they have made, which have ameliorated the condition of the human race, have reached the same conclu-

sions as that reached by Humboldt; such distinguished men as Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Paine and Draper in the new world; Galileo, Kepler, Lalande, La Place, Fourier, Newton, Herschel, Darwin, Spinoza, Kant and Bruno in the old. The last-named the Catholic Christians burned at the stake.

Life is a mystery; death is a mystery. Who can tell? Who knows? Over the wild waste of carnage death holds absolute sway. Across the line separating this world from the next no traveler returns. No beacon-light across the border on the far-distant shore illumines the abode of the unknowable.

Remorseless consumption, the tomb-builder, holds its fierce career—none can stay its onward course or melt its iron heart to pity. On! On! it presses—forever.

For a long time deceased tarried on the right bank of the great river separating this world from the next, with the opposite shore in sight. He hoped! he hoped!—for he had children he loved with all his heart, whose mother had crossed the river before; but in vain; on the 19th day of October, 1892, the summons came, and Death ferried him across to the other shore, and there he enters the "wayside inn" of the unknown, and at its portal we bid him farewell. In conclusion, let me quote from the beautiful language of Col. Ingersoll, upon death:

"There is, after all, something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young and beautiful. When the duties of life have been nobly done; when the sun of life touches the horizon; when the purple twilight of life falls upon the present, the past and the future, the old, the young, the middle-aged; when memory fails and can scarcely spell or remember the records of the vanished day, then, surrounded by friends, death comes like a strain of music with welcome relief."

The life duties of the deceased have been nobly done. His sun on earth touched the horizon at middle age, and though the days have not been many, the road has been weary and he gladly stops at the "wayside inn" to which we are all traveling. Addison, dear Addison, we again bid thee a tender farewell! and if this world is not all, we will meet you again, on the "shores of the unknown."

THE FREETHINKER AMERICA'S DEFENSE.

A DESPOTISM based upon religious prerogative is the worst of despotisms. The leader crying "Thus saith the Lord" has always in the past commanded a degree of fanatical devotion above that given to the leader crying "Thus saith Common Sense."

As the yell of superstition is louder than the calm voice of reason, so, in the past, has religious zeal been more potent for good and evil than any earthly motive.

Unless some now unforeseen catastrophe shall befall this planet within the next century, thereby checking the course of human evolution, there will be a change in this respect. Sometime, when the mind of man shall have put off its swaddling clothes, these conditions will be reversed. As we now no longer consult the

phases of the moon about planting our peas, so shall we then no longer consult Pope or mystic book for leave to change our statutes.

Meantime, the nightmare of superstition is heavy upon us. The Ganges still has its baby victims. Mohammedan fanaticism beats English courage from the Nile. Throngs still kiss the Papal toe. Faith-cure and necromancy flaunt their advertisements. The priest claims, and is conceded, rank above the philosopher.

Among all the superstitions that weigh upon the shoulders of men, none is better calculated to crush or strangle human freedom than the doctrine of Papal infallibility. The very existence of such a doctrine, accepted by a large body of supposed rational beings, is an outrage upon the nineteenth century. Yet the fact remains that one weak human being, distinguished from his fellows only as the recipient of certain votes cast by certain red-hatted men, is credited with wisdom infallible, judgment beyond appeal.

But the old world is weary of the holy fraud. Free England will have none of him. Germany brooks him not. His Castilian staff is rotten; his Italian sandals are worn to shreds, leaving him barefoot in the Vatican. Thus bereft, the incarnate dogma casts its eyes towards free America. Here no imperial decrees oppose the Papal bull. Here no State confiscation shall curtail the Papal revenues. Here the Jesuit college may nurse its brood. Parochial schools may brand the superstitions of a by-gone age upon the susceptible mind of childhood; the seminary and the college may deepen the brand, and the child born free in a free land shall go forth, a willing slave of Rome.

It is a menace to our free institutions that even a few men among us acknowledge a higher earthly authority than the "common sense of most"; but when we consider that millions hold this view, the menace becomes a blow. The danger of Papal supremacy in America is a real danger. No sane man who studies the history of the Papacy can deny that usurpation of the civil power has always been the settled policy of the Romish Church. "History repeats itself," comforts himself the Pope, and the same wiles that won him dominion in the seven-hilled city and all neighboring countries, will, he hopes, win him a more glorious domain this side of the water.

Protestantism long ago took alarm. With jealous eyes it sees its ancient foe intrenching himself on every hill-top here. Protestantism claims America for its own. It gave to the Papacy a seeming mortal wound, and left it to die amid its crumbling palaces. Yet here is the Papacy, renewed in brain and brawn, its pulses throbbing full with blood of Latin, Celt, and Saxon, ready for the new conflict on new soil. Here, in an arena walled about with liberal laws, the Papal bull and the Protestant ox have locked horns; and, as far as the intent of the combatants is concerned, the struggle is unto death.

It is no uneven contest. Though fewer in numbers, the Catholics are united in aim and endeavor, while Protestants are divided into a thousand wrangling sects. Though but a handful at first, the Catholics have increased in numbers far more rapidly than the Protestants. They are prolific, because the Papacy curses abortion, infanticide and divorce. They gain faster by immigration, for the Irishman, the Canadian, the Italian, who comes to our shores, is a Catholic. The Protestant cause is constantly weakened by desertion, not to the hostile camp, but to the neutral. Defection among Catholics is comparatively rare

Protestantism builds its churches in a year, of lath and clapboards, to endure a decade only. Rome takes a century to build cathedral walls fit to last through time.

The Protestant does his religious work openly, too often only intermittently (in autumn camp-meetings and spasmodic "revivals"). Rome does its work, like nature, in secret, but through all the year.

The contest between these two opposing elements of our population will be long and bitter, perhaps endless. The Protestant who is alive to dangers threatening his church, his faith and his liberty, looks forward with no exultation. When, a few years ago, Thompson, in his "The Papacy and the Civil Power," voiced the feeling of the Protestant world on this subject, there was more of the tremor of fear than buoyancy of hope in his tone. The more recent utterances of press and pulpit are in the same *vox tremolo*. They show the vigor and subtlety of Rome's attack, but not adequate resources of Protestant defense. Many a logical mind, taking for premises the historical data, the facts and figures set forth in such books and sermons, can forecast no other conclusion than that some time in the near future the Pope will rule America as Bloody Mary ruled England.

There is such a danger, and it is not the object of the present essay to belittle or disguise it. Leo is human, and so was Innocent III. Given absolute power, and the tiger, latent in every human breast, is very apt to manifest itself.

But a certain important factor in the problem has been disregarded. In the perpetual struggle for the conservation of human liberty in America there is a force that will forever prevent the Papacy, or any organization based on any system of religious tenets, from gaining or retaining supreme political power. This force, in as far as it bears upon the present question, has been entirely ignored by speakers and writers. It is the object of this brief essay to mark the omission and emphasize its importance.

The power of Free Thought is forgotten. The Freethinker is ignored. It is half-assumed that all men must be either Catholic or Protestant,—attendants of the confessional, or of the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. No assumption could be farther from the truth. Let us browse upon figures awhile.

Let us guess that we have a population of sixty-three millions. Of these sixty-three millions, allowing the most generous indulgence to denominational claims in statistics, not more than seven millions can be reckoned as Roman Catholics, not more than twenty millions as Protestants, of all sects, and much less than two hundred thousand as Jews. Dividing each of these figures by two, or three, would probably give us estimates much nearer the actual truth; but letting that pass, we have accounted for the religious belief of much less than half of our population.

To what system of religion do the remaining millions yield assent and allegiance? Are they Mohammedans? Parsees? Hindus? Is it necessary to keep copies of the Vedas in our court-rooms as even an occasional substitute for the dirty-covered volume which is kept there to be kissed? Are they worshippers of Buddha?

No, we have very few who worship at these ancient shrines. Our religionists are mainly either Jews or Christians.

Are they minors, only waiting the proper age to unite themselves to the same religious organizations to which their parents belong? No, for a great majority of this class is included in the liberal figures just quoted.

Are they believers in the dominant creeds, who, from motives of policy, gain, lust, vanity, do not confess their belief? The clergy so affirm.

But no. Business policy to-day invites and impels men to unite with a church. The absconding Sunday-school superintendent is a by-word. Those dames who sit at the feet of the humble Galilean may be clad in all the "vain pomp and glories of the world." No, self-abnegation is not the reason why so many stay outside the pale of the church.

The fact is, there are millions among us, men and women endowed with reason, educated, cultured, who have not, and never will have, a religion. They take no interest in reconciling the doctrines of foreknowledge and free moral agency. They may be philanthropists, but they do not expect forgiveness of sin. They accept the "germ theory"; but not transubstantiation.

These are they who, if ever Protestant and Catholic shall come to strife for supremacy in our councils of state, will disclose their hidden might, and spend it freely in the cause of liberty.

We *believe* what we cannot *know*. To the man of faith—the man taught from earliest infancy to believe things unknowable—the attitude of the agnostic is absolutely incomprehensible. "An honest infidel is an impossibility," shouts the revivalist, and thousands believe it, and look upon the professed agnostic as a liar.

But look around you. In whatever community you live, from Maine to Oregon, do you not know men of sterling worth, who have no religion? Honest men,—men who pay their debts? They are good citizens, good husbands and fathers, good neighbors, kind, philanthropic, public-spirited. They may be quiet men. Unless aroused by attack, they seldom give utterance to their unbeliefs. They do not proselyte,—being content to see the tree of knowledge develop its flowers and fruit in accordance with natural processes. They may, for social reasons, listen each Sunday to an orthodox sermon. They die, and die evincing no unmanly fear. As a last act of humility, they may lie quietly in their coffins while the priest utters over them his solemn admonition to the living to shun the foolishness of the dead.

They are known as Freethinkers, Infidels, Atheists, Deists, Rationalists, Agnostics. Their mental characteristic is, indifference to things unknowable. "I do not care to discuss these matters," said an old physician, a life-long agnostic, as he lay on his death-bed, to a clergyman who came, unasked, to administer spiritual advice.

Of course there are Freethinkers of another sort,—loud-mouthed, ranting, ribald. But have we not also a Salvation Army?

There are, too, all grades of non-faith, from that which merely questions the more ridiculous of biblical myths, to that which utterly denies supernaturalism.

As to the number of infidels in the United States, even an estimate would be a matter of great difficulty. They are not given to publishing statistics about themselves. They have few local or general organizations. Periodicals distinctively agnostic are relatively few. It is to be regretted that the enumerators of our late

census did not, while they were submitting our citizens, under pains and penalties, to an inquisition as to their debts, mortgages, club feet, curved spines, and other secret deformities and diseases, also ask and record the religious belief of each individual. In the absence of such reliable statistics as such a department of our otherwise perfect census would have supplied, we can give only ragged estimates of the number of those who have no religion.

That they must be reckoned by millions is probable from the following considerations :

First, a great majority of our people do not attend religious worship, and never become identified with any religious organization, although continually solicited to do so.

Second, the infidel is found everywhere. Every hamlet, even in Puritan New England, can count a dozen, a score, or more. In our larger cities they are numbered by thousands, and these numbers are constantly increasing by immigration, especially from Germany.

Third, the attentive hearing given to lecturers like Ingersoll, who openly attack religious creeds, evinces a wide-spread sympathy of thought.

Fourth, the perennial aggressive attitude of the pulpit towards agnosticism proves the vitality of the latter. We do not shoot dead game.

Fifth, the constant demand for agnostic and religiously liberal literature gives similar evidence. New editions of the "Age of Reason" and of "Pilgrim's Progress" go out hand in hand. Of "Robert Elsmere" two or three hundred thousand copies were sold in America. No debate of modern times has excited more attention than the Gladstone-Ingersoll controversy, and the long-drawn-out Ingersoll-Argyll discussion.

Considering these patent facts, therefore, we feel safe in estimating that several millions of our adult population may be counted as Freethinkers in matters of religion.

What would be the attitude of these millions if either Jew, Catholic or Protestant should attempt to mingle religious dogma with our civil polity? Certainly they would hold the balance of power. Certainly they would cast their influence, their votes, and their arms on the side of the broadest liberty.

They know from the history of the ages that no hierarchy can be trusted to maintain liberty of thought, speech, and action. Nor does it matter what creed the hierarchy holds. The knight is cruel as the Saracen. Alike Papist and Protestant vote death and attainder to their conquered foes. The Churchman persecutes the Puritan; the Puritan imprisons the Quaker; and to-day, had he the power, the bigot would muzzle every voice and printing-press that utters tenets different from his own.

Against the possibility of such tyranny, such Freethinkers as Franklin and Jefferson built the ramparts of our organic law,—whereon no hint of creed is graven, whereon no weeds of creeds can grow; and the Freethinkers of this age and coming ages will prove the most watchful sentinels and stubborn defenders of the ancient wall.

F. BLANCHARD.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MRS. SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

MRS. SARA A. UNDERWOOD, a half-tone picture of whom forms the frontispiece of the present number of this Magazine, has made herself well known by her writings in support of various reforms, and by her numerous literary productions which have appeared in the leading magazines.

Mrs. Underwood is of Scotch-English parentage and of English birth, but came to this country when a child, and is thoroughly American in her attachments and tastes. The first years of her life in America were passed at Newport, R. I. She was a delicate, sensitive child, with active imagination, strong emotions, and passionate love of nature. The sea made upon her mind a deep impression. When she was seventeen she wrote in a poem contributed to the *Springfield Republican* :

My home was in the city,—there the din
Of busy life was over all, and shameless Sin
Stalked boldly by young Innocence, and loud
The praise of fools and knaves rang from the crowd.

I had no lot nor part with these, I did not know
Nor guess how much of passion, pain and woe
Was hid 'neath passive faces; I might have wept
If I had known, but as it was I crept
In ignorant bliss, from out the town away
To meet the sea, towards which each day
My ramblings led me—near which were fields of green
All gemmed with daisies and buttercups between
The plots of purple clover. A very queen
I was in happiness. When tired I lay
At times 'mid clover deep, in hot midday,
While friendly birds sang me to sleep, and kept
A tender watch-care o'er me whilst I slept.

But better far than fields, or flowers, or birds,
I loved the turbulent beach, whose angry surge
Beat white and passionate against the sands
Which lay along the shore in glistening bands.

For miles away, as far as eye could reach
 From the rude benches strewn along the beach,
 The sea lay calm as crystal shining—on the shore
 It broke in merry murmur's mad uproar.

Here daily wandered I, joyous and free ;
 Alone, but for my giant friend, the Sea,
 Whose gambols joined with mine in noisy glee.
Alone, I said—yet midst a crowd, for here
 The fashionable many, year by year
 Came, some for breezes cool, for health,
 While others came to barter names and wealth.

Amid this idle, loitering throng, I strayed,
 A simple, silent child, who fearless played
 Where blooming beauty shrank back, half afraid,
 And thus, with happy, thoughtless mien and air,
 I wandered by. At times a haughty stare
 Recalled my dreaming sense, my pulse would beat
 Hotly a moment—forgot the next, as my bare feet
 Chased gleefully the waves in their retreat
 From the wet shore : and my brown hands
 Nestled like dusky birds amid the sands,
 Building child-palaces, adorned with shells
 And shining pebbles ; these the heavy swells
 Swept swift away, as in these later years
 Some bright thought-castle I have seen, in tears,
 Dissolve and perish. I did not then
 Have care or thought ; for I was scarcely ten.

I lived, content and blissful—I awoke
 With a great shock at last ; my vision broke
 With a rude jar. I bade a long adieu
 To my lost childhood. The breath I drew
 Henceforth was not so free nor half so true.

These lines show that the author was in her early life a genuine child of nature, and she is the same to-day. The sea, the mountains, forests, flowers,—all the varied aspects and moods of nature, to-day as in childhood, are to her a source of delight.

Mrs. Underwood, on her mother's side, is a descendant of the Scotch Covenanters. She was brought up in the Christian faith of the most orthodox type ; but she was a thinker, a questioner, an omnivorous reader, and at the age of twenty, although she had never read a line of a Freethought work, she was decidedly skeptical as to the supernatural part of Christianity. Later

she investigated the subject more thoroughly, and those who have read her "Heroines of Freethought," published in 1876, know something of the results of her studies up to that time. Mrs. Underwood has been in full sympathy with her husband, B. F. Underwood, and a co-worker with him since their marriage (in 1862). For years she did much of the editorial work on the *Index*, and was, with Mr. Underwood, co-editor of *The Open Court*, a paper which she named.

She has given addresses before associations in Boston, Providence, Chicago, and other cities, on various reform subjects in which she is interested.

Years ago she contributed many articles to the *Investigator*, *The Revolution*, *The Evolution*, *Woman's Standard*, *Woman's Journal*, *Springfield Republican*, *Ladies' Enterprise*, *The Liberal Christian*, and more recently to the *Christian Register*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Oregonian*, and several of the leading magazines.

The following paragraph is from a recent number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*: "Mrs. Underwood has fine literary taste, as well as advanced ideas, and articles from her pen are read with interest. She did editorial work on the *Boston Index* during the years of Mr. Underwood's connection with it, taking his place and doing the work when he was absent on lecturing trips. Subsequently she was associated with Mr. Underwood in conducting *The Open Court*, a name she gave to that paper. Mrs. Underwood has contributed articles to a number of the leading monthlies, including *The North American Review*, *The New England Magazine*, *The Arena*, etc. In many of the reform papers, and in a number of the leading dailies, have articles from her pen appeared. Her versatility is shown by the variety of subjects which she takes up. She writes poetry as well as prose, and stories as well as essays. One of her bright stories, 'A City and a Soul,' was printed in *The Journal* some two years ago, running through several issues of the paper."

Mrs. Underwood has had personal experiences in the psychical line, during the last three years, which have satisfied her of the truth of the essential teachings of Spiritualism. An account of some of these experiences was published in the *Arena*, among other publications.

THIS MAGAZINE.

WE are confident there are fifty thousand people in this country and Canada who would subscribe for this Magazine if it was properly brought to their notice, and therefore the question arises as to how this shall be done. The best way is to send out sample copies, but this is an expensive process. We have just published a very good advertising circular, and are sending a few to each of our subscribers with a request that they be put into the hands of intelligent liberal persons, not particularly avowed Liberals, but persons who are honest and thoughtful, and inclined to be progressive. We shall be glad to send a quantity of these circulars to any of our friends who have not received them, and who may apply by postal card for as many as they may desire. We will say to any of our friends who wish not only to invest labor but also money in this effort to increase the circulation of the Magazine, that we will send them Magazines to give away for \$8.00 per hundred, more or less. To young persons who are out of employment, and are willing to canvass for the Magazine, we will make this liberal offer: We will give such persons *forty per cent.* on all the money they receive on subscriptions, the balance to be sent us with the names and post-office address of the new subscribers. That is, if the canvasser procures three new subscribers at \$2.00 each, \$6.00; he or she will retain for their services \$2.40, and send us with the three names, \$3.60. We are sure that any energetic young person can make fair wages as such canvassers. Such agents should not go from house to house, but when they enter a town first make the acquaintance of some intelligent Liberal, and procure from him, and others in sympathy with him, the names of those persons he might name, and only call on those. In most instances the local Liberal would be willing to spend a day assisting the agent. We ought to have at once twenty-five such agents in the field working up a large circulation for the Magazine.

The following paragraph we clip from our new circular, which is a short, brief, conclusive statement of the character of the Magazine, that agents might use to advantage in canvassing:

"This is the most advanced Magazine published in this country or any other. It voices the best thought of this progressive age. Every person of character and ability, whatever may be his or her views,

who has something to say and knows how to say it, can get a hearing in this Magazine. Its name indicates the character of the Magazine. It is a *FREE thinker's* Magazine—in no sectarian party sense, but in the broadest signification of the word *Freethinker*. No writer can be so *conservative* or so *radical* as to be excluded from its pages who presents his views in a decent and respectable manner. The aim of the editor is not so much to make its pages the arena for controversy as it is to establish a medium through which the most thorough investigators can express their best and most mature thoughts, and the friends of moral reforms can be heard in behalf of suffering humanity—or in other words: This Magazine will be the special organ of the Freethought Church of America, which church is composed of all good people who are laboring in their respective spheres of life to make this old world a little better."

And, by the way, it would be well for the agent to take with him a quantity of these advertising circulars to use in his work.

Below we republish our contribution subscriptions that appeared in last month's Magazine, with the addition of those since sent us. Any further contributions of that character, which will be thankfully received, will be expended in sending out sample numbers of the Magazine. We again repeat our thanks to all our good friends for their generous aid, and are glad to assure them that the Magazine is now in good financial condition, and that never before were new subscriptions coming in so fast. Let us all labor to keep the "boom" moving.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A New Friend	\$100.00	Ethelbert Stewart	\$5.00
Abraham Schell	100.00	Ole Granberg	5.00
Hon. C. B. Waite	73.00	John Helm	5.00
A Young Man	75.00	John H. Keizer	5.00
Dr. S. W. Wetmore	50.00	Mrs. R. B. Jones	5.00
Dr. D. B. Wiggins	50.00	Minnie A. Hickethier	5.00
Henry M. Taber	50.00	Jane C. Hitz	5.00
P. C. Isbell	10.00	A. B. Stebbins	5.00
St. Louis, Mo., German		Charles J. Rader	5.00
School	10.00	G. E. Swan, M. D.	5.00
Sames Parsons	10.00	Orrin H. Warner	5.00
G. W. Watson	10.00	Portia Broadbelt	5.00
John Wolfe	10.00	Philip Bruch	5.00
Peter Clark	10.00	G. Fred Johnson	5.00
Roy Miller	5.00	Mrs. Chris. Scofield	5.00
C. F. Wyman	5.00	J. J. McCabe	5.00
Warren Penwell	5.00	Merritt F. Lamb	4.50
Dr. T. W. Englehart	5.00	H. Wettstein	2.50
M. Reiman	5.00	G. A. Kenyon	2.00
A. B. Bennett	5.00	J. H. A. Lacher	2.00

C. L. Abbott	\$2.00	T. Theo. Colwick	\$1.00
Geo. Groves	2.00	John Leitch	1.00
L. C. Kinner	2.00	John Ratcliffe	1.00
Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine	2.00	J. T. Whitmore	1.00
Henrietta Mergler	2.00	C. A. Groken	1.00
A. H. Thurston	2.00	W. R. Kahlon	1.00
R. H. Bliss	2.00	E. W. Councilman	1.00
J. S. Peckham	2.00	William Hebard	1.00
Hiram Austin	2.00	E. O. Tuttle	1.00
Isabella Beecher Hooker	2.00	Miss Isis B. Martin	1.00
A. W. Dellquest	2.00	Henry Bonnell	1.00
J. B. Husted	2.00	Mrs. Lewis Eyenbach	1.00
W. J. Wright	2.00	A. M. Hilts	1.00
Susan H. Wixon	2.00	M. E. Hibbard	1.00
John Gardner	2.00	S. M. Ingalls	1.00
J. B. Husted	1.00	Dr. F. B. Gardner	1.00
J. L. Burr	1.00	John W. Burgess	1.00
Maligus Boehmer	1.00	A. J. McMillan	1.00
O. Eidam	1.00	Ella E. Gibson	1.00
Parker Pillsbury	1.00	Charles Martins	1.00
Elmina Drake Slenker	1.00	N. E. Jayger	1.00
M. S. Troyer	1.00	L. Laycock	1.00
T. J. Tanner	1.00	Dan Hilton	1.00
H. B. Bach	1.00	Magnus B. Halldorson	1.00
Sylvester Butler	1.00	Wolff Karp75
H. H. Cady	1.00	T. W. McCants65
Newton Mitchell	1.00	Henry Naegeli55
Frederic Dahlstrom	1.00	Herman Bucher Jr.50
A. W. Thompson	1.00	Wm. E. Coleman50
Etta D. Kelso	1.00	Ellsworth B. Cooper50
W. H. Height	1.00	Mary Phillips50
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J. J. Hill	1.00	H. C. Kellogg50
Geo. H. Weggett	1.00	W. A. Chess50
Nettie D. Jones	1.00	C. F. Ilkenhands50
Perry B. Sibley	1.00	Evald Hammar50
Charles Klimtz	1.00	W. S. Taylor, M. D50
A. P. Lloyd	1.00	Robert Westphal50
C. H. Callahan	1.00	C. Putnam50
A. J. Knisely	1.00	N. S. Hartley50
Chester Bedell	1.00	A. G. Lengberg50
U. Fritz	1.00	J. M. Hawkins50
Geo. Dormire	1.00	Myrtle Martin50
P. Frawzman	1.00	H. B. Tripp50
Jas. Haight	1.00	A. J. Luzadder50
Thomas Balkwill	1.00	Ira H. Wilson50
Alexander D. Blair	1.00	J. O. Clark50
B. C. Mosier	1.00	Robert Luce50
John Fray	1.00	T. H. Nicols50
Dr. M. Bailey	1.00	O. W. Casey50
Samuel F. Badders	1.00	Mrs. S. J. Campbell45

BOOK REVIEW.

MOSES OR DARWIN? A SCHOOL PROBLEM FOR ALL FRIENDS OF TRUTH AND PROGRESS. By ARNOLD DODEL, PH.D. New York. The Commonwealth Company. Pp. 326. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

This is a most valuable addition to Freethought literature, and should have a large sale at once. The motto of the book is "The Truth-seeker is the only God-seeker." The introduction is by Rev. M. J. Savage, in these words:

"Some of the purely physical discoveries of the world bear a closer relation to the religious life and the future welfare of humanity than do some of the great religions of ages in the history of the past. To-day the telegraph and the steam are doing more, and they have done more in fifty years, to bring about a sense of universal brotherhood, to help humanity feel that it is *one*, and that all humanity is related to every other part of humanity, than all the preaching and all the churches of the last eighteen hundred years.

"Is evolution, then, a radical or a conservative element in religion? It is both. It is radical in so far as it eats away, tears down, and leaves behind, the transient and perishable forms; for these things, when decayed and fallen, only become obstacles in the pathway of human progress. But, so far as essence and life are concerned, evolution is conservative. It would not knock an idol out of an ignorant religionist's hand, except as it can replace it by a purer and truer symbol. It lets the boy keep his toys, until, having become man, he is ready to put away childish things."

The "contents" of the book is as follows: "Preface to the First Edition; Preface to the Third Edition; Translator's Preface to the American Edition; I. Moses or Darwin? II. Evidence of Evolution; III. Darwinism Proper: Variation and Natural Selection in the Struggle for Existence; IV. An Epilogue to Opponents and Friends of the Doctrine of Evolution."

Every friend of our public schools ought to become acquainted with this

little volume. It utters the true Liberal doctrine, which is the true American doctrine, that the Church ought to keep its hands off of our public schools, and if there is any institution in this country that the government ought to protect from the blasting machinations of the Church it is our public schools. This work shows that the "science" of the Church and *true science* are very different things. The first is the science of Moses, the other is the science of Darwin. Wherever the Church gets the control of the schools the science of Moses will be taught, whether it be the Catholic or the Protestant church. The Catholic Church is openly at war with the public schools, for the reason, as they declare, that the public schools are Godless schools. The Protestants pretend to be the friends of the public schools, and many of them (who have not much religion) doubtless are; but the real orthodox Protestant Church is about as much opposed to *free* schools as are the Catholics. They are trying to keep the Catholics out of the schools that they may get control of them. The Freethinkers, in and out of the Church, are the only real friends of the public schools. As this book plainly shows, there are but two sides and two parties to this question. It is either "*Moses or Darwin*."

We select this truthful paragraph from the preface:

"The Christian Church has ever acted the part of the wolf in the fable, and the State that of the lamb. And so she will continue, if the State consent. The State is a political organization, so is the Church, no matter what her denomination. Which of the two is to be supreme? This question is still an open one in our country, and demands, with increasing urgency, a solution. The arena upon which the contending parties will encounter each other will be the *school*. The party that controls the education of the intellects of the rising generation will carry the day."

A HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By ELIZABETH E. EVANS. The Commonwealth Company. Pp. 129. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

This little book is a condensed statement of the results of scientific research and philosophical criticism. The facts quoted are drawn from various works in various languages, European and Oriental—works which are inaccessible to the majority of readers, while many who might obtain them have no time to master their extensive details and elaborate arguments. The conclusions seem to express the earnest convictions of the writer, which mostly accord with the advanced thinkers of to-day. The table of contents is as follows: "The Origin of the Race;" "Immortality;" "Worship;" "The Hindoo Trinity;" "Krishna;" "The Jewish Scriptures;" "The New Testament;" "The Works of Jesus;" "Christianity."

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO THE YEAR TWO HUNDRED. By CHARLES B. WAITE, A. M. Chicago C. V. Waite & Co. Pp. 450. Price, \$2.00. For sale at this office.

This is not a recent publication, as the last edition has been out a number of years, but we call the reader's attention to it for the reason that we consider it a volume of great value to the investigator of Christian history. When Judge Waite was a member of Congress, he came across the facts here set forth in the Congressional Library, at Washington, and for two years he spent his leisure time writing this volume. No honest man can read this book without coming to the conclusion that the claim that Christianity is of Divine origin is a fiction—that it is not only a fiction, but a fraud, a cheat, a deception. The author truthfully says, "It is believed that this is found to be the most complete record of the events connected with the Christian religion during the first two centuries which has ever been presented to the public." The references to authorities are many, and will be found to be very useful to those who may desire

to pursue further the investigation of the questions discussed. No Freethinker's library will be complete without this most valuable volume.

THE CROWNING SIN OF THE AGE. By BREVARD D. SINCLAIR. Scriptural Tract Repository, 47 Cornhill, Boston. Pp. 94. Price 50 cents.

This beautifully printed and splendidly bound book has been sent us for notice. It professes to be a defense of the marriage institution founded on the Bible. If the author really desired (which we have no doubt he did) to defend the marriage of one man to one woman for the period of their natural lives, he could not have found a weaker support than the Bible. The Bible is all on the other side of that question. The men "after God's own heart" of the Old Testament, like Solomon and David, and the other Godly men, were all polygamists, and dealt in women as men now deal in sheep and cattle, and the New Testament not only says nothing to show that the writers repudiated the Old Testament doctrine on that question, but, on the other hand, indorsed it. Paul, who was the real builder and organizer of the Christian Church, says:

I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I.—I Cor. vii: 8.

It will be remembered that Paul was an old bachelor, but he adds as a reason for getting married:

But if they cannot contain, let them marry: for it is better to marry than to burn.—I Cor. vii: 9.

Now the reverend author must admit that Paul and Jesus were pretty good Christians, and they were both bachelors. That neither of them ever said a word in favor of marriage, and their practice was in opposition to it. If the reader desires to learn the Lord's idea of marriage, let him turn to the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus, and read what "the Lord spoke unto Moses." We will not quote from that chapter for two reasons: First, we intend to keep clean the pages of this

Magazine ; second, because we would not like to be thrust into prison by Anthony Comstock on the charge of publishing obscene literature. We fully agree with Rev. Brevard D. Sinclair that marriage is a Divine institution, or more properly a *good* institution, but not for the reason, as he states, because the first woman was made out of the rib of a man, but because marriage is an institution of nature as sacred before a bible was written as it is to-day. Only think of it. The God that this writer worships never had a wife, and still it is claimed that he is the father of the whole human family. And Jesus, the Christ of the Christian religion, was born of a woman who had never been married. The Mormons to-day are the real practical Christians according to the Bible teachings, and the Catholic Church virtually sustains the Bible doctrine—the doctrine taught by Paul—that the marriage institution should only be tolerated as a necessity, and is too impure a system for their priests to adopt. The Christian Bible and the Christian Church has been the real opponents to the marriage institution, the most sacred institution, in our opinion, on the face of the globe. As to the marriage institution, we abhor the Bible "free-love" doctrine relating to it, and fully adopt the following views of the great Freethought apostle of the present age, Robert G. Ingersoll :

"Let me say right here, that I regard marriage as the noblest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no

human advancement ; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of those long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage. The grandest ambition that any man can possibly have is to live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman, and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea. There is no success in life without love and marriage. You had better be the emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she the empress of yours, than to be king of the world. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies in the ditch a beggar, his life has been a success."

We cannot expect that a class of people whose leader felt it honorable to have women wash his feet, and wipe them with the hair of their head, and could say of his mother, when she asked to speak to him, "Who is my mother?" can have much respect for the marriage institution. We are glad that the author of this book is not a practical Christian, for if he was, we should see him favoring the following Bible divorce law :

"When a man hath taken a wife, and marries her, and it come to pass that she finds no favor in his eyes, . . . let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, *and send her out of his house.*" (Deut. xxiv : 1.)

ALL SORTS.

—Harry Hoover will reply to Thaddeus B. Wakeman in the April Magazine.

—The April number of this publication will contain "An Interview at Headquarters, by Our Celestial Reporter." In this interview we get Orthodoxy at first hand from the highest authority. We consider it the most pungent, sarcastic, and at the same time just and true rep-

resentation of orthodox theology that has recently appeared. It is by one of our ablest writers, and will be put into cheap pamphlet form for general circulation.

—The Lawrence, Kansas, *World*, says that a Sunday-school teacher in that city asked her class of boys what a boy should do to go to heaven. No one answered until a little Irish boy at the bottom of

the class held up his hand. "Well, sir, what must a boy do to go to heaven?" said the teacher, "He must die," answered Patsy.

—B. F. Underwood will furnish a valuable article for the May number of this Magazine, entitled "Governmental Paternalism and Church Charity."

—Charles Darwin's likeness will appear as the frontispiece of the April Magazine, and the same number will contain an article on Darwin by B. O. Flower, editor of *The Arena*, and also an article on the same subject by Thaddeus B. Wakeman.

—Ice is quoted at six cents a ton at Devil's Lake. The Devil's Lake referred to, it should be observed, is in Michigan, and not elsewhere. At the lake in the place unmentionable the price of ice, no doubt, is much higher.—*Boston Transcript*.

—It will be gratifying to every true American, who believes in a secular government, to learn that such a Liberal-hearted man as Judge Walter Q. Gresham will be at the head of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. There will be no Wanamakerism in his department.

—The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and, leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered: "Have you any cards about you?" "You can't play in church," was the solemn, reproving answer, and the good woman was so frustrated that she forgot her text.—*Anon.*

—The principal of a public school in Pittsburgh deserves a term in the workhouse. He whipped a boy for refusing to join in saying the Lord's prayer during school hours. How can a State with no established religion rightly force anyone, old or young, to say his prayers?—*St. Louis (Mo.) Republic*.

—If you desire to increase the circulation of this Magazine, go to your news agent and ask him to order a half-dozen, more or less, of each number of this

Magazine, keep them on his counter for sale, and that you will take and pay for all that is left over,—these you can use for sample copies. He can get them where he does his other publications.

—BINGHAMTON, Feb. 16 —Marguerite St. Omer, the ex-novice nun who is lecturing here against Catholicism, was poisoned Monday night. The dose was so large that its very size saved her life. She was stopping at the Crandall House, and says she thinks some of the dining-room girls put arsenic in her tea.—*Buffalo News*.

If the girls did it they were not the real criminals. The real criminal was the Church to which they belong.

—The subscribers to this Magazine ought to get their volumes bound. T. B. Wakeman writes:

I have all the volumes of the Magazine bound, and often find them convenient to refer to. If your readers would make it a point to keep their numbers, and have them bound, they would find that they had a permanent treasure, in the end.

—Geo. B. Burrows, a leading business man of Madison, Wis., writes in a private letter:

In the Contents of THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE for this (February) month, is an article by Hon. D. K. Tenney, entitled "Never-ending Life Assured by Science." I have known Mr. Tenney for many years, and when his name is connected with your Magazine, I know that it is a monthly worthy of patronage. I inclose \$2.00 for one year's subscription.

—Prof. A. L. Rawson writes: "What does it mean—change of name in your Magazine? Who wishes it? I don't. I am proud of the name as the title of the only honest Magazine on religious topics published. No need of hypocrisy, but sincere, plain speech, on every subject treated." No need for alarm. We have no idea of changing the name. None so good could be found. We, like friend Rawson, are proud of the name. All are, now, anti-slavery in this country. In a few years all will claim they are Freethinkers. The world moves.

—As our subscription list is now increasing very fast, we desire to say to our *new* friends what we have stated so often in this Magazine, and what it is so hard to make people understand, that it is no evidence that we indorse views and opinions because they appear in this Magazine. The special peculiarity of this publication is, that it gives every variety of opinion a hearing, when presented in a decent and respectable manner, by a writer who has something to say of interest to many people, and knows how to say it.

—Judge Gresham well described a class of politicians in this country in these words:

It is the Pharisees that are doing this. It is men of prominence and respectability who raise these large sums of money, knowing the use that they will be put to, men who deal openly in corruption one day, and go to church the next.

This is the class of pious hypocrites who are laboring to keep the World's Fair open on Sunday, for the purpose of making themselves popular with the orthodox churches.

—Don Cameron, in talking about the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, says that he has been flooded with letters urging him "to stand fast for true morality and back up Quay in his fight for God." In view of the character of these shining Republican lights, Senators Cameron and Quay, this comes about as near blasphemy as anything that has lately been published. —*Buffalo Courier*.

—Mrs. Mary Phillips, when sending us her annual subscription, and a contribution to the Magazine, writes:

I have been a subscriber to THE FREE-THINKERS' MAGAZINE for the last seven years, and during that time it has been very much improved. The articles in the January number, by Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage and by A. Point D'Vue, are worth the whole year's subscription. I find in its columns much to approve and little to deplore. I enjoy reading and listening to views differing from my own for I often gain wisdom and knowledge by so doing.

—J. Francis Ruggles, of Bronson, Mich., when sending his subscription for two years in advance, writes:

Every time I open the beautiful pages of your superb Magazine. I am impressed with a fear that you are giving us a much better publication that you can afford to and have anything left to live on; for it is far and away in advance of any distinctively Freethought propagandist monthly ever before presented to the Liberal public. I welcome its prompt coming, and take time to peruse every line in its admirable columns. It is a periodical with just the correct name, and of which every truth-feeling radical should feel justly proud, and that all seekers after theological and scientific information should cheerfully support.

—SPRINGFIELD, MO., Jan. 26.—At a Methodist revival eight miles from here last night James Simons and John Snow became involved in a quarrel and fought with knives. Both received severe wounds. Mrs. Simons entered the fray and was badly cut, as was another female of the same family. George Snow, a son, received a mortal wound.

It would seem from this dispatch that they have the genuine Christian religion at the Springfield Methodist revival, for Christ says: "Think not that I came to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword." (Matthew x: 34.) Knives here are used in place of swords.

—The "National Board of Trade" wants every immigrant admitted to this country to have a certificate of good moral character. Suppose we do that after we have succeeded in making a good moral character a requisite for membership in boards of trade?—*St. Louis (Mo.) Republic*.

The chief danger in admitting *immoral* and narrow-minded immigrants into this country, lies in the fact that their descendants, owing to hereditary influences, will be apt to establish and perpetuate pseudo-patriotic orders and possibly might join the so-called "National Board of Trade."

A. W. D.

—Ella E. Gibson is a woman of great courage. Twenty years or more since she was struck with that terrible disease, "nervous prostration," and all her friends

thought the time of her departure had come. But Miss Gibson seemed to say to the old man with a scythe, "I am not going.—I have not got through with my Freethought work here yet," and she still remains with us, a faithful veteran of the cause of Mental Liberty. In sending in a contribution to this Magazine, she writes: "I am seventy-two next May. It is forty-one years since I stepped upon the Freethought platform as a lecturer, and am now all worn out, but I intend to live to see nineteen hundred, if I can keep this wreck of myself together seven years longer." We sincerely hope that her intention may be realized. Of such is the Kingdom of Man.

—"How do you like the new minister?" inquired one of the leading members of a suburban flock of the deacon's wife, says the *New York Herald*.

"I don't like him at all," was the reply. "Of course I invited him to dine with us when he was here on trial, and naturally enough I apologized in advance for the dinner, but I leave it to you if that afforded him ground to insult me?"

"Insult you? Certainly not. How did he do that?"

"Oh, when it came time to say grace he asked the Lord to bless the 'frugal meal,' and really, between us, I must admit that I had made most elaborate preparations."

—Sidney H. Morse writes in the *Conservator*:

Ingersoll has had great audiences here in Chicago for his lectures on "Voltaire" and "Miracles and Myths." It can't be all eloquence or curiosity that draws the multitude. It may be said of him also, "The people hear him *gladly*." They see his points and applaud without reservation. The query is who are all these people, and where do they come from? One does not see many faces from the Unitarian churches there—more, perhaps, from the Ethical Society. But, all told—empty all the Liberal churches and Ethical people in Chicago into McVicker's Theatre, and they would no more than fill the gallery. The great body of the Ingersollians are from the outside *somewhere*.

And a very intelligent, well-clad crowd it is. The same was true at Duluth a year ago—a large theatre crowded from floor to ceiling—sitting or standing over two hours to hear him discourse on "Shakespeare," and taking great care to applaud all his religiously heretical talk. It means something.

—Mrs. W. E. Baker, of Tarentum, Pa., when sending in her subscription, writes:

After reading your excellent Magazine I find it so good I can scarcely do without it. I am certain if the more pretentious magazines, such as the *North American Review* and *Atlantic* are worth the price asked yours is still more valuable. I am like Brother Cook, of Kansas. Money is very scarce with me, and it is quite a struggle for me to get the small sum asked for your periodical. His article in your last on the "Cultured Poor," was very fine.

—Religion has probably done more to break up families and cause bitterness and hatred among relatives, than any other one thing. The following appears in the *World*, of Jan. 3d:

Mabel Fabian, of No. 318 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, yesterday went into a bedroom to put her school-books away, and saw her mother's boarder, Charles Gross, lying dead on the bed with a revolver in his right hand, and pointed at his forehead.

Gross was forty-eight years old, and had been employed in a pork-packing establishment in Elizabeth street for twelve years. He separated last May, on account of religious differences, from his wife and three grown-up children, who live at No. 138 Madison street. Mrs. Gross is a Catholic, and he was a Protestant.

—Twenty thousand people assembled in Paris, Texas, a few days since, to see a human being burnt and tortured at the stake. This terrible crime was committed in a country so Christian that its National Congress closes the World's Fair on Sunday; a country that every year spends millions of dollars to send missionaries to the "heathen." Why is this so? Because the God of this Christianity is more inhuman than even the brutes who burnt the negro at Paris; they only burnt

him for an hour, or less, but the orthodox God will purposely keep alive a large majority of the human race—*his own children*—that he may burn and torture them eternally. This Paris disgrace is the legitimate fruit of orthodox Christianity.

—Down in Tennessee they have a law on the statute books that would not allow Thomas Jefferson, or Abraham Lincoln, or Charles Darwin, if they were living, to be a witness in court, for fear they would not tell the truth, but it would allow nearly every prisoner in their jails and penitentiaries to *swear* in all their courts. We are glad to notice that a few sensible people down there are moving for the repeal of this absurd statute. Our friend, George Hazelwood, of Nashville, sends us the following item from the *Nashville Banner*, that gives evidence that common-sense is possessed by one editor, at least, in that orthodox country. The editor says:

We see no sound reason why the bill to make unbelievers competent witnesses, should not be made a law. It is utterly absurd to assume that a man who doesn't accept our ideas of religion is unworthy of belief. Many men of the highest integrity of character are heterodox in their religious views, while many a man who subscribes to a creed is utterly untrustworthy. The editor of this paper has an abiding faith in the Bible as the infallible Word of God, but he doesn't believe in the bigotry which would overlook character and reputation to make an arbitrary religious test of credibility. The administering of oaths in the court has come to be very much of a farce, and we believe the majority of men who would tell a deliberate lie to injure a fellow-man would as deliberately swear to it.

Mr. Hazelwood also says in the *Nashville American*, that this is the way the unconverted believer looks at it:

Christianity teaches that if I repent and become a follower of Jesus, my sins, whether few or many, are forgiven. The witness commonly believes in Christianity, but well knows that he has not, as yet, complied with its terms of salvation, but means to do so at some convenient season. By and by he is going to repent and join the Church. Then he will be forgiven. If he dies now he is lost anyhow, whether

he perjures himself or not. If he repents hereafter his perjury now will be only one more sin to be forgiven. If I must presently wash my hands anyhow, a little more dirt now doesn't matter.

—A young minister just settled over a Universalist church, sends his subscription for Vol. XI. of this Magazine, and writes:

I am just beginning my work in the Universalist ministry, and you may count on me as your friend

Sincerely yours, — — —

Evidently the Freethought ministers are increasing. We are sure our readers will like the Freethought sermon published in this number. There are doubtless five thousand ministers in this country, nearly as radical as Col. Ingersoll, and it is pretty safe to predict that many of them will be heard from before long. The orthodox authorities do not know what to do with them. If they try them for heresy, they only increase their popularity; if they let them alone, orthodoxy is doomed. This is, surely, an age of progress. There will be the greatest religious revolution in this country, during the next quarter of a century, that was ever known.

—We clip the following from the *Chicago News Record*:

Pastors of the Liberal churches of the city have decided on a step which, it is predicted with confidence, will have far-reaching effects upon the religious thought of the future. The step was taken at a meeting held at the Tremont House yesterday. The gathering comprised fifteen pastors, the leader of the Society of Ethical Culture, M. M. Mangasarian, and the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, B. F. Underwood. The churches alone have a membership of about ten thousand. They were represented by the following pastors: W. Fenn, T. J. Milsted, J. Vila Blake, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, A. J. Canfield, M. B. Harris, L. J. Dinsmore, R. A. White, R. F. Johannot, A. N. Alcott of Elgin, H. W. Thomas, David Swing, E. G. Hirsch, Rabbi Moses and Rabbi Stoltz.

The step taken was a determination to have all unite and form a common center where the distinguished men of liberal religious views who will visit Chicago dur-

ing the World's Fair period may meet to enjoy the hospitality extended to them and to discuss all questions affecting the welfare of humanity.

Dr. Canfield presided, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas was the chief speaker. His address, as well as those of all who followed, took the form of suggestions rather than that of formal address. Nevertheless he was unable to refrain from an occasional shot at those who hope to see the gates of the World's Fair closed on Sunday. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. Canfield and others, supported the views of Dr. Thomas. At length it was resolved to find suitable headquarters in a central portion of the city for the entertainment of visitors on week-days. The question of securing the Auditorium or some other public building for mass-meetings on Sunday afternoons, will be subsequently discussed. The following were appointed members of a committee to take the matter in hand: F. B. Tobey, B. F. Underwood, A. J. Canfield, and J. T. Ripley. This committee will report to a further meeting to be held at the Tremont on Monday next.

—Senor Carlos, of Atlanta, Ga., sends us the following report for the Magazine:

"They tell me that belief in the Bible is not injurious. How about this? In Atlanta, Ga., on the afternoon of the 24th of January, 1893, at 3.30 o'clock, a young man twenty-six years of age, and a young lady, Miss Muegge by name, went to the Metropolitan Hotel, and registered as man and wife. At 5.45 o'clock the same afternoon, two pistol-shots in rapid succession were heard in the room occupied by the couple. The door was broken open by the police three minutes afterward and the following note was found:

"Mr. F. Piantini, who lives at 400 South Pryor street, is my father. He is also the step-father of the girl I will soon kill. I am a married man, but have ceased to love my wife. I do love my step-sister, Miss Muegge. We intended to take our lives last night, but did not do so. By appointment we met at the corner of Alabama and Pryor streets this afternoon. Immediately afterwards we came to this hotel and registered as man and wife. Circumstances were such that the girl I love and I could not be together on earth, as I have a wife, and the girl furthermore is my step-sister; so we concluded if we could not be together on

earth we could be in heaven, and as we can possibly be there in about an hour (the girl left a separate note in which she said she thought they would be in heaven in about an hour and a half), we have decided to go there, where no laws nor custom will compel us to live apart, as on this earth we are obliged to do.

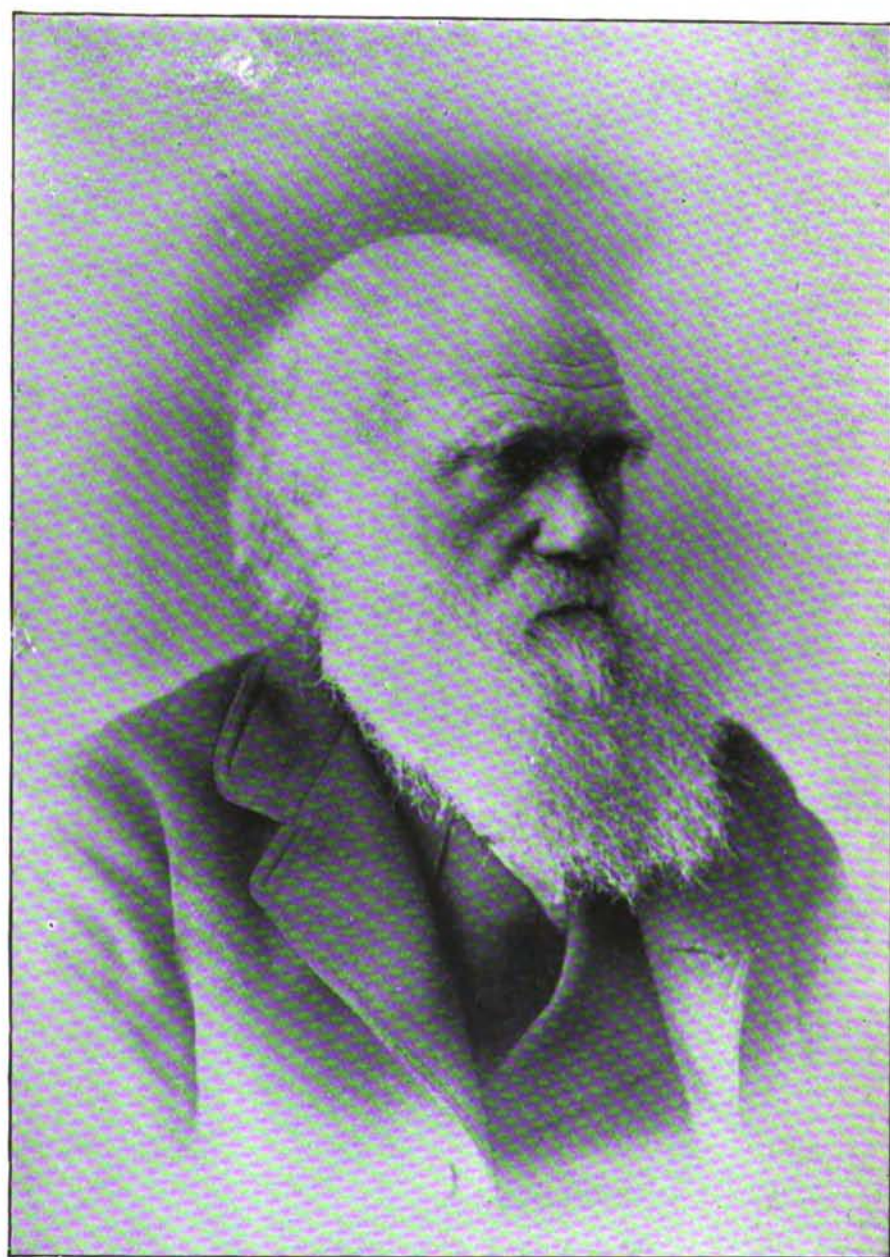
—UMBERTO PIANTINI.

"Now these people were attached to each other, and believed with the assistance of two well-directed pistol balls, they could soon be in a heaven that some preacher had told them about, and before leaving they went around and bid their friends good-bye and started on the journey together, and expected to arrive at their destination in about an hour. Ye gods and little fishes, what sublime faith they had in the Bible! It would certainly stagger even Dr. Talmage. Yet it was not a thing on earth, but firm belief in the teachings of the Bible, and doctrines of preachers, that caused these poor, weak-minded, honest Christians, to commit such a crime. Of course I do not believe such faith could exist, except in an imbecile mind, but those are the kind of people who have the strongest faith, and implicitly believe what they read in the Bible, or what is preached from the pulpit."

—As much as we prize the money that has recently been advanced to put this Magazine on a sound basis, we can but more highly appreciate the liberal, noble impulses manifested by the givers. The author of the following lines is a poor mechanic, to our personal knowledge, with a family to support, but notwithstanding he sends \$4.00 out of his meagre earnings to aid a cause that he holds dear. In the letter inclosing the money, he writes:

Inclosed find postal note for \$4.00—two dollars for the Magazine and two dollars to pay my subscription. The two dollars I send is for the purpose, or intent, and I hope will, help to cause your rest and sleep to be more sweet and sound. I hope and trust, and would even pray, if I thought it would do any good, that the Liberals have not forgotten this matter, which I consider a duty. Hoping that your expressed desires may be fully realized before your next birth-day, and that you may live to see many more birth-days, and that the Magazine may be placed on a solid footing, I am,

Yours truly, W. J. W.



Ch. Darwin

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL (N. S.) 1904.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN.

BY R. C. TOWLER.

THE name of Charles Darwin will ever be pre-eminent among the immortal coteries of extraordinary thinkers who have enlivened the nineteenth century. The age is a noble epoch in the history of scientific thought and attainment. The influence of his careful and patient research and the logical deductions which he gave to them in his masterly volumes, have changed, to a great extent, the current of a world's thoughts. Not that Darwin has accomplished this, for never was he surrounded by more brilliant thinkers than was this great man, enveloped by giant thinkers, nobly fought for the thought he sought to establish, against the combined opposition of established religious and scientific conservatism. But the important fact must not be overlooked that had it not been for the years of patient observation and research, which enabled Mr. Darwin triumphantly to demonstrate the truth of many important contested questions, the brilliant philosophical presentations of Spencer, the important theories of Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and other scarcely less brilliant thinkers, would have only been sufficient to arouse a controversy, which even a century might not have settled, in favour of the bold innovators. Hence Mr. Darwin will ever stand forth the great apostle of evolutionary thought, vaguely foretold by Buffon, St. Hilaire, and Erasmus Darwin, and



Barwin

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL (E. M.) 293.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN.

By B. O. FOWLER.

I.

THE name of Charles Darwin will ever be pre-eminent among the immortal coterie of commanding thinkers who have made the nineteenth century the most notable epoch in the history of scientific thought and attainment. The influence of his careful and patient research and the logical deductions which he gave mankind in his masterly volumes have changed, to a great extent, the current of a world's thought. Not that Darwin alone accomplished this, for never was king surrounded by more loyal knights than was this great man environed by giant thinkers who nobly fought for the thought he sought to establish, against the combined opposition of established religious and scholastic conservatism. But the important fact must not be overlooked that had it not been for the years of patient observation and research, which enabled Mr. Darwin tangibly to demonstrate the truth of many important contested questions, the splendid philosophical presentations of Spencer, the important labors of Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and other scarcely less vigorous thinkers, would have only been sufficient to arouse a fierce war, which even a century might not have settled, in favor of the bold innovators. Hence Mr. Darwin will ever stand as the great apostle of evolutionary thought, vaguely foreshadowed by Buffon, St. Hilaire, and Erasmus Darwin, and

boldly outlined by Lamarck. Around his head the storm of conservatism, intolerance, and religious bigotry played. He was sneeringly styled the "monkey man" and his thoughtful observations and deductions, which were the results of more than thirty years of patient research, were wantonly caricatured and distorted by men who above all others should have demanded for them a frank and candid hearing. It is eminently proper, therefore, that by common consent Charles Darwin be assigned the loftiest niche in the temple of evolutionary thought. And yet we must never forget that he was essentially a demonstrator; his mind ever dwelt upon the special—the minute. The broad, philosophical vision of Herbert Spencer was absent in Darwin; and in the nature of the case he could not see, much less develop, the full ethical significance of the truth of which he is the most illustrious prophet. There is another phase of Darwin's life which renders it peculiarly interesting and helpful. In the man we find one of the noblest types of nineteenth-century life. Darwin the scientist is imposing. Darwin the man is inspiring. The former stimulates the intellect; the latter enriches, by its luminous example, the soul life of all who patiently follow the great *savant* through the long years of invalidism, in which his sweet spirit ever shone resplendent, and his love for truth was an overmastering passion.

II.

In the life of Charles Darwin we find a striking illustration of the gradual unfolding or evolution of character. In boyhood he was neither bright nor overburdened with virtue; in his early life we search in vain for any of those luminous scintillations of genius which have characterized the youth of many illustrious persons. Indeed, if we are to rely on the charmingly frank autobiography written for his children, he was a very commonplace boy, generally considered dull, and more or less given to lying, not with a vicious intent, but owing to a youthful desire to create a sensation.

Charles Darwin was not a person who would have shone in any walk of life; indeed, if his father had not been a man of means, and the son had felt compelled to qualify himself for the profession of a physician, as was at first contemplated, or if he had entered the ministry of the Church of England, for which

he was afterward partially qualified, he would, in all probability, have passed his life in some obscure nook unknown to fame, for he was singularly free from ambition.

It was his great quenchless love for scientific pursuits, largely inherited from his grandfather, whose latent fires Professor Henslow fanned into flames, and later his great desire to aid in solving the mystery of life, which haunted his every step, urging him onward with irresistible sway. Indeed, we may say Charles Darwin became famous in spite of himself.

Of his boyhood, he observes, in an abandon of candor:

"I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification, my father once said to me: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words."

Again he continues:

"One little event has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterwards sorely troubled by it. I told another little boy (I believe it was Leighton, who afterwards became a well-known lichenologist and botanist), that I could produce variously colored polyanthuses and primroses by watering them with certain colored fluids, which was, of course, a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this always was done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit. I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake-shop one day, and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved (it) in a particular manner?" and he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out he said, "Now if you like to go by yourself into that cake-shop,

I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and ask for some cakes, moved the old hat, and was walking out of the shop when the shopman made a rush at me. So I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett."

These frank observations are valuable as indicating that in the youth we see little upon which we might reasonably predicate a brilliant future. He possessed, however, strong and diversified taste, "much zeal for whatever interested him, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing."* But while painstaking and persevering along lines of research which were attractive, he was ill-disposed to master any subject for which he had no taste. Thus he declares that his early schooling, which extended over a period of seven years, "was simply a blank," owing to the fact that the curriculum was strictly classical, and for such study Darwin had neither aptitude nor taste.

When fifteen years old, his father sent him to Edinburgh, as it had been determined he should become a physician. Of his experience here he says:

"The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on Chemistry by Hope. Dr. Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at eight o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr. ——— made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. . . . During my second year at Edinburgh I attended ———'s lectures on Geology and Zoology, but they were incredibly dull. The sole effect they produced on me was the determination never as long as I lived to read a book on Geology, or in any way to study the science."

After spending two sessions in Edinburgh, his father, who had learned that his son did not intend to practice medicine, determined to have him enter the clergy. Accordingly he was sent to Cambridge, where he passed three years; and owing to lax examinations, and some extra studying immediately before examination, he succeeded in passing his examinations, being tenth in the list. Of his school days at Cambridge, he writes:

"During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathe-

*"Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," Vol. I., page 30.

matics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. With respect to classics, I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the Little-Go, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B. A., and brushed up my classics, together with a little Algebra and Euclid. In order to pass the B. A. examination, it was also necessary to get up "Paley's Evidences of Christianity" and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and *I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness*, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me much delight. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's *premises*, and, taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation."

In the light of the above observations of Mr. Darwin, coupled with his statement that he had previously mastered "Pearson on the Creeds" and other standard theological works, and that he looked forward with keen delight to the prospect of being a clergyman, it is interesting to remember that within a few brief years he was destined to call forth, as did no other individual of his generation, an avalanche of denunciation, misrepresentation, and bitter invective from the world of Christian thought. What would have been his amazement if, while he was revelling in "Paley's Evidences," the curtain of futurity had parted before him, revealing the Charles Darwin of thirty years later, then the storm-center of a world's thought, with the lightning of clerical wrath playing about him and the thunders of theological and conservative thought crashing above his head. Darwin, the theological student, gave small hint of holding within the woof and web of his brain the thought germs which were destined to play so important a part in changing the current of a world's thought; and had it not been for a few seemingly trivial happenings and events which occurred about this time, the world would probably know even less of Charles Darwin to-day than it does of his obscure brother. But for his meeting with Professor Henslow, who seemed drawn with a strange fascination to the young student; but for Darwin chancing to read Humboldt's "Personal Narrative," which stirred his whole nature and fired

him with an intense longing to in a small way contribute to the noble structure of natural science; and, lastly, had not the captain of the *Beagle* desired to take with him a competent naturalist during his voyage around the world, it is more than probable that the great philosopher would have been simply the Rev. Charles Darwin, officiating at some retired parish. Is it chance or destiny which so often, in the most unexpected and seemingly trivial circumstance, alters the course of a life, which in turn changes the current of a world's thought? The *ifs* of history and biography are a theme interesting and perplexing. Here was a boy, devoid of all ambition for renown, accounted dull, plodding through college, nearing the day when he is to enter the clergy; but his association with a great student of natural science, who is also an enthusiast, results in firing in the youth the hereditary love of physical science inherited from his grandfather. Humboldt's work adds greatly to the already kindled flame. Next, the unexpected opening for him to go as naturalist on the *Beagle*, and finally the overcoming of his father's stubborn opposition to this journey by Charles Darwin's uncle, Josiah Wedgwood. These are the principal links in the chain of circumstances which changed the theological student into the foremost naturalist of our century, and through Darwin's observations and demonstrations changed, in an almost incredibly short time, the scientific thought of the world, requiring a readjustment of theology and giving to life and law a vaster and nobler significance than they had hitherto held in the human mind. Were these links, the absence of any one of which might have been fatal, the result of blind chance or a law-ordered destiny?

III.

The five years' cruise of the *Beagle*, the real university course of Darwin the physical scientist, was so rich in information that from the garnered truths, in the course of time, a world was to be moved, nay more, the thought of ages was destined, largely through the accretions of knowledge thus gained, to be revolutionized. We have seen from his own utterances how unsatisfactory was his scholastic training. Now, however, he stepped into the broad expanse of a new world. Here, for the first time, the hunger of his soul experienced satisfaction. No longer compelled to feed upon the husks of classical thought, but untram-

melled under the great blue dome, with zone-wide class room in which to master Nature's profoundest truths, Charles Darwin the dunce became an intellectual Titan. True, his illustrious predecessors had blazed the way with speculative thought before him, and this, to a mind like the young naturalist's, was of inestimable value; indeed, had not the luminous, speculative thought of St. Hilaire, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck shone as a pillar of fire before him, it is doubtful whether Darwin would have made any distinctively epoch-marking contributions to science, because the younger naturalist was a demonstrator rather than a discoverer. He belonged to that class whose intellect always require a clue; with that, through profound research and unflagging perseverance, they demonstrate great truths. Besides this mental peculiarity, his extreme lack of confidence in himself or the proper value of his own works would have prevented his advancing his discoveries in any other than a tentative or hesitating manner, had he felt that he was announcing a theory not only contrary to the world-accepted thought, but one undreamed of by human minds before him.

In Brazil for the first time Darwin beheld the teeming, struggling, self-strangling life of the tropics. Here he beheld suggestions of that life which through unknown ages marked our globe from pole to pole. Next passed before him in slowly moving panorama the treeless pampas of South America; Patagonia, with its well-nigh Arctic zone, its almost naked savages, and its interesting natural features, standing in bold contrast to the lately visited luxuriance of Brazil. The Andes of the Western coast were next explored, and from their rock-writ records important truths hitherto unobserved were gleaned. From South America the *Beagle* traversed the Pacific in a serpentine course, weighing anchor at the Galapagos Archipelago, the Polynesian Islands, New Zealand, and Australia. At each point Darwin made discoveries of moment, either in geology, zoology, or botany; while as straws carried by a strong current, numerous biological facts drifted before his mental vision, tending to confirm the great theory which was already taking possession of his mind. In Australia Darwin personally examined a fragment of an ancient world; here is found antiquated fauna strangely like the life of Europe ages ago. At the Keeling Island our scientific Columbus made further discoveries and observations of the coral reefs, destined to produce an important impression on the thought of his age.

From Australia the *Beagle* slowly moved homeward, making many stops of more or less importance to Darwin, among which were Mauritius, St. Helena, and the Azores. On Oct. 2, 1836, the weather-beaten vessel reached England, having circumnavigated the globe, although she had consumed five instead of two years of time, as was expected when she sailed.

Darwin was particularly fitted by nature for the work he was called upon to perform. His was the mind of a specialist. The most minute objects attracted his attention no less than the remains of the mammoth forms which inhabited the globe ages before the advent of man. Thus we find him patiently examining through his microscope the dust which the wind blows upon the ship. Though a specialist, his mind ran not in a narrow groove. Everything relating to biology of course held for him a special charm; geology, zoology, botany, and, indeed, all the phases of physical science exerted an irresistible fascination over his mind. Again, he was probably the most painstaking and persevering working naturalist of our age. While on board the *Beagle*, during the entire voyage, he suffered most distressingly from sea-sickness; yet he daily persevered in his microscopical investigation and scientific observations with unremitting perseverance, although he frequently found it necessary to leave his work for a time and seek a horizontal attitude.

IV.

Judging from the large number of voluminous books written by the invalid worker of Down,* one would suppose his was a wonderfully facile pen; but such was by no means the case. He had poor command of language and was unusually slow and clumsy as a writer, frequently having to recast a sentence many times before he succeeded in conveying the idea he desired to present on paper. In writing of this great hindrance to work he observed: "There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind, leading me to put my statements or propositions at first in a wrong or awkward form." And again, toward the close of life, he says: "I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely, and this difficulty has caused me a great loss of time." What, however, Darwin lacked in ease and facility of expression, he made up in perseverance. His work

* Darwin, after circumnavigating the globe, settled for a time in London, but afterward removed to a comfortable, roomy home in Down, where he passed the long labor years of his useful life in tireless work.

haunted him night and day. He realized that more than one lifetime would be necessary to properly marshal a multitude of vital facts which crowded upon his mental vision. Thus for over forty years he toiled with brain and pen, dying in the armor, before his magnificent intellect, which had revolutionized a world, had become dimmed, and in this particular the oft-repeated desire of his life was granted.

In 1839 Darwin published his "Journal of Researches in Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle." It scored an immediate success, much to the surprise and gratification of its author. He shortly after edited the publication of the "Zoology of the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle," a work which comprised five large volumes. In 1842 he published "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," a discussion which greatly enhanced his reputation. In rapid succession appeared other valuable scientific treatises; indeed the amount of literary work accomplished by Mr. Darwin is amazing when it is remembered that his entire literary career was one long night of painful invalidism, apart from which writing was always slow and laborious work. In 1859 he electrified the scientific world by bringing out his great masterwork, "The Origin of Species." It was a bugle call. Instantaneously the old and new thought among scientists were marshalled under opposing banners, and one of the most fierce and decisive battles known in the history of literature was fought. Fortunately for Darwin, however, the age had produced a race of giants, many of whom, like the author of "The Origin of Species," had caught inspiration from Lamarck. These at once arranged themselves around Mr. Darwin. The magnificent brain of Herbert Spencer had before this given the world the luminous truths from the realm of the speculative philosophy, while so great a working naturalist as Wallace reinforced Darwin with the rich treasures he had gathered during years of patient study under the torrid sun of the Malay Archipelago. The Church, as was perfectly natural, ranged herself upon the side of conservatism, and assailed this new thought with a bitterness of spirit which indicated that she had not left the Dark Ages so far behind her that the spirit which made them one long night of horrors had entirely disappeared. As a rule, the scientific criticism was dignified, and though often bitter, the writers were usually as fair as could be expected. The reviewers, however, who possessed little or no

knowledge of physical science, often assailed they knew not what, being inspired by fanatical zeal resulting from a widespread fear that the new thought would destroy religion. These critics frequently grossly misrepresented, mercilessly, ridiculed and childishly caricatured the great patient disciple of nature, whose sole purpose in life was to add to man's heritage of truth. It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to note how society is ever overtaken with the ague of fear when a new truth dawns on the world. To conservatism all innovations are unwelcome intrusions; and usually conventional thought seeks, in whatever way the spirit of the age approves, to destroy the influence of the promoters of progress. It may be the stake, as in the case of Bruno; it may be the prison, as was the case in Galileo's time. It may be social ostracism, as has characterized the treatment of hundreds of the chosen spirits of the later day. With Charles Darwin the Church sought to destroy his influence by fierce invectives, biting sarcasm, and wholesale ridicule. Yet it must be remembered that the thought was so bold and to the masses so new, it seemed to strike a deadly blow at the tap-root of the tree of revelation. The Church felt that if Darwin succeeded, religion must fall. Thus, instead of inquiring whether or not the theory advanced was true, the clergy felt called upon to proceed after the manner of the Irish community, which inquired into the facts relating to the prisoner's guilt *after* they had hanged the accused. To all this calumny and misrepresentation, Charles Darwin, be it said to his honor, never wasted a precious moment in useless controversy. Grandly he stood a colossus, enveloped by the abuse of ignorance and bigotry, serene in the conviction that he held the thread of a great truth which mankind must in the fullness of time accept. The more men misrepresented and abused, the harder he worked to prove his position by incontrovertible facts and practical demonstrations. "The Origin of Species" was an epoch-marking book. During the intervening years between its publication in 1859 and the publication of his other masterpiece, "The Descent of Man," in 1871, Mr. Darwin made a number of important contributions to scientific literature. "The Descent of Man," however, aroused anew to a certain extent the battle of 1859. During these years the theory of evolution had rapidly grown in favor among thoughtful people; in 1871 it was clear to be seen that the trend of the best thought had set in Darwinward; and though from the date of this last

great work until his death, eleven years later, he added materially to the rich store of facts he had given the world, it is by the "Origin" and "Descent" that Darwin will live throughout succeeding ages. These noble works were the breastworks around which the fiercest intellectual battle of modern times was fought; but the noble, patient, and persevering laborer had the splendid satisfaction of living to see the breastworks not only remain impregnable, but the surrender of a vast majority of competent scientists of the day. Two years before Darwin's death, Professor Huxley delivered his famous address on "The Coming Age of the Origin of Species." Of this notable utterance Mr. Grant Allen fittingly observes:

"The time was a favorable one for reviewing the silent and almost unobserved progress of a great revolution. Twenty-one years had come and gone since the father of modern scientific evolutionism had launched upon the world his tentative work. In those twenty-one years the thought of humanity had been twisted around as upon some invisible pivot, and a new heaven and a new earth had been presented to the eyes of seers and thinkers."

V.

Unfortunately, the private life of many of the world's greatest thinkers will not bear close scrutiny; indeed, the possession of a brain capable of marvellous penetration and dazzling intellectual flights has so frequently been marred by the presence of an unbalanced condition in other directions, that the very word "genius" has come to suggest to some close thinkers the presence of insanity. Often men of the largest brains have displayed the smallest natures. An almost godlike power of intuition, and the eagle wings of genius have so frequently been chained to jealousy, personal ambition, indifference to others, immorality, and an offensive self-worship, that the biographer has touched upon the character and home-life of his subject with feeling of keenest sadness. Not so with the writer who deals with the life of Charles Darwin, as the power of his wonderful mind was only second to the charm of his noble personality. He was the most unselfish and sincere of men; a stranger to that personal ambition which ruthlessly treads upon the happiness and the merit of others; devoid of all traces of jealousy; diffident, indeed, as I have before observed, his diffidence was so marked that it is not improbable that the world would never have received his best thought had not Lamarck and other great thinkers blazed the

way before him. *I know of no life where the supreme mastery of self was more strikingly illustrated than in the career of Darwin after he entered the portals of manhood.* In writing of him in after years, Sir James Sullivan, who sailed on the Beagle, observed: "I can confidently express my belief that during five years on the Beagle he was never known to be out of temper, or to say one unkind or harsh word of or to any one." The marvellous command at this early date which Darwin had over his temper will be better appreciated if we remember that during this voyage the young philosopher was constantly sea-sick. In after years this wonderful control of his lower self grew more and more complete. He had an iron will, but it was used in subjugating all that was unworthy of the noblest manhood in his nature. Darwin loved his home passionately, and naught but thirst for knowledge could have driven him forth on his long, perilous voyage. In his letters we catch many delightful glimpses of this strong, abiding home love, as, for example, the following:

"It is too delightful to think that I shall see the leaves fall and hear the robins sing next autumn at Shrewsbury. My feelings are those of a school-boy to the smallest point; I doubt whether ever boy longed for his holidays as much as I do to see you all again. I am at present, although nearly half the world is between me and home, beginning to arrange what I shall do, where I shall go during the first week."

His marriage to his cousin Emma Wedgwood, which occurred in January, 1839, proved to be an exceptionally happy union; each cherished pure, deep affection for the other, and in each other's society they experienced their rarest happiness. Of their married life Francis Darwin says:

"Of his married life I cannot speak, save in the briefest manner. In his relationship towards my mother, his tender and sympathetic nature was shown in its most beautiful aspect. In her presence he found his happiness, and through her, his life—which might have been overshadowed by gloom—became one of content and quiet gladness."

His deep love for his wife and children was very marked. This tireless delver into the mysteries of life had a heart as tender as the most sensitive maiden. Seldom have I read any lines more touchingly beautiful than the following, written when he lost his little ten-year-old daughter:—

"From whatever point I look back at her, the main feature in her disposition, which at once rises before me, is her buoyant joyousness, tempered by two other characteristics, namely, her sensitiveness, which might easily have been overlooked by a stranger, and her strong affection. It was delightful and cheer-

ful to behold her. Her dear face now rises before me, as she used to come running down-stairs with a stolen pinch of snuff for me, her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure.

Even when playing with her cousins, when her joyousness almost passed into boisterousness, a single glance of my eye, not of displeasure (for I thank God I hardly ever cast one on her), but of want of sympathy, would for some minutes alter her whole countenance. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. . . . She often used exaggerated language, and when I quizzed her by exaggerating what she had said, how clearly can I now see the little toss of the head, and exclamation of "Oh, papa, what a shame of you!" In the last short illness her conduct in simple truth was angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle, pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak, she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea was "beautifully good." When I gave her some water she said, "I quite thank you," and these, I believe, were the last precious words ever addressed by her dear lips to me. We have lost the joy of the household and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear, joyous face! Blessings on her!"

The great secret of Darwin's accomplishing such a vast amount of work lay in the two words *perseverance and order*. He was one of the most persistent of investigators. The suffering and exhaustion incident to his painful and unrelenting illness were not considered by this tireless worker sufficient cause for rest. Each day his apportioned work was prepared with clock-like regularity. Languages were exceedingly difficult for him to master; but in order to acquaint himself with the views of some great German scientific thinkers, he mastered the language sufficiently to read the works, although he always pronounced the words in English. Another illustration of this same spirit of perseverance is related in the following words by Admiral Stokes, who accompanied Darwin on the Beagle:

"We worked together for several years at the same table in the poop cabin of the Beagle during her celebrated voyage, he with his microscope and myself at the charts. It was often a very lively end of the little craft, and distressingly so to my old friend, who suffered greatly from sea-sickness. After, perhaps, an hour's work he would say to me: "Old fellow, I must take the horizontal for it," that being the best relief position from ship motion; a stretch out on one side of the table for some time would enable him to resume his labors for a while, when he had again to lie down."

Such are a few interesting facts concerning this noble life. In a brief pen picture of this character it is impossible to touch even briefly upon the points of excellence in a life so rich in the glory of developed manhood.

The death of Charles Darwin, which occurred on the 19th of April, 1882, cast a gloom over the whole scientific world. The boy who in 1831 seemed to possess so little, and of whom his father entertained serious apprehension lest he should turn out a worthless sporting character, had reached the foremost place in the ranks of great scientists, even in the golden age of scientific research. He was buried in Westminster near the tomb of Newton. Among his pall-bearers were his loved co-laborers, Wallace, Huxley, Lubbock, and Hooker. In closing this sketch I will quote a paragraph from Mr. Allen's graphic summary of the personal characteristics of the great man who in life was as careless of his personal fame as he was devoted to the cause of science:

"Of Darwin's pure and exalted moral nature no Englishman of the present generation can trust himself to speak with becoming moderation. His love of truth, his singleness of heart, his sincerity, his earnestness, his modesty, his candor, his absolute sinking of self and selfishness—these, indeed, are all conspicuous to every reader on the very face of every word he ever printed. Like his works themselves, they must long outlive him. But his sympathetic kindness, his ready generosity, the staunchness of his friendship, the width and depth and breath of his affections, the manner in which "he bore with those who blamed him unjustly without blaming them in return—these things can never so well be known to any other generation of men as to the three generations who walked the world with him. Many even of those who did not know him loved him like a father; to many who never saw his face the hope of winning Charles Darwin's approbation and regard was the highest incentive to thought and action. Towards younger men, especially, his unremitting kindness was always most noteworthy; he spoke and wrote to them, not like one of the masters in Israel, but like a fellow-worker and seeker after truth, interested in their interests, pleased at their successes, sympathetic with their failures, gentle to their mistakes. . . . He had the sympathetic receptivity of all truly great minds, and when he died thousands upon thousands who had never beheld his serene features and his fatherly eyes felt they had lost, indeed, a personal friend. Greatness is not always joined with gentleness; in Charles Darwin's case, by universal consent of all who knew him, "an intellect which had no superior" was wedded to "a character even nobler than the intellect."

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO CHARLES DARWIN.

By THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

WHAT we owe to Charles Darwin may be expressed in one word—the Key to the Organic World, the World of Protists, Plants and Animals, of which we are a part. Before him many had guessed, and taken for granted that we, and all living things, had descended from pre-existing forms; but he first placed this assumption upon a solid scientific theory, and sustained it by observed processes and demonstrated law. It was with the greatest propriety, therefore, that he was buried in Westminster, by the side of the immortal Newton, who gave us the Key to the inorganic world, of stars and suns, planets and moons, *i. e.* of matter in masses. These two names, therefore, Newton and Darwin, will be justly and permanently associated together in the minds of men for ages to come.

The works which we notice,* all recently published, will do much to enable the people, who are not professed scientists, to appreciate the life and works of Darwin. They, together with his "Origin of Species," and "Descent of Man" (including, if possible, his other works as illustrations of these), should be, with Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," in every library that an intelligent man or family will try to make their own.

We naturally first take up his "Autobiography, Correspondence and Life," by his son, and cannot help but fall in love with the man. We have revealed to us the invaluable treasure, a "first-hand soul." It shows us an example of veracity, sincerity, and devotion to a noble life-purpose, never excelled. In private life he was as lovable and blameless as human nature will permit,—no excuse or rebate or balance of errors and defects with good or better traits is required. Then in reading the open book of Nature for us, he was so careful not to go beyond the facts and their warrant, that the most impartial criticism has been com-

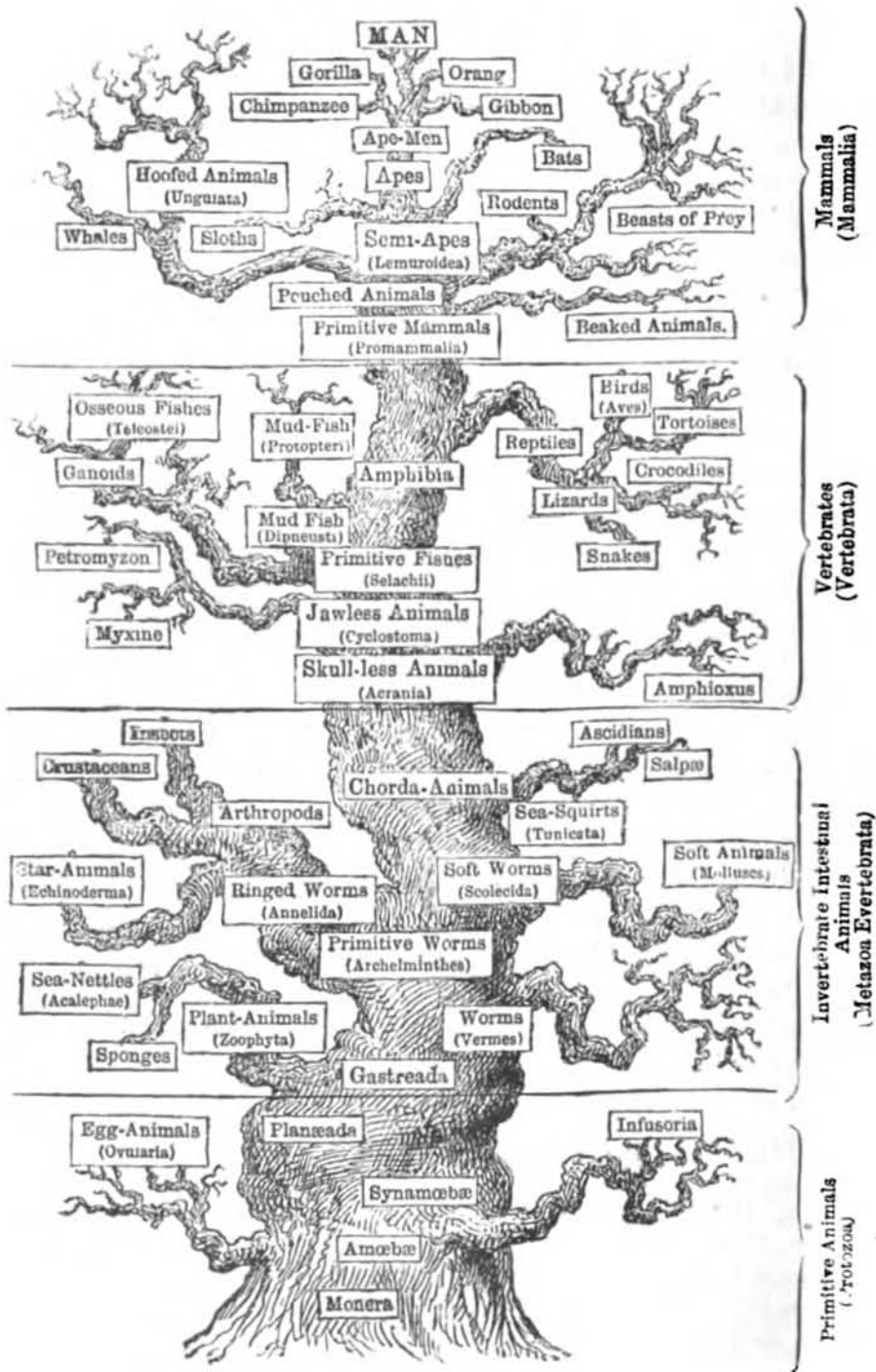
* DARWIN AND AFTER DARWIN. An Exposition of the Darwinian Theory, etc. By George John Romanes, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S., etc. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 1892. Two Vols. 1st Vol., price \$2.00.

CHARLES DARWIN. Autobiography, Life and Letters. By his son, Francis Darwin. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN. By Ernst Haeckel, Professor at Jena. 4th edition, revised and enlarged. Two Vols. Price, \$5.00.

PLATE I.

PEDIGREE OF MAN.



pelled to allow that, however it might have been with scientists, from Moses down, there are no "Mistakes of Darwin"—none of importance, or which he did not correct.

His industry and perseverance were equally remarkable. He inherited a competency *and* ill-health,—two things usually held to justify leisure and inactivity, if not something worse,—but he treasured every day and hour, after his life-work became known to him, as if nothing could compensate for or excuse the waste of time. "But man can do his duty," was his phrase for rising above all ordinary allurements or limitations.

OUTLINE OF HIS LIFE.

Charles R. Darwin (the R. was latterly dropped) was born February 12, 1809, at Shrewsbury, England. His father, Dr. Robert W. Darwin, was a successful practicing physician of that place, noted for accuracy of observation and perception of character. His grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, well known in English literature as a poet, the author of "*Zoonomia*," still more properly distinguished as a naturalist, anticipated in that work (1794) the view of evolution by exertion and will, published by Lamarck, in 1809, in his "*Zoologie Philosophique*."

His mother, also noted for ability and sweetness of disposition, was the daughter of the noted Josiah Wedgwood, the Potter of Etruria, Saffordshire, who originated the glazed white dishes and ware which has made every civilized family his debtor, though too often they have never heard his name. Few steps in civilization have been of more practical utility. Thus Darwin, as son and grandson, according to the laws of heredity, had good right to "the promise and potency" of natural talents. But his childhood, youth, and even his early manhood, did not seem to disclose any exceptional ability. Good he was to brothers, sisters and friends, but sensitive, dreamy, indifferent or stupid, rather than brilliant. The accounts of his childhood are interesting, but we cannot here give details.

For seven years, and until sixteen years of age (1825), he was kept at the preparatory and classical school of Dr. Butler, at Shrewsbury, who afterwards became a bishop, but not *the* Bishop Butler of the "Analogy." Here young Darwin was worked up into the business of making Latin verses,—a waste of time, but for the introduction to real poetry in the Odes of Horace. But blood and nature will tell, and in these youthful years he had begun to find relief, recreation and *education*, in natural collections of bugs, butterflies and birds.

His father designed to fit him for his own, the medical profession, and sent him to the University of Edinburgh, for the preparatory course. His sensitive nature did not take kindly to the dissecting and surgical departments (no chloroform then), and he was relieved of that profession, although it is evident that in the sciences he had obtained a good foundation, and had extended his powers of observation. He was relieved by being entered at Cambridge University (1828) to prepare for orders in the Church of England. In after years, when warmly denounced by the clergy, he was much pleased to tell of his narrow

escape from being the Rev. Dr. Darwin. But Divinity was less attractive than Medicine. He took to amusements and associations which did not help him in that direction, but rather tended to make him an expert in shooting, songs and "good company." His theology was more and more displaced by these, and by the birds, bugs and fishes, the pursuit of which finally attracted the marked attention of his professors, especially of Professor Henslow, who evidently saw that Darwin was a fish (a natural Naturalist) out of water in theology.

When, therefore (1831), the H. M. S. Beagle was being fitted out for a voyage of observation and exploration around the world, this professor recommended to its captain, Fitz-Roy, that the embryo-theologian and champion bug-catcher, Darwin, should go as the Naturalist of the Expedition. The consent of his father and others was with difficulty obtained, and from 1831 to 1836, Darwin was circumnavigating the world and obtaining, as he says, his real education. No voyage, not even excepting that of Magellan or Capt. Cook, or hardly even that of Columbus, ever did more, in the final results, to enlarge the views of mankind in regard to their world; and all this was due to the observing eyes and generalizing mind of its "Naturalist." His account of it, "*The Voyage of the Beagle, or Researches of a Naturalist Around the World*," is almost as interesting and useful to-day as ever, and should be read before his other works, to enable the reader to get something of his habit of observation. The scientific reports of this voyage, in geology, biology, and "coral islands," established his reputation in science, and made this voyage an epoch in those departments.

These works proved that Darwin had struck the field for which heredity, nature, and his own self-education had prepared him. He was gradually bringing to the front the questions which, if answered, must solve the organic world: How came the myriad variations of planets and animals? How came varieties to be mutable, and species immutable? Are they the result of creation, or of descent? The best naturalists of England who had now learned to know Darwin, felt that he was the one to answer these questions. In 1842 to 1844 he struck the true solution, and afterwards Lyell, the great geologist, and Hooker, the botanist (1857-1858), caused him to communicate his answers to these questions, in their original first form, to the Linnean Society, so as to cover the question of priority which had arisen with Mr. A. R. Wallace. From 1844 until the publication of "*The Origin of Species*," in 1859, Darwin was collecting the facts and working out the theory preparatory to presenting it to the world. Nor is it certain but that he would have taken a still longer time, if he had not been brought to assert his priority and originality by the similar views that Mr. Wallace had independently discovered and worked out during his researches in the Malay Archipelago, and which he was about to publish in 1858.

After his return from the Beagle voyage, Darwin had settled in London, and in 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, granddaughter of the said Josiah Wedgwood, the founder of the Etruria pottery. In 1842 he bought a house and grounds at *Dorset*, a sequestered place in Kent, which was gradually fitted up with conservatories and other buildings and improvements for his experiments, and where he and his family of wife and two sons (one daughter died in childhood) continued to reside and work until his death, which occurred April 19, 1882, in the 74th year of his age. He seemed to recognize the approach of

death, and said: "I am not the least afraid to die." His autobiographical sketch was written for his children, not for publication, and in 1879 he added to it these words: "As for myself I believe that I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow-creatures."

The steady and business-like devotion of his life to science, constitutes the main part and the chief interest of his biography. We can really see the explanation of the world growing under his hands from year to year. The fourteen volumes of his published works, commencing with the epoch-making "*Origin of Species*," dated at "Bromley, Kent, October 1, 1859," and continuing, almost from year to year, to to his little work on "*Earth-Worms*," shortly before his death, are all of permanent interest, plain in style, readily understood, and almost indispensable in our efforts to understand the world in which we live. They have all been republished in this country, by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and should be read in the following order, placing the more useful and important first, viz.:

1. *The Origin of Species by Natural Selection.* (1859.) 2 vols., 12mo. \$4.00.
2. *Descent of Man, and Sexual Selection.* (1871.) \$3.00.
3. *The Voyage of the Beagle*, latest edition. (1839 and 1844.) \$5.00.
4. *Variations of Plants and Animals under Domestication.* (1868.) 2 vols. \$5.00.
5. *Insectivorous Plants.* (1875.) \$2.00.
6. *Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants.* (1875.) \$1.25.
7. *Cross and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom.* (1876.) \$2.00.
8. *Fertilization of Orchids by Insects.* (1877.) \$1.75.
9. *Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species.* (1680.) \$1.50.
10. *The Power of Movement in Plants.* (1880.) \$2.00.
11. *The Formation of Vegetable Mold by Earth Worms.* (1881.) \$1.50.
12. *Emotional Expressions of Man and the Lower Animals.* (1872.) \$3.50.
13. *The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs.* (1845.) \$2.00.
14. *Geological Observations of Volcanic Islands.* (1846.) \$2.50.*

THE RESULTS OF DARWIN'S LEAD IN SCIENCE.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll opens his splendid oration upon Abraham Lincoln with the statement, just and true, that the glory and progress of the latter half of our century centers upon two men, Charles Darwin in Science, and the Emancipator President in Statesmanship. Let us not suppose that because Darwin's work went to the very roots of the wonderfully complex science of Biology, that, therefore, none but professed scientists can grasp its methods and results. Very few people understand Newton's mathematical details, but every one who *now* sees an eclipse of the sun or moon, has the truth demonstrated to the eye. Thus the eye, educated by Darwin, whenever it falls upon the groups of plants and animals, looks upon an illustration of his laws. But

* All for sale at this office.—EDITOR.

PLATE II.

Systematic Survey of the most Important Stages in the Animal
Ancestral Line of Man.

M N = Boundary between the Invertebrate and the Vertebrate Ancestors.

<i>Epochs of the organic History of the Earth.</i>	<i>Geological Periods of the Organic History of the Earth.</i>	<i>Animal Ancestral Stages of Man.</i>	<i>Nearest Living Relatives of the Ancestral Stages.</i>
I. Archilithic or Primordial Epoch	1. Laurentian Period 2. Cambrian Period 3. Silurian Period	1. Monera (<i>Monera</i>)	Rathybius (<i>Protamœba</i>)
		2. Oldest Amœbæ	Simple Amœbæ (<i>Amœba</i>)
		3. Amœboid Societies (<i>Synamœbia</i>)	Morula larvæ
		4. Ciliated planulæ (<i>Planula</i>)	Blastula larvæ
		5. Primitive Intes- tinal animals (<i>Gastrædæ</i>)	Gastrula larvæ
		6. Primitive Worms (<i>Archelminthes</i>)	Gliding Worms (<i>Turbellaria</i>)
		7. Soft-worms (<i>Scolecida</i>)	? Between the glid- ing worms and the Sea-squirrels
		8. Chorda animals (<i>Chordonia</i>)	Sea-squirrels (<i>Ascidia</i>) (<i>Appendicularia</i>)
M-----N			
II. Palæolithie or Primary Epoch	4. Devonian Period 5. Coal Period 6. Permian Period	9. Skull-less animals (<i>Acrania</i>)	Lancelets (<i>Amphioxii</i>)
		10. Round-mouths (<i>Cyclostomi</i>)	Lampreys (<i>Petromyzonta</i>)
		11. Primitive Fishes (<i>Selachii</i>)	Sharks (<i>Squalacei</i>)
		12. Salamander Fishes (<i>Dipneusta</i>)	Mud fish (<i>Protoptera</i>)
III. Mesolithie or Secondary Epoch	7. Triassic Period 8. Jurassic Period 9. Chalk Period	13. Gilled Amphibia (<i>Sozobranchia</i>)	Siren (<i>Proteus</i>) and Axolotl (<i>Siredon</i>)
		14. Tailed Amphibia (<i>Sozura</i>)	Water-newt (<i>Triton</i>)
		15. Primitive Am- niota (<i>Protamnia</i>)	? Between Tailed Amphibians and Beaked animals
		16. Primitive Mam- mals (<i>Promammalia</i>)	Beaked animals (<i>Monotrema</i>)
IV. Cænolithie or Tertiary Epoch	10. Eocene Period 11. Miocene Period 12. Pliocene Period	17. Pouched Animals (<i>Marsupialia</i>)	Pouched Rats (<i>Didelphyes</i>)
		18. Semi-Apes (<i>Prosimia</i>)	Lori (<i>Stenopis</i>) Maki (<i>Lemur</i>)
		19. Tailed Narrow- nosed Apes	Nose Apes Holy Apes
		20. Men-like Apes or Tail-less Narrow- nosed Apes	Gorilla, Chimpan- zee, Orang, Gibbon
V. Quaternary Epoch	13. Diluvial Period 14. Alluvial Period	21. Speechless Men or Ape-like Men	Cretins or Micro- cephali
		22. Men capable of speech	Australians and Papuaus

to see this, and to know how to use the key he has put into our hands, we must remember a few things very often overlooked, viz.:

1. That matter may and does exist in a four-fold form; 1, solid; 2, *jelly-form*; 3, liquid; 4, gaseous. This all-important jelly-form of matter may exist on other planets or stars, but we only know it as exuding or forming upon our earth as "the adorn-

ment" of its surface. The most wonderful of those natural gelatines is known as *protoplasm*, of which all living things are formed. It is a small part of the world, of course. Seen from the moon, the vegetation of our earth would be a velvet-green on its lands, and a near approach would be necessary to see the animals running around in and feeding upon it.

2. This protoplasm, as the name means, is the first form of organized matter, and is composed of elements well known in our chemistry. It is just as natural a form of matter as solids or liquids, between which it stands. The ancients used to say that the world consisted of earth, water, air and fire. But we have now to put in these jellies, or *plasms*, between earth and water; and to remember that fire is not matter or a thing, but a chemical *process*, or mode of motion, including, also, as such mode, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and vital and nervous action.

This *proto*—or life—plasm varies widely in its qualities, properties, and results, but whether living or dead, that is, having ceased to live, it is always formed by the chemical, *not* mechanical union of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, with traces of phosphorus or sulphur, or both, so that this word, C 53, H 7, O 21, N 16, PS 1 (*Choups*), would give the initials of its chemical elements, and the figures after the letters would give the approximate *per cent.* of these elements. Here, then, we have, in Huxley's phrase, "the physical basis of all life"; for, the spontaneous re-action of this *plasm* to or against its environment, is life. Life is a natural property of this substance. Of its existence otherwise we know not. (See Huxley's Article on *Protoplasm*, or that word in any late Encyclopædia.)

3. Next, from Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," or from any other work giving the first steps in Biology, we must remember that protoplasm shows life first in small specks, plastids or cells; the latter having generally an inner cell or *nucleus*. These exist in countless numbers in earth, water and air, and form the (in numbers) vast kingdom of microbes, bacteria, bacilli, vibrios, germs, etc., which Haeckel classes as the *Protists*, or first simple or common organisms, out of which all other and higher organisms of plants and animals develop, as from a common source, by varying combinations of them. These Protists all live and increase by budding or dividing (fission). That is, they grow by absorb-

ing and assimilating protoplasmic matter, living or dead, and often each other, as food. These Protists, according to their food and their ways of getting it, gave rise to animals and plants: the *protozoa* and *protophytes*.

The *Protozoa*, or "first animals," are composed of simple cells, which do not form into co-operative tissues, as they do in larger animals, but which have only a cell or individual existence. Prof. Ray Lankester shows how these Protists, or Protozoa, while living on each other, or on *kindred pre-existing* jellies, gradually came to get their food from the carbon in the air and water, and also their other food, which make their protoplasm, directly from the *inorganic* world, by means of chlorophyl and starch, formed under the influence of sunlight. Thus the *protophytes* or first plants, grew out of the animal line of growth, instead of the animals out of them, as was formerly supposed. Plants and animals are, therefore, the counterparts and food-suppliers of each other. But omnivorous man has never forgotten his brother-*animal* and its ready-made protoplasm, as his first and chief food-supply. The plant need not move to get its food, but uses the earth as its stomach, and merely expands to the sun, giving off oxygen, as it takes up the carbon of carbonic acid gas (CO_2) in the earth, air and water, into its sap or white blood. Thus plants develop into immense organisms—as the oak or palm. The animals, on the contrary, are sharpened to a livelier fate, because they can only assimilate protoplasm which is living, or which has lived. Thus they have to move about to get food, unless, as in rare cases, the air or water brings it to them, as to oysters; and they had to evolve claws and teeth to get, and stomachs to hold and digest and void, this organized food, with all the subsidiary organs and processes which the stomach needs. Thus the animal takes oxygen from the air to burn the carbon of his food; and thus he grows and keeps warm, giving off, as plant-food, a breath of carbonic acid gas and vapor. This is the main operation of physical life; and the varying and complex forms of plants and animals have been acquired through countless ages in sustaining it. (See *Protozoa*, *Protophytes*, *Metazoa*, etc., in Haeckel's *Evolution*, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.)

4. But how were these organs for food-getting and growth *acquired*? That was the mystery, the enigma of Biology which seemed to defy solution. The *species*, like the *genera*, of plants

and animals, were supposed by all naturalists, from Aristotle down, to be fixed and immutable. If they were crossed in breeding, the hybrid offspring, like the mule, was infertile and that ended the story. Therefore, it was believed that there could be no descent of species; *therefore*, species were created by God, "in the beginning," or from time to time, as he wished to vary or increase his creatures on the earth. This, prior to Darwin, was the solid orthodox Article of Faith, in both religion and science. It was, indeed, of the first importance as the mainstay of "religion." Newton's gravity had pretty well explained the starry world, but the living world, of which man was the crown and glory, was evidently a matter of special creation, in which, according to Xenophon's Socrates and Archdeacon Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises, and all other "religious" teachers, the Creator had given special evidences of himself and of his activity, continuously, by devising the most complex, minute and wonderful *designs*. It was the last citadel of the old Theology. If science should capture *that*, naught else could prevent its sway over the mind and heart, and the future of mankind. We now hear no more about this argument from design among intelligent people. Why? In November, 1859, appeared Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species by *Selection*." Just as Newton gave us the key to the heavens in the one word, *Gravity*, Darwin gave us the key to the organic world in that one word, *Selection*! Both of these words were of course old enough, but the new application and meanings given them by these men gave them tremendous explaining powers. The first bade us look at sun and starry spaces, not with abject terror, but with intelligent hope; the second showed that with similar hope the lot and fate of man on earth was surely grounded, not on the caprice of a hell-building despot, but upon the sure laws of the Sun and Earth, our true father and mother. Nay, the very laws of man's origin and existence are the organic laws of evolution and progress! In the last chapter of the "Origin of Species," Darwin rested this law of selection and progress upon two facts or general laws which cannot now be disputed:

1. That all plants and animals vary more or less. No two are alike. Sometimes there are real jumps or "sports," as even the Ancon sheep sprang from ordinary sheep; or the smooth nectarine from the downy peach.

2. That plants and animals were constantly subjected to a struggle for existence, by which their offsprings, which otherwise would soon swamp the earth, by their rapid increase, were cut down to the comparatively few which do survive.

3. The law of selection comes into play upon these facts: Those variations which are of advantage to the plant or animal, which better fit it to its environment, are *selected*, and secure the survival of the fittest. As these variations increase, organisms become more and more complex, and higher in organization and adaptations. Selection is, therefore, the law of progress. Those organisms which are fitted to simple conditions will survive for ages with little change. Those which have become very complex (like the elephant), will, on the contrary, change, or vary very slowly, or become extinct, like the mastodon. Those which have been selected so as to use their own social co-operation, like the bees, the ants and the beavers, can adjust themselves very deftly to almost any change of medium. But when intellect and reason are selected in addition to instinct, and these are added to this social power, as in the case of civilized man, to an extent we can hardly grasp—he makes the laws and processes of nature his own tools, and his race can only be overwhelmed or shaken from the earth by some great and unexpected catastrophe.

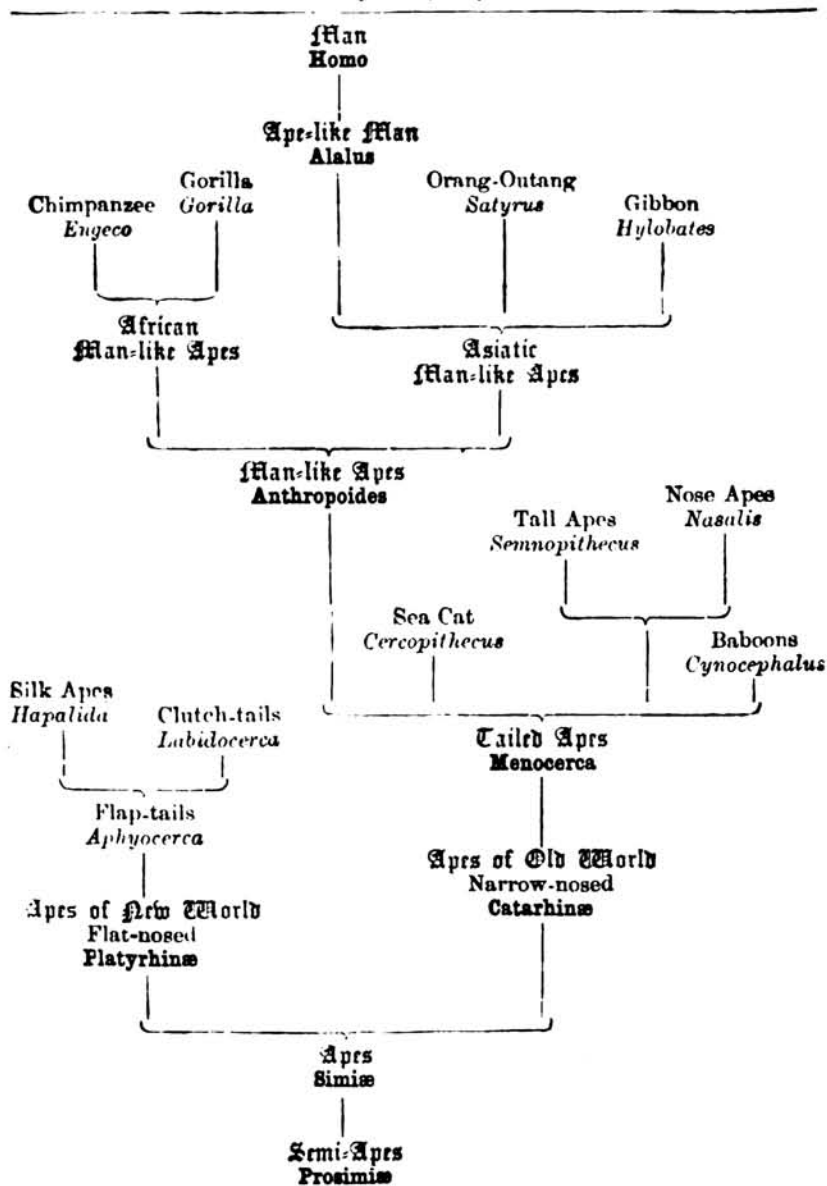
Variation, struggle, selection,—these are simple words, but it takes all of Darwin's works, and all that naturalists have done since, to unfold what they imply. *Natural* Selection is the simple mechanical form of it, where in plants and lower animals there is little or no sentiency, and the change in the food or medium only makes the variation. Where there is sentiency, desire and conation that helps the variation, as in the case of Lamarck's favorite instance, the giraffe's long neck. When afterwards sexual desire and rivalry come in play, still higher are the selections. When *man* begins with his pride and power, there is no end of changes. Intellect becomes the controller of himself, and of the world about him, and artificial conscious selection conquers and improves all, as we see in Darwin's "Domestication of Plants and Animals," and in the evolution of human history. The causes of variation are to be found chiefly in the changes of food and of the medium. We may not wonder at that when we consider that all organisms are but a congeries of cells, and that all

growth is at bottom *cellular genesis*, or cell growth, just as we have described among the *protozoa*, and are dependent upon nutrition. The germ-cell of each organism determines all of its subsequent cells by the *sperm-cell* or food it takes. The line of growth thus begun, the subsequent cells continue it by food taken from the blood, which is the common protoplasm of the organism. This food is taken by cells as they increase, *as*, and in the order *therefore*, the parent organism took it from whence the germ-cell came. This successive order of nutrition in the growth of cells and tissues is the bottom fact of the law of heredity, of the general likeness of offspring, and the general maintenance of species; but with the inevitable variations caused by different parents, different foods and different mediums. How wonderfully Darwin has followed the adaptations of these variations to environments, should be seen in his fertilization of plants by insects, and fertilization of orchids. Paley's "watch," and the design argument, are nowhere, when we see that the selection of variant advantages have fitted insect and flower to each other as cunningly as the key to a watch, and that without that adaptation, vast numbers of plants and animals would at once drop out of existence. He shows that the whole organic world is one vast process of adaptation, presided over by *selection* as the controlling fact and law, determining progress for Man—the sure basis for his work and hope.

In the grand fact of *cellular genesis*, we have the explanation of constant variation, wherever there is a change of environment, food, variety in parentage, etc. The organism thus always stands between its own past and a new environment. Gradually the changes pass beyond the species, and a new one descends from the old. Now it is found that not only mongrels, which come by crossing varieties, but also hybrids, which result from the crossing of species, are in many cases fertile. Prof. Winchell, in his able article on Darwinism in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica (Stoddard's edition), cites many instances of hybrid fertility, among geese, hares, dogs, wolves, foxes, etc.

Now we have only to take the stages of development of the human embryo, and compare with them the upward growth, or evolution of animal history in the outer world, and it gives at once the true *classification*, a real *genealogical tree*, of the whole science of biology. We find that the morphology, or all of the

PLATE III.

Pedigree of Apes.

forms of the animal and plant world have been determined by these selected variations. Thus all "rudimentary organs," like the feet-fins of the whale and seal, are explained. We find that the geographical distribution of plants and animals on the globe is related to the descent of present species from their immediate predecessors. And lastly, we find that such descent is the only

explanation of the order of the ever higher organisms appearing in the past of the earth's history, as far as that history has been made out from the extremely incomplete geological record. We present the outline of this genealogical history or tree of animal life, as it has been outlined by Haeckel in his "Evolution of Man." It is a consummation of the grand chapters of Darwin's true Books of Genesis,—a condensation of facts, laws, and history, in time. This is done just as geologists place the strata of the earth above each other, and thus show ideally the order of the earth's history, though such order is, of course, never anywhere seen as a whole. Against this exposition and solution of the organic world, there is no other theory resting upon a *single fact*, for the *creationists* cannot show one single fact or act of creation. They all came here by embryological evolution; as far as we can find, every other organism has come in the same way. The law by which they come, the law of selection, by which they have risen by cellular genesis, from simple cells, is now the science of embryology—denied by none.

The case is closed: for, just as Newton had to prove his law of gravity only in *one* case, that of the moon, to make it the law of all heavenly bodies, until some established fact should appear against it, so the law of evolution by selection stands, as to the organic world, not only on *one* fact, but on thousands—is illustrated, indeed, by every living thing—while not one *creative* fact is even pretended to have been ever observed!

SOME RELIGIOUS CONSEQUENCES.

One of the rare things about Darwin was his freedom from all limitations in the application of this law of selection. Mr. A. L. Wallace, the co-discoverer of it, is unable to see it *elect* the higher nature of man, or the higher stages of human civilization, and has been unable to free himself from his early belief in spiritualism.

Other evolutionists talk about "creative evolution" (like a square circle); others think there was some "will" or intelligence in the matter, or some "unknowable" directing it all. But Darwin was square and honest in following the results of this law, which he foresaw, would throw light over the whole of the human fac-

ulties and all history, individual and collective. The human race in Sociology rises by selective evolution, from the tribe to the grandest civilization to which we can aspire, as from the germ-cell to the complete man in Biology. Here this law gives us immeasurable hope of progress. Progress is a continuous integration of cells, parts and organs, attended by a continuous differentiation of their uses and functions for the benefit of the whole. "Each for all, and all for each," is the common law of biology and sociology. As to any theological or other solution, Darwin wrote: "Can the mind of man, which, as I fully believe, has been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions? I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems. The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us, and I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic." Again he writes: "The safest conclusion seems to me to be, that the subject is beyond the scope of men's intellect; *but man can do his duty.*" Thereby we may rise from the Anthropoid nature to our ever growing Ideal-world.

Much more of the same purport might be quoted from his interesting biography, which has an admirable chapter upon his "religion." He gradually laid aside, as he outgrew them, the superstitions in which his youth and childhood had been passed. As a man he took no part in the supernatural, or, as he intimates above, the monkey-theories, or "revelations" about the infinite universe, and did not pretend that there was any use in trying to solve man's lot and fate upon them. "There have been no revelations," he said, and the only wisdom is in truth. He regretted that he had not been able to do more *directly* for human progress, and yet could not hold himself guilty of any great crime or sin. When he felt that the end was near, he repeated, "I am not in the least afraid to die." Yes, indeed, he had done his duty too well to fear death,—so well that physical death would only be the opening to an ever-increasing immortality. In proving that we were not manufactured by, nor descended from, gods or angels, he gave us the law of progress and hope, by which we may ascend above them.

"ATOMS."—A FEW MORE "HARD WORDS OF SCIENCE."

BY HARRY HOOVER.

"To be, or not to be?"

SCIENCE is said to be "classified knowledge," but it is more than that: it is *unified* knowledge. It is a consistent body of discrete truths. Every truth in the universe is co-related to every other truth, and it is the business of the student to ascertain that relation.

But men of moderate means and leisure cannot purchase, and have not time to read, voluminous, exhaustive and expensive works on abstruse subjects; hence we are obliged to depend, more or less, upon men of known learning, ability and inclination to read, digest and summarize, the labors of the working bees in the field of science. That was the "main object" of addressing my article entitled "Monism" in the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE of August, 1892, to Hon. T. B. Wakeman, of New York, who is acknowledged (not only in Liberal circles, but by the world at large) to be a scholar, and one who "keeps abreast of the times," by keeping in touch with the latest scientific discoveries; and *not*, as Mr. Wakeman says, "to prefer charges of heresy and hunt him out of the Liberal Church on the ground of scientific heterodoxy."

But because we see proper to take certain "advanced thinkers" as guides, it does not necessarily follow that we shirk the responsibility of thinking for ourselves, but rather that we see to it that these "pillars of cloud by day, and pillars of fire by night" do not lead us forty years in the arid desert of speculation, nor—back to Egypt.

From the tone of Mr. Wakeman's first "reply" I am inclined to think that he did not appreciate the spirit of the first part of my article, "Monism,"—so that some supplementary remarks seem to be in order.

"Scientists are not now saying, as does my critic, in his article on 'Gross Materialism,' 'Matter is the ultimate thing in itself, and composed of atoms.'"

When I penned that sentence I did not wish to be understood as excluding the existence of *ether*; nor will any of my readers so understand me; for in the very same article I quote from Prof. Tyndall, approvingly, "Interstellar ether is a substance almost infinitely attenuated, yet we are as certain of its existence as we are of the sun and moon." I used the word "ultimate" in just the same sense as that in which Prof. A. E. Dolbear—approvingly quoted by Mr. Wakeman—uses it when he says, "Chemists have concluded, from their experience with matter, in its various forms and conditions, that it is really reducible to *ultimate* particles, which have never been broken up, no matter what conditions they have been subject to; and these ultimate particles are called *atoms*." ("Matter, Ether and Motion," page 9.)

Now, nobody believes that Prof. Dolbear intended to be understood as excluding ether. He was simply doing as I did—speaking of *one thing at a time*.

In my article on "Monism" I accepted that philosophy "with some reservations to be stated further on." These reservations had reference to the relations of matter and ether, which I regarded, and still regard, as co-existent and co-operative. Mr. Wakeman not only denies their co-existence, but denies the existence of atoms at all. Hear him: "No atom or break whatever has been discovered in testing the continuity of matter by every known means." ("Hard Words," page 599.) "The ether hypothesis * * leaves the world and all its matter a continuous unity without a possible vacuum, or atom." (*Ibid*, page 600.) "We have no occasion for a God or an atom." (*Ibid*, page 602.) This seems to raise a distinct issue. I might quote a long list of authorities, from Democritus down, but new *truths* do not down at the bidding of authorities, so I will simply quote the opinion of one living worker,—to whom I am referred by Mr. Wakeman himself:

"We vainly strive to interpret the properties of ether in terms of matter." (Prof. A. E. Dolbear, in the Preface to "Matter, Ether and Motion.") "There is no evidence at all that the ether is subject to gravitative action, or that it offers any resistance to a body moving in it." (Page 34.) "As for myself, I make a sharp distinction between the ether and matter, and feel confused to hear one speak of the ether as matter." (Page 35.)

Mr. Wakeman further says: "And these atoms can only exist as they are *constantly* formed by the continuous ether. They are, therefore, of the *continuous* form of the ether, and never separated from it." ("Atoms," etc., page 601.)

That is also the view of Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, of New York. But A. E. Dolbear, Professor of Physics, Tufts College, thinks differently: "The work of physicists and chemists, carried on for many years, has convinced them that none of the processes to which matter has been subjected, has affected its quantity in the slightest degree. A definite quantity of hydrogen, or, what is precisely the same thing, a definite number of hydrogen atoms, may be subject to any conditions of temperature, may be made to combine with any other elements successively, forming with them solids, or liquids, or gases, and no atom is destroyed, nor its individual properties changed in any degree. *Neither has any phenomenon been discovered indicating that new atoms of any kind are ever produced* by any physical changes yet known. Time does not alter them." (Page 21.)

Again, I quote from "Atoms and Hard Words of Science": "The different kinds of matter do not chemically interpenetrate, but they solve and melt together into a third or other substance, different from either, *which is a new creation.*" (Page 599.)

And again I place in opposition a quotation from "Matter, Ether and Motion": "So one may be led to the conclusion that whatever else may decay, atoms do not, but remain as types of permanency through all imaginable changes, permanent bodies in form and in all physical qualities, and permanent *in time* capable, apparently, of enduring through infinite time. Presenting no evidences of *growth* or decay. All things grow, because of change, and decay, because of more rapid change, and there appears to be *nothing stable but atoms.*" (Page 24.)

We are referred to Prof. T. Sterry Hunt's "Mineral Physiology and Physiography," for confirmation of Mr. Wakeman's views, as set forth above, with a very plain intimation that the *last word* has been said on the subject of the "Hard Words of Science," and that if "Liberals like Mr. Hoover" wish to keep up with the procession, we must fall into line and keep step to the music of the "New Chemistry."

All right! If the Daltonian theory of atoms *is* exploded, and Prof. Hunt's new chemistry *established*, I would be very foolish,

indeed, to be found "straggling." On the contrary, as I stated in my article on "Monism," "It is *the truth* I am in search of," and will adopt *new* views just as soon as they are proven to be *true* views. But there are some considerations that cause me to hesitate: 1st. The fact—admitted by Mr. Wakeman, in his review of Prof. Hunt's works—that water, when decomposed, resolves itself into *oxygen* and *hydrogen*, its original elements, and *not into ether*, is not, and cannot be, explained on the theory of "polymerization."

2d. The fact that Prof. Dolbear and other living scientists, do not seem to be in a hurry to adopt the theory; and,

3d. Mr. Wakeman admits that "It is a *theory* which certainly must wait for final completion"; and,

4th. The author himself calls it, "Generalizations which I had cherished, but hardly dared to formulate."

Inasmuch as our most earnest and conscientious scientists differ on fundamental problems, and it is admitted that,

"Any final, or clear conception as to the nature of ether, seems, as yet, to be a long way off," prudence would seem to suggest that we act more cautiously, and do not be too hasty in adopting theories, which, at best, may be only theories. And especially is anything like dogmatism or acrimony out of place in such matters. As for myself, neither the polymeric theory of Prof. Hunt, nor the vortex ring atom theory of Prof. Dolbear, seems to me to meet all the requirements of the problem. I have my own "views," which I have long been tempted to put on paper, but have been deterred by a fear that I lacked a sufficient acquaintance with the higher mathematics to maintain my theory under cross-examination. I hope at some time in the near future to formulate and publish the same.

Since penning the foregoing I have read Mr. Wakeman's third, and concluding article, entitled "The Classification of the Sciences," and again it appears necessary to correct either his misapprehension or his presentation of the subject:

"Mr. Hoover expressed the common error of confusion on this subject, when he wrote: 'All the sciences are co-related, and all classification, is, more or less, arbitrary, and only useful in the light of convenience.'"

Yes, that is just what I said, and I said it advisedly. My readers will remember that I was writing on "Monism,"—a philosophy that views the universe, or nature, *as a whole*; that all phenomena are dependent upon previous conditions; that the chain of cause and effect is continuous; all manifestations are interdependent, and co-related; nothing stands alone, and the more we become acquainted with Nature and her operations, the more we are convinced of the fact that infinite diversity is bound with an adamant chain of cosmic unity. "There is no break, no duality in this world."

But men from time immemorial have been prone to "classification," evidently for the sake of "convenience." A very primitive classification was: "Fire, water, earth and air." This was found to be defective, and was succeeded by the "mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms." But as knowledge widened the field, man was found to be an animal, and a new classification imperative.

Linnæus and Cuvier made laudable attempts to bring order out of chaos, but Mr. Wakeman would hardly, to-day, recognize their classifications as finalities. Cuvier divided the animal kingdom into four great divisions: "Vertebrata, articulata, mollusca, and radiata." This classification was subsequently enlarged to six; so, also, in the vegetable kingdom. But the four "kingdoms" were found to be inadequate, and a fifth, the "protista," was added; which Haeckel says "cannot with justice be assigned either to the animal or vegetable kingdoms."

No two naturalists, botanists, chemists, zoologists, or anthropologists, make the same classification. All are "more or less arbitrary," according to the individual view of the author, each, curiously enough, claiming perfection for *his* particular system. Cuvier said: "The immutability of species is a necessary condition of the existence of scientific natural history." But Darwin and Huxley seem to be of a different opinion, and Haeckel says: "The dispute as to what is a 'kind,' or a 'species,' what a 'race,' or 'variety,' can never be determined." Blumenbach, and his followers, give five races of men. But Prof. Haeckel—of whom Mr. Wakeman says, "There are few personal characters in the world really more worthy of our acquaintance,"—"a rare genius,"—"the leading exponent of evolution on the continent of Europe,"—gives us sixteen "species," and thirty-six "races," of men.

No doubt Mr. Wakeman is cognizant of this diversity of opinion, and has determined to settle the matter for all time; so he flashes upon our vision "the true and only map of human knowledge,"—evidently put forth as a *perfect* "classification of the sciences." I gaze upon it, at first with "reverential awe," but I soon observe that it has a familiar look, and I remember meeting it several times since I attempted to study "Comte's Positive Philosophy." But is not even Comte's classification a little "arbitrary?" Are not "abstract and general concepts" *subjective* moods, instead of *objective* realities?

"What can we do, for instance, with Mr. Hoover, who will mix up 'life' and 'spirit,' which are biological *processes*, and *not things* at all, with atoms and molecules and matter, all of which belong to the material and inorganized world?" I have to remark on this that I said nothing about "spirit" in my article on "Monism," except to mention that Wallace gave us spirits, and in "Gross Materialism" the only allusion to spirit is as follows: "The complement of negations, or whatever is *not*, is spirit." And as for "life" I never said it was a thing, but a process: "Life, in a general sense, is force or energy; in a special or restricted sense, it is 'the sum of the activities of the organism.'" True, Mr. Wakeman (in his review of Haeckel) denies the term life to inorganic matter, and tries to draw a distinction between "spontaneous motion" and "psychic life." But how does he know that the difference is one of *kind*, and not of *degree*?

Does not the monistic conception of nature demand that we refrain from setting up artificial obstructions, and making distinctions without a difference? Haeckel says: "We thus arrive at the very important conviction that *all natural bodies*, which are known to us, are *equally animated*; that the distinction which has been made between 'animate' and 'inanimate' bodies, *does not exist*. * * * When in a solution of salt a crystal is formed, the phenomenon is neither more, nor less, a mechanical manifestation of life * * * than the perception or the formation of thought in man." Or, in other words, such a distinction is simply a case of "arbitrary classification," and not "useful," or "convenient." I believe Mr. Edison also expresses the same views, and Mr. Edison is not given to talking "nonsense," and most people think that he *has* "a bit of sense left."

"Now what can we do with" Mr. Wakeman, who persists in either misquoting or misunderstanding my language. I did not say that "*everything* is arbitrary about the order of the sciences, and that convenience is that which determines their classification." The "order of the sciences" is natural enough, but *incomplete knowledge* of that order always has determined their classification, and just in proportion as that classification has been "more or less arbitrary," or true to Nature, has it been either useful or convenient.

"The systematic division of classes, orders, families, genera, and species, as well as their designations, are *arbitrary* and artificial productions of man." (Lamarck's "Philosophie Zoologique."

"The trouble with Mr." Wakeman appears to be that he is so thoroughly saturated with "Positivism," that it tinges everything that he touches or that touches him. (This may be news to him, but not to his friends.) No doubt he has made an honest effort to reconcile his papistic positivism with his realistic monism. Hugh Miller essayed a similar task, but did not succeed. In friend Wakeman's case, "the tyranny of the dead" is forcibly illustrated. Comte calls from his grave, and Wakeman echoes: "Creation! Faith! Worship! Religion!"

In a future article I expect to pay my respects to these survivors of a barbarous past.

PITTSBURGH, PA., February 8, 1903.

AN ACTIVE FREETHINKER.

ONE of the most aggressive Freethinkers in this country is Mr. Henry Bird, President of the Newark, N. J. Liberal League. Mr. Bird is the leading spirit of the society, taking part in almost every discussion that follows a lecture. The amount of good work done by the society may be judged from the fact that ministers in the vicinity are beginning to complain. Several times when I attended the lecture, a man who was connected with the Young Men's Christian Association of Newark arose suppositively as a critic, but only complained about the limited amount of time that he was allowed to reply in. Mr. Bird immediately replied by offering "our Christian brother" the use of the platform for a whole afternoon. It was not accepted however. Mr. Bird is also one of the leaders of the Young Men's Debating Club. In many respects the club will resemble the Liberal League, but the time for discussion will be more evenly divided. Meetings are held every two weeks, and from the amount of interest taken in the first meeting, held a short while ago, I should judge it will be a great success.

G. HENRY PAINE.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE BIBLE.*

BY JEREMIAH HACKER.

BEFORE men are perfect the Bible must go,
For that is the cause of nine-tenths of our woe.
Almost every sin on the civilized earth,
Can point to that book for the cause of its birth.

The Bible brought slavery, and slavery caused war,
And one million stalwarts were slaughtered therefor.
Another full million are limping around,
For whom sixty millions in pensions are found.

A book that produces a slaughter like that
Should be fried in a furnace with brimstone for fat.
The priests are impostors, their trade is a fraud,
They teach that the Bible came from a wise God.

But I find on its pages full three hundred lies,
All proved by itself without any disguise.
And hundreds of texts too foul to be read
By any with innocent brains in their head.

If people could read that old book aright,
They would all be ashamed to keep it in sight.
Not one in a thousand knows what it contains,
Nor will, while they read without thought in their brains.

Thinking divides, the false from the true,
Teaches what to reject and what to pursue.
But the priests teach the people to swallow it all,
And as well might they say "Live on wormwood and gall."

It has a few good things mixed in with its trash,
To relish the bad ones, like salt in a hash.
But the bad ones so far outnumber the good,
They prevent them from doing the work that they should.

* We very gladly give place to these lines from our esteemed friend, who will be 92 years of age the 10th day of next May, and who has for the last seventy-two years been a true, practical friend of human progress. He commenced life a worshiper at the shrine of superstition, but being an honest, conscientious investigator, soon outgrew his early false education, and became an outspoken Freethinker. He tells us here very plainly what he thinks of "God's Holy Word."

AN INTERVIEW AT HEADQUARTERS.

BY OUR CELESTIAL REPORTER.

THE enterprise of our cotemporaries of the daily press in publishing interviews with distinguished persons is a popular feature of current journalism. Not to be outdone in this field of usefulness, the following recital of an interview with the Author of all is reverently presented to the reader, with the assurance that it represents what actually took place, with the same verity customary in interviews, and that the statements embodied are of authority, at least equal to anything heretofore inspired or revealed from the far-off realm whence this emanates.

My business is that of a press reporter. Men of this guild, as every one knows, must be wise in religious, scientific, philosophical and political literature, and, guided only by truth, must keep themselves unspotted from the world. Reclining in my Turkish easy-chair some days ago, my feet enjoying the delight of a Christmas foot-rest, surrounded by the luxurious trappings of a reporter's studio, and wondering to what field of usefulness I would next be called for a distinguished interview, for the hundredth time I fell to reading, for solace, in the book of books. My mind became irresistibly fixed upon this passage: "And Enoch walked with God." I could not discover, from the context, that Enoch was any better man than myself, nor that his assurance, pleasing address or insinuating manners were equal to my own. If I could be favored with such a walk, thought I, and could in person converse, as Enoch did, with the Highest of the Highest, surely the readers of my authentic report would rise up and call me blessed. How I was to accomplish it was a serious problem. Yet I felt certain that a modern reporter could go anywhere or do anything ever done by an ancient. I resolved to make the effort. Musing upon the ways and means of achieving the difficult task I fell asleep.

When I awoke I found myself climbing a ladder, which seemed to extend to a height altogether beyond my vision. The ascent seemed easy. A dozen rounds would be reached when only one was attempted. Soon the upward inclination became so irresistible that I positively enjoyed the climb. Gazing again, skyward, I beheld the Celestial City just as it appeared in the photograph which Bunyan published in his "Pilgrim's Progress," and which I so much admired when a boy. I comprehended that my scheme for an interview was to be crowned with success and already began to sharpen my pencils. At length the highest round of the ladder was achieved and I alighted on the golden pavement of the new Jerusalem. I was there met by an angel, Gabriel by name, who seemed to act as a sort of celestial doorkeeper. He politely received my card, escorted me to the massive and resplendent door of the palace, and bidding me be seated disappeared inside. Soon returning he invited me within, remarking that His Eminence would be glad to see me in the throne room, on the seventh floor. Taking the elevator I was wafted upward. Upon emerging I was met at the gate by an angel of great beauty, who, after a graceful obeisance, threw wide open the door and ushered me into the awful presence, remarking, "Your Highness, this is a terrestrial reporter who seeks an audience."

The grandeur of the palace, the eminence of its occupant, and my long voyage so quickly performed, quite perturbed my spirits, and I fairly trembled at the knees. Perceiving that I was thus abashed, His Highness, speaking from the throne, remarked, in a gentle and persuasive voice :

"Young mortal, be not disturbed. Let your spirit be serene and unruffled. What wouldst thou with me?"

Summoning my courage and good manners, and approaching near the throne, I began the delivery of a formal speech which I had arranged in mind for the occasion.

"Oh, most omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent being, grant ——"

"Cease that alliterative jargon," said he, "it is conventional, I know, but I am tired of it. The department of intercession, over which my son presides, receives at least a million bushels of such nonsense every day. Its meaning is unknown to those who utter it and to those who listen to it. Besides, there is very little truth in it. Tell me, without fear, in plain English, who you are, why you are here, and what is your desire. First, let me say, you are the first human being who ever came unbidden into this realm, yet you are welcome for a time. That infant mustache and adolescent beard, coupled with your undoubted courage and unquestioned impudence, give high promise of eminence among your fellows. Speak, let your wants be known."

"To be plain, then, your Highness," said I, "I am a trusted reporter for the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. Subscription two dollars a year, payable in advance. Its circulation is as numerous as the sands of the seashore. I have here the affidavit of the publisher showing ——"

"Hold!" said he, "talk not to me of such perjurious documents. If you could see the debits I have charged up to publishers on that account it would 'freeze thy young blood and make each individual hair to stand on end like quills on the fretful porcupine.' Facts are what I want, not affidavits."

"Well, then," said I, "our numerous readers would be pleased if your Highness would give us some account of your birth and early training, and of your life and times generally; also of the creation of the earth, with an exposition of the doctrines of the true faith in all pertinent matters."

"Young man, are not you and your readers aware that there is such a book as the Bible? I commend it to your intelligence. In it may be found all the information you seek, and all that I could give. I wrote it myself, or rather dictated it. You need nothing more."

"But, your Highness, this Bible I am quite familiar with, and so are our readers. Almost half of it I can quote from memory. The more we read it the greater our doubts become. It seems both absurd and inconsistent in many places. Can you not make matters plain to our mortal minds?"

"I greatly fear me, sir, that you are an Infidel, and that your magazine is an organ of such. Be it so. To tell the exact truth I am not surprised. All men are really so. I incline that way myself at times. To make this plain I must recount briefly some of my life and experiences, which you may lay before your readers. I have little hope that it will strengthen their faith. My efforts in that direction have always proved abortive."

"Will your Highness suspend a moment while I sharpen this pencil? All right, proceed."

"Well, then, you must know, to begin with, that I was never born and so had no infancy. Just as you see me I have always been and shall always be. Neither younger nor older. In eternity there is no flight of time. Sitting on this great white throne, in this celestial palace, I passed countless eons of existence all alone, and in darkness. Aside from this throne, this palace and myself nothing had existence. Everything was blank. Nature was wrapped up in me. There were no laws and no need of any. In such a monotonous existence I was indeed lonely, and had naught to occupy my mind save in ranging through these premises from cellar to garret, counting, measuring and weighing these myriad diamonds and precious stones which so surprise and dazzle your vision. I learned, to a carat, the value of every one of them, but to no purpose. My life was the embodiment of idleness and seemed a waste. Conscious always of great power and wisdom there appeared nothing to which I could apply them. At length the happy thought occurred that since I, myself, had no antecedents, and must have been evolved from nothing, I could, perhaps, produce something myself from nothing. This idea grew upon me. I needed employment and amusement. I resolved to create the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. First, preparing the plans and specifications, which bothered me a good deal, I thought the best thing I could do would be to create light, so that I could see to work up the other matters. So on the first day I created light and separated it from darkness so the two could not get mixed. I succeeded admirably and was much pleased. No sooner did I look out into the light than I discovered that there was large quantities of moisture playing about loosely everywhere. I gathered the most of it together into water and settled it down solid in one place. Then I built a firmament and put the balance of the water above that so that it would not leak through except when it was needed. That took me all the second day, and it was a wet job, but it was something new and I enjoyed it. The next day I built the earth and planted it on the lower body of water. It floated beautifully and was a success. It was pretty nearly square, with water beneath and on all sides. The land was all dry and fine. I then planted all sorts of seeds and fruit trees and trees of every kind, including the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which took me all the third day. By this time I discovered that the light which I had created the first day was too much of a good thing. It was lying all around under foot and everywhere in the way. I must have something to hold it in. So I gathered the best of it together and crowded it off to a proper distance and made the sun of it. Some of the poorer and paler quality I made the moon out of. The balance was scattered into stars just as you see them when you are at home in Buffalo. I intended the sun to give light by day, which it has always done, and the moon to give a softer light by night. By an error in calculation the moon went off on a tangent, so that it does not give light on dark nights. I ought to have rectified the error at the time, but out of regard for the future gas companies I concluded to let it go as it was. The stars were merely made to vex the astronomers, and they have always worked well. They are all in your eye. I was glad when night came on the fourth day. It was the first night that had ever existed. Blessed be night! The

fifth day I devoted to making fish and filled the waters with all sorts of them. Everything I could imagine that could live in water I made, and was well pleased with the result. The next and last day I devoted to making animals and completed a host of them. When I had all the rest of them done, made entirely out of nothing, I noticed there was plenty of dirt on the ground. It occurred to me that probably I could make a better animal out of that than I had thus far been able to without material. So I gathered up a quantity and soon constructed out of it a most beautiful bipedal animal, looking a good deal like myself, and called it man, giving it also the distinctive name of Adam. This was the first of your race, young man. I now wish it had been the last, as I will explain to you later on. I soon discovered that Adam would be lonesome, after I should go away, unless he had a companion. So catching him asleep under a tree I cut out one of his ribs and made out of it a woman called Eve and presented her to him. I found I could make a much more beautiful and lovable animal out of a rib than I could out of dirt, and so it has proved up to this very time. Well, having got the heavens and the earth and all the host of them finished, you may well believe I was fatigued and needed a rest, for it was the first real work I had ever undertaken. So, on the seventh day, I rested, and Adam and Eve with me. We called it the Sabbath, and made it forever sacred. I devoted myself that day to giving them pious and practical instruction as to their future conduct, and as to the management of all the other created things, which I turned over to them. We had one service at ten in the morning and another at early candle-light in the evening. On that day every created thing was happy, and so was I. The sea roared, the floods clapped their hands, the hills were joyful together, and it seemed that all would glorify God and enjoy Him forever. But, alas! vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

"To make my two images comfortable and teach them how to live I planted a garden in Eden, filled with all good things to eat. In an unlucky moment I planted also a tree of the knowledge of good and evil. I told them they could eat freely the fruit of all the others, but that this one they must not touch, for if they did they would surely die. Among the things I had created was a certain talking serpent, which walked upon his tail. No sooner had I turned my back than this serpent came into the garden and told Eve she could eat the fruit of the forbidden tree freely, if she wanted to, and that it was the best in the whole orchard. So she picked some and ate, giving Adam a slice, and both pronounced it fine. For the first time they now found they were naked. How they did so I never knew, for they were the only human beings in existence, and of course had never seen anybody with clothes on. With the whole human race, but especially with the women, it has been clothes, and nothing but clothes, ever since. I ought to have killed both of them on the spot, and have always been sorry I did not, but Eve was a most beautiful woman and Adam a comely man. I yielded to their persuasions and let them live. They swore the offense off on to the snake, and blamed me for creating him. Him I condemned to go on his belly and eat dirt forever. He has never spoken since, nor eaten dirt in public, but still continues to walk on his belly.

"I planted that tree of the knowledge of good and evil because it was in the original specifications. It was a great mistake, however. If I had understood

the true nature of that man and woman, whom I had just created, as well as I now do that of human nature in general, I am sure I would have planted no such tree, or if I did, would not have forbidden its use, for I have noticed ever since that if a man or woman is told they must not do a thing that is the one thing they are sure to do. However, I tore up the tree by its roots and never planted another like it, and never shall. I have even almost forgotten how I intended to have the fruit taste, but I remember that it was luscious.

"Now, my original plan was to make men out of dirt and women out of their ribs, and only to make as many from time to time as seemed to be requisite for true happiness on the earth. I did not intend that any of them should get sick and die. There was no need of it. I intended there should be no sin, no sorrow and no tears, but only peace, good health and joy forever. This eating of the forbidden fruit, however, upset all my calculations. Man thereby fell from his godlike estate, and great was the fall thereof. Sin and death and punishment necessarily followed, greatly to my mortification and grief. So I had to change the method of populating the earth into that which has ever since prevailed, of conception and sorrow, and travail and pain, and infancy and the unnumbered woes which all along accompany human life, ending with miserable death. You see, my young friend, that if I had been as omniscient as you thought me, these mistakes on my part would never have been made. Put it in the *FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE*. The fact is that nobody knows everything, except now and then a college professor. I mention no names. If you want to know who ask any professor and he will hand you his card.

"Well, time passed on. By and by Abel was killed. His soul departed, and there was no place appointed for such an emergency. I foresaw more trouble. Cain and other fallen children of men would die and a myriad of lost souls would soon need a place of habitation. As the transgression of Adam rested upon them, which I could condone but not forgive, I could not take these wicked souls into my realm, of course, so I determined to build a place for them on earth, where I could punish them as they deserved. Accordingly I just crushed the earth together—water, dirt, rocks and all—into the form of a globe, or nearly so, leaving a good deal of water in some places and earth in others, with hills mountains and valleys as you see them to-day. This accounts for the cleavages and irregularities in the rocks, so much prated of by the unbelieving geologists. There was plenty of coal, petroleum, natural gas, sulphur and other combustible and malodorous ingredients in the center of the earth. I set fire to them and it has been burning ever since. This caused a great number of volcanoes for the escape of burning gases. For four thousand years, into the crater of these volcanoes, I committed the souls of men, and consigned them to lakes of burning brimstone in the center of the earth. It was a hard fate but I had no other use for them. Their ancestors had eaten the forbidden fruit. It takes from one to five thousand years, according to age and incorrigibility, to wholly consume one of these souls, yet there is always plenty of room for new arrivals. The debris of meanness and wickedness is ejected from the volcanoes in the form of ashes and lava, which you may call the cinders of sinners. It makes very good fertilizer, and may account for the immense crops of lazzaroni and macaroni in the vicinity of Vesuvius.

"This fall of man was the greatest mistake of my life. Some persons, I understand, have gone so far as to say that I ought to have known better than to plant that tree, or to have created that talking, tail-walking serpent. Be that as it may, I did plant the tree and created the serpent. It was not for me to force the natural consequences. However, I undertook to take charge of the human race under its new conditions, and to guide them, as far as possible, to happiness while on earth, well knowing the torrid terrors awaiting them at the end. For this purpose, for a long while, I kept the usual period of life up to five hundred and a thousand years, but the people grew worse and worse. The experience I had with them at Sodom and Gomorrah was disgusting. The incestuous three whom I saved for seed from that calamity convinced me again that I knew little of human nature, and that I was far from possessing that absolute wisdom which, by way of flattery, men are continually attributing to me.

"I finally resolved on a *grand coup d'état*. Carefully selecting for preservation one Noah and his family, whom I had often visited and thought I knew quite well, I drowned all the rest by letting down the waters above the firmament and mingling them with those on the earth. This I thought a grand success. Judge of my surprise and mortification when I found Noah, soon after he landed on Ararat, positively dead drunk. I had made another mistake, and came near giving the whole human family up in disgust to their fate. Some years afterwards I discovered a lot of them building the Tower of Babel, designed to reach up here, so they could crawl into heaven whether I wanted them or not. Well, I made short work of that job by confusing their tongues so that they could not understand one another. This was the origin of many languages. It was another mistake. For those people never could have got up here anyway with their tower. And besides, the army of interpreting cherubims I have ever since had to employ to translate the prayers of the people from a myriad of unknown tongues, overcrowds the palace, and the prayers do nobody any good. To be of any use prayers should be answered as soon as made, but we cannot do it. Our prayer dockets are further behind than the worst of the courts of earth. We dismiss them, when reached, on account of our own laches.

"But I am becoming tedious. You are familiar with these tales. I have related them to show you that I know and have the courage to admit my own mistakes, a virtue seldom possessed by the sons of men. I have made more than Moses ever did. Indeed, those attributed to him are for the most part transcriptions of my own dictation. I pass over several thousand years of humiliation and grief in my relations with the children of Israel and other branches of humanity, during which obstinate disobedience and want of faith characterized their entire conduct towards me.

"In the meantime, with the exception of the help, I was still alone in my palace. Solitude is altogether grievous and tiresome. So I threw out an astral body, or ghost of myself, for a companion. He has remained my faithful solace and coadjutor ever since. After the wickedness of the earth had continued and increased for some four thousand years, bringing daily to our cheeks the blush of shame for our handiwork, we determined to make a further effort to save mankind from their terrible doom. I dispatched my companion to the earth on a tour of inspection, instructed to study the secrets of the human spirit and the

mainsprings of their conduct. He reported in due season that the dearest tenets then held by the people induced the almost universal worship of men as gods, whose birth was attributed to god-like fathers through virgin maternity. He suggested that if we could bring about such a consummation, and get the people to believe in it, they would likely reform their conduct, and through a simple faith in the transaction could yet be saved. It was a new idea and struck me favorably. I delegated him to carry out the programme, with full powers. He did so. The child was born, and its birth created great consternation among men. I got up an earthquake or two to make it impressive. No sooner, however, did the child arrive at man's estate than he began to associate with a lot of fishermen and made them his bosom friends. Fishermen's stories were deemed no more reliable in those days than they are to-day, so that whatever he did or said was received with many grains of allowance. For the most part his words were discredited by the men of his time, and getting into trouble with the government he was crucified, when only thirty odd years of age, and came back here prematurely with his report. I expected he would have remained on earth at least a hundred years, and that he would have mankind wholly saved before he left. He was confident himself that he had achieved all that I had expected of him. I was in grave doubt. He reported that he had fixed a very easy and popular method of salvation for all men. All they would have to do was to believe that he was of virgin birth and of a godly father. Then their sins would be forgiven and they would be coming into heaven with great rapidity. He even thought that during that generation all would be saved through faith, and had actually promised to return to earth and round up the whole human family, for celestial happiness, within a few years. From the reports we daily received from there, however, he soon discovered, and so did I, that his whole scheme had been a dismal failure. So much so, that when, toward the close of that generation, I asked him to go back there and see if he could not save and send us a few souls, he positively refused to go, remarking, I remember, that the clergy had so paganized the worship and perverted the faith and practice prescribed by him that he did not believe he could get an audience in any church in christendom. Still we had hope, and hoped against hope. About this time we had to start a bureau of seraphims, or bookkeepers, to keep account of the good and bad deeds of men, and to detect, if possible, some of them having the true faith. Up to the present time the balance of every man, except a few who had been executed for crime, has been largely against him. Vast numbers have pretended to have faith, and others have done many good deeds, but, by an inward inspection, we find that every one has entertained doubts, or mental reservations on some cardinal point of doctrine, and this, you know, quite overbalances any amount of good conduct, so that every human soul, as yet disembodied, has entered the fiery crater for punishment, except, I am sorry to say, a very few now here, who slipped in under an unguarded and unjust rule inaugurated by my son, when on earth, and which, as yet, I have felt bound to sustain. You, perhaps, remember the doctrine of the true faith by which repentance, at the last moment of life, secures salvation equally with a whole life of faith and good conduct. Well, under this rule, quite a number of murderers, who, on the gallows or in presence of the guillotine, have at the last moment repented, and have

had no time afterwards to sin in thought or deed, have been wafted into glory *volens volens*. Of course, we have to take care of them and furnish them with halos and harps, as we had agreed to, but you may be sure that they do not eat at our table. If you see any of them you will notice they still have the lock-step from long habit in prison below. Thus, you see, that all three of us made another serious blunder, and you may be sure we do not enjoy it.

"About four hundred years afterwards we determined to try another experiment. From our daily reports we learned of a very pious and faithful fellow in Arabia by the name of Mahomet. He was reported extremely honest, thoughtful, of religious tendencies, and of unbounded courage, having just married a rich and beautiful widow—Cadajah by name—who had already disposed of two husbands. We sent out Gabriel, as a messenger, with instructions to examine into the morals and conduct of this man and his capacity for belief in incredible things, and if found satisfactory to bring him before us. Finding him of satisfactory quality Gabriel mounted Mahomet on a winged horse and together they flew from Mecca to Jerusalem, in the twinkling of an eye, and thence ascended to my kingdom on the self-same ladder on which you yourself have climbed. We received him graciously and found him apparently a man after our own heart. At my urgent request he was willing to undertake the reformation of the world, the exaltation of the true faith, and the extermination of all others. I explained everything to him completely, including all the mistakes I or any of us had made in dealing with the affairs of men, and cautioned him to be true and faithful. Especially, I warned him of the serious mistake my son had made, while there, in furnishing wine to the boozy boys at the wedding feast of Canaan, and that the quotation of that fact among men, in all subsequent generations, had caused such a plague of intemperance, vice and crime, that we had never yet been able to gather in a single soul for salvation, except by the criminal executions to which I have referred. As to the trinity, I instructed him that there were three of us, of course, yet one only in fact and authority. He seemed pleased at this, remarking that had already been his own opinion. Promising faithful service and implicit obedience we sped his departure, with high hopes and expectations. He returned to earth and entered upon his mission. But the spirit of vanity seized him, as it has many good men before and since. Under the banner of 'There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet,' he enlisted armies, converted nations at the point of the sword, and well-nigh overran the earth with his power. So that to this day he has twice as many followers as my son or myself, or all three of us combined. I am glad to say that not one of them was ever intoxicated. Surely his mission has been a boon to the world in that respect. It was a failure in all others. He inspired his followers, not with the celestial bliss of music, with halos and harps, but by the inducement of a lustful eternity, with bright-eyed houris ever in great abundance. Surely I need not tell you that there is nothing of that sort here, nor the base passions which on earth make such voluptuous companionship desirable. So our experiment with Mahomet, although well intended like the rest, was also a complete failure as to salvation. None were saved. No, not one. We shall never try another experiment. Our intentions are honorable but our wisdom falls short. He was the last man in the flesh to visit us until you called.

"One important fact has escaped me. When I found myself obliged to open an abode for lost souls I created a superintendent to manage that extensive department. He is popularly known as the devil. He does his business well and has never given me any trouble or uneasiness. He works twenty-four hours in the day, Sundays included. Only once in a while he takes a day off and runs up a crater to arrange for future delivery or storage of lost souls, when there is a temporary shortage or over supply. This does not happen often. In his absence on such occasions he places old Nero in command—the same who fiddled when Rome was burning. He seems to take kindly to the business. I am able to say however, that even the days of the devil are about numbered, as I will soon explain. I dislike to have an inferior officer more popular than myself.

"You thus perceive, my reportorial friend, that for some six thousand years I and my household have diligently endeavored to save mankind from the dire effects of eating that forbidden fruit in Eden, but without avail, and that matters are growing worse instead of better. Indeed, I may as well say, that to my knowledge there is not actual faith enough on the whole earth to fill the shell of a mustard seed. What seems to be faith is mere sham and pretense. Indeed, I am quite satisfied that the efforts we have made to inculcate faith and morals among men are such that human beings, as I constituted them, cannot be brought to sound belief or good behavior. We have been mistaken in our methods. So, as I said, were I a man myself I do believe I should have as little faith as any of you, for I am sure I would desire to be in fashion. Such being the case I will say to you, confidentially, that we three have a complete and final scheme under consideration, and will soon put it in force, whereby certainly to solve the whole difficulty. We shall drown all animal life on earth and put an end to it forever."

"One moment, your Highness," said I; "how about the covenant you made with mankind not to drown them again, and the rainbow with which you sealed it?"

"Sir, the least said about that the better. I acknowledge the obligation of that covenant, for the rainbow which I created that day still confronts me with every shower. Had it not been for that the whole race, yourself included, would have been submerged long ago. Of late I have been advised by counsel, however, that the consideration for that contract has failed. Noah and the rest of the family agreed to behave themselves but did not do it. So, morally at least, if not legally, it no longer binds me. At any rate, after all are drowned there will be no one to complain. We have invented a sort of acid which, as yet, only lacks one or two ingredients to make it fatal to all animal life. It will be called the besom of destruction. As soon as we can discover the missing ingredient we shall dissolve the stuff in the waters above the firmament and tumble the whole mass down together. This will totally destroy all life on land and in the sea, and then we can start over again. We will flatten out the earth again as it was before. It looked much better. Then we will create afresh from nothing, or from dirt, a complete lot of new fauna and flora, including men and women, who will always be hale and hearty. We shall plant the faith right in them. We will have no tail-walking serpents to talk to them, and no forbidden fruit to entice them. There will be no useless disease or death. Such of our subjects as then wish to visit us can climb the ladder, as you did, and will always be welcome, unless they stay too long."

"Did I understand your Highness to say that no christian soul has ever entered here, nor pope, nor priest, nor saint, nor preacher?"

"It is most true, except those murderers I told you of. By reason of the fall of man, or want of faith that I was the father of my son, all have been excluded. There have been some excellent men and women whose companionship here we would have highly prized. But our rules are inflexible. All had some human weakness, or latent desire, that made their entrance impossible. When the millenium comes, of which I have assured you, and the devil is dead, too, for I will have no further use for him, we hope to be less lonely and more companionable. I bid you adieu. Gabriel, give the gentleman some angel food and escort him to the ladder."

I slowly and regretfully descended. Missing my footing I fell, alighting in the same Turkish easy chair, with my feet on the same foot-rest, in the same luxurious studio, from which I had departed.

WARPED INTELLECTS.

THE above is the only rational appellation that can be given to those who honestly believe in the divinity of Christ. The corner-stone of Christianity was founded upon a *dream*. Although it was not made known to the world, until at least one hundred and eighty years A. D. (See Matt. i: 18-20.) In the Hebrew "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu," or the Jewish history of Jesus,—and it is corroborated by other nations,—the father of this pseudo-divine is depicted as "An idle, worthless debauchee, named Joseph Pandera, of the fallen tribe of Judah. He was a man of fine figure and rare beauty, but spent his time in robbery and licentiousness. He lived at Bethlehem, of Judea. Near by there lived a widow, who had a daughter named Miriam—Mary—of whom mention is several times made in the Talmud, as a dresser of women's hair. This daughter was betrothed by her mother to a very chaste, gentle youth named Jochannin. A mutual unholy affection was created at the first meeting of Joseph and Miriam.

After three months Jochannin was told that his betrothed was *ençiente*. In great agitation he went to his preceptor, Simeon Ben Shetach, and said: "Alas! what a shame and disgrace has happened to me! for Miriam, my betrothed, is *ençiente*, but not by me; what ought I to do?"

To avoid shame and disgrace he ran away to Babylon, and there took up his abode. In due time Miriam brought forth a son, and named him Jehoshua, after her mother's brother. In those days it was customary for unfortunate girls who had been overshadowed by such men as Pandera, to aver that they had conceived by the Holy Ghost. That was common parlance and of very frequent occurrence.

Supposing some Joseph of to-day should dream that the Lord appeared to him, and said his virgin *fiance* was *ençiente* by the Holy Ghost, and that she would be delivered of a son whose name would be Jesus, and that his mission on earth would be to save mankind from eternal damnation, is there a human being, with *mens sana*, on this planet that would believe it? Is not such a statement just as rational to-day as eighteen hundred years ago? Do virgins conceive

nowadays by being overshadowed by ghosts, holy or unholy? Did the atonement scheme accomplish any good to humanity? Was there ever a human being benefited by it, save the priest and preacher, or those publishers who get their living by propaganda work? Has Christianity *per se* saved a single soul from sinning, save through fear of a personal Devil; a being who never had an existence? Is it right to preach lies to children to impel them to tell the truth? Is it not better to always tell the truth, and impress the childish mind with the moral obligation of probity? Honorable men and noble women are always governed by truth, virtue and integrity, and strive to avoid falsity and wrong.

True, every great nation has its religion, its God, and its Bible, or book. Persia had its Zoroaster, China its Confucius, Greece its Socrates, Mexico its Quetzalcoatl, Rome its Marcus Aurelius, Arabia its Mohammed, India its Buddha, and Palestine its Jesus. The histories of these national representatives, these gods or men, are all very similar. While living, each was persecuted, and after death they were overlaid with marvel-tales. Every one of them was considered a prophet and noble character, and each profoundly influenced ethical life, yet all were martyred for the cause of humanity. The religious histories of all nations concede the declaration that, were it not for women, the Church and religion would long since have been as extinct as the Trilobite.

The social relations of the fair sex, and their genial natures, have been the great factors and incentives in the sustenance and growth of all denominational and religious bodies. Their seeming semi-*spiritual* persuasiveness warps the intellects of lethargic and indifferent men. Woman, oh, woman! you who have so much influence for good or evil over mankind, you who have the disposition and power of thought, should be encouraged to *think*, and *reason*. Some of you stand to-day on the pinnacle of success in every undertaking. You have crowned with glory science, art, music and literature, and with the pen and on the rostrum, a rational religion. Your ambitious natures and energies have placed you on the Queen's Bench, even in America. You grace the judicial and mayors' chairs, the rostrum, the pulpit, and the drama. As attorneys, physicians, dentists, sculptors, reporters, editors, and authors, you have proven the peers of men. There are thousands of noble, thoughtful women, who simply lack *moral courage* to break away from that which they know to be absurd orthodox bondage, and declare themselves free and independent thinkers. The great majority, however, succumb to the sycophantic persuasiveness of the clergy, and cater to Church society and influences.

To those of wealth, and who were disposed to make themselves popular, may be credited the building of eight thousand five hundred churches in the United States alone, during the year of 1890. How much more humanity would have been benefited had they been schools, academies and colleges.

If some of the 30,000 millionaires in the United States, who really possess altruistic natures, men of worth, reason and philanthropy, could be induced to do for science what they do for Church popularity, it would not be long before those gloomy castles would be metamorphosed into temples of thought. Their useless and meaningless spires and steeples should be torn down and given to the suffering and needy poor for fuel. Observatories should be erected in their places, and filled with telescopes and astronomical instruments.

Myth, mystery and superstition would flee before the Truth, as demonstrated by the sciences of astronomy, geology and evolution. While the greatest sin of the age is *ignorance*, education and science are the great iconoclasts. Evidences of the destruction of these mental images are read between the lines of the most distinguished theological writers of to-day.

Yet, theological hypocrisy reigns supreme. The cloak of religion covers some heinous crimes. The statistics of the jails, lock-ups, reformatories, and state prisons, in America and Canadas alone, during the short period of ten years, show that *nine hundred and eighty-seven* priests and preachers have been admitted for crimes, many of which were too revolting to mention.

What could be expected of the substrata in that profession, when so good a divine as the renowned orator and theologian, the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, acknowledged to his own sister, just before he departed this life,—her own statement for it,—that he had been "*a hypocrite for more than forty years!*" Like Voltaire, that profound thinker, that great man, we should point the finger of scorn at these divine hypocrites. How can such men follow their avocations, unless they have "*Warped Intellects*"?

S. W. WETMORE, M. D.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

"A SOUND BASIS."—A GOOD WORD FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Dear Friend Green: I might say "Mr. Editor," but it sounds stiff and formal unless treating of political or secular subjects, and they are not in my line of thought—certainly not to-day.

Your February issue made me glad. You said, "We can now truthfully state that our Magazine is virtually out of debt, and on the road to permanent success." Of course you mean financial success, "A Sound Basis" in commercial point of view. And I trust you mean vastly more than that, a sound basis morally and spiritually, or in spirit, intent and purpose. In determination to search, to find, to know, to teach and to do the truth and the right in every thought and action of life, until in the world every thought can safely be a Free Thought, because a *true* thought, and every word a true word, every act a righteous act in intent and purpose, under the Confucian or Golden Rule of treating all others as we would that all others should treat us and ours.

Mechanically you dress your Journal every month fit to send to the Columbian Fair. Editorially it need not be ashamed. In spirit and in fairness it is always above reproach, as why should it not be? It has nothing to fear from bigotry nor superstition. Whether there be a God or not, or immortal existence to human beings or not, is not yet a solved problem. Science is yet to shake the earth and heaven in its wrestle with it. Fools may say in their hearts, "There is no God." Fiends in mortal shape sometimes declare there is a God, and then burn at the stake, or kill by even worse tortures, myriads who will not take their testimony about it. Better no God than such a God, or such worshipers of such a God!

The ancient Greek philosopher said, "Better no God, than a being that, like Saturn, devoured his own children!"

You are a searcher after truth on all questions affecting human character in time, human relations and destiny for all time. Man is endowed for high aims, virtuous aims, and with possibilities not yet attained. Let such as Lyman C. Howe and Daniel K. Tenney tell all they know and can learn on the sublime questions of human origin and destiny. Like yourself they are honest seekers after truth. Heber Newton well and wisely said :

"If immortality be a fact, it must be a *material* fact. We know nothing of life apart from matter. If I live on after death, it must be in some *material* organization. I have no confidence in any faith which is not capable of a scientific basis."

There speaks the true spirit of free, enlightened thought. What does even Science yet know about Matter? It is to-day only a bright morning-star climbing up the eastern skies. And as for man, he is yet but just begun. He knows nothing yet of space, still less, if possible, of matter that peoples space, from sand-grains to solar and stellar systems innumerable! What knows he yet of his own little mole-hill earth, over which, as ages sweep on, he still ruminates and roams? What knows he, what dreams he yet of his own powers and possibilities? What knew even the Baron Humboldt about himself and about matter, probably the greatest intellectual man of his generation? Who dares declare to-day that he is not now as far beyond what he had attained when he passed out of our sight, as he was then beyond the dust out of which innumerable ages before he and his race evolved, or, if any prefer it, out of which he and his race were created?

Space can not be measured. Time can not be computed. No more can the possibilities of man. Science is yet to become the one great high priest in the temple of knowledge and wisdom. And man is her pupil forever and ever. She needs no other, can have no other, and man needs but time; and Nature's chronometer never runs down, will never stop.

Hitch your Magazine, dear friend Green, to researches such as these, and why should it ever stop? Its basis must then be sure.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

CONCORD, N. H., March, 1893.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF FREETHINKERS TO BE HELD IN CHICAGO DURING THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

IT has been resolved that 1893 shall mark an epoch in the history of Freethought. During the early autumn in Chicago will be witnessed the greatest assemblage of Freethinkers that the world has ever seen. The movement was formally inaugurated last month as shown by the following :

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF FREETHINKERS.

It is proposed to hold in Chicago, during the Columbian Exposition, a great International Congress of Freethought. At an informal meeting of Freethinkers, held in New York, February 18th, I was delegated to select a committee to carry through this project. I have named as this committee the following :

C. B. Waite, President American Secular Union, Chicago, Ill., Chairman.

S. P. Putnam, President Freethought Federation of America, Washington, D. C., Secretary.

Robert C. Adams, President Canadian Secular Union, Montreal, Que.

L. K. Washburn, editor *Boston Investigator*, Boston, Mass.

E. M. Macdonald, editor *Truth Seeker*, New York.

Lulie Monroe Power, editor *Iron-clad Age*, Indianapolis, Ind.

J. D. Shaw, editor *Independent Pulpit*, Waco, Tex.

H. L. Green, editor *Freethinkers' Magazine*, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. Spencer Ellis, editor *Secular Thought*, Toronto, Ont.

Susan H. Wixon, editor Children's Corner, *Truth Seeker*, Fall River, Mass.

J. E. REMSBURG.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22, 1893.

Seven members of the above-named committee have already consented to serve and the enterprise is an assured success. Judge Waite writes as follows :

CHICAGO, Feb. 28, 1893.

J. E. REMSBURG, Esq. :

My Dear Sir—Your valued favor of the 23d inst., informing me of the formation of a committee to carry through the project of holding in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, an International Congress of Freethought, and of my selection as chairman of the committee, is just received.

Thanking you for the honor conferred, I accept the appointment and shall do all in my power to make the movement a success.

Yours very truly,

C. B. WAITE.

President Putnam, of the Freethought Federation, who crossed the continent four times last year, and who is acquainted with nearly all the Freethinkers between the Atlantic and Pacific, will do valiant work for the congress.

Captain Adams, in his letter of acceptance, says : " I shall be pleased and proud to be on the Committee of the International Congress of Freethought, and thank you for the compliment. I will gladly do anything in my power to help the cause."

Mr. Washburn, of the *Investigator* ; Mr. Macdonald, of the *Truth Seeker* ; Mrs. Power, of the *Iron-clad Age*, and Mr. Shaw, of the *Independent Pulpit*, all favor the project, and with the support of the great Freethought journals it cannot be a failure.

Mr. Green gives it his hearty indorsement, but urges that his advanced age and the arduous labors attending the publication of his magazine, make it impossible for him to serve on the committee. The other members will, I doubt not, appreciate the circumstances that prompt Brother Green's declination and will excuse him from active service on the committee. At the same time, he has had so much experience in organizing and managing conventions—his name is so intimately associated with the great Freethought conventions of the past—that they will look for and welcome some words of encouragement and advice in the pages of his magazine.

Mr. Ellis, it is understood, was absent from Toronto at the time his appointment was sent, and he has not been heard from at this writing ; but it is confidently hoped that he will consent to serve, as well as Miss Wixon, whose name has just been added to the list of members originally selected.

The committee cannot do this work alone. It must have the co-operation of all friends of Freethought. Every loyal Freethinker in the land then will labor earnestly to make of this laudable undertaking a glorious consummation.

J. E. REMSBURG.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We cordially indorse the movement for the above proposed International Congress of Freethought, and hope our friends who have inaugurated it will succeed in making it a great success. Started, as it is, at this late day, it will need very prompt, earnest, energetic work to bring about the desired result.

A REFORM LIBRARY.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

I am using what spare money I have in buying books and am starting a Reform Library. I believe the Reform Library is something that should be organized or started in every city of every size throughout the United States. How much good even one little book can do if it can only find its way into the hands of those who need to enlighten themselves.

What we need now to advance Freethought is more knowledge. We want more people to think—think for themselves, be readers, investigators, and take no man's word for truth as being absolute, but investigate for themselves.

At the present time I have about 75 or 80 volumes of my own books. Hope to add to it from time to time. Some authors have kindly promised to donate some of their works, and should you know of anyone whom you think would donate a book, I should be ever so glad to receive the same and will pay all express charges myself. I hope by next fall to have at least 400 volumes, and I feel confident in my mind that this library will be a success. Indeed I say it *shall be*, and the only thing that could interfere would be for me to lose my health and die, which is not very possible from my present appearance.

ISIS B. MARTIN.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

A TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By J. J. McCABE.

HON. VREELAND H. YOUNGMAN:

Dear Sir—The invitation extended to me by your committee to attend the dinner to be given at the Delevan House on Feb. 13th by the Unconditional Club has been received.

The history of the United States is illumined with the names of statesmen, soldiers and men of letters, but Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday is to be celebrated by an anniversary dinner on the evening of the day referred to, holds, and I am of the opinion that he will ever hold, the most unique place in that history. With all the circumstances of ancestry and birth against him, with less than twenty weeks' attendance at school during different intervals ending before he was eighteen years of age; compelled to associate with the poorest, plainest, and often the roughest people in the forests and struggling villages of Indiana and Illinois, and on the Mississippi river; acquiring a reputation wherever he found himself for physical bravery, kindness of heart, inimitable humor and natural intelligence; with few books attainable in the region in which circumstances placed him, yet he managed to give himself a good English education, becoming proficient in geography, astronomy, mathematics, theology, polite literature, political and moral philosophy, surveying and law. His 'body and mind were so constructed that the greatest success attended his efforts, whether as wood-chopper, a harvester, in the field, a defender of his home and friends, a boatman, a surveyor, a student, a lawyer, a legislator, an orator, a politician, a statesman, a soldier, or a humorous and social companion at the festive board or gathering.

As President of the United States, although beginning with little knowledge of the machinery and labor connected with the various departments of State, yet with rapid pace and consummate skill he acquired perfect knowledge of the same, and finally undisputed control of the heads of departments and the commanders of armies.

Beset by brave and powerful armed enemies in the South, by political enemies in the North, and by bitter personal partisan enemies in his own party; still, in the midst of all his cares, vexations, and arduous duties, no person, no matter how poor and humble he might be, was refused a hearing by Abraham Lincoln. When I refuse to attend a dinner given in honor of the memory of such a man I will cease to be an American.

THE PREACHERS AND ANTI-CRUELTY.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

Having been engaged in anti-cruelty work for the past eighteen years, I think I have had ample time and opportunity to make observations as to the sincerity of professional godliness among members of "the cloth"; and to note what proportion of them ever turn a listening ear to anything that is not likely to benefit them financially, or add to their reputation as pastors and preachers. There are exceptions, of course, and to these we would tender all deference and respect.

As a rule, in the inauguration of a new project, if it be in any manner along the moral line, we first apply for help to the preacher. So, at the outset, the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals believed they could confidently lean up against the ministerial tree and receive shelter and support from all its branches. Let us look at the result of this lamb-like confidence:

In Chicago, about twelve years ago, the Illinois Humane Society made its first attempt to establish Bands of Mercy among the Sunday-school children of that city. The friends of the movement maintained that the prevention of cruelty by humane education, was a far surer guaranty of general humanity than the punishment of grown-up offenders, who would not abuse their animals while they knew the eyes of the officer were upon them, but when these eyes were removed would vent out their spite upon the defenseless animal, in revenge for its having been the innocent cause of their arrest and punishment. A day of meeting was appointed to discuss the matter, and determine upon the best method of securing the object sought. A circular letter was mailed probably to two hundred ministers asking their presence and sanction of the work. To this humane appeal how many, do you suppose, responded? Three by letter, and *one* by his presence. The appeal was repeated several times with the same result. Then the "heretics" went to work. One prominent among them exclaimed: "If God won't help us do this work, why, we will do it without." And they did so. There are many Bands of Mercy in the wicked city, but not with any thanks to the preachers. It takes a superhuman effort to establish a Band of Mercy in a Sunday-school, and to keep it going when started. The boasted love for "all who suffer," the extended hand to "aid all in distress" is possibly efficient where the sufferers can pay them back by dropping hard-earned money into the contribution-box; but when an appeal is made for those who cannot reward, and cannot even speak for themselves, the case is altered immensely. The preachers can beg with tears in their eyes for money to carry lazy

missionaries to Africa or the South Sea Islands, fitting them out with warming-pans and red flannel night-caps, but for the sufferers at home, Providence may take care of them; and Providence is just about as reliable as the preachers.

Upon the inception of the anti-vivisection movement its *inexperienced* friends naturally turned first toward the ministry for aid and comfort. A circular letter, detailing the crime and cruelty of the practice as gathered from the published reports of the experimenters themselves, was first sent to all the Episcopal ministers, whose address could be ascertained, in the United States. A few replied in words of sympathy; the balance remained unanswered. If even one of the few "sympathizers" has ever lifted up his voice in denunciation of this cruelty of all the ages, the news has never reached us. At different times since then the experiment has been repeated, with a like result. Almost every month in the year literature has been sent with appeals to their reason, to their conscience, to their duty, and all has apparently been in vain. A very few whom the profession of religion has not spoiled have arrayed themselves on the side of the oppressed. These few notable examples are men whom even the hypocritical atmosphere of the Church has left untainted.

This apathy in the cause of the most tender philanthropy on the face of the earth is incomprehensible, unless, as the most outspoken aver, it is due to that intense selfishness which would seek to secure ease from the suffering of others. Laying aside the well-established fact that vivisection is unnecessary for man's physical well-being, preachers, with pious laymen, in this instance eschew their own injunctions that we may become "perfect through suffering," and grasp any straw hope which is held out to save them from drowning, even the straw hope of vivisection, by which they may buy life or immunity from pain, and this at the cost of untold anguish to innocent and unoffending creatures.

The fact has come under the writer's own personal observation that the indifference of preachers to the suffering of the lower creation is steadily making infidels and atheists. A large proportion of intelligent humanity sees something more beyond so-called brute life in those "liquid melancholy eyes" often turned to us in dumb affection and appeal. It believes that it is well to consider their needs and protect them from the outrages of inhuman hands. Some go so far as to maintain that our dumb friends will live again—if *we* live—hereafter. This sentiment has been advanced for ages by (some) preachers and poets. Can we disprove it?

Any one taking the trouble to investigate will find that the greater portion of men and women who sustain the anti-cruelty societies—opposing vivisection and the general abuse of animals—are without the pale of the Church. They love right for its own sake, not pursuing it (outwardly) in the hope of reward or the fear of punishment; and they who cannot take *all* creatures that suffer into the sphere of charity and of mercy are unworthy of our confidence or affection. Would *humanity* prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land, the occupation of Christianity would certainly be gone. Give us the humane infidel rather than the Pecksniffian believer; the broad-hearted agnostic rather than the narrow soul which cannot look beyond its own salvation, and which would accept that salvation even through the crucifixion of another man, just as the vivisectionists and the preachers would accept ease for the body through the torture of innocent lives, which have in them traits they would do well to cultivate.

Yours truly,

ARNER PLAIN.

MRS. HARTER PROPOSES TO DO SOME MISSIONARY
WORK—SHE CALLS FOR STATISTICS.

THE reader will learn from the following private letter, that we take the liberty to publish, that Mrs. Harter, the widow of the late well-known Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., proposes to do a little missionary work through the Auburn papers—or, in other words, give the question of church taxation an airing. She would like some statistics bearing on the question. Friends who have such statistics will please forward them to her address. Here is her interesting letter which shows the energetic character of the woman.—EDITOR.

H. L. GREEN, Esq. :

Dear Sir—I like the Magazine of course and thought I would send an article now and then to ventilate a woman's thoughts on the subjects of the day, but have not found time to do so ; but my interest in the same has not abated in the least, and I am now impelled to write some articles for our city papers on the all-important subject of taxation of church property, and try to arouse the tax-payers to a sense of the pious robbery that is now established in the exemption of church property throughout the United States. Have you any articles in pamphlet or any other form that give the exact or approximate amount of the property thus exempted? I want reliable facts to refer to, of course, before I commence the exposition, so that I may be able to defend myself if assaulted by the churches here, as I shall call attention to the Theological Seminary, worth probably a half million or more, and the Y. M. C. A. building, footing up to a hundred thousand or more. The Catholic churches and "Sisters' Schools," and the property of all denominations, as I take no stock in any of them, and shall class them all in the category of unjust plunderers for sectarian advancement. Please send me the documents if you have them, or tell me where to obtain them? Perhaps they are already published in some of the past numbers of your magazine. If so, please refer me to them. Auburn, as you have been informed, is a regular Presbyterian, orthodox town and the Liberal papers and magazines get no reading among the people, so I propose to try the city papers on the simple problem of "Church Exemption," or the non-taxable "sacred property," dedicated to the use of the orthodox God and devil, as one is just as necessary as the other to get and hold members. I am a woman's rights advocate on general principles of humanity, but not to the extent of wanting the ballot put in the hands of women who are now so completely controlled by orthodox ministers and Catholic priests that they will vote exactly as they are dictated by them to the end of carrying any measure they may propose, and as the Catholic priests are openly hostile to our "free school system of education," I should expect to see that subverted and utterly overthrown at the very first sweep, when the whole Catholic Church are made legal voters ; and the temperance cause would undoubtedly feel more of a "set-back" than it has ever yet experienced from the old political parties who have both been so very severely scored by the Reform Prohibition Party. What do you think on the subject of "woman suffrage" under the existing circumstances? Would it be advantageous or otherwise? Well, I have written more than I intended in the start, so will close with kindest regards to yourself and family.

MRS. A. W. HARTER.

AUBURN, N. Y., February 15, 1893.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[Having received the following article from the President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association after our pages for this number were full, we thought it best to stand aside and allow our friend, Mr. Janes, to occupy our editorial space for this month. We are very glad to publish the article for two reasons, at least. First, the paper, like everything that Mr. Janes writes, is full of food for thought; and, second, it will probably elicit from Mr. Holyoake a reply that will greatly add to the value of some subsequent number of this Magazine.—EDITOR.]

NATURE AND PROVIDENCE.

By LEWIS G. JANES.

"Man is weak, and Providence gives him no strength; distracted, and no counsel; ignorant, and no wisdom, in despair, and no consolation; in distress, and no relief; in darkness, and no light."—GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

THE above paragraph, from the pen of one of the ablest secularists of our day, is going the rounds of the Liberal press. The thought expressed is characteristic of a certain school of Liberal critics of the old-time orthodox conception of a Divine Providence. It doubtless carries much weight to many minds. To the scientific evolutionist, however, it implies a most superficial and misleading view of man's relation to the universe. It adopts as its own the fundamental error of the old theology, which assumes a dualistic separation of God from the universe, and the possession by the former of omnipotent power to set aside or violate the laws of nature. To the new thought, such a separation is an untenable conception. Matter and thought are obverse sides of one supreme fact. Man is not a being apart from the universe, alien to its laws, but he is the child of the great World-Mother, responding in his own nature to those conditions which have been eternally existent in her prolific bosom. He inherits the accumulated influences of ages of interaction of organism and environment, as he has struggled up out of animalism to the high estate of a loving, thinking, aspiring individuality.

This progress, this growth from the clod to the amœba, from the amœba to the vertebrate, from the automatism of the lower forms of animal life to the possibility of intelligent, volitional adaptation of acts to foreseen ends,—does this count for nothing

in the solution of the problem? Out of infinite weakness there has at least come relative strength. Has man achieved this by his own exertions alone? Or has he not rather received the assistance, all along the way, of those laws and forces—always uniform, reliable, absolutely to be depended on—which inhere in the external universe, which constitute the very nature of the great World-Mother, out of whose abounding life his own personality has emerged? Has she, then, given him no strength? Does he not rather owe to her all the strength that he possesses?—nay, more—does he not owe to her *himself*, the totality of his human nature?

“Distracted, and she gives him no counsel”? What, then, are the conquests of modern science? Are they not the answers which Nature has given, is always ready to give, to the reverent seeking of her devoted and studious children? Has not man infinitely bettered himself by striving to learn her laws, and applying the knowledge he has thus gained to the improvement of his life?

“Ignorant, and no wisdom”? Rather has all the wisdom which he possesses sprung from the observation of her multitudinous and beneficent uniformities.

In two ways man has striven in the past to enlarge the boundaries of his knowledge, and increase his happiness: the first, by metaphysical introspection, trust in his own unaided mentality, confidence in what he could thus evolve out of his inner consciousness, turned away from the world and its affairs. What has been the result of this sort of effort? “Metaphysics,” says Professor Youmans, “has stood as a landmark of the past, stationary in the midst of progress, vacant of benign influence, while all other knowledges were blossoming and fruiting in the useful service of society.” The history of metaphysics is strewn with the wrecks of discarded systems. Its outcome is a melancholy pessimism, which gives society over to the sway of caste and absolutism, and looks for salvation to Nirvana—the extinction of existence.

Only when man has gone outside of himself and interrogated Nature, anxious to know and to obey her inexorable conditions of progressive development, has he won for himself a truer prosperity and a nobler happiness. And when has she ever turned a deaf ear to such seekers for her wisdom?

"In despair, no consolation? In distress, no relief? In darkness, no light"? Whence, then, have come all the consolation and light that have entered and blessed the lives of men through the beneficent conquests of science? Verily, these are no words of wisdom, but rather of a lack of true insight and genuine moral courage. Let those who profess the faith of Liberalism, whose creed is science and evolution, put away this morbid, century-old despair of the universe. All that is best in us we have won by reverent study of her laws. Only by obedience to her behests can we reach the heights of a nobler personal character and truer social conditions. Nature's laws, indeed, are inexorable; but in this very fact lie the conditions of human betterment and the world's salvation. We can rely on the great World-Mother, trust her absolutely. She tells us no lies. Her promises never fail. By the struggle for betterment we gain strength. Out of conflict comes manliness. Responsive to age-long contact with the sun's rays, the eye itself came into being. Responsive to continued contact and search has come, and will continue to come, the light of higher truths, diviner beauties, purer morals, more harmonious societies. "When the artist fails to hit the mark," says Confucius, "he turns around and seeks for the cause of the failure—in himself." Out upon that paltry and despairing Liberalism which sees no good in the universe—that thinks

"The bottom 's out the universe,
'Cause its own gill-pot leaks."

The true lesson of free-thought is a noble optimism, thankful for life, trustful that continued search after truth and human betterment will surely be rewarded by a higher happiness and truer prosperity for the individual and the race.

OUR DARWINIAN PAMPHLET.

WE desire to call the reader's especial attention to the fact that the first two articles on Charles Darwin, with the portrait and other illustrations, have been put into a beautiful paper-covered pamphlet of some thirty pages for general circulation. In our opinion no better Freethought educational document has ever before been published in this country. We earnestly request each one of our readers who can possibly afford it, before he or she forgets it, to send us *one dollar for ten copies*, to circulate.

THIS MAGAZINE—SAMPLE COPIES.

OUR good friends everywhere seem to have gone to work in earnest to increase the circulation of this Magazine. Every mail brings us many new subscribers, and the Liberal public seems to more highly appreciate this journal than ever before. Let this work go on until the Magazine enters twenty thousand homes every month, and then we will double the size of the Magazine at the same price, or cut the price down one-half. All that is necessary to reach that figure, is to have the Magazine introduced to the intelligent, progressive people of this country. As we stated last month, the best way to advance the work is to send out sample copies. We can not alone do this to any great extent, on account of the expense, so we ask our friends to assist us.

We will furnish the Magazine to those who are willing to aid the movement, at the low price of eight dollars a hundred, in large or small quantities. The best way, we think, will be for our friends to send us the names and post-office address of the persons they desire sample copies sent to, with the money to pay for the same. In this way, for instance: Send us ten names, and the post-office address of each, and eighty cents, and we will see that the sample copies are properly mailed. These orders should be sent in by or before the 20th of the month previous to the month the Magazine is issued, so that we will know how many to print. We will publish each month a list of these subscriptions for sample copies. Since our last issue the following contributions have been received, which we have placed in the sample-copy fund, for which we here express our thanks: Chas. Broadway, \$10.00; James A. Kimble, \$2.00; L. McDaniels, \$1.00; William Clark, \$1.00; Albert Roscoe, \$1.00; E. G. Varney, 50c.; Mrs S. J. Carpenter, 50c. Those who would like to use our advertising circulars can order as many as they desire, by postal card. Remember everybody is authorized to send in trial subscribers for six months for *seventy-five cents*. Friends, keep the ball rolling, and the harvest will be a glorious Freethought crop, that will bless humanity.

BOOK REVIEW.

PROOFS OF EVOLUTION. By NELSON C. PARSHALL. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Pp. 70. Cloth, 12mo. 50 cents. For sale at this office.

This beautiful little volume, a lecture delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Society, ought to be in the hands of every Freethinker. It is a clear, able comprehensive statement of the doctrine of evolution. It shows the growth of evolutionary thought, the practical benefits of the evolution theory, and presents conclusive proofs of the theory from geology, morphology, embryology, metamorphosis, rudimentary organs, geographical distribution, discovered links, artificial breeding, reversion and mimicry. The fourteenth chapter is on Spontaneous Generation, the eleventh consists of a Summary of Evidence the sixteenth is Language and the Moral Sense.

NO "BEGINNING." By WILLIAM H. MAPLE. Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth. 16mo., 166 pp. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

This is a thorough exposure of the error of the popular orthodox belief in a creator or a "first cause," and shows how the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope and other Church dogmas have been deduced therefrom. It is a volume that should be in every Freethought library. A St. Paul business man writes: "It deserves a place among the strong books of the age. . . . Is clean-cut and logical . . . evolves a world which bristles with life and thought . . . To us as interesting as a story."

"Is especially to be recommended for its clearness and directness."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

"Is written in a very forcible and attractive style, and is full of real merit."—*Chariton, Iowa, Democrat*.

WHY GOVERNMENT AT ALL? A Philosophical Examination of the Principles of Human Government. By WILLIAM H. VAN ORNUM. 12mo., 366 pp. half leather, red edges, \$1.50. Paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Mr. Van Ornum is an individualist of the school of Herbert Spencer, but with a difference, and the difference is that he carries individualism to its logical outcome, instead of stopping timidly at some half-way point. Dispassionately and philosophically he discusses the effect of the action of government in all its functions, the treatment of crime, public education, public works, and the most important function of all, "to make two-thirds of the people pay as much as possible for the support of the other third." His conclusion is that the real effect of government action is to injure whatever it touches. He closes with the suggestion of a remedy, peaceable, constitutional, yet far-reaching, which can be applied as soon as the people of the nation, state or town are ready for it.

"THE FREE CHURCH RECORD."—This is the title of a little bi-monthly magazine published by the Freethought Church of Tacoma, Washington. It is probably the most radical *Church* journal published in this country. It is a kind of *far-advanced* Unitarianism—Unitarianism run to seed. We have on our exchange list three journals that emanate from the Unitarian denomination—*The Christian Register*, *Unity* and this *Record*. The *Register* we will call the father, *Unity* the son, and the *Record* the grandson. *Unity* is heretical to the *Register* and now the *Record* is heretical to *Unity*. The next outgrowth will probably come up nearly to the position *now* occupied by this Magazine. Thomas Starr King was once asked to explain the difference

between Unitarians and Universalists. He said Unitarians considered themselves too good to be damned, Universalists, considered God too good to damn them. So far as the Unitarians are concerned Starr King was about right. If there is a "holier-than-thou" sect in this country it is the Unitarian sect. The truth is that Unitarians are, as a general thing, extremely good people, but when they estimate their own goodness they multiply it by about one hundred. This peculiarity runs through all the branches, ramifications and off-shoots of that sect. Whether it be Radical Unitarians, Independent Unitarians, Free Religionists or the Free Church Record people, each seems to entertain the idea that if their

little party should be struck out of existence wisdom would be a thing of the past. This all comes, as we have stated, from the fact that Unitarians, are much in advance of the orthodox world. Their greatest imperfection is this: They have not the least idea that beyond, outside and in advance of them there is much Light and Knowledge. When they reach this Light and Knowledge they at once appropriate it and claim it as the fruit of *their* planting. The *Record* is a bright little monthly and as the price is but \$1.00, all Liberal people who can afford should subscribe for it. We should encourage our Unitarian friends in every step they take in advance. *Come, along Brothers.*

ALL SORTS.

—A number of able articles that we intended to publish in this number are unavoidably left over.

—Dr. S. W. Wetmore, our able contributor, after May 1st will reside at 1030 Eleventh street, San Diego, California.

—We are glad to announce that new subscriptions for this Magazine are coming in very fast from every quarter.

—We propose hereafter, to observe the pay-in-advance rule, as a general thing. The exceptions to the rule will be very few. Those of our subscribers who are in arrears will please take notice.

—The *New York World* has a roundabout way of damaging the Christian religion. It is raising a fund to keep Talmage blowing as its representative in his old tabernacle in Brooklyn. Talmage, of course, don't see the point.

—Our new Darwin pamphlet, just published, we consider one of the ablest Freethought publications that has recently issued from the press. The price is very low—15 cents for a single copy. Ten copies for a dollar, post-paid.

—The prospects now are that the puritanic bigots who have labored with such zeal to close the doors of the World's Fair on Sunday will be defeated, and that, *in spite of them*, as has always been the case, Liberty will triumph. *The world moves.*

—"An Interview at Headquarters by our Celestial Reporter," that appears as the leading article in our Literary Department, has been put into pamphlet form for general circulation. It is just as true and more recent than anything that "God spoke to Moses." The price will be six cents; ten copies for fifty cents.

—Upon the recent death of an eminent English divine at Cannes, the following bulletin was placed by the family upon the door of his late residence: "Rev. Dr. S—— departed this life for heaven at 11 o'clock A. M." Some passing wag, possessed of more drollery than reverence, placed beneath the notice a telegraph blank filled out in the following manner: "Heaven, 12 M. Dr. S—— has not yet arrived. Getting uneasy. St. Peter."

—Miss Josie D. Reynolds, of the "Reynold's Sisters," the noted violinists, of Keene, N. J., writes, under date of March 10th: "The magazines arrived in due season and I am much pleased with them. Permit me to congratulate you on publishing the nicest Freethought journal that I have ever seen. I shall try soon to procure you some subscribers."

—There are some two hundred names on our subscription book of persons who have not paid their *last year* subscription, and about three times that number who have not paid this year's subscription. Will each of these let us hear from them at once, and save us the trouble and expense of writing a special letter? Prompt renewals by each and all is what will secure permanent success.

—Senator Edwards, of the New York Legislature, is making himself conspicuous by advocating a bill to exempt all the building property belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association in this State from taxation. What moral right has the Legislature to compel people to pay the taxes on this property? The same right that the highwayman has to make you hold up your hands while he picks your pockets. The difference is, this is done "for Christ's sake," by a Christian political demagogue.

—There seems to be some difference of opinion in the management concerning the propriety of opening the Columbian Exposition with prayer. The *Open Court* suggests that those favoring prayer should appeal to Congress. "Because if that highly religious assembly has a right to make a law closing the Exposition on Sunday, it certainly has the right to command that it be opened by prayer on Monday."

—A. E. Logie writes to *The Voice*, the Prohibition organ, that the people of Chicago are so demoralized, "that probably three-fourths of the inhabitants of the World's Fair city would vote for Sunday opening." Still this writer insists that

the one-fourth bigots should have their way—that is, one-fourth of the people should not only be permitted to do as they choose to do on Sunday, but that they should be permitted to dictate to the other three-fourths how they should spend their time. This is democracy with a vengeance. It is sound orthodox Christianity.

—At the annual dinner of the New York Press Club whenever a speaker went over the ten-minute limit he was called down by a tremendous ringing of a gong under the hands of a very willing darkey. The gong idea might be tried in church, when the preacher goes over the thirty-minute line.—*Buffalo Commercial*

In the good old religious days of our fathers, the longer the sermon the better. Now, the shorter the better. In a short time we predict no sermon at all will be what will suit most people best, unless it be one destitute of orthodox religion.

—The "pastor" who drove this Mrs. Wilbur insane, ought to be punished as severely as if he had murdered her, for insanity is worse than death, and the most fiendish thing about it is that this hell-fire preacher did not believe what he preached, for if he had, and was possessed of a heart, he would have himself been insane. This is the telegraphic report:

FT. DODGE, IOWA, Feb. 26.—Mrs. William Wilbur, of Rowan, has been adjudged insane, and sent to the asylum. The immediate cause of her losing her mind was a graphic pen picture of hell drawn in the pulpit by her pastor. The preacher's description of the torments of the damned made such a vivid impression upon Mrs. Wilbur's mind that her reason was overthrown, and it is feared that she is helplessly insane.

—Lulie Monroe Power is the editor and proprietor of the *Iron-clad Age*, published at Indianapolis, Indiana. Only think of it, the most radical "Infidel" paper published in America, edited and published by a woman! And we venture the assertion, that among all the pious, godly women in this land, who may be seen every "Sabbath morning," with

bowed heads and gilt Bible and prayer-book, in church, there is not among all that number, a nobler, grander, truer woman than Mrs. Power. Because Mrs. Power is the proprietor is one reason why every Liberal, especially every Liberal woman, in this country, ought to subscribe for the *Iron-clad Age*. Friends, let us give this live, spicy, radical and brave defender of the faith, what the business men call a "boom." We hope five hundred of our friends will, during the next month, take our advice and send \$2.50 for this outspoken journal for one year.

—J. I. Tanner, of Kansas City, Kansas, writes :

Allow me to share your joy over your success in placing the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE on a sound basis. Had I been financially able my name should have appeared among the hundred-dollar contributors instead of the dollar ones. I hold that it is an honor to any man to render benefit to the unfortunate but worthy cause of rationalism. Since my emancipation from superstition I feel it my duty to lend whatever assistance my tongue, pen and purse can afford to the cause of Freethought, free speech and free press. I have more respect for religious fanatics than for those Freethought drones who merely scoff at religion and never aid the heroic workers like yourself, who are in the field battling valiantly against the almost overwhelming forces of supernaturalism. I hope to see the Magazine prosper as never before in its history, and become a great power in the cause of freedom, knowledge and justice.

—LeRoy A. Newton is the sort of young man that the world is in need of. He is now a student of the University of Pennsylvania. From a private letter of his we select the following :

"I sincerely wish I could do more towards helping on the noble cause of Freethought, but my circumstances will not permit me to do much. I am struggling hard for an education, and it is up-hill work, but the end is worth the struggle and I am satisfied. I thank and bless my noble mother that I am free from the shackles of superstition, and I have before me the torch of Reason to light

the way. I have been a constant reader of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE for two years, and should feel that I had lost a dear friend if it should come no more. I notice that a few half-and-half Freethinkers want the name of the Magazine changed to a less unpopular one, but don't change it, because, in my opinion, there can be no better or grander name for such a magazine than that of FREETHINKER. That name is good enough for me, and when I "shuffle off this mortal coil," I want chiseled on my head-stone : "He was a Man and a Freethinker."

—At a Methodist revival, across the river from Baton Rouge, La., the revivalist, after preaching about the godhead, concluded with damnation ; finally, after explaining that Christ had died for all sinners so that they could "escape the wrath to come," an old German near the pulpit suddenly arose, shouting : "Oh ! I was so glad dot Got died for mein sins ! Oh ! I was so glad dot Got died for mein sins !" At this he was quickly interrupted by the preacher, who whispered to him : "You should not say that God died for your sins, for that don't sound right." "Vat ? Nicht Got died for mein sins ?" asked the German in blank surprise. "Yes," explained the evangelist, "but it was Christ, the son of God." "Och so ! id was von of de poys ; I dough id was de old man !" —A. W. D.

—The following, that we clip from the *New York World*, is just as reasonable as orthodox theology, preached by orthodox ministers to-day in many pulpits—just as reasonable as much of the Bible teachings.

WATERVLEET, MICH., Mar. 9.—Thornton Carter, the Coloma Messiah, made a convert named Manassah Burbank, who left the Free Methodists of this place because the women wouldn't give up wearing feathers in their hats. Carter told Burbank that the devil in him must be buried. To-day the two men walked solemnly into an open field near this place, Carter carrying the devil, as he claimed, in his hands.

Burbank dug a large hole and Carter delivered a very long prayer. Then in a stern voice the leader of the Carterites said : "Satan, stand forth ; for many years hast thou plagued this immortal

soul, never till now regenerate. Hast thou aught to say why I should not consign thee to endless oblivion?" The devil spake not.

"By thy silence dost thou condemn thyself," exclaimed Carter, "so down thou goest, most damnable fiend. Here we bury thee forever."

He thrust the devil into the hole, and Burbank shoveled in earth. As they walked away Burbank looked back and thought he saw some commotion in the piled-up dirt. Carter said that it was the dying struggle of the devil.

The ceremony is having much effect on the ignorant of this locality.

"MAN'S RIGHTS SOCIETY," in many towns of this country, is the need of the hour. A subscriber writes us from a town in Wisconsin: "We have quite a list of our faith here, but they are seemingly very timid. Their better (?) halves burn the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, so soon as it is received, and so they dare not subscribe for fear of family jars." We have such reports from all parts of the country. The priests and clergy rule the wives, and the wives rule the husbands "for Christ's sake."

—A literary enterprise of much value to writers has been for some time established in Boston and has attracted widespread attention from people throughout the country interested in any form of literary work. This institution is known as the Authors' Agency, and is under the able management of Mr. Wm. A. Dresser, who is fortunate in having for references some of the most prominent writers and editors in America. The Agency undertakes to revise and criticize manuscripts submitted, and, if so desired, to place them most advantageously to the writer—in fact to execute all work involved between author and publisher. As the circular of the agency succinctly states: Many a manuscript fails of acceptance because it either lacks proper correction or revision, or bears a yet unknown signature, or is not offered to an exactly suitable publication. Each publisher has his own peculiar requirements and limita-

tions. To know such conditions, to relieve authors of inconvenience and disappointment in placing their productions, to obtain for them—through judicious criticism or revision—better reputation and better remuneration, and thereby also to supply editors and publishers with better manuscript, is the office of this Agency. The circular, which in itself contains many valuable suggestions as well as a schedule of prices, may be obtained by enclosing a stamp to the Authors' Agency, Roberts Bros. Building, Somerset street, Boston, Mass.

—The following are the closing words of President Cleveland's inaugural address:

"Above all, I know there is a Supreme Being who rules the affairs of men, and whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people, and I know He will not turn from us now if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid."

Probably brother Harrison, though a good Presbyterian, was not quite so sure. The fellow that succeeds is generally the most positive that there is a "Supreme Being." This reminds us that some fifty years ago, when we were a small boy in a back country town, there was a contest for supervisor between the Whigs and Democrats. The "boss" Democrat, late in the evening, when "pretty full," learned that he had a small majority. He walked up to the bar of the hotel and struck his fist with great force on the counter, and said with emphasis: "*Boys come up, all of you and take something, for I can assure you that there is a God in Israel.*"

—Our old friend, R. M. Casey, writes from his home in Bruno, South Carolina:

I am in feeble health and will soon be 70 years old, still I try to work every day, but it is but little I can do. I am still doing some efficient work for the gospel of truth, and every now and then somebody gets out of the wilderness and I get the credit of it whether or not I merit it. But the warfare is nearly over with me; I shall soon have to hand in my checks,

and my only regret is that I have been able to do no more in liberating the masses from the chains and fetters of priestcraft and theological delusions, but, thank the fates, I shall leave a few foot-prints on the "sands of time." My reward is social ostracism, abuse, slander, poverty and suffering, but I cheerfully accept it all. I shall soon die, unhonored and unlamented save by a few. I am scarcely known as a Freethinker outside of my own state. My indigent circumstances has prevented me from making my work known, but,

"There are brighter things in this world than gold;
There are nobler things in this world than name;
To silently do with your deeds untold,
And silently die unnoised to fame."

—Bishop Brooks was leading the orthodox church out of the wilderness of bigotry and superstition. It is a great pity that he was removed by death.

—Dr. W. T. Carter, of Louisville, Ky., in a private letter, writes :

Liberals are numerous here, and Freethought is in the air. To be called a Freethinker is to be given a badge of respectability. People look upon a Freethinker or Infidel as an individual of more than ordinary intelligence. The Freethinker stands erect, reads and thinks, expecting to earn what he receives, and his counsel and aid are sought by his friends. The Christian kneels, and prays and begs, and beseeches his friends to kneel and beg for him. The Freethinker asks justice for himself, but believes in kindness and mercy for others. The Christian asks mercy for himself, but believes in "wailing and gnashing of teeth" for others. The Freethinker's course will benefit mankind. The Christian's course has filled the world with criminals. The Freethinker does not think it is right for any one, at any time or under any circumstances, to inflict pain or to whip children. The Christian believes it is right to inflict eternal pain and torture, and that it is right to whip children. Teach, for a few generations, what the Freethinker believes, kindness will then become hereditary, and all strife in the world will cease. I hope every Freethinker may do his and her best to bring this prediction to pass.

—It is a pleasure to learn that Gerrit Smith, one of the best men this country ever produced, who, for his labors in behalf of the slave and for humanity generally, gained for himself a world-wide reputation, and whose very countenance so beamed with wisdom love and tender compassion that it compelled his most bitter enemy to admire him when brought into his personal society—that this man, who was brought up in the strictest orthodoxy became so Liberal as early as the following date, wrote the editor of the Boston *Investigator* the following letter :

PETERBORO, Oct. 26, 1866.

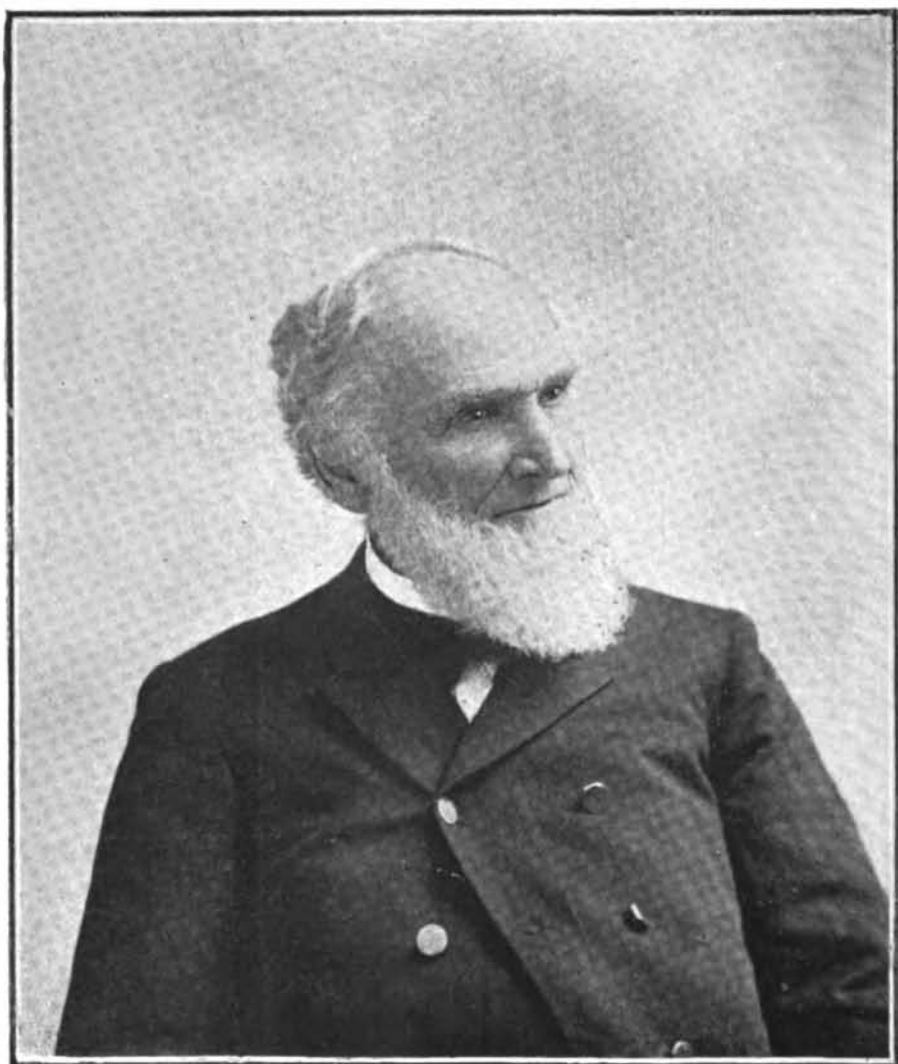
MR. J. P. MENDUM :

Dear Sir—Your paper has been sent to me for several months. I now wish to subscribe for it. Enclosed are seven dollars to pay for two years' subscription.

I was brought up to look only at one side—*my side*—hence I entered upon my manhood a political and religious bigot. But for more than the latter half of my life I trained myself to look at all sides and to seek knowledge from all sides. Hence, badly as most people think of your paper, I nevertheless read it, and what is more, I think I read it with profit.

Yours, etc., GERRIT SMITH.

When we remember that according to orthodoxy Gerrit Smith, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, Emerson, Theodore Parker and their co-workers in behalf of humanity, have all gone to hell, we do not wonder, as Col Ingersoll so beautifully illustrates, that this locality is far more attractive than the orthodox heaven, filled up as it is with defaulting bank presidents, murderers, and other hypocritical church members, and where, in the near future, the most popular leaders will be, the late Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Joe Cook, Talmage and Co.



*Yours truly
Abraham Schell.*

THE
FREETHINKER
MAGAZINE

MAY

WHAT THE WORLD
SEES

REFERENCES

On November 25, 1965, an inter-
community conference to the Fair Play
for Cuba Committee on this session appeared.

And it is a good thing, that
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 ment is very bad taste, its a
 something as things do, so
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 the nations on the earth.

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THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

MAY (E. M.) 293.

SHALL THE WORLD'S FAIR BE CLOSED ON SUNDAY?

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

CONGRESS passed an act last session withholding its appropriation to the Fair if opened on Sunday. A committee has been this session appointed to reconsider the action of last winter.

As it is a great International Exposition we propose to hold, in which all forms of government and religion will be represented, it is in very bad taste, as well as grossly unjust, for Christians, comprising as they do, so very small a portion of the human family, to force their religious observances on representatives of all the nations on the earth.

As our National Constitution nowhere enforces the observance of any holy time, it was a work of supererogation for Congress to do any legislating on this subject. It has been our boast that we have no State religion, that here all sects occupy a common ground, that all faiths are equally respected. Then why should the Sunday of the Christian be more binding than that of the Jew, the Quaker, the Seventh-day Baptist, or of that increasingly large class of educated, liberal-minded people who do not believe in any penal Sundays, or imposed religious rest, but who do believe in a change of employment one day in seven, when those who do the hard work of the world shall have free access to all

the libraries, the galleries of art, the museums, the concerts and the public parks, there to enjoy whatever innocent amusements they may desire?

But if Congress is bent on doing some legislation in this direction, it would be better for it to make appropriations conditional on the State closing the drinking and gambling saloons on Sunday and drive the people to the Fair grounds, where they will be surrounded by more refining and elevating influences. Congress has no more right to close this great International Exposition on Sunday than on Wednesday. In fact, as far as the rights of the people are concerned, it might better be closed Wednesday, one of the working days, than on the only weekly holiday the people have. The Sabbatarians make the specious plea that they desire to keep the day holy, especially to protect the employees against their employers, who would compel them to work Sunday if all legal restrictions were removed. That is to say, they will do their best to keep the masses idle, but will do nothing for their pleasure or improvement. We have no laws to prevent people working on New Year's, Christmas, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July, Decoration Day, and yet the people generally seem to avail themselves of the recreation permitted by employers on such occasions; and why should they not exercise equal intelligence in selecting their pleasures on Sunday?

Much stress is laid on the fact that the employees in the Fair need rest. If a day for their rest and recuperation is necessary, then let the Fair be closed on Monday, when the laboring masses will be otherwise employed. All great national celebrations in a republic should be arranged for the benefit of those who do the paid work of the world and most need the inspiration and enlightenment of all that is beautiful in nature and wonderful in art. As all the influences of the Fair will be elevating and refining, there can be no valid objection to keeping it open on Sunday.

The persecutions people have endured for Sabbath-breaking in the past are sufficiently terrible to make wise people dread any further legislation to enforce religious observances.

Whilst the Jews are persecuted the world over, it is very remarkable that we should go back to the Hebrew Scriptures for the fourth commandment and the establishment of holy time. The Rev. E. O. Powell in a recent discourse said:

"We should never hear the Old Testament quoted in behalf of the Sabbath if it were possible to find it commanded elsewhere. The New Testament has not in it one word commanding men to keep the Sabbath, nor has it one word forbidding us to break it. On the contrary, it is full of the spirit of abrogation of such a day. You remember that Jesus more than once took pains to argue against its observance. (1) He walked out through the fields and picked wheat with his disciples and ate it. The Jews reproved him and he defended his action as not reprehensible. (2) He healed a man on the Sabbath when he could have waited until the next day; and when the Jews reproved him he said the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. So then the first man ever put on the defense for Sabbath desecration was Jesus Christ. Paul was no less particular to defend human rights as against ceremonial observances. In his letter to the Romans he says: 'One man estimates one day above another; another estimates every day alike.' His idea of Christianity was, that it was essential freedom. To the Galatians he wrote a long letter against all sorts of spiritual bondage, and in it he says: 'You observe days and months and years, I preached to you that Christ made us free; I fear that my labor was vain.' To the Colossians he wrote: 'Do not let any man bring you to judgment as to meat or drink or a holy day or the Sabbath.' This is the spirit of the New Testament, and it does not subserve the purpose of Sabbatarians at all. So they carry us back to the Old Testament and tell us: 'The Jews had a law to observe the Sabbath and that is not abrogated.' Who could have abrogated it if not Jesus and Paul, the two founders of original Christianity?"

According to Guizot, Calvin was so pleased with a play to be acted in Geneva on Sunday, that he not only attended, but deferred his sermon so that his congregation might attend. When John Knox visited Calvin, he found him playing a game of bowls on Sunday.

Martin Luther said, "Keep the day holy for its use's sake, both to body and soul. But if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if any one set up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to do anything which shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty."

Archbishop Paley says, "In my opinion, St. Paul considered the Sabbath a sort of Jewish ritual and not obligatory on Christians. A cessation on that day from labor beyond the time of attending public worship is not intimated in any part of the New Testament. The notion that Jesus and his apostles meant to retain the Jewish Sabbath, only shifting the day from the seventh to the first, prevails without sufficient reason."

When we have urged freedom for men to observe Sunday as they will, we have always been confronted with the argument that if we break down the Puritan Sabbath we shall be overwhelmed with the continental Sunday.

Probably no men were ever better qualified to speak the truth on the other side than Dr. Guthrie of Edinburg, and Dr. Norman McLeod, both strict Presbyterians. Dr. Guthrie says, "I counted in Paris on one occasion 33 theaters and places of amusements open on the Sabbath; but in one hour I saw in London, as in Edinburg, with all her churches, schools and piety, more drunkenness than I ever saw in Paris in five months."

Dr. McLeod avers that "in proportion to the enforcement of Sabbatarianism will be multiplied dishonesty and pharisaic sophistry, which always are supremely detrimental to morality and religion."

In Great Britain, where only the churches and drinking saloons are open, Sunday is indeed the most gloomy period in the week. In London everybody looks disconsolate, while in Paris they all seem happy, families going everywhere together, to libraries, picture galleries, concerts and pleasant excursions.

To my mind the Fair should be open for many reasons. It is the only day that the laboring masses can enjoy it, as they are practically excluded every other day by the necessities of their condition. When the vast army of men, who have constructed the magnificent buildings and beautified the grounds, who day by day have lifted the heavy machinery and foreign exhibits in place, desire to bring their wives and children to the Exposition, Sunday will be the only day they will have to do so; the only day, too, when farm hands from the country, men and women from the workshops and the factories, clerks from the busy marts of trade, servants from their domestic vocations, can claim a few hours for recreation. When we consider the multitudes that comprise these classes, and their immense value in the world of

work, we appreciate the importance of their rights and interests in all the arrangements of society, whether for profit or pleasure. So far from the Fair being closed on Sunday, it should be the one day especially reserved for the masses, when all those who have other opportunities should not crowd the Exposition.

Though the Centennial Exposition in 1876 was closed on Sunday, yet favored statesmen, millionaires, and foreign diplomats visited every department on that day and viewed the exhibits at their leisure. Whether the Fair is open or not, the city of Chicago will inevitably be crowded on Sunday. People will come from all parts of the State, to look at each other, at the Exposition buildings, the parks, and to enjoy whatever attractions the surroundings afford. If the Exposition is closed, they must necessarily crowd less desirable places of amusements; hence, if it is the best interests of the people those in authority aim at, they will keep the Fair open on Sunday.

It is said that "those who watch the exhibit and serve the public through the week should have one day of rest." As their labors are transient, lasting only a few months, and as their surroundings are varied, beautiful and entertaining, the tax on their time and patience would be light compared with the dreary monotony of the lives of ordinary laborers who spend year after year in dingy workshops and dark offices, or with multitudes of young men sitting, with bent shoulders, writing by artificial light,—a class as much to be pitied as those who dig in mines, scarcely ever seeing the light of day.

Those who can dispose of their time as they see fit can hardly appreciate what a Sunday at the World's Fair would be for large classes of their fellow-men. It is difficult to see from what standpoint women view the happiness of their fellow-beings who, in convention assembled, have passed resolutions in favor of closing the Fair on Sunday.

That noble Quakeress, Lucretia Mott, seeing that the laboring masses were practically excluded from the Centennial Exposition, made her protest against the injustice by never passing within the gates herself. With fifteen added years of experience one would think all American women might have reached a similar standard of justice and common-sense.

What is the duty of the State in this matter? Clearly, to do whatever conserves the welfare of the majority of the people.

The minority have the right to stay away from the Exposition on Sunday, but they have no right to throw obstacles in the way of the majority by influencing popular sentiment or securing legislative enactments to prevent them from enjoying that day in whatever way they may see fit, provided they do not infringe on the rights of the minority.

If we would lift the masses out of their gross pleasures, we must cultivate their tastes for more refined enjoyments. The object of Sunday observance is primarily to give the people a day of rest and recreation, a change from their ordinary employments, a little space of time, in the hard struggle of life, to use the best influence society possesses, to cultivate the religious emotions, the moral sentiments, to teach the dignity of humanity and the brotherhood of the race. It needs but little reflection to see what a potent influence in all these directions the World's Fair will be.

The location is in every way most desirable. A magnificent park, whose shores are washed by an inland sea, vast buildings, that in grandeur and beauty of architecture have never been equaled, filled with the most wonderful productions of all that is new in art and science from every nation on the globe—what an impressive scene this will be! With multitudes of men and women in happy companionship, now wandering through this museum of wonders, and now down the winding walks of the boundless park, now seated in that beautiful pavilion on the shores of Lake Michigan, watching the rolling waves break at their feet, or in the grand concert-hall listening to interpretations by Theodore Thomas, Saint-Saens, Seidl, or Damrosch, of the divine melodies of the old masters—where else could such a rare combination of pleasures, amid such surroundings, be so easily provided for the people?

Here, too, in shady nooks gifted orators might speak to the multitudes on popular reforms or religious questions, for there are no meetings more impressive than those held in the open air, and many assemblies might be held in that vast space without interfering with each other.

If, then, the influence of the Exposition on the minds of the people, can be alike entertaining and instructive, we may well ask, Why should it be closed on Sunday?

With all our boasted love of liberty and equality France can teach us a lesson in respect for the people. I was in Paris one 14th of July, when the French celebrate the downfall of the old Bastile. The city was beautifully illuminated and magnificent fireworks were in all the most conspicuous places. In order to get as near as possible and avoid the crowd, we took a carriage and drove about. But all the desirable points were inclosed for the pedestrians with ropes and chains through which horses and carriages were not allowed to pass. The "great unwashed" held the vantage-ground everywhere. How different from the merciless manner in which the crowds are treated by English officials. I have seen old men, women and children, pushed into the gutters by the batons of the police to make way for the royalty and nobility in carriages on gala days in London. Sunday is more precious than humanity in the eyes of our Saxon fathers. The masses have no right to a foothold when the Queen and her nobles pass by!

While the United States Constitution nowhere recognizes the Christian religion, it does warn the people against all religious entanglements. Article VI, section 3, says, "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or "public trust." In view of this provision of the Constitution, has Congress the right to compel the managers of a great International Exposition, officers of a "public trust" to observe the penal Sunday, in which they may not believe, and which the majority of the people repudiate? Another warning is found in the very first amendment, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion."

Article II, section 3 of the Constitution of the State of Illinois provides that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination, shall forever be guaranteed, and no person shall be denied any civil or political right, privilege or capacity, on account of his opinions. * * * No person shall be required to attend or support any ministry or place of worship against his consent, nor shall any preference be given by law to any religious denomination or mode of worship."

In 1 Story on Const., sec. 454, "it is declared that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, no laws which shall recognize, found, confirm or patronize any particular religion, whether permanent or temporary; whether already exist-

ing or to arise in the future.' In this clause, establishment seems equivalent to settlement, recognition or support."

Judge Samuel F. Miller, speaking for the Supreme Court of the United States, in *Watson vs. Jones*, 13 Wallace, p. 728, says: "The law knows no heresy, is committed to the support of no dogma, the establishment of no sect."

The legislature cannot favor one sect more than another. *Cooley Const. Lim.*, 6th Ed., p. 575.

"It is not by mere toleration that every individual here is protected in his belief or disbelief. He reposes not upon the leniency of government or the liberality of any class or sect of men, but upon his natural, indefeasible rights of conscience, which, in the language of the Constitution, are beyond the control of any human authority. We have no union of Church and State, nor has our government ever been vested with authority to enforce any religious observance, simply because it is religious." *Bloom vs. Richards*, 2 Ohio St. 392.

The present act against Sunday opening is giving the protection of the government to the Christian Sunday above that of all other sects. Why not protect the Jews and Seventh-day Baptists in the observance of their holy time and close the Fair both Saturday and Sunday? This act of Congress is a fatal blow at one of the vital principles of our government and should be resisted by all who know the danger of recognizing any union in State and Church.

GOVERNMENT PATERNALISM AND CHURCH CHARITY.*

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

THE evil effects of governmental paternalism and of general relief of the poor by the State may be learned from the history of Rome, which should be studied attentively by Socialists and others who would substitute more or less governmental control and co-operation in a great commonwealth for the competition which forms so conspicuous a feature of our present industrial system. There are many facts, too, in Roman history which abundantly prove the deteriorating influence of all aid to the people which tends to undermine self-supporting habits and to lessen personal effort.

* An address before the Horizon Club, Chicago.

In Rome centuries before the Christian era corn was supplied to the people at a nominal price. After a while the small payment required was abolished and the distribution of corn to the poorer classes was made gratuitously. In the time of Julius Caesar 320,000 persons in the city of Rome received monthly about five-sixths of a bushel of corn, and under the Antonines the number of recipients exceeded 500,000. In some of the reigns oil, pork, bread and even land and money were distributed among the poor citizens. Nearly the whole free population of the city was finally supported by the government, while a large proportion of the indigent were provided for as slaves. The amount of corn required for free distribution became so great that the government was induced to obtain it from Africa, Sicily and other distant countries in the form of a tribute. The corn-fields of Italy fell to waste and the free peasants went to the city to get their rations of corn and to live in idleness, while their land, encumbered with debt, passed into the hands of the rich and was cultivated, if at all, by slaves. Not only were the people supplied with the first necessities of life without cost, but to these were added free public amusements. To get enough to eat and to attend the public games and baths provided by the government were the people's highest ambitions.

Under the influence of this policy, which was perpetuated through centuries, the self-respect and the self-supporting habits of the people were destroyed as was all public spirit. Independence and love of freedom were extinguished and were replaced by feelings of dependence and servility. The national character became so degraded that it has never recovered from the effects. "Indifferent to liberty, the Roman now, as then," says an historian "asks only for an idle subsistence, and for public spectacles, and countless monasteries and ecclesiastical pageants occupy in modern Rome the same place as did the distribution of corn and the games of the amphitheatre in the Rome of the Caesars." The Roman system of gratuitous distribution was a political device; it was superseded by the ecclesiastical device of monastic organizations and mendicant orders, which withdrew men from productive labor and made them objects of charity, which discouraged industrial pursuits, made a virtue of poverty, fostered idleness and improvidence, multiplied beggars, and made a dirty and worthless mendicant monk the ideal man of the Christian world

The immediate effects of this system can be seen in Italy to-day, although they have diminished with the decline of ecclesiasticism in that country. Mr. Fano, one of the highest authorities on matters relating to the condition of the Italian poor, says:

The growth of that misery in our country (Italy) is in a great measure due to those very institutions which were created for its suppression—the magnificent palaces which rise up on all sides in our cities to give refuge to suffering humanity. “The life and soul of Italy,” said Moreau Christophi, “are in her charitable institutions.” . . . But the crowd of beggars seems to multiply in proportion to the increase of the charities destined for the alleviation of their wants. The very profusion of charities is then one of the principal causes of the spread of mendicity in our country. When all feel sure that, in whatever disaster, they will find succor, and that they will obtain their sustenance from charity, if they do not earn it by their labor, there ceases to be any reason for being provident, and instead of relying upon his own strength every one accustoms himself to reckon upon the support of others. Thus are annihilated the vigor and the spirit of enterprise which are necessary for a man destined to lead a laborious life, and all sense of responsibility is lost. A man may beget children without taking the trouble to reflect whether he can feed them because an asylum and a maintenance will be found for them in the foundling hospital or in other institutions for the care of children. The prospect of sickness does not make him redouble his exertions and think of the necessity of saving and providing for an evil day because it appears to him sufficiently provided for by the hospital or the almshouse. . . . But in order to obtain relief it is necessary to be poor, or at least to seem so, and the man who works has not the aspect of poverty. The workshop is then abandoned and the rags of common wretchedness are then put on; and thus many persons voluntarily adopt a mendicant life, and finding it easier than one of toil, choosing begging for their industry and making it their estate.

In Italy there are, according to this writer, over one and a third million indigent persons. It has been the policy of the Roman machine to keep as many of its subjects as possible in a dependent condition, that it might thereby control them through its charitable institutions. Thus poverty is produced that there may be an opportunity to relieve it. But poverty leads to crime. For one, the Romish hierarchy has “charity;” for the other indulgence and absolution.

The Catholic idea is that the Church with its religious and moral teachings and its charities is the only means of bringing to an end the trouble between capital and labor, and thus averting in this country a socialism of a more dangerous type than has yet been developed on European soil.

The fact is the Catholic Church is not a product of a great

industrial civilization like that of to-day, and its methods become unadapted to existing demands, in proportion as the people become more intelligent, self-respecting and independent.

This Church would like to have the two classes, the rich and the poor, subject to her rule and discipline. Her method is to collect funds from all who have any—even from those whose earnings are the smallest, and to use them in building great churches, convents and institutions for the relief of the poor in connection with the advancement of her faith. In return for the money she receives from the rich, she wields her influence in favor of their undisturbed security in the enjoyment of their possessions. In return for charities she requires that the poor be virtually her slaves, that they adopt no social theories and join in no agitation which she condemns. Thus she insures her authority and the perpetuity of her power by making progress impossible except by opposition to her claims, with all which that implies in countries where the hierarchy is still strong. When danger arises from a spirit of independence which neither superstition nor ecclesiastical despotism has been able to quench, and which exceptional combinations of circumstances have served to arouse, the Church is prominent as a conservative power, and is looked to undoubtingly as to its attitude by all who are averse to any contemplated reform. Its system of dispensing charity, which attaches to it the poor and needy, and its support of established governments (which, however, it is ever ready to outwit and plot against, as in France and Italy when its own interests are at stake) make it a powerful influence in resisting innovation.

This influence has often been exerted against social disorder. Change is necessary to progress; when society has arrived at a point of advancement on certain lines and on others is stationary, more or less disturbance is unavoidable in social readjustments. The Church of Rome prides itself on having been instrumental in suppressing such disturbances; yet in so doing, it has generally sided with despotism and opposed or ignored the comprehensive interests of the reform of which the disturbances were mere incidents, often of but small importance comparatively.

Sometimes the influence of the Church has been usefully directed against turbulence; but more often it has been used to fetter thought, to continue old abuses, and to prevent or hinder movements in the line of progress. How much has the Catholic

clergy done to inspire the people with love of liberty, or to advance popular intelligence and independence? How much has the system and work of the Church, as to charities, done to solve the problem of pauperism? How much have Catholic dogmas done to make the ruling and rich classes regardful of the political and personal rights of the poor? What has the Catholic Church done during the present century to advance the interests of the people in Italy, Spain or in any of the countries of Southern Europe wherein she has had almost undisputed sway?

Every forward step taken in these countries, every victory gained for popular freedom, religious reform or industrial progress, has been against the protest and the schemes of the hierarchy of Rome.

What is wanted now is not the ecclesiastical machine to secure peace at the price of intellectual death, to solve problems by ignoring them and getting back to a condition in which their discussion will be irrelevant, to dole out charity and to make the poor indifferent to everything but their indebtedness to the Church. The people cannot be treated forever as children. We have arrived at a point when they must take their destiny in their own hands, and work out their own social and political salvation. The priest must stand aside, or rather his word must be divested of its false authority and be judged by its actual value.

The relation between capital and labor, the rights and duties of each, the use of the means of production and the equitable distribution of the product of labor, the legislation needed to secure to workingmen the fullest justice, to guard against monopolies and combinations, whether among the employers or employees which are inimical to the public welfare, to make the government useful in protecting the people in their rights and in promoting their true interests against all cliques and special classes of men, without allowing it to encroach upon the rightful freedom of the citizens, to relieve want and distress in a way that will not at the same time encourage improvidence and dependence and impair the self-respect of those who are assisted,—these are a few of the many social and economic problems now engaging the attention of thoughtful men and women, and the solution of which can scarcely be effected merely by joining the Catholic Church and listening from youth to old age, to its theological and moral platitudes.

There are those who believe that all organized and compulsory charity, in fact all but purely private and voluntary charity, should be discountenanced. They argue that systematic public provision for the indigent increases the evil it is designed to relieve, and that with such provision in any community the eradication of the evil is impossible. For instance, it is said that homes for the aged poor, while affording relief to those who are received into them, are largely responsible for that lack of sagacity and providence to which this reliance upon charity is due, and that, therefore, institutions of this kind really cause more misery than they alleviate.

Supposing that this view, in defense of which something can be said, is correct, still it is undeniable that there are charities which strengthen in the poor habits of forethought and providence, such as industrial schools, libraries, reading rooms, measures for promoting temperance, and helping those who are out of employment to situations, at least, in exceptional crises. Moreover, it must be admitted by all that there is a vast amount of suffering the result of neither improvidence, nor vice, which will ever call for alleviation. The victims of blindness and insanity, of epidemic and contagious diseases, of war and famine, of fire and flood, of devouring locusts and destructive tornadoes, will never appeal in vain to enlightened charity. Widows and orphans and wives with dependent children deserted by their natural protectors, cannot be left to suffer and perish without aid lest imprudence in marriage be encouraged by such charity. The old and decrepit and those reduced to helplessness and want, in this age of invention and change, by the sudden collapse of the industry upon which they have depended, are proper objects of wise and discriminating charity.

Withholding aid from those who are unable to obtain the necessities of life, for the reason that such aid will make others improvident, would result in indifference to suffering. It would narrow our sympathies and produce moral callousness. Those who in justification of such a course, refer to "the survival of the fittest" and imagine that they have the authority of Darwin to support them, neither understand his teachings nor comprehend the ethical consequences of his theory. "The aid," says Darwin, "which we feel impelled to give to the helpless is mainly an incidental result of the instinct of sympathy, which was originally

acquired as part of the social instincts, but subsequently rendered, in the manner previously indicated, more tender and more widely diffused. Nor could we check our sympathy, if so urged by hard reason, without deterioration in the noblest part of our nature. . . . Hence we must bear without complaining the undoubtedly bad effects of the weak surviving and propagating their kind. But there appears to be at least one check in steady action,—namely, the weaker and inferior members of society not marrying so freely as the sound; and this check might be indefinitely increased, though this is more to be hoped for than expected, by the weak in body or mind refraining from marriage."

It is as true now as it was in the days of the Nazarene, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." While suffering exists the pitying heart and the helping hand will not lack objects in the sphere of useful charity. The beneficial effect of charity upon the donor is beyond all doubt, and it is one of the strongest arguments by Catholic theologians for their system during the middle ages and at the present time. Undoubtedly in this respect much may be said in its defense, especially before belief in the expiatory nature of gifts became general, a belief which exercised a most demoralizing influence throughout Christendom, because it made giving simply a means of getting to heaven, without interest in the recipient, a form of charity that still prevails under the influence of the Romish supersition and multiplies paupers without much benefit to the donors.

Enlightened communities are coming more and more to discountenance indiscriminate alms-giving and to establish charity on a basis that will make it the most effective. Even those who object to organized charities and systematic "out-door relief," must concur in the wisdom of having an agency to investigate the condition of applicants for help, that the private giver may know whether his money or other contributions go to impostors or to the worthy poor.

Charity discriminatingly bestowed, which helps the recipient most and impairs his self-respect the least, which enables the poor, whenever it is possible, to do more themselves, and gives no encouragement to idleness, intemperance or improvidence, is the only kind of charity having any claim in this age upon intelligent men and women.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

BY HENRY M. TABER.

"The Christian religion has been tried for eighteen hundred years : The religion of Christ has yet to be tried." (Lessing.)

THE Christianity of Christ was a very simple religion. It was a religion of love ; of charitable thoughts ; of kind acts ; of good deeds. It was founded on the "golden rule ;" indeed that was the *sum* of it. But from this simple religion has evolved, gradually, the repulsive religion of what is known as orthodox Christianity. From decade to decade, from generation to generation, from century to century, this evolving process has gone on ; each of these periods of time furnishing its quota of new dogmas, ceremonies and rites, until the Christianity of to-day has become as unlike the Christianity of Christ as are the gaudy decorations of the Pope of Rome unlike the plain garb of a Quaker.

Dr. Lewis G. Janes, in his book called "A Story of Primitive Christianity," says : "The salvation of men in the teaching of Jesus, depended upon the acceptance of no dogmatic standard of truth, but solely upon righteous living. . . . The popular Christian doctrine of a vicarious atonement and substituted righteousness has no place in the teachings of the Nazarene prophet. . . . The conception of himself (Jesus), or of another, as a Son of God, in any exclusive or supernatural sense ; of a God coming upon earth in human form ; would have been as abhorrent and unnatural to Jesus as it had ever been to his people (the Jews). The trinitarian dogma is a belief as impossible to the true Israelite (as was Jesus) as any other form of polytheism or idolatry."

As showing the advance in priest-made dogmas, even from one century to the next, Dr. Draper says : "Great is the difference between Christianity under Severus (born 146) and Christianity under Constantine (born 274). Many of the doctrines which at the latter period were pre-eminent, in the former were unknown. . . . As years passed on, the faith described by Tertulian (second century) was transferred into one more fashionable and debased."

T. W. Doane, in "Bible Myths," says : The sublime and simple theology of the primitive Christian—was gradually corrupted and degraded by the introduction of a popular mythology."

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in *North American Review*, January, 1889, says: "I am very glad to have the attention of religious people brought back to the early literature which sets in new light the simple religion which was proclaimed by Jesus Christ; while it destroys the man-made theology of the last fifteen centuries."

The Christian religion (not the religion of Christ) has been formulated by the several councils of the Christian Church. As a sample of these councils, we may take that of Nice 321—more than half of the delegates to which council were arbitrarily dismissed from it, because their opinions were opposed to those of the Emperor Constantine. In it, like in most of the Church councils in after years, was exhibited a bitterness of feeling among the (remaining) delegates that made its proceedings most disgraceful. No political convention of modern times will compare, in uproar and tumult, deception and trickery, with these Church assemblies. Says Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D.: "There were also gathered at the councils (of the Christian Church) ignorance, intrigue, party passion; arrayed as hostile armies for open combat." The Christian religion being formulated under *such* circumstances, no wonder that it became, as it flowed down the centuries, as different from the religion of Christ, as is a mighty river, gathering impurities in its course, different from the pure and limpid waters of its original stream.

Rev. R. Heber Newton says: "In the early centuries creed followed creed till we got tired of trying to keep track of them. The same thing took place in the Reformation period. Every nation spawned creeds. Let them open the Westminster Confession, the Thirty-nine Articles, etc., and mark with a red pencil every faith on which Jesus Christ had spoken a word, and they would find that task an object lesson in the modern theology on fallen man—not a word on the atonement; future punishment, not a word; on hell scarcely a word, and so through the Reformation theology. . . . Will Christianity ever get back to Jesus Christ?"

"Christ's teaching was one thrilling protest against ecclesiasticism. His life was one pathetic plea for religious freedom. He cut down doctrinism and dogmatism as a mower cuts down thistles. In his insistence on practical holiness, there was no room for chatter about creeds. This fervent young rabbi had no

time to formulate a 'shorter catechism.' " (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *Forum*, May, 1889.)

Rev. John W. Chadwick says: "That legend which went on growing, century after century, until the theological conception of Jesus Christ was as unlike the actual man who trod the earth of Galilee, as 'Pollock's course of time, is unlike the simple songs that came straight from the heart of Robert Burns. If you know of any two things more unlike, then you can make a contrast of your own and it will be better than mine; for the more unlike the things that you contrast, the better will they image forth the difference between the actual Jesus and the theological being who in about three centuries was *substituted* for Jesus. . . . Any Jewish church of our own time is nearer to the primitive Christian orthodoxy (of Jerusalem) than any form of modern Christianity that vaunts its orthodoxy. . . . Had there been no Paul, Christianity would have been only a Jewish sect. . . . The conversion of the Roman Empire by Christianity was about equally the conversion of Christianity by the Roman Empire. The Empire became Christian; Christianity became Pagan."

Alfred H. O'Donohue, late of Trinity College, Dublin, in his book, "Theology and Mythology," says: "The doctrines that Jesus taught—the brotherhood of man and the condemnation of priestcraft—entitle him forever to the admiration and gratitude of his race. . . . Christianity, as taught and understood by Jesus and his followers, has ceased to exist for sixteen hundred years. In modern Christianity hardly a trace of the religion of Jesus is discernible. . . . If Jesus and his true life were taken from Christianity, it is doubtful if it would excite notice.

The doctrines of the incarnation, of the resurrection, of the atonement, of the immaculate conception, of the divinity of Christ, of the "procession" of the Holy Ghost, of the Trinity, of inspiration of gospels or epistles, of the infallibility of a man or of a church, were all unknown to the founder of Christianity. Christ did not make the Christianity of to-day and is no more responsible for it than he is for the religion of Buddha or Mohammed; indeed there is as much semblance between either of these two religions and that of Christ's religion, as there is between the latter and the Christianity of to-day, which was *manufactured* by the "fathers" and by the clergy generally in the several centuries succeeding the time of Christ. The Bible is not

the work of Moses, of David, of Saul, the four evangelists, but of those ecclesiastics who made those writings to correspond with the declarations of the Church; making such alterations, omissions and interpolations as suited their purposes. "The Bible is the creation of the Church; not the Church the creation of the Bible. . . . The Bible did not form the beliefs; the beliefs formed the Bible."

The doctrines of the immaculate conception and resurrection of Christ were in process of development only towards the close of the second century; in the middle or latter part of which century most of the books of the New Testament appeared. The name "New Testament" was not given till the third century, and during this century these writings were declared to be inspired; prior to which time those who claimed the New Testament to be inspired were denounced as heretics.

The observance of Sunday as a rest-day was first proclaimed in 321, and as the "Sabbath," in the seventeenth century.

The doctrine of the Trinity first appeared in the fourth century. That of "inherited guilt" was promulgated in the fifth century.

The name "Bible" was first applied to the books of the Old and New Testament, collectively, in the fifth century. The season of "Lent" was first recognized in the fifth century.

The "Christian Era" was invented in the sixth century. It was not authoritatively determined upon what day the resurrection of Christ should be celebrated till the seventh century.

Transubstantiation became a dogma in the ninth century.

The celibacy of the clergy became a requisite in the eleventh century.

The dogma of the atonement also first appeared in the eleventh century.

The doctrine of eternal punishment for disbelievers in the Bible originated at the Council of Trent, 1545.

The infallibility of the Bible became a dogma of the Protestant Church in the sixteenth century.

The immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary (that she was born of Anne without original sin) became a dogma of the Romish Church in the nineteenth century.

Mosheim, in his Commentaries (p. 228) describes the Gnostics of the first century as those who pretend that they are able to

communicate to mankind a correct knowledge of the Deity, the origin of the world, the nature of matter and the human soul. They were regarded as corrupters of the Christianity of Christ. The orthodox Christians of to-day hold the same pretentious and dogmatic relation to the pure religion of Christ that the Gnostics did in the first century and may be regarded, equally, as corrupters of true Christianity. The Agnostics of to-day far better represent the religion of Christ than do those assuming the name of Christian.

"The Christianity of Christendom is fundamentally opposed to the Christianity of Christ. In attacking ecclesiasticism, I am really defending the prophet of Nazareth." (Alfred Momic.)

"As the Church advanced in worldly power and position a temper of deliberate and audacious fraud set itself in action for the spread of certain doctrines." (Dr. Mozley.)

"No one can have attentively studied the subject without being struck by the absence of any such dogmas from the earlier records of the teachings of Jesus." (Supernatural Religion.)

"The pure Deism of the first century was changed by the Church of Rome into the incomprehensible dogma of the Trinity." (Gibbons' Christianity.)

The religion of Thomas Paine was very much nearer the religion of Jesus Christ than that of any of the orthodox clergy the world over. These self-righteous persons are either lamentably ignorant of Paine's religion or lamentably deceptive and dishonest in denying that he had any religion. Would one who had no religion say (as did Thomas Paine), "Do we want to contemplate the power, wisdom, munificence and mercy of God? We see them in the immensity of creation, in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed, in the abundance with which He fills the earth and in His not withholding this abundance even from the unthankful"?

Paine's religion was the same as that of the late Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., and were Paine living to-day he would be one of the strictest of the *orthodox* Christian Church, in its Unitarian branch. His creed and his religion, as expressed by himself, was, "I believe in one God only and hope for happiness in the world to come. . . . The world is my country; to do good is my religion." That is all there was of the religion of Christ.

In Moncure D. Conway's most interesting life of Thomas

Paine, the author says of that truly logical book—the “Age of Reason”—that Paine regarded it as a *defense of true religion*, from its degradation by superstition or destruction by atheism, these, as he declares, being the purposes of his work.” Again Mr. Conways says, “So far as it is theological, the ‘Age of Reason’ was meant to combat Infidelity.”

In writing to Samuel Adams, from France, Paine says: “The people of France were running headlong into atheism, and I had the work (‘Age of Reason’) translated into their own language *to stop them in that career* and fix them to the first article of every man’s creed, who has any creed at all—I believe in God.”

From the works of such eminent Christian writers as Rev. Samuel Davidson, D. D., Rev. Brooke Foss Wescott, D. D., Drs. Oort, Kuenen and Hooykas, and other investigators into the Christianity of Christ and the subsequent engrafting thereon of what the Church has made the Christianity of the centuries succeeding that of Christ, can be found such information as would amaze those who think that the Christianity of to-day is the same as that taught by its founder. Orthodox Christianity was utterly unknown to him. From the works of the writers alluded to can be shown facts which are *rarely, if ever, presented by any of the orthodox clergy*. It can be shown that no one knows who are the writers of the books of the Bible, or when such books were written, or what they were in the original.

There are no autograph writings of the books of either the Old or New Testament. Consequently there can be no evidence of any correct translation.

The priesthood have made these books to read just what it was their interest they should read. As to Christ himself, the records supposed to be furnished by persons of the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, are the only records of Christ’s life. These records differ materially. Among other differences is one of eleven years as to the time of Christ’s birth. They were not written till a century and a half after Christ’s death.

“The confused and irreconcilable accounts in the gospels of the life and death of Christ were manifestly *written to supply a want of the Church* in the second century.” (Waite.)

It is now ascertained that probably no persons of the names of those to whom are attributed the records of Christ’s life, wrote those records; consequently they are anonymous writings, and

therefore the whole of the life and ministry of Christ has no authoritative name to satisfy us of its truthfulness. If such a person as Christ ever lived, he was doubtless a gentle-hearted, loving being, who was actuated by a desire to do all he could toward lightening the burdens, alleviating the sufferings and cheering the hearts of his fellow-men; having his sympathies with the poor, the weak and the lowly; always the enemy of injustice and tyranny. As illustrating how different this gentle character is sometimes presented to us, we quote from Luke xix: 27, which makes the kind and loving Jesus to say: "Those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay before me,"—words so utterly inconsistent with his nature could scarcely be imagined. No one who believes in the "meek and lowly" Jesus could possibly believe but that that quotation was the work of some ecclesiastical forger.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll has said; "For the man Jesus, who loved his fellow-men, I have the most profound respect; but for Christianity, as taught in orthodox creeds, I have the most supreme contempt."

"Nothing can be more incredible than the account given of the birth of Jesus in the canonical gospels of Matthew and Luke. Nothing can be more revolting. (Rev. J. W. Chadwick.)

The further we have come down the centuries from the time of Christ, the further we appear to have departed from the religion of Christ. It is perhaps more true to-day than during any of the eighteen centuries that are past that the Christian religion, as represented by the orthodox Church, is Christian only in name.

In the *Arena* for July, 1890, is an article by Rev. Carlos Martyn, D. D., entitled "*Churchianity* (or *so-called Christianity*) vs. Christianity," which illustrates this thought. Dr. Martyn says: "It (*Churchianity*) is like counterfeit coin—current, but false. . . . It puts the emphasis on *belief*, when it should put it on *conduct*. It builds *cathedrals* not *men*. Religion is transformed from a *principle* into an *institution*. We look for Christ and find a church. . . . *Phariseism is resurrected and baptized with a Christian name.*"

There appears, however, at the present time, a revolt in all our churches against the dogmas which have so long stood between the Church and the religion of Christ. Christians them-

selves are beginning to think these dogmas incompatible with the enlightened age in which we live, and that they should be "relegated to the limbo into which are flung the cast-off garments of vagabond theories."

Many are earnestly and anxiously asking the question of Rev. Dr. Heber Newton—"Will Christianity ever get back to Jesus Christ?"

Efforts in that direction are making most successful progress.

The *Christian Register* of Boston says: "We are at the beginning of a movement in religion more extensive than any recorded in history. Compared with it the Protestant reformation is a small episode. The movement is wider than any one religion and deeper than any one can measure. Five hundred years from now it will be seen that *just before the nineteenth century*, the creeds of all nations and churches began to break up, and that throughout the world there was a rush of religious feeling which *carried these fragments of creeds away*."

The "signs of the times" were never more favorable than now for a change from the effete theology of ecclesiastical councils and the dogmatic creeds of *nominal* Christianity, to the Christianity of primitive times—the Christianity of Christ.

THE WHITE SCIENCE.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THAT a race of beings akin to man has existed on this planet for perhaps fifty thousand years seems to be a fact well substantiated by evidence.

History, inaccurate at the best, and almost invariably more or less mendacious, illumines but dimly man's early stages, till on the far horizon the morning twilight fades away in the dusk of tradition, and perpetual darkness broods over the past that created the colossal structures of India, the pyramids of Egypt, and the lost cities of Palenque and Copan.

The sciences are established upon a sure foundation of ultimate and universal certainty of principle. Through the tortuous labyrinth of guess-work the acute Greek and patient Hindu groped their way, transmitting with much childish fancy a thread, whose strands were facts, for them who should come after them.

So out of the mysterious, developing along a continuous line of progress, fact upon fact, here a little and there a little, the formless cloud of theory,—like the spirit in the Arabian story released from the seal of Solomon,—stands forth a living thing.

In one way and one only has mankind arrived at his present pinnacle of wisdom. Toying like a child with phenomena, now delighted and now afraid, he has gone with them for explanation of their puzzles to his mother, Nature, there at her knee to learn earth's great lesson: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

How brief, compared to the long cycles of preparation,—perhaps I might say rehearsal,—in comparison is the tragedy in which we are now acting our parts!

Has this tragedy any meaning,—understood by the spectator, though hidden from the actors? Is there any evidence of plot to this performance, of our being cast for parts, or of the presence of a carefully considered prompter to whom we can go confident of a cue when the faculty of reason fails?

When principles are established faith in those principles becomes the foundation of science. Religion has for too long been held as the phantasmal substance of hope. Let us give to the White Science the stability of certainty, the foundation of evidence.

Like forlorn descendants of the ancient Aztec, thought toils at the tailings of tradition, seeking for bits of truth our fathers cast aside or overlooked. Let us go to the virgin vein, though the matrix be crushed, confident of finding the ore.

Man is an animal of many more or less imperfect strains, differing in degree and not in kind, in both body and brain, from his friends the dogs and his brothers the worms. Man is the latest forged link in the great catenary, whose initial one is hung upon the sunbeam.

We say that we live. But what is it to be alive? Ask your inmost self this supremest question: What is it to be conscious? Who is really and fully so? And where on the line of nature which we with our inadequate nomenclature call life, does our consciousness begin? The germ decides, the atom chooses. Has either conscious election as it has intelligent action? Has the dog a choice as an element of his being? You have power over the crystal to alter its size, but never its shape. Over the

character of a dog you have also a certain power; previous to gestation by judicious crossing and afterwards by careful training.

This principle is also at work in our own race. I look about upon my fellow-men, to see them treading a constant mill of habit; the serfs of others' will or the sport of their own erratic fancies.—automata, strung on wires of impulse—like waxworks moved by an unknowable Mrs. Jarley. Irrationally rational; the resultant of all antecedent forces; trained, like whelps, in early youth to tricks of brain; conceitedly dogmatic; testing wisdom by the fallible litmus of opinion; gauging star orbits by inch-wide calipers. Such is man even in his noblest prime.

Truth,—to be true,—must be absolute; it admits no adjective to thwart its determination. But there is no absolute except the absolutely related, and the absolutely related is the mathematical.

Over nature rules the despot Right, that Being, lord of the body of being, and which includes all beings. Influencing, himself uninfluenced; not only legal, but the law; the kismet of the koran, the karma of theosophy, the destiny of common speech, the "consequences" of logic, and the logical heaven and the logical hell of every theology which has been since the world began.

Under this iron rule man's free will is as delusive as his bonds are strong. Fatalism is a corollary of nature's theorem, and the claim to know absolute right is as fallacious as the power to keep to it is inadequate.

I have prated of Relation as mathematics—the science of the relations of quantity. Let us now regard it as beauty—the science of form in the attributes of quantity.

Though the man-race be a mechanism, as observed from without, it is only when the lens is turned inward that the individual begins to realize the possibility of a possession to which the word "mechanics" has no application.

Man is separated from his congeners by an impassable gulf; but in himself he has an example of the race to which closer access may be had, by whose study through the conscious lens of reason, with higher and higher powers, grander and grander purposes disclose.

Though I be the plaything of the fatal icon of infinity, and though I may never define the frontiers of my responsibility, I am

responsible. Though reason fails in the search for an actuating will, I become continually more and more conscious of my consciousness, and that I am in my being a function of a volition higher than I.

Beauty is that which is beautiful to the sense of beauty; it is a relation between the objective fact and the subjective ideal.

When the world grows wiser, pictures may be painted and statues chiseled according to some absolute ideal yet unconceived. Then will the relation become perfect, and in so being, as monotonous as it will be mathematical.

When we live with wolves it is inevitable that we learn to howl, yet amid the clash of creeds and the prattle of philosophies, it is still a shame to him who dwells with birds if he does not learn to sing.

But how shall we approach the contemplation of this region? By what power can we become aware of the reality of this undiscovered country? Spirit! what meaning is there in the word? None,—wholly none,—save as understanding it as a synonym for principle. It is the kingdom of the paradox, the fulcrum of the balance between the axiom and the mystery, where the impossible is as certain as the inevitable. Immensity without quantity, existence without locality, condition without quality, existent independent of fact or act, yet either caused by them or the cause of them, in whose mysterious precincts reason is baffled and knowledge in the lexicon of language loses its significance and becomes meaningless jargon.

As in mathematics the relations of angles and of curves are taken out of the domain of the indefinite or hypothetical by the devices in one case of functions,—sines, cosines and tangents, in the other by equations, so we must of necessity express the permanent relation in terms of the temporary expedient; the abstract in terms of the concrete; the idea in terms of the actual, concept in terms of percept; life's motive in terms of the idiom of custom.

Words may be coals or diamonds, but some are only cinders, all the vitality of meaning in them by long usage burned out.

Cast aside the old, shriveled orthography, and take instead ideas to fill the rattling husks of sound.

Fables, allegories, legends and myths are all distinct efforts to impart pleasantly and profitably certain portions of vital truth.

Artistically portrayed these literary devices—falsehoods in illustration of facts,—are of all methods of generalization, most effective as conservators of reality.

What the function is to the angle; what the equation is to analysis; what the line of construction is to the geometric problem; that is the Myth to the problem of the White Art in the nature of man.

Whether we hold (with Spencer) that the religious emotion began with the ghost, or (with Harrison) that it began with the fetich, or (with Moses) by the fiat of a humanized Jehovah, matters not at all, in considering any specific epoch in the life of the race.

The truth in the domain of Volition is found in the true answers to the problems of law.

Religion is a function of volition. It is the means by which a being may form character, by compliance with the law of his opportunity and ability.

A "being" may be anything from an atom to an Almighty; but though having a definite, universal significance, and therefore scientific value, it is as applied to man that we consider religion.

The White Science for us is an applied science,—the means by which we may form character by compliance with the law of our opportunity and ability.

Ruskin says: "The picture which is looked to for an interpretation of nature is invaluable, but the picture which is taken as a substitute for nature had better be burned."

On these two sentiments hang all the law and the prophets.

Right is a constant, immutable standard, wrong is all that varies from that standard.

Right is found only through experience, and only through the exact sciences.

The White Art is the art of living well.

Religion is the White Science, the line of construction to the ethical problem.

It is the reality within,—the sense of fit relation, the testimony that we are in a state of obedience to the whole law of our nature. Only slaves and gods obey.

What "affinity" is to ultimate matter, that is religion to man.

Chemistry had its alchemy; astronomy its astrology; combustion its phlogiston; and the onalogy masquerading as religion

shall, in like manner, as surely be banished to share the fate of those baffled shades of opinion.

In arriving at the truth as it is in the sciences the hearts of men did not fail them for fear that their eternal destiny depended upon the result of their thoughts and experiments. So they toiled fearlessly for truth.

We may be as fearless in the search for all truth. But it has been held that there was an insatiate demon on the throne of the universe; that religion was an edict of this monstrous God,—a mysterious edict which, except they believed they should die eternally.

So the godlikeness of freedom in man has been stunted, and in his terror of the mystery he has quaffed deep draughts of absurd theologies to benumb the pangs of his doubt and his despair.

In the alluvial deposits of thought,—the sediment of life's continuous river,—men's minds have closed around theories and icons,—prehistoric remains washed down from secondary brain formations,—and the silt has hardened around them, and the great heart of humanity stiffened into stone.

Religion is not belief,—that is credulity; it is not conduct,—that is morality. It is not to say nor to do; it is to know and to be.

Nature accepts only one apology for failure—success.

The good and evil principle exists in all nature. To Homer it was the contrasted Zeus and Moira; to Zoroaster Ormuzd and Ahriman; to the modern man it is God and Satan.

We are not yet emerged from the childhood of the race. The infancy of the brain must be amused awhile longer with nursery tales. The people require personifications, for without them abstract truth is meaningless. It is useless to attempt yet in the world's history to repudiate the symbol. Let us rather seek to purify its meaning, and to utilize for the inevitable progress of the future the existing plant.

To save the faith and annihilate the idolatry; to preserve reverence and destroy superstition; to remove the scaffolding and not injure the structure; to rid the hull of barnacles and not scuttle the ship; this is the problem of religion.

But the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and the people love to have it so.

O true men, Freethinkers, be also always right thinkers. Be loving and pitiful to the infirmity you would alleviate. The only excuse for the surgeon's knife is the sufferer's cure; so in the wreck of dogma and crash of creed something immortal shall survive. Be just always, for here have we no continuing city, save that whose inhabitants stand, whether living or dead, without fault before the throne of Justice.

RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.

By LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

"THE FUTURE OF ISLAM," by Ibn Ishak, in September (1892) *Arena*, suggests forcibly the need and adaptation of different religions to different stages of human development. His statement that "there are a larger number of religious adherents to the Moslem faith at the present time, than were ever before claimed by Islam," is but a confirmation of that made by Rev. Canon Isaac Taylor, some three or four years ago, at the Church Congress held in Wolverhampton, Eng., and which created a profound sensation in England and on this continent.

Rev. Canon declared that "the faith of Islam was spreading across Africa with giant strides, and it retained a permanent hold on the converts. That over a large portion of the world Islamism, as a missionary religion, is more successful than Christianity. Not only are the Moslem converts from Paganism more numerous than the Christian converts, but Christianity, in some regions, is actually receding before Islam; while attempts to proselytize Mohammedan nations are notoriously unsuccessful."

The statement of the Christian missionary and the Moslem champion, are so nearly identical one might suppose they were made by the same individual, perhaps at different points of time:

Ibn Ishak.

Islam is an evolution. It is an eclecticism in morals formulated by the Divine mind.

Rev. Canon Isaac Taylor.

Islam is cosmopolitan,—not, like Judaism, confined to one race, but extended to the whole world. Moslems acknowledge four great teachers: Abraham, the friend of God; Moses, the prophet of God; the Lord Jesus, the work of God; and Mohammed, the apostle of God.

The Oriental at his worst will stand comparison with the "submerged tenth" of any Christian land.

But if we want to find a genuine specimen of the failure of modern Christianity, we can undoubtedly find it in the British soldier in India, for whom a paternal government provides a corps of native prostitutes, within a convenient and easy walk from his barracks, and for whom thousands of camels journey along the dusty plains of India, laden with rum-barrels and beer-casks, intended to sustain the courage of the English conqueror.

* * A revival of Islam would bring about an improved condition of things throughout the whole world. * * * by introducing a wider social system than that of modern Christianity, and one better suited to the human race;—by establishing a common bond of brotherhood by which all men shall be regarded as equal.

No Moslem can reside in any of the great cities of Europe or America without observing that the polygamous instincts of the human race are fearfully and shamefully developed among the people. It is a matter of observation that Europeans and Americans are as polygamous in their social life as the Orientals, but with a difference. The young women in the harem of the English noble, or the American millionaire, dies a social death, but in Islam every woman has a definite legal status, and a recognized social position.

An adaptation of the law of Islam to the conditions of civilized life, would not involve a revival of polygamy *per se*, but

Let us remember that, in some respects, Moslem morality is better than our own. Islam has abolished drunkenness, gambling, and prostitution,—the three great curses of Christian lands.

The Christian ideal is unintelligible to savages; but the lower (?) virtues which Islam inculcates are what the lower races can be brought to understand,—temperance, cleanliness, chastity, justice, fortitude, courage, benevolence, hospitality, veracity, and resignation. They can be taught to cultivate the four cardinal virtues, and to abjure the seven deadly sins.

The Christian ideal of the brotherhood of man is the highest, but Islam preaches a practical brotherhood (!!)—the social equality of all Moslems. This is the great *bribe* (!!) which Islam offers. A Christian convert is not regarded as a social equal; but the Moslem brotherhood is a reality. We have over-much "dearly beloved brethren," in the reading-desk, but over little in daily life. True, the Koran offered a material paradise; but the social privileges attained in this world are a more potent motive.

Mohammed limited the unbounded license of polygamy; it is the rule, rather than the exception, in the most civilized Moslem lands, European Turkey, Algiers and Egypt. The polyandrous English are not entitled to cast stones at polygamous Moslems.

Polygamy, with all its evils, has its counterbalancing advantages. It has abolished infanticide, and gives every

it would permit its introduction under certain circumstances, and so prevent the unrestrained and illicit polygamy which, in defiance of all law, is practiced by American and European citizens.

woman a legal protector. Owing to polygamy, Mohammedan countries are free from professional outcasts, a greater reproach to Christendom than polygamy is to Islam. The strictly regulated polygamy of Moslem lands is infinitely less degrading to women, and less injurious to men, than the promiscuous polyandry which is the curse of Christian cities, and is absolutely unknown in Islam.

Finally, the Christian Rev. says: "With regard to Moslems, can we not attack the fortress of Islam from within, rather than from without? Instead of raising antagonism by denouncing Mohammed as a false prophet, and Moslems as Infidels, let us begin by showing, not how much Christianity differs from Islam, but how much it resembles it. In resignation to God's will, in temperance, charity, veracity, and in the brotherhood of believers, they set us a pattern we should do well to follow."

According to the admissions of the Rev. Canon, and the obvious facts of Christian civilization, the claim of Ibn Ishak that "modern Christianity does not meet the wants of society in the present day," is indisputable. The observation that "religion makes people egotistic," seems especially applicable to believers in the theology of the Church of Christendom.

This theology has appealed to the narrowest, most selfish qualities in human nature, nullifying the higher ideals of "forgiveness of injuries, sacrifice of self, purity of heart," which Rev. Canon says, "are not the virtues of Islam."

An elect company of believers, whose God consigned a portion of his children to eternal torment, were not necessarily inspired with a love to fellow-beings that tended to fraternity and social equality.

Since historic record, and without doubt since in the far past humanity has existed on this planet, cycles of impulsions have followed each other, which have carried human souls forward toward the perfection which Jesus enjoined: "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." The Christianity of Jesus is a religion of superior motive. His great good news was the essential relationship of man to God,—proclaiming his oneness with the Father, he also proclaimed the possibility of human attainment to this oneness.

To get into heaven was not the burden of Jesus' teaching to mortals. But he endeavored to show them how heaven—or harmony—could be established within themselves. And Paul taught that the human body was the temple of the living God, and that if this body was defiled, it would be destroyed by God—or Nature's divine laws—a fact verified by human experience.

"Why judge ye not of yourselves what is right?"—which Jesus asked of the people—has been interfered with by the opinions and doctrines of hierarchy and ecclesiasticism. Modern Christianity, and the Christianity of the past, have fallen short of achieving the advancement of Christianity in a more humane, just social state, because its erroneous theology has appealed to the most selfish and unworthy, instead of the noblest and most exalted motives. Jesus announced the freedom and dominion of soul, righteousness and truth, love, liberty and justice, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. He healed the bodily diseases of the people, as the deliverance which would make them free to seek and find the higher life of soul.

Temporal power,—the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof,—he resisted as a temptation of evil. But ecclesiastical organization has, since the beginning of the fourth century, according to history, been "anxious to assert the government as a kind of sovereignty for themselves." "While it was the hope of every bishop in the Roman empire to make politics a branch of theology,"—"it was the aim of Constantine to make theology a branch of politics."

From that time to the present hour the simple, beautiful, soul-elevating, and soul-saving teachings of Jesus have been hindered and made of no effect by the devices of man's theological and political schemes. Ecclesiastical organization is making strenuous effort in this country to-day to make theology a branch of politics. If the positive restraints of immorality we have cannot be enforced, and if the endeavor to make this a Christian nation by statute and amended Constitution and judicial fiat, cannot succeed in establishing justice and love to one another, there is small hope that Islamism could accomplish this for the people of the Occident.

The evolution of humanity is the "star of empire" that "westward makes its way." Enlargement of the boundaries of

freedom, the onward march of soul, is the genius of Occidental civilization.

The pervasive element of choice, which is the essential prerogative, benefit and responsibility of freedom, becomes a psychological atmosphere that saturates all natures. The ignorant, sensual and degraded, the soul darkened and buried in trespasses and sins, equally with the enlightened and exalted, are exhilarated by this pervasive atmosphere. For this reason western civilization and society is not amenable to the restraints of external force. The religion of Jesus is pre-eminently a religion of choice, of conviction, of entire acceptance in the heart. Jesus never used the language of command,—neither thou shalt, nor thou shalt not. From first to last he neither resisted violence, exercised authority, nor advocated compulsion.

“Christian *rule*,” as a force in civil government has no rightful place. The “love one another,” the new commandment Jesus gave, is seeking to save the “submerged tenth.” The Salvation Army is an essentially Christian body.

Labor organizations have adopted the test Christian principle, “The good of each is the good of all.” If the Church fails to promote this principle in the realm of society and business, it fails to promote the Christianity of Christ. In the atmosphere of Occidental freedom, a revival of primitive Christianity is possible.

On two lines the dawn of this religion of the higher life is discernible,—the movements for the emancipation of labor, and for the recognized “equality before the law” of woman. The canon law devised by ecclesiastics, and the theology of men’s devising, are responsible for the inferior position assigned to woman, and the dwarfed womanhood that has resulted. Woman’s rightful, because natural, place, as head of the family and ruler of herself, is usurped by man and his statutes and institutions. This divorces the conjugal law, of responsibility and attraction working in harmony. Woman is by *Nature’s divine law* responsible for the birth, the embodiment of the race. Prostitution, polygamy, and kindred disorders and vices, are the result of man’s perversion of nature’s laws. The higher womanhood of the freedom-developing Occidental civilization, is to become the “priestess of humanity” to its salvation from the depraved appetites

and passions of the animal man. She is not always to be the "mournful figure," who ministers to the raging, uncontrolled impulses of either the concealed polygamy of Christendom, or the regulated polygamy of Mohammedanism.

The exaltation of motherhood was at the beginning of the Christian era. The emancipation of woman in her sexhood, and her glorification in voluntary motherhood, will become the evolutionary force of a purer social state, and a nobler, grander religion than we have any conception of. That which the Church should be and is claimed to be—a nursery for disciples and beginners, a home, a place for social benefit, an educational institution in ethics, morals and religion, a means of wise discipline,—is but an extension of what the home is and should be. Why should it be called "Mother Church," if it is not in the nature of its service to humanity, maternal? And if so, which is indisputable, why is not womanhood and motherhood authoritative but because man has usurped the rightful place of woman, as authority in the sphere of religion? The sphere of the home and the sphere of the Church, as a religious institution, are especially woman's, because their service to humanity are essentially maternal.

The State is, in its natural service to humanity, paternal, and manhood and fatherhood are rightfully authoritative in this sphere,—in the political realm. But, as in the home, so in the Church and the State, there are proper lines of co-operation, of action and of counsel, by which man and woman can best work together for the benefit of humanity. Neither the regulated harem of Moslem, nor the legalized and illegal prostitution of Christendom, can long continue, for the evolution of humanity involves an ennobled, self-ruling womanhood, whose intelligent motherhood will bring the race to its higher plane of the divine humanity. The Church and State instituted, and thus far chiefly controlled and regulated by man, is based on the animal-soul biped,—to be restrained by statutes and penalties and regulated by force,—outruling and overruling the feminine half of the race.

The religion and Church of the future will be based on the divine-human soul, the manhood and womanhood that will rule the animal by and from the inherent divinity within. Then shall "ALL KNOW THE LORD, FROM THE LEAST UNTO THE GREATEST."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

ETERNAL.

BY P. S. BINKLEY.

ETERNAL PAST ! and eternal future !
Whose central arch is the eternal now !
Teeming universe of transmutation—
Force and motion, the restless energies,
Mingling the light and darkness, heat and cold,
And life and death, by law immutable.
From the eternal past comes all that was,
And is to be : The great original !
Whose storehouse infinite is ever filled
With treasures inexhaustible, and free
For all to enter into and partake
That find the entrance to its hidden doors.

Eternal power ! universal law !
That buildeth and unfoldeth—nature's plan—
Destroying forms in others to renew,
From lower types still up to higher forms,
And, better than the ages of the past
From out their revolutions yet have wrought.
Thy forces drive the wheels of progress on
Along the upward way and endless heights,
Revealing wider fields to coming man.

The present marks the point that mind has reached,
Since reason's dawn from midnight darkness sprang,
Reflecting back along the distant way
To where tradition's landmarks faintly trace
The record of the human race, we see
The growing light expand ; the day comes on ;
A brighter sun illumines the mental sky ;
The pen is grasped ; memory's charge relieved,
And voices stilled in death now plainly speak
To us, and give instruction to the eye,
Upon the written page of history.

The intellectual empire grows apace,
Since Science with her lighted torch in hand
Is free to turn her brilliant blaze upon
The errors of the past, and bring to light
At Reason's throne, the folly of their claims.

The golden age, of which old poets sang,
Is but a myth—a retrospective dream—
And Hope, enchanting dreamer of us all,
Now faintly sees it distant, far beyond—
An ideal only of the wishful mind.

Thus Time, on tireless wing, his cycles rolls,
And wiser ages still will come and go
To serve their day and destiny
Within the universal law's decree—
The law "of all times and worlds," Eternal.

EAST GERMANTOWN, IND.

A MINISTER'S DREAM.

BY NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

IT was nearly eight o'clock in the morning, and the chimes were sending down their sweet tones from the church spires in various parts of the city, telling the people that another week of toil had rolled around and brought Sunday in its train. The rhythmic sounds penetrated even to the luxurious chamber where the Rev. Mr. Pompous lay asleep. At first he couldn't hear them, because he was snoring, but presently they began to make an impression upon his brain.

He stirred and breathed a bit more lightly, and then, after yawning, and winking, and stretching a good many times, he actually gained courage to crawl out of bed and put on dressing-gown and slippers and take his night-cap off.

"Ugh!" he murmured with a regretful shiver as he looked about for his shaving-apparatus,—"vacation is over and I must get into the harness and go to work again. And—why, of course," he added as a thought occurred to him that brightened up his lethargic faculties, "to-day I am to preach my great sermon upon the advisability of closing the Columbian Fair on the Sabbath. That is truly an effort of which I may feel proud. I hope that none of the papers will neglect to assign a reporter to the church, and they all should print my words in full. No doubt I shall be criticised by the ungodly, the infidels and blasphemers; but I can meet opposition, I fancy," and the clerical gentleman lathered his cheeks quite fiercely and smiled in a sanguinary way.

Cheered by these thoughts he went on with his toilet very briskly. He was somewhat vexed, though, to find that his boots, which he had placed outside the door to be cleaned, were untouched and smeared with the traces of yesterday's mud. He threw them in a corner and put on another pair, meditating as he did so a severe reproof to the careless servant whose duty it was to attend to all these matters. Then he dismissed his saintly anger and returned to the reflections which had absorbed his mind.

"It is horrible," he mused as he gave a final shake to his dignified coat-tails and slowly descended the stairs—"such lawless and sinful desecration of what

should be most sacred. Were I to go out upon the streets now I would doubtless see crowds of people going to the parks, and would hear the unholy jingling of the cable-cars. The Sunday paper is already, I suppose, exerting its baleful influence, and in the evening a dozen theatres will present wicked, alluring dramas to corrupt the minds of the young. And now it is proposed, in the summer of '93—but ah, we must prevent that. For it never will do—humph! Well, and what, I wonder, in the name of goodness can the matter be here?"

This exclamation was brought out rather suddenly as the Rev. Mr. Pompous opened the dining-room door. And perhaps it was excusable under the circumstances. For, instead of the neat, well-ordered table, with his pretty wife at the head, and a jocund fire crackling on the hearth, and the children daintily dressed and waiting for his appearance—in the place of this pleasant sight, which had met his eyes every morning for the last ten years—he found only a comfortless and deserted apartment. The chairs were dusty and the curtains hung awry, the grate was cold and dark, and a few dishes were huddled disconsolately together on the table, which looked as if it had been dancing a jig.

For a moment the Rev. Mr. Pompous remained petrified with amazement; then he recovered his senses and hurried into the kitchen to demand an explanation of the servants. And lo, not one of them was to be seen, but the mistress, her front hair in papers and her wrapper half unbuttoned, was fluttering distractedly around the hot stove. Her two little daughters were there, beating an ecstatic chorus upon some pans and pots, and the baby was sifting flour in the water-pail and getting itself gloriously wet and sticky.

"My dear," cried the minister, rushing forward, "what are you trying to—has anything happened? Where is the cook and why isn't breakfast prepared?"

"Oh, Gustavus," said the lady, lifting her flushed face from the rueful contemplation of an omelet which had accidentally fallen in the coal-hod,—“are you down already? Why, surely, it can't be over seven o'clock now."

"It is nearly time to start for the church," answered he, "but tell me, pray, what does this all mean?"

"Well," began Mrs. Pompous, sinking wearily upon the meal-chest and pushing back her tangled hair, "the fact is the servants refuse to work Sundays. They insist that it's wrong and wicked to cook on this day and think we ought to be satisfied, you know, with cold food. And, really, I couldn't contradict them, but I was afraid your head would ache, dear, if you didn't have some coffee, and so, as Bridget declined to make it, I came and——"

"Where is she now, and what's she doing?" thundered the master.

"Bridget—oh, she's in her room reading prayers, and Nora has just been there, too, singing pious hymns, and Minnie, the nurse, brought the children down, I can't tell how long ago, and went off to early mass," replied Mrs. Pompous, with a little sight of resignation.

"I will speak to them," said the indignant divine. "Call them in here, if you please," and he took a seat on the edge of the stationary tub, and tried to assume a calm and judicial aspect.

"No—you mustn't," exclaimed his wife, hastily springing up. "At least," she added, in a hesitating voice, "I don't see what in the world you'd say—for it was you, love, who put this idea in their heads. It seems Nora has overheard

you talking about Sabbath desecration, and she told Minnie and the others, and they agreed that if it was wrong, as you asserted, for waiters in the restaurants to be kept on duty Sundays—why—it wouldn't be right——"

Mrs. Pompous stopped suddenly, but her husband seemed to understand, for he stood quite still, and the faintest possible blush appeared in his face. And then he shrugged his shoulders and turned impatiently aside.

"Ah, well," he remarked, "if they are so stupid as to misinterpret my words in that way I won't try to reason them out of the mistake. There is not the slightest use. Bring on whatever you have to eat, and we'll make the best of it. Hurry up, my dear."

So poor Mrs. Pompous fell to work, and after various ineffectual struggles, in which she and the cooking utensils collided a good many times without any particular result, the meal was put on the table at last. It couldn't be called really a success, though, for the steak was badly burned, the muffins seemed nearly raw, and the coffee tried the patience of the fastidious clergyman to such an extent he certainly would have forgotten to lead in the family prayers, only his wife reminded him of the omission.

"By the way," he said, as he pushed back his chair and arose, "where's the paper this morning? I want to see whether my sermon is announced."

"Why, the journals aren't printed on Sunday any more," answered Mrs. Pompous. "The government has just prohibited them, you know, dear; or hadn't you heard about the new law?"

"An't you glad, papa?" little Flossie piped up. "Now perhaps more folks'll go to church. Lottie Benton said her mamma asked her papa why he didn't want to hear you of'ner, an' he told her he'd raver stay at home an' read 'bout politics, an' base-ball, an' the——"

But a warning look from Mrs. Pompous checked further disclosures, and then the good lady remarked:

"I'm so sorry, Gustavus, that I can't hear your sermon, but as Minnie refuses to take care of the children to-day I must remain with them."

"Ah, well," said her husband, absently, "did you order Michael to bring round the carriage for me?"

"He won't do it, dear," said Mrs. Pompous, hastily, "and I'm afraid you'll have to ride in the street-car, for he, too, has scruples against working——"

"What can have got into these provoking servants—are they mad or simply lazy?" interrupted the divine, testily. "Really, I hope you won't lose any time in getting rid of them, and finding some better, more easily managed ones in their places—for such insubordination and intolerable impertinence can't be endured," and, with a wrathful snort, the Rev. Mr. Pompous bounced into his study to look up the manuscript on the discourse he was to deliver.

A few minutes later he stood upon the corner of the next block waiting for a car, but, to his great astonishment, none appeared. The familiar jingle-jangle and the rattling of the wheels couldn't be detected, and up and down the street, far as he saw, the tracks were vacant and empty. At length a young gentleman approached him with a bow and inquired:

"Are you watching for the street-car, my dear sir? They don't run to-day. Perhaps you are not aware that the new law forbidding all traffic on Sunday has

just gone into effect." Then he added: "Pardon me, but I believe you are the Rev. Mr. Pompous. You certainly have done much to bring about this happy change. Allow me to congratulate you upon the fact that your untiring labors have borne such fruit, and to hope that you may long be spared to aid in fighting the forces of the wrong."

"Ah, yes," replied the bewildered minister, furtively pinching himself as he spoke, to make sure that he was in his senses. "I have been deeply engaged of late, and could not keep informed; however, I thank you. But I am hurried this morning, and must really beg you to excuse me," and with these incoherent words he turned away and went back home at the top of his speed.

"I'll harness the horses and drive to church myself," he thought, as he sneaked around to the barn in the rear of the premises; and once and again, as he bungled over refractory traces, and buckles, and straps, he murmured softly:

"What has happened—did the world take a somersault while I was asleep last night, I wonder?"

The immaculate costume he wore was sadly disarranged and soiled by the time the carriage was ready, but he couldn't stop to brush, for it was growing very late. And so he hastily clambered in, caught up the ribbons, and started off. But he had driven barely half a mile when suddenly a brawny, red-faced policeman stepped forward and laid a heavy hand upon the bits of his spirited, prancing steeds.

"Now, fellow, what do you want?" demanded the exasperated divine, with an impatient twitch.

"Hit's agin th' rules to ride hon the day o' th' Lord, don't you know, sor?" stupidly responded the blue-coated guardian of the peace. "Th' law says that w'en hits wrong to work men 'tan't right to use th' 'osses nor hanimals of hany sort. Them's th' new regilations, as you hought to 'ave heerd on long before now, sor."

"The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't attempt at all to argue the matter; he just sank back on the cushioned seat and permitted his champing steeds to be led ignominiously to their stables by the officer, who kindly helped him to unhitch. Then, with a sigh of resignation and a furtive look at the house to make sure that his wife wasn't peeking, he set bravely out to walk, since there could be no other available mode of reaching his destination.

It was a long and weary tramp, for instead of preaching at his own church, near which he lived, he had exchanged that morning with a minister whose charge lay in a distant part of the city. He was tired and warm and so pre-occupied that he could not even stop to enjoy the unusual air of stillness that seemed to brood over the deserted streets. Once, growing thirsty, he decided to ask for a drink of soda-water at the drug-store he was passing, but the door was tightly locked and a bystander informed the divine that nothing of any sort could be purchased there on Sunday.

And, strange to say, the announcement, which certainly should have filled him with delight and gratification, had the astounding effect of increasing his vexation. Indeed he actually was guilty of muttering a mild imprecation deep in the farthest recesses of his saintly heart.

Presently, as he strode along, he found himself in a dingy, squallid alley, lined and overhung with rickety tenements. These were not quiet,—ah, no! They fairly swarmed with loud-voiced men, and quarreling children, and mothers with haggard faces and torn and dirty clothes. One group attracted the attention of the Rev. Mr. Pompous. It was a woman—a pale, disconsolate creature—sitting upon some broken steps with a baby in her lap and several little tots clustered around her. They all seemed so fretful that involuntarily he bent down and asked the mother what it was that ailed them.

"They do be cryin' 'cause we can't go to the park, sir," she answered patiently. "Generally we spends Sunday under the trees, and we takes our bit o' dinner and eats it there on the grass. But now the cars don't run, and it's so far we can't walk, and we just has to keep at home all day."

"H'm. Why don't you attend divine service, then? Wouldn't that solace you and be better than picnicking to day?" the Rev. Mr. Pompous inquired, clearing his throat in rather a doubtful way.

"Well," the woman answered, "there is a mission church on the next street, built for the likes of us, but it don't rest me, sir, to go there, for the preacher he sort o' talks in a style I can't understand. So me an' th' children, we'd rather go to the park, after being cooped up the whole week."

"An' I'm hungry," sobbed the tattered urchin at her side, "an' I sold papers, an' I saved my pennies to get suthin' to eat to-day, an' now th' shops won't sell a bite—not one o' them."

"Is that true?" asked the Rev. Mr. Pompous turning to the mother.

"Yes, sir," she said, "it's the law, an' I can't buy so much as a drop o' milk for th' baby this morning, or meat, or bread, or anything at all. I would ha' got some yesterday," she added, quickly, "but we don't have ice, like the rich folks, and such things they won't hardly keep over night, sir."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't say one more word; he just turned away, and despite the hurry he was in he walked slowly, and was evidently wrapt in thought. When he finally reached the church it was long after the hour set for service, but the members of the congregation had found great difficulty in getting there, and he was not much behind them. So he climbed into the pulpit and delivered his sermon about the World's Fair and the importance and necessity of closing it on the day of the Lord. Somehow, though, he couldn't speak with the fervor and eloquence that usually possessed him, and the hearers, he noticed, were singularly inattentive and restless and preoccupied.

As he was just leaving for home at the end he saw among the friends who had waited to greet him a certain prominent and influential editor, and as he shook hands with the latter he made haste to propound a query which had been troubling him very much the past two hours.

"My dear Mr. Quilpen," he said, "is it possible my discourse won't be printed? I've looked in vain for the reporters here to-day and I began to fear—"

"Would you have the poor fellows labor on the holy Sabbath?" broke in the other, reproachfully. "Besides, there won't be any paper to-morrow. The government has forbidden it, don't you know."

"Why—but I thought—I heard it was the Sunday issue that was prohibited," stammered the Rev. Mr. Pompous, getting more bewildered and perplexed.

"Yes, that is, too," said Mr. Quilpen in a cheerful way, "but I believe it has been decided that the publication of the Monday paper involves more flagrant desecration altogether. You see every bit of work done on it—the picking up news, the writing, and even the setting of type—had to be done the day before, and so if the employes cherished any religious scruples it was pretty hard on them, of course. The Sunday journal prepared on Saturday wasn't half so mischievous or bad. Don't you agree with me?"

But the Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't answer, he just opened his mouth, stared about vacantly, and then plunged silently down the steps and hurried away, sorely puzzled to account for this odd and unexpected change in the condition of affairs. He was soon shaken out of his thoughtful mood, though, for all at once he noticed that a policeman was shadowing him, creeping along behind him in a very mysterious way. He quickened his pace, but the officer walked more rapidly, too, and by degrees approached his side and laid a firm grasp upon his arm.

"You have made a mistake; let me go directly, fellow," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, as he drew himself up haughtily and struggled to get free. "What do you mean by assaulting me, a minister of the gospel? I have committed no crime—leave me alone."

"Ah, didn't you, though," rejoined his captor, sarcastically. "Perhaps you never heard of the law agin performin' labor on th' Sabbath day, eh? Then you'll have some information if you come up f'r trial."

"Well, at least," said the Rev. Mr. Pompous, seeing that remonstrances was useless, "allow me to telephone to my wife—"

"You couldn't send a message to-day through any wire, an' you ought to be ashamed f'r wantin' to," interrupted the officer. "Now, be you a-comin' along?"

The Rev. Mr. Pompous pulled himself together, feeling thankful that none of his friends was likely to meet them, and so he was hauled to the station-house and incarcerated, in due time, in one of the cells. It was a long and dreary night he spent there, a prey to countless, torturing doubts and perplexities and fears, and the next morning, just out of pure loneliness, he fell to conversing with another prisoner, a shabby fellow, arrested for some pretty misdemeanor. He told the sad tale of his grievances, expecting to get lots of sympathy, but, to his great surprise, the listener only waited till he was through and then said quietly:

"Ah, well, you have secured just what you wanted—the ideal Sabbath—and now I hope you feel satisfied. And next you will try to close the Columbian Exposition each and every Sunday. Why, have you considered what a wonderful thing that stupendous, immense show will be—a means of education and culture for the masses, who can not afford to go to Europe when they wish—and do you know that many thousands of people labor all the week and have but the one day they can devote to relaxation? And upon that day you would shut the gates of the fair, and what can you offer in its place?"

"They should attend divine service, of course. We have plenty of churches here," muttered the Rev. Mr. Pompous. "It would be better than jaunting and junketing, I'm inclined to think, on such a day."

"Yes, now we reach the bottom of the matter, the root of the thing," said the mysterious stranger, in rather a mocking, satirical tone. "You are a clergyman, and you desire plenty of hearers, for it is out of the congregation that your salary is got. And the church, like any other concern, is apt to flourish most finely when there is no competition, and so you want all places of innocent amusement closed Sunday, that you, the preacher, may have full sway. Perhaps I'm unjust, but really, since you affirm that you'd not open such a thing as the World's Fair on the Sabbath, I can but conclude that ministers, like other people, are sometimes influenced by motives of personal gain and selfish greed."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous felt very uncomfortable at the end of these curt and stinging remarks, and he was heartily glad when, in the course of twenty minutes or so, the summons came for him to appear in court. The dignified old justice looked at him sharply as he marched inside the railing, and turned a questioning glance at the policeman—for it was the one who, the day before, had arrested the unfortunate divine and now stood up to testify against him.

"Accused of desecratin' the holy Sabbath, your honor," said that officer, "and I found him workin' precious hard—perched in th' pulpit, a-sawin' the air with his hands and yellin' and hollerin' till he was just red in the face."

"Really, this is the most shocking outrage, an insult, not only to me but to the sacred cause I represent," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, angrily.

"Do you claim that you are not guilty of laboring on Sunday?" inquired the justice. "What were you doing then?"

"I was preaching, of course," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, in a tone of wrath, mingled with both pity and contempt for the evident stupidity of his questioner.

"And what is the amount of the salary you get?" pursued the justice, in a very methodical way.

"I receive about——" here the nonplused divine stopped, and made as if he intended to swallow the answer, but then he thought better of it, and went on. "I have \$12,000 a year."

"And they give you that for preaching, of course?" queried the justice.

"I—that is—why, certainly," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, wondering what in the world this would lead to.

"But you say that preaching isn't labor; that you don't work when you deliver a sermon," continued the justice. "What do you call it—play? Is it possible the church allows you so much money every year for doing nothing at all?"

"Dear me," snapped the Rev. Mr. Pompous, finding himself caught in a net. "if this is a practical joke it has gone far enough. I beg that you will release me directly, for really I'm growing tired——"

"Thirty days and the usual fine," cut in the impatient justice. "These evaders of the law need a lesson. Bring on the next case, there, at once."

At this the Rev. Mr. Pompous became perfectly frantic, and leaping over the railing, he rushed madly down the aisle. But at the door he was stopped by the two brawny policemen who stood guard there, and, after struggling furiously with them for a time, he managed to break loose and dashed into the street, and then——

Well, the Rev. Mr. Pompous waked up and found himself in his own bed, with his wife bending over him and shaking his arm in the most violently perturbed and frightened fashion.

"Gustavus," she cried, "what unearthly, horrible sounds you have been giving vent to in your sleep; you must have dreamed something dreadful. But, now, get up, for it is late, and this morning, you know, you are to preach about the World's Fair and the importance of closing it on the Sabbath."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous sighed, and, resting his elbow on the pillow, looked steadily at the floor a long time in silence. Then at last he said, slowly:

"Yes, it was a bad dream, but now I am all right. And, my dear, I wish you'd just go down to my study and hunt up that old sermon of mine about the Trinity. I believe I'll use that to-day."

"Why, what has made you change so suddenly?" exclaimed his wife.

"I have some new ideas on the question of Sunday closing—that is," added the Rev. Mr. Pompous, hastily, "the discourse I wrote for delivery to-day is imperfect, and must be revised before I can use it at all."

COMPARISONS.

BY PROF. A. L. RAWSON.

MY studio, with its contents, was burned March 5th, and the sketches made during forty or more years, are now things of memory only. My reference library of very valuable books and maps, is also a mere dream and ashes, as you and I will be by and by. While waiting for a supply of art materials and books for new work, it seems good to compare the sayings credited to Jesus in the Gospels, with similar sayings recorded by Greek and Roman authors before the date assigned to the crucifixion. This comparison is from memory, as to the classics, for the originals (that is, my copies), were burnt in my fire.

To begin with the baptism of Jesus, Matthew iii: 11: "And he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him."

Homer, in his "Odyssey" (i: 320), says: "The blue-eyed Minerva vanished, flying away like a bird seeking the regions above."

This series of lines from the Gospels is said to have been inspired, and therefore we expect them to be new, and not mere imitations of writings already widely known in the books of "pagan" nations.

Read Matthew iii: 17: "And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Theocritus was one of the most gifted poets of antiquity, and lived in Syracuse, Sicily, about 270 B. C. In his "Idyls" (xvii: 71), he says: "The auspicious eagle, bird of Jove, with its voice thrice from aloft, above the clouds, screamed, which is doubtless a sign of Jove, 'To Jove, Son of Saturn, noble kings are a care, and especially he whomsoever he shall have kissed at his birth.'"

Plutarch, the greatest biographer of antiquity, and a philosopher and moralist also, wrote the most copious treasury of facts, ideas, traditions, of any age, from A. D. 66 to about 120 A. D., but he does not mention Jesus nor any one of the

personalities mentioned in the New Testament. In his "Isis and Osiris" (12), he says: "Upon the first of these days they say Osiris was born, and that a voice came into the world with him, saying: 'The Lord of all things is now born.' Others affirm that Pamylen, as he brought water at Thebes, heard a voice out of the Temple of Jupiter, bidding him to publish with a loud voice that Osiris the great and good was born."

In Matthew v: 8, we read: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Plato (B. C. 428 to 347), says ("Phædra 28): "He that is made pure and perfect, coming thither, will dwell with the gods."

I would like, if space permitted, to follow every line of the famous Sermon on the Mount, and show its pagan origin. A few extracts must suffice here as examples.

Matthew v: 27, 28: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, that whomsoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

Alexis (B. C. 350) says ("Fragment Com. Gr.," p. 765): "Fly pleasure, which brings at last evil."

And Cicero (B. C. 106 to 43), says ("Senect.," 12: "Pleasure blinds, so to say, the eyes of the mind, and has no fellowship with virtue."

Ovid ("Amor.," iii: 4, 5), says (B. C. 43 to A. D. 17): "Though thou mayest keep the body pure, the mind is impure: nor can it be guarded unless it be willing of itself. Nor canst thou keep the mind, although thou shuttest all the inlets; it will be impure within, when all is closed up."

Seneca (A. D. 1 to 65), says ("De Ira," i: 3): "He who is about to do an injury is already doing it."

Publius Syrus (B. C. 45), says ("Proverbs," 789): "Pleasure maketh the mind impure, not the body."

And also ("Proverbs," 659): "What it is base to do, think it not honorable even to mention."

Matthew v: 34, 37: "Swear not at all. . . . Let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

Chærilus ("Stob. Tit.," 27, 1), (about 500 B. C.), says: "It should be impious to swear, either justly or unjustly."

And Plato ("Leg.," xi: 917), says: "It is a beautiful custom not to pollute the names of the gods."

So, also, Epictetus (A. D. 90; "Encheir.," 33), says: "Beg to be released from swearing altogether, if it be possible, but if not, as far as you can."

Matthew v: 39: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

Read Plato ("Gorg.," 509): "Of these two things, then,—the doing an injustice and suffering it,—we deem to do an injustice is a greater evil, to suffer an injustice is a less one."

Cicero, also ("Tusc. Quaest.," v: 19): "It is better to receive than to commit an injury."

And Epictetus ("Dissertation," iii: 22): "For this very curious quality is attached to the cynic; he must be flogged like an ass, and, being flogged, he must love those who flog him, as if he were the father and brother of all."

So, also, Dionysius: "Though thou mayest be able to get the better of thy companion, sometimes yield to him, since kind friends are retained by courtesy."

Matthew v: 42: "Give to him that asketh thee."

Seneca, ("De Benef.," ii: 5): "All true liberality delays not in performance, and he that does an act willingly ought to do it quickly."

Matthew v: 43, 44: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

Valerius Maximus (A. D. 14), said (iv: 2, 4): "It is wiser to get the better of injuries by kindnesses, than to persevere in mutual hatred."

And Epictetus ("Encheiridion," 33, 1), says: "If any has reported to thee that a certain person abuses thee, make no answer to what has been said, but reply, The man was ignorant of my other faults, or he would not have mentioned these only."

Antoninus (A. D. 121-180), also (vii: 26), says: "If any one has done thee wrong, immediately consider with what idea of good or evil he has done thee wrong. For, looking at it in this light, thou wilt pity him, and wilt neither wonder nor be angry."

Diogenes Laertius (about A. D. 100,—i: 4, 4), said: "Speak not ill of your friend, but not even of your enemy."

Matthew v: 48: "Be ye therefore perfect."

Epictetus ("Encheiridion," 5): "Think it right to live as perfect."

Matthew vi: 2: "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do."

Hear Demosthenes (B. C. 382-322,—*"Contra Aristogiton"*): And things, which each of the other unfortunate men do without noise, these this man accomplishes without sounding a trumpet before him."

So, also, Philemon (B. C. 360) says: "Tell not what thou art about to give: for he does not give who speaks of it."

Matthew vi: 3: "When thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

And Publius Syrus ("Proverbs," 8): "He who tells that he has conferred a benefit is asking to have it returned."

Seneca said ("De Benef.," ii: 10): "I do not send my good deeds to be registered in a public document."

Martial (A. D. 43-104), the great satirist, said (v: 52): "Believe me, Posthumus, gifts, however great, lose their value by talkativeness on the part of the giver."

One can go on with this parallel throughout the whole of the New Testament, and the feeling is so strong, sometimes, in me, that I am tempted to show the sources of the "divine inspiration" in direct imitation and quotation from pagan

authors, but your pages are already crowded with so many good things that are pleasant reading, that I hesitate to ask for the space. I had written a parallel to the "Lord's Prayer," with intent to send it to you, but it is in ashes. Here is one or two of the sentences as an example :

Matthew vi : 9 : " Our Father which art in heaven."

Homer (" Iliad," i : 544) : " Then the Father of gods and men answered."

Virgil (" Aeneid," i : 254) : " The Father of men and of gods smiling upon her."

Epictetus (" Diss.," i : 3, 1) : " God is the Father, both of men and of gods ;" and also (i : 6, 40) : " God, like a good king and true father ;" and further (i : 9, 7) : " To have God as our maker and father and guardian, will not that free us from sadness and fear ?"

Matthew vi : 10 : " Thy will be done."

Seneca (" Ep.," 76, 77) : " Thou must needs confess that a good man beareth the greatest reverence towards the gods ; and for this reason he will bear patiently whatever may befall him. For he well knoweth that all things have befallen him by the will of the gods, by which all things are conducted."

Epictetus (" Dissert.," ii : 17) : " In a word, desire nothing but that which God wills."

Also (" Encheiridion," 8) : " Seek not that the things which happen should happen as thou wishest, but wish the things which happen to be as they are."

Matthew vi : 11 : " Give us this day our daily bread."

Stobæus : " It is Jove that bestows on us our daily bread."

Matthew vi : 13 : " Deliver us from evil."

Euripides (B. C. 481-406,—*" Andr.,"* 880) : " Oh, Phœbus, thou healer, deliver us from evil."

Matthew vi : 13 : " For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever."

Archilocus (B. C. 714) : " O, Jove, thine is the power in heaven."

Theognis (B. C. 548) : Blessed Jove, I look with wonder at thee, for thou rulest over all, thyself having honor and mighty power : well knowest thou all the thoughts of men and the devices of each : thy might, O king, is supreme."

Many other authors, both Greek and Roman, and also Hindoo, might be cited, but have not these proved the position that the Gospel writers and inventors of Christianity added nothing new, but were simply skillful compilers of the thoughts and sayings of others written ages before ? What is the use of such " divine inspiration ?" They nearly spoiled the good words by their invented and mythical personages, to whom they attributed miracles, which have in all ages since then invited honest criticism, doubt and unbelief, and do so now.

The writings and sayings attributed to Paul and Peter admit of similar parallels, and there may be an opportunity one of these days to show them up as weak imitations of the grand old philosophers who recognized the inevitable and had the manly courage to say so, instead of sneaking behind the flimsy cover of a " vicarious atonement," and which, as an abstract idea and proposition, supposes God to be the most deliberate wretch and fiend ever invented by man.

WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

Having been a resident and citizen of Chicago since the year 1873, it is but natural to suppose that I would be interested enough, as one of its recognized citizens, to ascertain, if possible, through some authoritative or well authenticated historical source, as to who was the real discoverer or discoverers of this continent. I have recently been seeking for reliable and trustworthy information bearing upon this point, by the perusal of different historical writers and authors as to the real discoverer or discoverers of the North American continent. From what I have learned thus far, through my investigations, I am strongly impressed with the belief that Christopher Columbus was not by any means the first discoverer of it, but that preponderating evidence appears to me to favor the Northmen as the real discoverers of this continent, and not Christopher Columbus, as many persons ignorantly believe and assert.

If the Northmen were the real discoverers, as I am inclined to believe, and have no good reason to doubt, has not the essential and fundamental elements and attributes of truth and right and justice been most shamefully and monstrously perverted and outraged?

Yet after the expiration of nearly eight hundred years from the time of the discovery of this continent by the Northmen, Chicago has been selected for the Great World's Fair, including the sensational prefix attached to it by naming it the *Great Columbian Exposition*. This has been done, no doubt, under the pretense of exalting, honoring and dignifying the life and public services of Christopher Columbus as the real discoverer of America, in the absence, I believe, of any positive and substantial proof. There is no doubt, in my mind, that we have an abundance of historical evidence to fully satisfy any unbiased and unprejudiced mind that the Northmen were the *discoverers* of *this* continent, nearly, if not, four hundred years before the imputed discovery of it by Christopher Columbus.

My well-matured conviction and honest opinion is that the *World's Fair*, or *The Great Columbian Exposition*, as it is frequently named, is based more upon the intense, inherent and predominating selfishness of this age, than for the purpose of honoring Columbus, or for the blessing of a universal humanity for humanity's sake. The real secret to establish the *Great Columbian Exposition* in this city, I believe, derived its origin through the paternity and combined influence of the monopolies of both hemispheres. The natural tendency of it, in my humble opinion, will be to produce a greater number of millionaires, and more than a corresponding number of paupers.

I cannot comprehend how it could be possible for any one possessing ordinary intelligence, who has given the life of Christopher Columbus, by Aaron Goodrich, a careful, candid and conscientious perusal, would be at a loss to know what estimate to place upon the odious and abhorrent elements and attributes that entered into the combination of his personal character; a man who had the capability, if not misrepresented by historical facts, that sustained the reputation of having committed crimes of no ordinary or common magnitude, crimes, too, that were revolting and antagonistic to every well-defined principle of an enlarged,

progressive and advancing civilization; his treatment and dealings with the aborigines or natives of the West India Islands, if true, and can be implicitly relied upon, proves to my mind that he was a moral deformity and monster combined, and if the criminal acts which have been ascribed to him are true, they would, in my estimation, be a perpetual dishonor and disgrace to the dark and heathenish ages.

Notwithstanding this being the case, this is the man and distinguished moral monster whom the monopolists of both hemispheres design to honor at the expense and sacrifice of every ennobling, humane, divine and angelic principle, for merely the gratification of a sordid selfishness.

PROF. J. T. SOLOMON.

CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1892.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT SCHOOLS.

BY MYRON H. GOODWIN.

IF the right of government itself to exist is conceded, it naturally follows that all just and necessary means of maintaining that existence go with it. Such being the case, it seems only reasonable that the State should regulate, or at least should provide, whatever is necessary for the education of its boys and girls. Upon the intelligence of the people depends the success, if not the existence, of any democratic form of government. As a consequence our public schools should have for their prime object the making of good citizens.

If it is admitted that good citizenship should be the goal of our public school system, are not Catholic parochial schools, and all others of a sectarian nature, un-democratic and un-American? Do such schools teach that the first duty of an American citizen is love of country? It is, without doubt, true that some private schools do have citizenship as the chief end in view, but, as is well known, many make this a subordinate matter, if attended to at all.

A dark cloud is already enshrouding the land. In two States, at least, the Catholics have recently obtained aid from the commonwealth. Even the national government makes appropriations, giving money to ecclesiastical authorities for the purpose of educating the Indians. Although the Faribault-Stillwater plan has not been continued after a year's trial, yet the efforts in that direction will not die out. Rome is unceasing in her attempts to secure control of the public schools. Should she do so, farewell to enlightenment, progress, and free-thought.

The great need of our institutions of learning, is not the teaching of more religion, but of less of it; especially of the ordinary kind. To that end the Bible ought to be banished from every school-house in the land; not that no good can come out of Nazareth, but that the mind may be kept free and the reason unimpaired. There is a principle involved. *Complete separation of Church and State is imperative.*

Oh, says some pious brother, in holy horror, would you not inculcate the Christian virtues? Yes, if one virtue can be found that Christianity discovered or originated, but the fact is, all the virtues existed and were practiced to some

extent long before Christianity appeared upon the stage of action. It is about time that the talk about Christian virtues was abolished. Give the pagans their due.

Morality, of course, should be taught, but it should be the morality that is universal, that has been recognized by the wise and good of every age and of every clime. Religion, so called, narrows and casts down; morality broadens and uplifts.

While it would be unquestionably better for all American children to attend non-sectarian schools, yet it would be tyranny to compel them to do so. The liberty of the individual must not be imperilled. Concede the right to have parochial or other sectarian schools, and grant the privilege to those who wish to send their children to the same, but warn the supporters of such to keep their hands off the public funds. Let them understand in no uncertain way that our public schools exist not for the benefit of any Church, but for the benefit of the great Republic.

WEST NEWBURY, MASS.

THE PROPOSED SECULAR CONGRESS—THE RESULT OF DELIBERATIONS AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

In response to a call issued by Mr. Remsburg, a committee was formed for the purpose of making arrangements for holding a Freethought Congress at Chicago during the time of the World's Fair. The names of the ladies and gentlemen nominated as members of the committee have already been published, and all of them accepted the duties with the exception of Mr. Green, of Buffalo.

In accordance with a notice issued by the chairman, the first meeting of the committee was appointed to be held at the Hotel Broezel, Buffalo, on Wednesday last, the 19th of April, at 2 P. M., but at that hour there was not a majority of the committee present, and after waiting about two hours, no other members appearing, an informal meeting was held, at which Mr. H. L. Green assisted, and Mr. J. Spencer Ellis acted as secretary.

Judge Waite, of Chicago, gave some account of the circumstances under which he had accepted the chairmanship of the committee, and of the calling of the present meeting, and said he had been willing to work for any scheme that would secure a successful Congress.

Capt. R. C. Adams, of Montreal, coincided in the views of Judge Waite; and after considerable discussion it was decided to recommend that the Annual Congress of the American Secular Union and the Annual Convention of the Canadian Secular Union, be held jointly in Chicago, some time during October next, the date to be fixed subsequently; and that efforts be made to secure the attendance of representative men from foreign countries, to take part in the proceedings and deliver addresses.

It is understood that the American Secular Union will have at least one suite of rooms open free during the whole time of the Fair, supplied with newspapers and periodicals, at which all Freethinkers and their friends will be welcomed.—*Secular Thought*.

Not being a member of the committee we did not attend its meeting, but dropped in and had a very pleasant and informal conversation with Judge Waite.

President of the American Secular Union, and Captain Adams, President of the Canadian Secular Union, and J. Spencer Ellis, editor of *Secular Thought*. We fully concurred with the decision that they arrived at, that at this late day it was not advisable to proceed with the new movement, but that the American Secular Union and the Canadian Freethinkers' Association had better each hold their Annual Congress, and Annual Convention, at the same time, some days in October, in Chicago. Judge Waite, the President of the American Secular Union, and Secretary Freeman, and in fact nearly all the executive officers of the Union, reside in Chicago, and being competent, earnest, enthusiastic workers, it is very proper that they should have the charge of the entire matter, and the Liberals of the whole country should generously aid them. Judge Waite assures us that the Congress shall be a glorious success.—EDITOR.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

J. P. REMSBURG was in this city lately lecturing on "Some Flaws in Christ's Credentials." The lecture is part of a book that Mr. Remsburgh will publish sometime in the future. The title of this book will be "Five Hundred Flaws in Christ's Credentials." Mr. Remsburgh has spent some time on the study of the New Testament and the literature pertaining to it; he intends, when this work is done, to publish all his works in four volumes under the title "The Four Pillars of the Church."

* * *

NOT long ago when Hugh O. Pentecost was lecturing at the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, one of the audience who rose to reply to several of Mr. Pentecost's statements accused him of not being disinterested enough. When the lecturer stood up to reply to his critics, he said slowly, "The gentleman who said that I lectured for pecuniary reasons, etc., told the truth. I was paid ten dollars for lecturing here. They wanted to give me five, but I wouldn't come for less than ten." Those who knew Mr. Pentecost's standing enjoyed this very much; but there were a number of people present who regarded it as an awful confession. Evidently the "critic" had some sense of the ridiculous, for when the lecturer was through his face wore the expression of a man whose last hope has been knocked into infinitesimal smithereens.

* * *

ONE of the latest additions to the circle of scientific writers is James B. Alexander. Mr. Alexander's work, "The Dynamic Theory of Life and Mind," just published, is a splendid work, as scholarly and interesting as it is voluminous. The number of authorities consulted in the process of the work shows how exhaustive the subject of evolution has been treated. The author lays particular stress on the fact that the brain does not constitute the mind, but its motions do. He also holds that the brain is the organ of environment. This is illustrated by the motions of a new-born babe, whose first motion, squawking, is caused by the wind passing through the wind-pipe, and the second motion, suction, is caused by the nervous current from the lips to the brain and back again to the lips. Mr. Alexander is to be congratulated on having produced so excellent a volume, treating exhaustively of so many subjects.

HAVING been a Roman Catholic at one time, I still receive many Catholic tracts, periodicals, etc. People who have not read any of the Catholic periodicals that are intended for the eyes of the Catholics only do not know how "much good humor" they have missed. Many things that appear in these periodicals would never be published in any of the monthlies that are intended for the eyes of the secular world. The following I cut from one of these papers. It was signed by the Archbishop of the Diocese: it speaks for itself. As a piece of humor, though, I defy *Puck* or *Judge* to produce its equal.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

Archdiocese of New York.

All the week-days of Lent from Ash-Wednesday to Easter Sunday are fast days of precept, on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation in the evening.

The Church excuses from the obligations of *fasting* (but not of abstinence from flesh-meat, except in special cases of sickness) the infirm, those who are attaining their growth, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character, women in pregnancy or nursing infants, and those who are enfeebled by old age.

The following dispensations are granted for this diocese by the authority of the Holy See:

I.

The use of flesh-meat, as also of eggs and white meats, is permitted at every meal on the Sundays of Lent, and at the principal meal on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, with the exception of Ember Saturday and Holy Saturday.

II.

The use of white meats is allowed every day in Lent at the evening collation, and also at the principal meal on the days on which the use of flesh-meat is forbidden.

III.

A small piece of bread, with a cup of coffee, tea, or chocolate, can be taken in the morning.

IV.

Where it is not convenient to take the principal meal at noon, it is lawful to invert the order, and take collation in the morning and dinner in the evening.

V.

Dripping and lard may be used in the preparation of the kinds of food which are permitted.

VI.

On Sundays there is neither fast nor abstinence, but fish cannot be used with flesh-meat at the same meal at any time during Lent.

VII.

Those who are exempt from the precept of fasting can partake of flesh-meat at every meal during the day when by special indult flesh-meat is permitted at the principal meal.

The time for fulfilling the Easter precept of communion in the Archdiocese extends from the First Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday inclusive.

G. HENRY PAYNE.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[As we, in the April Magazine, gave Dr. Janes the use of our editorial space to make some comments on a quotation from George Jacob Holyoake, we in this number stand aside and allow Mr. Holyoake to reply to Dr. Janes.—EDITOR.]

ETHICAL JESUITISM.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

THE article by Dr. Lewis G. Janes, in the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, on "Nature and Providence," I have read with amazement. As President of the Brooklyn Ethical Society, Dr. Janes is interesting to me. I believe in Ethics. I do not believe in Christianity. The ethical system I regard for its independence—its self-sufficiency—its candor and its self-respect—its superiority to theology. And here is Dr. Janes degrading ethics into a counterpart of Christianity.

The passage Dr. Janes quotes from me, is taken from my discussion with the Rev. Henry Townley, a preacher of pallid orthodoxy. The Providence of which I speak, is the Christian Providence—who is said to bend his ear to prayer, who is a very present help in the hour of our utmost need, and who will deliver those who call upon him. This is Christian doctrine, and is a traitorous doctrine, and betrays to their destruction all who trust to it. The doctrine of Providence means help by Prayer. Ethicalism means help by Science. Why should Dr. Janes aid the Christian delusion, and say Nature does what Providence is said to do? I believe in all Dr. Janes says as to the slow, observant, steady, patient aid to be got from Nature. But Nature only profits us by compliance with its laws. Its march of law is pitiless, cruel, unrelenting toward personal error and inattention. It has no ear for human cries of horror and agony, no eyes to see danger to life, no hand to help—its merciless tread tramples on humanity. Its fires burn, its waters drown, its diseases torture and kill the just and the unjust, the patriot and the traitor, the scoundrel and the honest, the martyr and the murderer alike. Why should a moralist keep up the false pretense of a merciful, all-succoring, all-tender, all-sympathizing, ever-interfering Provi-

dence, at the call of Faith and the beck of Prayer? Jesuitism is not more treacherous, more pretending, more deceitful, than this. Dr. Janes does not deny the dangerous Christian doctrine, he gives no warning against it. He affects to assimilate it. He assumes that Ethics includes it. Let any one read Charlotte Brontë's description of the Christian Lowood School, under the Rev. Mr. Brocklehurst's management, who pattered this doctrine to the unhappy pupils, and pinched them with cold and famished them with hunger, until typhus swept half of them into the grave—all praying, all hoping, all believing a God of Love would deliver them. He saved none, nor did he strike down the pitiless clergyman. The vivid story makes you sick of the doctrine of Providence. If its mockery and treacherousness are to be introduced, connived at, palliated and assimilated in ethical societies, I shall be sick of them. Ethics, pure, self-respecting, self-subsisting, indeed bring deliverance to the intelligent and self-helping, but to none others.

Dr. Janes says, "Let Liberalism not despair of the universe." It never did despair of the universe. Secularism was devised to promote and vindicate educated trust in the laws of the universe. What Liberalism despairs of is that mind-enslaving, common-sense-defying Christianity, will ever save humanity from delusion and misery. Secularism is honest, plain-speaking, plain-meaning, ethicalism in action.

ABRAHAM SCHELL.

WE publish as our frontispiece in this number, a good portrait of our friend and the friend of this Magazine, Mr. Abraham Schell, of Knight's Ferry, California. We have before noticed Mr. Schell in these pages, but we like to call the attention of our readers to a man of his character,—a man of wealth and standing in the State where he resides, who is not afraid to be an honest man. That may be thought to be a curious expression, but, nevertheless, it is full of meaning in this day of cant and hypocrisy. The fact is, the Christian Church, both Catholic and Protestant, has made cringing slaves of a large proportion of the so-called representative men of this country. Witness the action of our late Congress in the passage of the World's Fair bill. Not one in twenty of them has any belief in the creed of the orthodox Church,—no, not one of the members of this Con-

gress *really* believes it, yet these members, of what should be the most able, dignified and intelligent legislative body in the world, all, or nearly all, got down in the dust at the bid of the ecclesiastical power of this nation, and stultified themselves by closing the World's Fair on Sunday. And such cowards are not only to be found in Congress, but in every town in this country. Years ago, when, as agent for the *Boston Index*, we visited most of our cities and large towns, we were impressed with that fact. As we went from one business office to another, the same story was told us, often by persons who were considered high in the Church: "*We do not believe in the old theology, and probably would indorse most that is published in the Index, but then we are in business here, and it would not do for us to subscribe for such a paper, and to thus seem to countenance such views.*" We heard thousands of similar statements made. And to-day every community is made up largely of that class of cowards.

The reason for this state of things, is that the Liberal people of the country are wholly unorganized, whereas the Christians are everywhere perfectly organized, and therefore prepared to act as a unit in every emergency; and they have in every town a force of policemen, always on duty, in the persons of the priests and clergy, and ready and prepared to call for a boycott against any man who is not a Christian, and has the courage of his convictions. To obtain and retain the support, aid and patronage of this organized power, a large share of every community is crawling in the mire of hypocrisy. No wonder their children grow up dishonest bank defaulters, or other pests of society. They have inherited the dishonesty of their parents.

Abraham Schell is not that kind of a man. He has honest convictions, and the courage of those convictions. By a long life of steady industry he has accumulated a large fortune, and he will not give one dollar of it to perpetuate superstition. He will treat his orthodox neighbor with respect and even kindness, but at the same time he will let him know that he himself has views that he cherishes as the apple of his eye. Any orthodox Christian must respect such a man more than a cringing hypocrite who pretends to believe what he does not believe.

We wrote to Mr. Schell, and requested him to send us a few items of his history for this notice, and he sent us the following, which we have decided to give our readers just as he wrote it:

KNIGHT'S FERRY, April 5, 1893.

EDITOR H. L. GREEN: I was born on the 9th of November, 1817. My father, Peter Schell, was born in the United States, and was a lad of fourteen years at the Revolution. My mother was Sophia Schell (*nee* Dominick). I was taught the doctrine of hell, and brought up to believe in Luther and to hate Catholics. Was a radical orthodox Christian, and believed every word of the Bible, as literally true. I read Buckle's "History of Civilization," from which I learned that when the Catholics were in power, they burned, hung and murdered the Protestants, and when the Protestants were in power they did the same thing to the Catholics. What sort of a religion is this, that when the dominant party is on top, it kills the minority? I then read Draper's "Intellectual Developments of Europe," "Conflict Between Religion and Science," and "Warfare of Science," by Andrew Dixon White. These convinced me that Christianity and the Bible were not true, and I swung over to the Liberal side. I belong to the "Church of the Golden Rule," and the "Religion of Humanity" is my religion.

When the California "gold fever" broke out in 1848, I got the fever, and could not be cured until I went to California. I then was young, impulsive, impetuous, and full of the spirit of adventure. Sailed from the port of New York on the 13th day of January, 1849, on the ship *Tarolinta*, commanded by Capt. Cave, *via* Cape Horn. Put into Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso. On going up the coast when the tall and unbroken range of the Andes hove in sight, the boys became jubilant—they were on the "home stretch"—and when the tall peak of Chimborazo appeared in view, their jubilation knew no bounds, and they sang the song,

" By the land of Chimborazo we go with hearts elate,
To found another Empire, to build another State."

We have builded the State, but have not yet founded the Empire. That event lies buried deep in the womb of Destiny, but it is in the process of gestation. An empire on the Pacific is bound to come.

We landed at San Francisco on the 6th day of July, 1849. Here the civilization of the Occident came in contact with the civilization of the Orient, and the Anglo-American for the first time met the Mongolian of the Celestial Empire, and the two stood face to face.

I have been once around Cape Horn, seven times across the Isthmus at Panama, and twenty-seven times across the Continent by rail, since coming to California, and never met with a single accident.

I have been reasonably successful financially, and have a few dollars laid up for a rainy day.

A. SCHELL.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

JOSEPH GILLSON.

THE old workers in the Liberal ranks are fast disappearing.

The subject of this sketch was as true and honorable a man as ever lived on this earth. We have known and respected him for many years. He was one of the best friends this Magazine ever had. For the last seven or eight years he has got up a large club for the Magazine in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, where he resided. When he sent us the names of the club for Vol. X., he wrote; "I am now 80 years of age, and you will have to excuse me from acting as your agent hereafter," but notwithstanding his great age, he sent us another club in January last. Mr. Thomas Lucas, a member of the Secular Union of Cleveland, sends us the following letter and biographical sketch of our departed friend:



LETTER FROM MR. LUCAS.

15 GRISWOLD ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO,

March 26, 1893.

H. L. GREEN:

Dear Sir—Your dear old friend and faithful co-worker, Joseph Gillson, has left us, but only in the flesh; the memory of his many good deeds, and his estimable character, will always abide with us, as an inspiration to live as noble a life as he had done. About six weeks ago, while getting off a street car, he was run down by a horse and carriage, injuring him quite seriously. He partly regained his health and resumed his former duties, but the shock was too much for even his well-preserved frame to stand. On Wednesday the 15th, he was taken ill, and gradually became worse; on Thursday he lost consciousness, which he did not regain. He died on Sunday, March 19, at 1.40 P. M.

Several years ago, while conversing on the question of death, he expressed a wish that I should officiate at that time; for, as he had lived, so he wished to be buried. Although it was a painful duty for me to perform,—having been an intimate friend for eighteen years,—I felt it an honor to be allowed to speak of the character and goodness of so noble a man: he was indeed a man that had made the world better for having lived. The funeral took place last Wednesday at the family residence, and was very largely attended by friends and acquaintances. To some it was a novel funeral, because of the absence of ministers.

The Arion Quartette, composed of male voices, sang three selections from Abner Kneeland and Harriet Martineau. Addresses were made by myself, Mr. Thomas Lees, a well-known Spiritualist and a life-long friend of the deceased, and Mr. Louis K. Gillson, the youngest son of the deceased. The floral tributes were exceedingly beautiful and appropriate. The bearers were chosen from Albion Lodge Sons of St. George, and from the employees of Koch, Goldsmith, Joseph & Co.

With this I will send you a short sketch of his life.

I remain, yours for Truth and Right,

TOM. F. LUCAS.

SHORT LIFE SKETCH.

Joseph Gillson was born in Pinchbeck, Lincolnshire, England, on June 4, 1812. At the age of 13 he was afflicted with a white swelling on the knee. After several years of suffering, amputation of the limb was considered necessary. This was performed without the aid of anesthetics. Unfortunately for him, he had to undergo the ordeal a second time; but he was equal to the emergency, and by displaying that indomitable will which has characterized his whole life, he soon became strong enough to engage in some business pursuit. He was apprenticed to Mr. Cooley, a tailor, with whom he learned his trade. In 1836 he was married, at St. James Church, Westminster, to Ann Depear. After engaging in business for several years, he decided to try his fortune in the New World; so in September, 1842, with his wife and two children, set sail. After a voyage of one month, he landed in New York; from here he journeyed to Boston Township, Ohio, making the distance mostly by way of canal. After a short stay here, he came to Cleveland, where, with the exception of a brief stay in Canada, he has remained ever since.

Though he was much of a cosmopolitan by nature, he nevertheless had a warm spot in his affections for his countrymen. He was a charter member of Albion Lodge Sons of St. George, and for years was secretary of the organization. At the breaking out of the war, his three oldest sons, John, Joseph and William, enlisted in the service. During the war he served as assistant-superintendent, under Captain Brayton, of a Soldiers' Home, at Nashville, Tenn., managed by the Sanitary Commission. Returning to Cleveland, he entered the employ of Koch, Goldsmith, Joseph & Co., and remained with them up to the time of his death. His wife, aged 84, and four children, Mrs. Andrew Scoville and Mrs. James Walsh, of Cleveland, Mr. Joseph W. Gillson, of Galveston, Texas, and Mr. Louis K. Gillson, of Evanston, Illinois, survive him.

NATHAN L. PERKINS.

We learn, also, of the death of another earnest and most intelligent Freethinker, Mr. Nathan L. Perkins, of Bangor, Maine. His name has stood in our "One Hundred Security List," for the last four years, and he has always taken a great interest in the success of this Magazine, taking three or four copies for distribution. He was an able man, a good writer, and a deep thinker, and was interested in every cause that had for its object the elevation of humanity. His funeral was held at his late residence, March 22d, and an address was made by Rev. E.

F. Pember, of the Universalist Church, of that city. The Bangor Bar, of which he was a member, was present. We select the following from the report of the funeral, that appeared in the *Bangor Daily News*:

Perhaps the most touching feature of the programme, however, was the fulfillment of the promise made her father, by his only daughter, who had been accustomed to soothe the weary hours of his illness by rendering favorite selections on the piano. Most feelingly and beautifully did this bereaved girl execute that magnificent piece of instrumental music, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

Mr. Pember, in his address, said:

He was a man of rare intellectual ability and attainment. A man who loved not simply books but good books. Loved them for what they contained of real thoughts and inspiration. His private library stands as a witness to my words. One of the largest private collections of books in the city. * * * * *

Not only did the latest and best things in literature find their way to his cosy library, but to his hand and brain. His extensive reading and intellectual communion with the best culture of the past and present, made it impossible for a man of his temperament to hold any narrow views or unworthy estimates of life. He was broad and generous enough in his thought, kind and catholic enough in his spirit, to accord other people that freedom of opinion and liberty of conscience, that he demanded for himself.

The last years of his life had been spent in the active position of a public servant for this city. Permitted to pursue his chosen calling until within a few months of his departure, he has thus completed a good long life. A life well filled with usefulness and with abundant material for pleasant memories on the part of relatives and friends. All that true tenderness from a daughter's devotion and untold ministry of a wife's affection could possibly produce, has certainly been shown. And in return there shall ever abide sweetest recollections of the life and character of the one who helped to make home-life beautiful. As neighbors and friends you likewise may hold in fond remembrance the manly worth, the kindness, the love, the sympathy, the gentleness and power of this dear friend. He had no dread of death. Free from all superstition of the past, his mind looked calmly upon the change that our mortality demands.

Tenderly we cherish his memory. Lovingly we pay our tribute of praise on behalf of the true qualities of a splendid manhood so plainly seen in his life. Rich indeed must we all be for having been permitted to know and number among our friends our worthy and esteemed fellow-citizen, Nathan L. Perkins.

Such were the eulogistic words spoken at the funeral of this outspoken "disbeliever" in orthodox Christianity by a Christian minister. Such a noble life as Mr. Perkins lived, secures him immortality, whether there be another life or not. Such men as Mr. Gillson and Mr. Perkins are the real saviors of our race. The world needs more like them. Nothing but Freethought can produce them.

BOOK REVIEW.

WOMAN, CHURCH AND STATE, by MATHILDA JOSLYN GAGE, will, we learn from the author, be out in a few days. It will contain some 450 pages, well bound in cloth and half leather. The price will be \$2.00 and \$3.00. It will be an advance Freethought publication, and occupy a field of research never before investigated. It will be extremely radical, but every position taken will be substantiated by undisputed authority. Mrs. Gage says she has had it in hand for twenty years or more, reading up many authorities quite inaccessible to people in general,—among them rare works in the Supreme Court library,—books not even to be found in the Congressional library. Every friend of Woman's Rights, every advocate of the entire separation of Church and State, in fact, every worker in the cause of human advancement, will be much interested in the forthcoming work. It will strike orthodoxy a very heavy blow where it has seldom been hit before, and by one of the sex upon which it now depends for its existence—a woman. It will be a publication that ought to be read by every intelligent woman in the land, for it is a woman's emancipator from priestcraft slavery. Few women, in this or any other country, have ever so boldly attacked the Christian Church. As an argumentative work in behalf of Freethought, it has no superior. It is a book the world needs, and Mrs. Gage is justly entitled to the thanks of every friend of human progress for producing it. It has cost her much hard work, and much money, and the Liberal public ought now to show their gratitude by giving the book a large circulation. We shall be pleased to receive orders for the book. It will be ready for delivery in a few days.

CRIMES OF PREACHERS.—The Truth-Seeker Co. has just brought out the fourth edition of this pamphlet. It contains one hundred and twenty-four pages, and shows

that preachers are as fallible as other men, and as liable to go astray. It gives the names of some one thousand clergymen of this country, who, during the last few years, have been convicted of crime. The price of this book is twenty-five cents, and it is for sale at this office.

THE BEGINNING; A ROMANCE OF CHICAGO AS IT MIGHT BE, is by an unknown author, and published by Charles H. Kerr & Co. This is a pamphlet of 126 pages, and sells for twenty-five cents. This romance is the advocate of a broad, liberal, practical social reform, to commence in the education of the children, and strikes a heavy blow at the order of things as they now exist in organized society. It is somewhat in the line of Miss Gardener's late novels, and one of the kind of romances that will benefit all who peruse it. The book is strongly indorsed by introductory letters from Hon. Hempstead Washburne, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Judge Tuthill, Judge Tuley, Judge Kohlsaatt, and Prof. Swing, all progressive men. Judge Tuley says in his letter:

"Very few of the so-called 'upper classes' have any conception of the turmoil of thought, the seething, boiling feeling of unrest, the daily increasing realization of the inequalities and injustice of the present social conditions, which is now agitating the minds of those 'who live by the sweat of the brow.'"

Dr. Thomas says of the story:

"The novel—the story—is valuable as a medium of conveying truth; many will read it in this form, who would turn aside from a more abstract presentation. The hopeful optimistic spirit of the writer is to be commended; all should be encouraged to think and feel that the grave social problems of our time will be peacefully solved in the near years of the future."

Judge Tuthill says:

"The tone and temper of the book are excellent, and I hope it may be very generally read by both the rich and the poor, in fact by all."

CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO, OR STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR. By B. O. FLOWER. Arena Publishing Co. Pp. 221. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

This beautifully-printed and elegantly-paper-bound volume, by the editor of the *Arena*, is a most valuable literary production, and we doubt not will have a great sale. The author says in his "Preface": "In sending out this little work, I am actuated solely by a desire to arouse earnest men and women to action, by presenting deplorable conditions existing at our very door, which are a crying reproach to the Republic." And the contents of the book prove very conclusively that our "Christian civilization" has something lacking. It goes to show, in fact, that the trouble is, we have had altogether too much "Christian civilization." We ought to have had more scientific civilization,—we ought to have had

a religion, or a philosophy, that would have made its special work the salvation of humanity here and now, but instead thereof, all our energy has been exerted, and our financial contributions have been mostly expended in the work of saving mankind from some imaginary hell in the future world. In writing and presenting this book to the public, the author shows that he is an earnest and honest worker in the cause of reform, and it is gratifying to know that such a young man is the editor of one of our great monthlies, *The Arena*, of Boston, the most advanced of the large magazines. The "Contents" of this volume are as follows: "Introduction," "Society's Exiles," "Two Hours in the Social Cellar," "The Democracy of Darkness," "Why the Ishmaelites Multiply," "The Froth and the Dregs," "A Pilgrimage and a Vision," "What of the Morrow?"

ALL SORTS.

—About the best service you can do for this Magazine is to get your news agent to keep it on sale.

—Elmina Drake Slenker writes: "The one article in March Magazine on, page 170, by Ethelbert Stewart, is worth the whole year's subscription."

—"The Rev. Dr. Thirdly wants \$5,000 to come to us." "Why, a month ago he agreed to accept a call at \$4,000." "Yes, but he's been accused of heresy since then."—*Brooklyn Life*.

—There is nothing like trying. Mr. P. C. Mosier of Homer, Ill., writes:

"I started out this morning to get up a club of ten, and accomplished it before noon. I took the November number, which has Dr. S. W. Wetmore's likeness in it, and showed them what fine-looking, brainy men were contributors to the Magazine, and persons who I did not expect to get as subscribers, set down their names readily."

—Our contributors must be patient. We have good articles on hand sufficient to fill six issues of the Magazine, and they continue to come by every mail. One large drawer is full and we have commenced filling another.

—A correspondent writes to a country paper from Cortland, N. Y. "The revival meetings continue. It is claimed that there has been over two hundred persons converted to Christianity at these meetings." The woods around Cortland must be full of poor "heathens."

—A new stone memorial church will soon be erected at Roxbury, N. Y., by the children of the late Jay Gould in memory of their deceased father. It will be presented to the Presbyterian congregation, whose church was burned a year ago.—*Exchange*.

Pious Presbyterians will greatly enjoy "worshiping God" in this church built with the money that Jay Gould stole.

Gould's spirit is evidently working to get a "corner" in heaven, and unless the powers there are vigilant he will soon have a controlling interest.

—Jiggs—"By George, I never fully realized until Easter Sunday how many ups and downs life has."

Jiggs—"Got left on your new suit or something?"

Jiggs—"No, attended service at an Episcopal church."—*Buffalo Courier*.

—Mr. P. C. Isbell, of Manchester, Tennessee, sends us the following on "Nature":

Nature is the grandest teacher of humanity. Her existence is broad, thoughtful and earnest, she makes no mistakes, she whispers her secrets freely and lovingly, and scatters the pearls of health, hope and happiness with a lavish hand. Her every day is a story, sweet, grand and inspiring. Her hours are rounded with things which build up the noblest people, and the grandest humanity. She teaches peace of mind, integrity of purpose, and an honorable regard for the welfare of man. Every morning there is before us another chapter of the grandest tale that ever was told. The falling leaf, the ripening grain, the murmur of the brook, and the sweet budding flower, invites us to be true to ourselves and to frail humanity. Every hour should be devoted to labor and love, and charity for mankind. Every act of our lives should tend to make ourselves and others better. By our own efforts we may modify ourselves and set an example as eloquent as a diamond set in gold. By personal industry and science darkness has been made to fade into twilight. That person in any community who sets the grand moral example of industry, honesty and sobriety is a priceless jewel. It is individual, energetic action which affects the lives of others. Book education merely prepares the individual to learn something valuable in practical life. Most of the men of great thoughts have come up from the very door of poverty. Truly great men are not made. They make themselves. Minds, like physical constitution, may be built up out of very crude material. It is will, determination, patient purpose, resolute work and self-reliance that makes the man. Diligent application is the price of distinction. Knowledge can not be inherited, it must be paid

for in work. It is not the man with the greatest natural capacity who achieves the highest results, but the man who employs his powers with the greatest industry.

—We desire to say to our Christian contemporaries, that our report from headquarters, that appeared in the April Magazine, has not been copyrighted, and they are at liberty to transfer it to their columns. We should think they would be pleased to get so recent a report, and one so authentic. They must admit that the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE has much journalistic enterprise. We propose soon to send our able reporter to interview his satanic majesty, who rules in the hot country below. The report will probably appear in the July number, and coming from that red-hot locality will be appropriate for July weather.

—The *Chicago News* head-line, "Jerked to Jesus," seems to still be appropriate in Camden, N. J. John Hill, who murdered Joseph Dodson in cold blood, was hung in that city April 14th. The report states that when notified by ex-Under Sheriff Porter that his time had come, he stepped blithely forward, and walked as firmly to the execution-room as though he had been going to a dance. As his hands were being pinioned, he muttered half audibly, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." He said to his lawyer, "Good-by, Mr. Rex. You've been very good to me and I am very much obliged to you. I expect to meet you and all my kind friends in heaven. Sheriff West has been very good to me and I'll soon see him in heaven."

—In the following lines the consolations of orthodox religion are well described:

"The dreary effect of undertakers' business boards hanging from the walls of church buildings impressed itself with double force on the drooping spirits of a man who went to an uptown church last Sunday, because it was a pleasant morning and he hadn't been to church before for six months. The minister's opening prayer was suggestive of a hot abode, the hymns were of a sad tinge and the anthem was "O day of wrath, that

dreadful day." The sermon was a long one, dealing with retribution, death knells and the last moanings of the lost souls. The worshiper could stand in no longer, but as he sneaked past the front door a board met his gaze with these words: "John Martin, undertaker. Jobs promptly attended to. Embalming done." And still people wonder why young men don't like to go to church.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

—Our Presbyterian friends are not insisting on as much hell as formerly, in the next life, but it would seem from the following they know how to raise a little hell here:

CHICAGO, April 3.—A sensational scene took place this afternoon in the aristocratic Belden Avenue Presbyterian church where nearly 200 ministers were present. Two laymen, H. B. Freeman and James Inglis, one a friend and the other an opponent of the Rev. Dr. Totheron, quarreled over charges of impropriety implicating Mr. Totheron and a woman member of his congregation. The lie direct was passed, the two men came into physical collision, and Freeman made a motion to draw his revolver. The Rev. Mr. Totheron, who has only one arm, hastened to help his friend in the melee. The other ministers quickly interposed, however, and the angry partisans were separated without bloodshed.—*Buffalo Courier*.

—Andrew D. White has done very much by his writings to destroy the foundations of the Christian religion—few men have done more, but as he is a politician and a policy man, he always claims that he is at work in behalf of *genuine* religion. He has just sent money to the Unitarian Society of Ithaca, N. Y., to assist them in rebuilding their church recently burned, and in doing so he excuses himself for giving aid to this heretical church in the following statement very characteristic of the late president of Cornell University:

"The number of thoughtful young men and young women who are breaking away from the generally-accepted creeds of Christendom is large and constantly increasing. No effort on the part of 'orthodoxy,' so-called, is able to prevent this. I have myself seen young men who, when in college, were the most devotedly orthodox supporters of the Christian Associa-

tion, break away after graduation, if they had not done so before. The question then arises—shall such men go into blank negation and, scoffing, array themselves against Christianity and cut themselves loose from organized Christian effort, or shall they be retained in a fold which does not exact from them acquiescence in doctrinal statements which they cannot give?"

The inference from what Mr. White says here is, that he thinks the simon-pure old-fashioned orthodox hell-fire religion is the real thing that these students should have, but as that can not be crowded into the minds of "thoughtful young men," the best thing under the circumstances is to give them a homeopathic dose of very thin Christian gruel known as Unitarianism. He predicts that this will prevent them from going into "blank negation" and "scoffingly array themselves against Christianity," all of which proves that wise and educated men will sometimes talk like fools. But all those who are acquainted with President White know that he thus talks *for a purpose*.

—As a rule, it is a matter of *business* with most people to have all things conform to the prejudices of an ignorant and orthodox populace. The *Columbian Encyclopedia*, I am sorry to say, is no exception to this rule; and having examined this work carefully, I feel that it is my duty, for the sake of the principles that underlie progress, to call the reader's attention to the following slanderous attacks contained in this *otherwise excellent* reference work. In speaking of Thomas Paine, the apostle of religious and political liberty, it goes on to say: "His Age of Reason is not only feeble compared with recent attacks on the Christian Scriptures, but is also coarse, scurrilous, and passionate. Benjamin Franklin advised him to burn it before it was seen by any other person. . . . Paine, though of an impulsive nature, arrogant, improvident, irregular in life, and lacking in self-control—and in his last years falling under the vice of intemperance, as is usually believed—was not without kindness and

generosity. . . . His coarse and ignorant attacks on Christianity has doubtless dimmed his rightful lustre as a defender of human rights." In speaking of Theodore Parker, it says: "His lack of taste and delicate feeling is often perceptible in his works."

Undoubtedly the above slanderous abuse will please the clergy, and of course it would not be "business" to disregard the influence and the prejudices of the "ministers of the gospel."

A. W. D.

—I know very well a rich lawyer of Western New York, who is equally fond of good living and good jokes. Once he was retained in a case that required him to be present at the county court early Monday morning. The county seat was not far away, but there were no early trains; and the trains didn't run on Sunday. So he had to go down Saturday night. The prospects of having to kill time all day Sunday was bad enough, but his friends made it worse by telling him how poor the only hotel was. A large hamper of things to eat and make merry with accompanied the lawyer.

In a village you can do one of two things on Sunday morning. You can go to the cemetery or can go to church. Mr. Smith didn't have even this choice, for here the church stood in the midst of the graveyard. The place was unkempt, the headboards looked old and weather-beaten and the fence was a dismal ruin. Inside the church was about as bad. A good deal of the whitewash had peeled off. There were no curtains and the windows looked dirty. Smith went in. The choir listlessly sang the opening hymn. Then a tall figure in a long linen duster shuffled up the aisle. He was rawboned and freckled and had a sandy goatee. It was the preacher. He ascended the pulpit-steps and began: "We're all of us poor, miserable sinners, full of sorer and triberlation, and the curse of Adam bears down on us hard." It was disheartening, but Smith stuck it out.

At the close of the service he went up to the minister and invited him to lunch. The sandy goatee was stroked dubiously. Its owner didn't know. He generally didn't eat between mornin' and afternoon services. He kind o' thought it unbecomin' to go out to dinner on the Sabbath. But Smith was urgent, and finally overcame scruples by saying they would eat at his private room at the hotel.

The hamper was opened and the goatee began to wag under a mouthful of chicken-pate. Smith was talkative and witty. There were good things in abundance, and the minister was evidently having a stupendously good time. "We ought to have some water to drink with this," said Smith; "but stay, I've got some good cider. You drink cider, don't you?" The goatee occasionally drank cider if it warn't hard. "Hard? Not a bit." And in the depths of the hamper Smith uncorked a bottle of Veuve Cliquot and filled the glasses. This was the climax of the feast. The minister said it was the best cider he ever tasted. When was it made? Could he get any like it? And Smith answered after the manner of his profession and filled the glasses again. And again. And the minister said no more about the "Curse of Adam."

At the afternoon service Smith had a good seat. The choir sang. The linen duster sailed up the aisle. The preacher's step was firm, quick, and elastic. His head was up and the goatee stuck out in front. He mounted the steps, and, facing the congregation with an expression of saintly triumph and radiant brotherliness, cried out: "We are all sons of God!" —*Chicago Tribune.*

—This is how a former Presbyterian minister got out of his church. We copy from a private letter:

"About twenty years ago, when I pastor of the Free Presbyterian Church in——, an anti-slavery Presbyterian church, I met with "Buckle's History of Civilization." This set me to thinking; and thinking showed me what an unforgivable injury

the Church had done me, by never informing me, when a revival of religion swept me out of a law office into a Theological Seminary, that the *truth* of the Christian religion *had been, and still was*, doubted by honest and capable people. They gave me a profile view of the subject, and at the close of the three years' course, led me, blindfolded, into the pulpit; and being committed, I went on performing the part of the Lord's fool for more than twenty-five years. After a terrible struggle I became convinced that the Church was a colossal system of fraud, and that I was not in my right place. Honestly, and in good faith, I had taken the official oath, swearing that I sincerely believed the "Confession of Faith," and that I would preach the doctrines, as scriptural, in defiance of all persecution. As an honest man there was only one course for me to pursue, and I took it. I quietly left my pulpit, and retired to my farm, where I have lived ever since, doing my best to repair the damage I had done in my days of darkness.

—From a private letter that came into our possession we make the following selection. It is from a popular lawyer in the West, who is also a well-known writer. We hope at some future day to publish a few articles from his pen. He writes to a friend:

"My father was a preacher, and my mother was a rigid Presbyterian. I always attended church, Sabbath-school, etc., and of course believed everything. When twelve to fifteen years of age I could recite the whole of the four Gospels and the Acts, without missing a note, including the pedigree of Jesus. I generally took what prizes were offered to the Sunday-school scholars for proficiency, etc. When I commenced going to the university I was about sixteen. I got hold of some book on the elementary principles of geology, and read it. I was at that time a faithful member of a Bible class of the Baptist church. I propounded in the class several knotty questions suggested to me by geology, and sought to have the professor reconcile them with the Bible. He did not do so to my satisfaction, so I kept inquiring and contending in the class with him. Soon the whole class began to participate and partake of my doubts and contentions. At last the professor told me to either stop asking such irrelevant questions or leave the class. I left it accordingly. Later on, having a little time

in vacation, I took the Bible and read it through carefully and candidly from beginning to end to refresh myself as to its contents and character. At the close I threw it aside, remarking to my father and mother, that it was one of the greatest humbugs and impositions that had ever been inflicted on mankind. That has been my opinion ever since, strengthened each year by experience, observation and much investigation, and I have never hesitated to say so. I regard the religious lunacies of the Hindoos, the Jews and the pagans as differing only in degree from those of Christendom.

—We clip the following from the *Buffalo Express*:

LIMA, Peru, April 10.—The wounding of a consular agent of the United States, which Minister Hicks reported to the Washington Government, occurred at Mollendo, Peru, on March 25th. The trouble grew out of the anti-Masonic demonstrations which have lately been made in Peru under the direction of the Bishop of Arequipa. Masonic rites were being observed at the lodge room in Mollendo on the evening of March 25th.

A portion of the musical programme was performed by the Estudiantina America Company, which was on its way to the Chicago Exposition. During the ceremonies a mob attacked the building. Many stones were thrown, and those who were participating in the rites were driven from the lodge room. Having driven out the Masons, the mob sacked the lodge room and burned the building. The furniture in the room and the instruments belonging to the Estudiantina America Company were removed to the street, piled in a heap and then burned.

A few shots were fired, one of which wounded the American Consular Agent, Emilio de Cazario, in the leg.

It is said the riots were caused by the action of the Masons in ignoring an edict against their ceremonies which was issued by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Arequipa.

The sub-prefect of police, who made no effort to protect the Masons in their rites, has been dismissed by the Govern-

ment, and will be placed on trial. Reports from Mollendo say everything is quiet there now.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10.—The Peruvian Government has taken the initiatory steps toward complying with the demands of the United States that reparation be made for an outrage committed on one of its Consular agencies in Peru.

PANAMA, April 10.—Reports have reached here that an anti-Masonic riot has occurred at La Paz, Bolivia, during which five persons were killed and many wounded.

—Mr. H. L. Green,
We never have seen
Anything better than
Your Magazine.
Just keep it a "floppin'"
With all your might,
Till "Old Superstition"
Is clean out of sight.
Gone down in the maelstrom
Of fear, and of hate,
Sunk, foremast and mizzen,
Crew, captain, and mate.
Then o'er the blue waters,
Let Freethought sail on,
Her banner unfurled
In the breeze of the morn.
Morn, of a Nation,
No longer enslaved
By a Priesthood which says,
Believe, and be saved.
Or, be damned; as you please,
There's no other way,
And for the "glad tidings"
You'll all have to pay.—U. M. H.

—We recommend the Pittsburg journals to publish "The Minister's Dream," by Nellie Booth Simmons, that appears in this number. The Pittsburg "Law and Order Society" are doing a good thing in showing up their Christian laws in that priest-ridden state. The following shows the "Beauty of Godliness" that the clergy tell us so much about:

PITTSBURG, April 7.—The Pittsburg Law and Order Society, which has been for some months prosecuting newsboys and newspaper carriers and agents for Sunday labor under an act of 1794, and which has been sustained in the Supreme Court of the state, yesterday adopted a new policy. C. W. Houston, business manager

and one of the stockholders of the *Press*, an afternoon daily and Sunday morning paper, was arrested and tried before the Aldermen and fined \$75 and cost for three violations of the law. Mr. Houston objected to the decision against him, on the ground that he himself never worked on Sunday in his life, and that the workers on Monday morning papers do nearly all the work on the Sabbath. Mr. Yost, attorney for the Law and Order Society, then informed Mr. Houston that the publishers of the Monday morning papers are next to be prosecuted, and that it would not be long before all the Pittsburg newspaper workers are employed only five days in each week, unless they get out Monday's papers after 12 o'clock on Sunday night.

—A. W. Dellquest sends us the following clipped from a Southern paper. This is a very peculiar and alarming state of things, and the poor minister is to be pitied. Can't be permitted to attend the Sisters' meetings. What is the world coming to? Here is the interesting item?

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 11.—[Special.]—Rev. Carl Bersh has resigned the pastorate of the German Lutheran church of this city, because there are too many women in it.

"You see," said he, "it is impossible to run a church where the women take charge of everything. There are not more than three or four men in the German Lutheran church, the rest being women. They call church meetings and claim that they are ladies' meetings and that the men should not be present. If a man comes, he is told at once that he is not needed. If he insists on going in, they will suspend all business until he leaves. The result is the men see they are not wanted. When I first assumed the pastorate I used to go to the meetings and occupy the position to which I was entitled. I very soon found out that my presence was not welcome. Such being the case, what could I do but resign? I did not preach last Sunday, and I will not preach any more for that congregation. I will teach their Sunday-school until they can make some other arrangements, but as for being pastor of a church composed entirely of women, I must be excused in the future."

We may be mistaken, but the probabilities are that this minister is "homelier than a hedge fence."



CHARLES BRADLAUGH'S MONUMENT.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

JUNE (E. M.) 293.

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

THE World's Congress Auxiliary, concurring with the Columbian Exposition, has summoned to Chicago for the month of September, a World's Parliament of Religions. It is to be composed of delegates from all parts of the globe, representative of all religions and creeds. The test of membership is to be the belief in God. The doors will be open equally to Hindoos and Idolaters, to the worshippers of Jehovah, of Christ, of the Virgin, of Mahomet, of Joe Smith, as well as to those who "see God in the clouds and hear him in the winds." It is a grand conception, worthy of cosmopolitan Chicago. It is apparently to be a competitive exhibition of all the gods, for the blue ribbon of human credulity. Eighteen hundred delegates have signified their intention to be present. None are excluded, except men of science or others who incline to investigate before believing. Reason will only be admitted as a spectator on the back seats.

The great and good Moses wrote a minute account of his own death and many pages of the history of affairs which occurred hundreds of years thereafter. The prophets, it is said, foretold events which were to occur long after themselves had ceased to be. Indeed it is thought by some that they were as well acquainted with the future as with the past, if not better. In the line of this prophetic vision—for all the prophets are not dead

yet—I here present a report premonitory of the proceedings of the forthcoming parliament, to the end that the journalistic enterprise of to-day may not be excelled by that of the prophets and patriarchs. I shall summarize the whole in one day's proceedings, although the actual parliament will drizzle through several weeks.

Hon. GEORGE WASHINGTON BULLFEAR, of the World's Congress Auxiliary, a Chicago man, who naturally has more enterprise than faith, and more knowledge of the markets than of the gods, will preside as speaker, and, having called the meeting to order, will proceed.

THE SPEAKER: This is a proud day for the world, a proud day for its maker, a proud day for Chicago and a prouder day for myself. The World's Congress Auxiliary has cast upon me the high honor of presiding over this august World's Parliament of Religions. I assume the gavel with modesty, yet with alacrity. I extend to each and all of you a hearty and a religious welcome. Our latch-strings are out for every member. If you do not see what you want, ask for it. This metropolitan city has much and to spare of everything that can furnish a knowledge of mankind, both good and evil. You are welcome to it all.

The first recorded case of free entertainment of the clergy was that of Jonah and the whale. The preacher was taken in out of the storm, given comfortable shelter and entertained in the best room in the house for three long days and nights, and then sped on his way rejoicing. The hospitable custom, thus inaugurated, has continued to this day, but in the present case there will be no limit as to time. We trust also that you will find the furniture, the scenery and the food a great improvement over that afforded to the ancient preacher, and that your happiness while you remain our guests, and when you shall have departed, will be without alloy.

The purpose of this parliament, as designed by those who conceived it, is a comparison of views upon the religions of the world, and particularly upon the numerous objects of religious worship. There is a God. Upon that we are agreed, else we would not be here. Opinions are various as to the nature, characteristics and potency of that being. These are all to be made known, their merits discussed, and, I trust, the whole matter settled once and for all. It is claimed by some that there not only is one, but

very many Gods. It seems to a layman like myself, entirely neutral in the matter, that one is quite enough. The expense of supporting the worship of many would be enormous. Surely the taxpayers would wish relief from such a burden, and ought to have it. This enlightened body of men, on pious thoughts intent, can, beyond doubt, come to some harmonious conclusion on the subject, which will at once sustain the faith and relieve the consciences and the pockets of your several constituencies. So let the discussion be free but decorous and respectful. You will have the satisfaction of stating theological truths to theological minds only. Reasons need not be given—indeed pure logic, under the rules, will be excluded from the debate.

Having thus briefly outlined the purpose of the parliament and the general principles upon which its proceedings are to be conducted, I have but one thing further to add. The little unpleasantness which occurred to our common forefathers at the Tower of Babel, as you remember, has rendered it necessary to provide interpreters, who will translate into all languages the eloquent remarks that may here be made. The management has well provided for this emergency, so that each delegate may freely speak in his own vernacular, being assured that his thoughts will be faithfully represented in print in all the languages inflicted upon mankind by our great father, at the unfortunate confusion of tongues.

The more solemn and formal exercises will now be opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Swallowall (Methodist).

MR. SWALLOWALL: "Oh God, we trust thou art as well pleased as we ourselves with this grand convocation of thy most eminent worshippers, congregated here from all parts of thy beautiful footstool. For the sacred privilege of attendance and participation in this reverent body, we return our thanks only to thee. May we not feel that we have been divinely designated for this holy purpose. Adoration of God, as thou knowest, is instinctive in man. Especially is it so with those here present. Unfortunate, however, it is, that thyself, the only true God, art known to so few of our fellow-beings. We ask that thou wouldst open the eyes and the hearts of all unbelievers, yea even of our own if we do not believe aright, to the shining countenance and gracious favor of the one only true God, and that thou wouldst wholly obliterate and obscure from us all thought or reverence for any other. Now, if ever, is the opportune moment for impressing thyself upon the faith and favor of all men. We trust thou wilt

convert to thyself here and now all those present, that they may at the close of these exercises spread the knowledge of thyself among all thy creatures throughout the world, and that the one only true theology may be preached and practiced henceforth and forever. With thy power nothing would be easier. Indeed we are told in thy precious word of a thousand things done by thee, which must have been far more difficult, though much less desirable. Let us now put thee upon thy mettle, O Lord, and speed we pray thee thy second coming, for which thy servants have so long impatiently waited. In the pious and unprecedented counsels upon which we are about to enter, we invoke thy inspiration and favor. May the uttermost oneness of thought and good feeling prevail. May our hearts be softened by thy presence and our minds be tempered to the keen point of comprehending thy revealed truth. If the vision of any is obscure make them see, whether they can or not. We confess that some things are not as clear to the human mind as they might be, yet this forms no obstacle to our relentless faith. Wilt thou not confer upon all mankind the grand capacity for accepting thy truths through the heart instead of the head? The emotions are far more easily wrought upon than the intelligence. We pray thee to magnify and stimulate the emotions. We have to return especial thanks that in our deliberations here we are not to be pained or disturbed by the vain disclosures of so-called scientific research, or by the vaporings of so-called reason. Thou knowest that such unholy thoughts have no part in theological discussion, and do not tend to attract souls to thy kingdom. Thou hast told us to beware of false prophets, wolves in sheep's clothing. We rejoice that all such are to be excluded from this holy place, so that we may not be criticised or catechized in every corner, or be obliged to prove, as we go along, the well-known truths which will be here asserted.

We desire to especially offer our thanksgiving that thou, ably aided by thy earthly ministers, didst so skillfully conceal from mankind for some five thousand six hundred years, the rotundity of the earth, and that thou didst first make the fact known to that eminent and pious man Columbus, that he in thy name might seek out and take possession of this hemisphere, and that thus, on the four-hundredth anniversary of his great discovery, this parliament might be here convened, in part commemoration of that wondrous event. Without that discovery, how would the knowledge of saving grace ever have been brought to the myriads of barbarians who then happily occupied this vast territory? In the spirit of God, and others of powerful quality, which were thus brought to them by civilization, those races have now well-nigh passed to their happy hunting-grounds, or to such others as thy inscrutable providence has provided for them. The zeal of thy pioneers in the wilderness has thus made way for the grand march of holi-

ness and faith throughout this Western continent. We ask an especial outpouring of thy spirit upon this great cosmopolitan city where we are so happily convened. We are told it needs it. Thou wilt the better know. The indications are that thy stalwart hand is sorely needed here, and we trust will not be spared, for the force of police is said to be wholly inadequate. And now as we proceed to the further exercises which called us from our distant and cherished homes, we ask thy favoring grace and blessing. Amen."

THE SPEAKER: The further preliminary exercises will be continued by reading and singing the Missionary Hymn.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

THE SPEAKER: The chair is in doubt whether some portions of the stanzas as read may not be obnoxious to certain delegates from the far East, but trusts that all may unite in singing, and that the delegation from Ceylon's isle and India's coral strand will come in heavy on the bass notes.

[The lofty organ, accompanying the accustomed voices of the vast congregation, thrills all hearts with worshipful reverence.]

THE SPEAKER: The choir feels confident that the melody of the grand old hymn, if not its words, must have resounded throughout the earth.

As there are eighteen hundred delegates present, the addresses to be made in the regular order, must of necessity be brief and to the point. The first will be that of the Rev. Dr. Idolater (Brahmin) of Hindostan, whom I have the pleasure to introduce.

MR. IDOLATER: With profound salaam I greet the upturned faces of this vast congress of holy men. The Deity worshipped by my countrymen, and whom I have the pleasure to represent here, is as old as the world. Indeed he created it. It is most fitting therefore that he should first speak. I trust that all will remain silent in his presence. Our God, the only true God, is divided into three parts and persons. Brahma the creator, who has four hands; Vishnu the preserver, who has four hands and numerous heads, and Siva the destroyer, who has thirty-two hands. The diverse and inconsistent duties to be performed render necessary this multiplication of heads and hands, and this trinitarian subdivision. I trust the remark of the Speaker that there need be but one God is not representative of the intelligence of this good country. We certainly have three, well known and established. This admits of no doubt or discussion. Long since it was discovered by our people that even these three were by no means sufficient to meet the demand, for we are an eminently religious and worshipful people. Observe, as witness, the large development of knees in the people of my country. So we have by the divine authority of our sacred Veda, constituted other gods and other objects of worship, second only in power to the original three. Such are our priests, our wives and our daughters. We worship them. We worship also the sacred cow, whose dung we effectually administer as an atonement for sin. We carry nothing out of our houses in the morning until our doorways have been rubbed with this sacred material. The monkey also we worship and build temples to him, for it may be we are his descendants. So also the dog and the jackal, the peacock, the goose, the owl, and many other god-like birds. We have also our sacred trees, emblems of divine goodness. We worship also our rivers, which are divided into male and female, and especially the river Ganges, a bath in whose waters assures regeneration and immortality. We worship books also, especially the Vedas, which are the word of God absolutely, and so we adore images of our gods made of stone or other appropriate material. By this simplification and duplication of gods, we are able to

reach the minds of all our people, however simple they may be. Indeed the simpler the mind, the more readily does it yield to faith in any or all the gods. Thus we have no unbelievers. All are truly and hopefully faithful and pious. We have no need of anything more. So I commend to this parliament our god system, as the only true and successful one to be found on the globe. "It vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," and shows its perfection by its works. When we come to vote on the merits of the several systems, I do not allow myself to doubt that Brahma and his two associates will be the unanimous choice. How could it be otherwise? I solicit therefore and expect your favoring voices.

Some other matters I ought to mention. From the beginning of the world until a few years ago, we have been accustomed to performing the religious duty of drowning in the Ganges our surplus infants, our permanent invalids and hopelessly decrepid people, thus preventing an overstock of population, improving the race, and at the same time assuring the immediate happiness of the victims.

In like manner, at our religious festivals, devotees of all sorts were accustomed to cast themselves under the car of Juggernaut, to be hastened into the happy land by that courageous and speedy process, and our widows were always burned on the funeral pyres of their husbands. In an evil hour, the Empress of India, as she delights to call herself, sent her hordes of mercenaries into our land and decreed a suspension of these simple and sacred rites and ceremonies. We are now no longer permitted to indulge in them, except in the most surreptitious manner. You may well be assured that our religious feelings have been greatly shocked by this foreign intrusion upon our time-honored rights. I invoke this parliament to interfere in our behalf. Not content with eating out our substance, they trample on our gods. Our widows feel most aggrieved. They insist upon their sacred and God-given right to accompany the souls of their departed husbands through fire. What more reasonable request? Do not they know best? There are enough women left always. We sometimes think too many. We do not allow widows to re-marry. Next to being burned with the corpses of their husbands, to marry again is the very thing they incline to do. As they can no longer do either the one or the other, they are in a most forlorn and pitiable condition. Help us, I implore you in their name, to restore their ancient and sacred privileges.

I am informed that in this great country there are many respectable societies of women, organized to secure and perpetuate the rights of their sex. It is my intention before leaving your shores to seek the aid of these beneficent associations, and through them to ask the intervention of the Empress of India, herself a widow, toward the amelioration of our great grief. I doubt not I shall obtain their hearty co-operation.

Thanking this grand audience for its breathless attention, I beg to say in conclusion that should its determination on the beauties of Brahminism be what I conceive inevitable, I will see that a sufficient number of missionary experts are at once dispatched to America to initiate all its people into the sacred mysteries, rites and ceremonies of our solemn and only true religion.

THE SPEAKER: The parliament will next give attention to the address of Dr. Ben Israel (Jewish) of Judea.

MR. ISRAEL: The fulsome and altogether unwarranted statements of the delegate from Hindostan, concerning the antiquity and respectability of an alleged God or bevy of Gods named by him, and his mongrel system of worship, are altogether incredible and only interesting by their novelty and absurdity. To the intimate, personal knowledge of the prophets and patriarchs of old whom I represent, the author of the universe is Jehovah. He has existed and will exist from everlasting to everlasting, and is of infinite power, wisdom and goodness. In the early days of the world, when the descendants of Adam were few and ignorant, he was accustomed to travel about the earth and instruct us in morals and conduct. He explained fully also what we might eat and forbade the use of unclean things. He also instructed us in the use of medicines, and gave us a code of laws. He gave to us through Moses the ten commandments. He adopted the Jewish race as his chosen people, and piloted them through the depths of the Red Sea on dry land, overwhelming the hosts of Pharaoh who were in pursuit. He gave to us also his holy word in the Old Testament. It is the only revelation ever made by God to men. All others are spurious. The fall of Adam, which first brought sin into the world, so disgusted Jehovah that after a time he drowned all the families of earth, save one, who for our sake he preserved. The sins of mankind still increasing among the descendants of Noah, Jehovah ceased to visit the earth, but established the men of Judea as the guardians of his holy word. We have given battle for many centuries in its defense, and have been kicked and cuffed and buffeted about from one country to another, still retaining the true faith, but relying upon his promise to ultimately restore us to the control of mankind. "As truly as I live," saith the Lord, "all the earth shall be filled with the glory of God. Unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear." Awaiting the fulfillment of these promises, we have almost wearied in well-doing. Many of us still survive and our capacities for peopling the earth are equal to the most favored. When it shall please Jehovah to restore us to control, as surely he will, we are ready to assume and execute his command. We have been greatly troubled and persecuted by the followers of a young upstart by the name of Jesus, upon whom we inflicted capital punishment some two thousand years ago for interfering

with our politics. Our fathers knew him well, and had a very poor opinion of him. Yet, though discredited at home, his vagaries seemed to take root in the ignorant minds of other countries, until his worshippers became a real power in the world. I can assure you that there is no basis for belief in him, or in any of the superstitious rites which are enacted in his name. Jehovah is the one holy most high God.

I have attended this parliament thinking that by your united action and influence you might restore him to his former position and power. I beg of you to consider this in your deliberations, and that you take the proper steps to achieve the desired result.

THE SPEAKER: The Rev. Dr. Elect (Presbyterian), of Andover, will next address you.

MR. ELECT: I concede the supreme antiquity and respectability of the God Jehovah, referred to by the gentleman from Jerusalem, but not his superior power. It is also true that, by a singularly ghostly contrivance, he became the father of the younger and greater divinity whom we especially adore. The father did indeed create the earth and make laws for the government of mankind. But the son, when he was on earth, discovered, as sons are apt to do, many mistakes of his father, and that his laws were altogether too harsh and too general for useful application to our affairs. He accordingly repealed most of those laws, and enacted others of his own, which continue without amendment to this very day. The gentleman will readily perceive therefore as we all do, how far greater was the son than the father.

I was profoundly interested in the timely address of the reverend gentleman from Hindostan. His sublime faith in manifest error indicates that he will make for us a splendid missionary, when he shall have been converted to the true faith, as he undoubtedly will be before the close of this parliament. Such abounding credulity is the element most needed in the propagation of religious belief both at home and abroad. I rejoice that he is here, and shall at once seek his closer acquaintance. With deference to the prejudices of that gentleman and also to those of the gentleman from Judea, I beg to assure them and all others that "there is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passions; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things both visible and invisible; and in unity of this godhead there be three persons of one substance, power and eternity, the father, the son and the holy ghost." This has been settled by the thirty-nine articles, and is therefore the immutable truth.

It may seem difficult to comprehend, by those not acquainted with the subject, that a God without parts can actually be divided

into three parts or persons, and that a son can be of the same age as his father. The best and most conclusive answer is that all things are possible with God. True faith has always received this explanation and sought no further. It is somewhat paradoxical also that a God without passions, is at the same time a God of love, of hate, of mercy, of vengeance, of pity, of jealousy, of grief, of fury, of repentance, of ambition, of anger, of indignation, of zeal, of meekness, of profanity, of destruction and of weariness, and that he is at the same time visible and invisible, without variableness though continually changing, and that he is both a lamb and a lion. All things being possible with God, this clear explanation of seeming inconsistencies disposes of all paradoxes. Who can doubt it? How easy it is to be a Christian? The more of these Godlike characteristics we possess the nearer we are to perfection. We advocate also pious conduct, and the clergy set the example. This, however, is not essential. Faith only is required, and is most effectual even at the close of a long life of villainous behavior. Hence the great popularity of our glorious system of salvation. It accords with the needs of man.

As the three gods established by our counsels and our synods are thus one and the one three, we are at liberty to select for our principal worship whichever one best suits our inclinations, leaving them to divide the honors at will. By common consent of Protestant Christians, we have selected the son, as better adapted for our purposes, having due respect of course to the others as older but less influential members of the Holy Family. So our worship is chiefly that of Christ. The other two were born in heaven. He was born on earth. He spent many years in investigating matters here in person, so as to acquaint himself with our sins and necessities, and that he might inform his father of the real needs of our situation upon his subsequent entry into heaven. We know that he did so. He may be said to be our friend at court. When here he told us to "ask and ye shall receive." This invitation emboldens all true believers to prayer, with the certainty that all their requests will be promptly complied with. You will find no true Christian upon the broad earth who will admit that he ever asked in vain. With such a redeemer and intercessor, is it any wonder that all men of intelligence everywhere, and many not so gifted, have been won into the pasture of the lamb? All shall know him, from the least to the greatest. So it is certain that if there be any good friends in this conference who have never before heard of this incomparable God, it is only the question of a little time when they will learn to love and adore him. Now is the accepted time. We long to give you the right hand of fellowship in Christ.

Our friend from India has said that his people have a book called the Veda, which contains the word of God. This is a delusion and a snare. There can be but one such book, and that

we possess. It is the Holy Bible, written by the dictation of God himself, word for word, and is without spot or blemish. Millions of these have been sent to Hindoostan, in the language of that country, and millions of money have been there expended to secure their study and the propagation of our faith. How can it be then that our friend has never heard of this precious volume, and still relies on this Veda for the truth? Sir, it may be our missionaries need investigating. I will make a note of it.

We have also an evil spirit called the devil. He is extremely useful in our theology. It seems they have none such in India, for our friend has mentioned none. It is a serious fault in their system. Nor has he given any indication of a heaven or a sheol. Surely no system can long survive without all these. By our promise of eternal rest in heaven for the faithful and eternal punishment in sheol for all others, we make converts by the millions. I had supposed that half of heathendom had been converted before this, but the gentleman from India seems not to have heard of it. We must look into this matter. There is a mistake somewhere. He tells us that all his people are true believers in Brahma, and the other two obscure partners in the business whose names have escaped me. Sir, this must be investigated. I fear the reports of our missionaries are not as inerrant as the bibles we have packed over there with them. I have not the utmost faith in human transactions. In the divine I have never erred. It is just possible that the impertinent and unholy assaults so continually made of late years upon our faith by a parcel of unworthy and irreverent scientists and agnostics, has so disturbed the equanimity of our boards of missions that they have exaggerated the census of harvested souls from abroad. But I do not believe it. They are pious men and draw their salaries regularly.

Sir, as I warm up in thought upon the present position of the church militant, I am emboldened to say that our ministers, of all denominations, are less aggressive than of old. There is too much tolerance, too much catering to popular prejudices and opinions. The truths of God are immutable, yet from year to year efforts are made to modify them. There was much prejudice against the masculine he-ll; we changed it, in the revision, to the feminine she-ol, thinking to tone down the punishment involved. It was a mistake. The masculine article, with all its terrors, was none too strong for sinners. The righteous of course were not disturbed by it. The demand now comes that we shall eliminate the fire and brimstone also. We must never do it. Better return to the faith of the fathers. It is demanded also that we repeal the precious doctrine of predestination. What will come next? I am satisfied that this beneficent doctrine of the elect is the only one that will ever bring any of us into glory. For surely our merits are decreasing from day to day, and the faith of the saints

seems departing from us. I wish, however, to assure our friends from abroad that the matters to which I now refer are only temporary embarrassments and of a casual nature. The great truths for which we and our God contend, are conquering and to conquer from year to year, and will soon compass the earth. This promise has been divinely made by one who never fails.

I congratulate the churches of India on the total absence of infidels, agnostics and scientists in that country. It must relieve the clergy of no end of trouble. Too much learning is making people mad with us. Only a few days ago I heard an irreverent investigator, a man of fair character too, assert that electricity is God, and that there is no other. I wondered that lightning did not strike him dead. It set my soul on fire to hear such presumptuous blasphemy. But, sir, I yield the floor to others to pursue the sacred subject.

THE SPEAKER: The parliament will now have the pleasure of listening to Rev. Dr. Don Keehoty (Catholic), Archbishop of Spain.

MR. KEEHOTY: I am impressed with the fear that those reverend men, if I may call them such, who have thus far addressed us, have an imperfect comprehension of the nature, character and purposes of the Supreme God. Why be so ambitious, so hasty and so precipitate in our efforts to convert mankind? There is plenty of leeway, and we are well assured that the grand achievement will be accomplished in the fullness of time. There are many things which I may confidentially mention to this body of devout teachers, which would be impolitic to publish to the world. Beyond doubt we might long since have converted all peoples, had we continued the approved enginery of enforced devotion, once so ardently applied in my beloved Spain. But, sir, we bethought ourselves. God doubtless has a high regard for the church and its ministers, and wishes to maintain them as a power in the land forever. This cannot be accomplished without ample and continuous revenues. Besides the glorious head of the church, and the clergy in all ranks, we have our monks, our friars, our sisters, our monasteries, our convents, our schools and colleges for sacred instruction, and a thousand and one other essential matters, which involve vast expense. Our long experience, some nineteen hundred years, mind you, has taught us that the greatest and most reliable revenues proceed from sinners, penitent for the time being, and willing to pay well for absolution. Probably as much wealth as there is now in the world, a hundred times over, has come to us from such temporary devotees, but they shortly relapse again, and again repeat their devotion; and contributions recur many times and oft. In this way chiefly, the church in all its ramifications has had ample

support, and has even become rich. We make no boast of wealth. It would be unseemly. We are always eager for more, however; and our revenues improve. If we had converted all the sinners in the long years gone by, it is plain that we would now be languishing in poverty—a most forlorn condition. A word to you my brethren in the Lord: Do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Be not too urgent in proselyting. Do not reduce the stock of impenitents too low. They are useful for revenue, and are doubtless appointed by God for that purpose. Keep your people in a commendable state of ignorance, else they may never become devout enough to contribute at all. Faith is desirable, but coin yields better to the general prosperity of the church. I give this as a word to the wise. It needs no amplification.

As to the particular subject of God, I feel that I should refrain from the discussion. We are accustomed to declare, and not to explain. It is far easier and more effective. In deference, however, to the delegations from unchristian countries, I will simply say, we have three persons and one God—the father, son and holy ghost. Each one of these is equal to either of the others, and each is the other. The son was born of a virgin, who is therefore the mother of God, and so is superior in power and influence to all of them, as mothers are well entitled to be. With deference always to the trinity, or Godhead, we prefer to worship the virgin mother. Nothing so enlists the adoration of men, and, strange to say, the women fairly dote upon worshiping one of their own sex. The pictures of her saintly countenance are of themselves irresistible invitations to worship and adoration. The crucifixes are scarcely less so. We have a vast number of other pious contrivances which seem effectually to impose upon the credulity of mankind. Very little effort is necessary on our part. The thing takes care of itself. As to infidels, there are none among us. Our people do not waste time in reading the good book. We expound to them such parts as we deem conducive to faith. The rest is to them sealed and unknown. It is better that way. Thus there is no doubt and no contention.

A word as to the multitude of scientists who, like mosquitoes, swarm about us. In the Golden Era of the Church science was regarded as a sin. It is no less so now. But of late we are inclined to foster it somewhat, that the supply of paying sinners may not run too low. Science is not dangerous. The average man will not tear things in pieces to see what they are made of, when it is far easier to swallow them whole. This is done as readily now as in the ancient days of the good preacher Jonah. The "great fish" set a most pious example, which good men of all ages have not hesitated to follow. Pursuing steadfastly the straight and narrow way, we are as happy and contented as we are numerous. The sun never sets on the true cross. My brethren, I extend to you the apostolic benediction.

REV. DR. SAWLOG (Baptist), of Oshkosh. Never did I expect, Mr. Speaker, to feel indebted to a Roman Catholic for a new idea in religion, but I must express my profound obligation to the last speaker, who is of that ancient faith. My church, and I myself, have ever possessed far more zeal than currency. I shall tie up to the trees awhile, and let the boys go ashore. It may be they will feel in a more liberal spirit when they come back to the raft, and we tie loose again to continue down the river.

THE SPEAKER: The Rev. Dr. Statechurch (Episcopal), of London, will next address you.

MR. STATECHURCH: Great Britain and all her colonies and the islands of the sea give in their adhesion to Jesus. Some centuries ago matters were in doubt with us whether Jehovah, Jesus or the Virgin was entitled to precedence. After the manner of our country, the whole affair was settled by an official and conclusive utterance. That grand and godlike man, King Henry VIII. of sainted memory, the champion and exemplar of religious liberty, personal freedom and one wife at a time, established the doctrines of the Church of England, by proclamation under the great seal. This ended all discussion or doubt forever. Our church, being attached to the State, has not to scramble for revenue, the State being attached, responsively, to the pockets of the people. Our form of faith is most restful. It conduces to that profound religious calm of both body and mind, so essential to meditation, humiliation and prayer. Without seeming to draw invidious distinctions between the numerous religious systems, all possessing great merit in this respect, I hesitate not to affirm that our own is, to the devout, the most humiliating of them all. As such I commend it to your prayerful consideration. God save the Queen!

THE SPEAKER: I have now the further pleasure of introducing the Rev. Dr. Christian Origin (Tartar), of Bengal.

MR. ORIGIN: Little did I think, sir, when leaving my beautiful home on the banks of the sacred Brahmaputra, for a pilgrimage to this grand convocation of devotees of the true God, that there would be flaunted in my face, in your presence, a counterfeit presentment of the deity, with whom my people have been well acquainted for a hundred thousand years and more; and that this pirated edition, claiming a date of only six thousand years, should be palmed off as the only true original. Sir, this is a grievous imposture, and I take pleasure here in exposing it to the world. The true name of the everlasting father of heaven is Fo. It was he who created the heavens and the earth and all the host of them, and not that youth you so much boast of. Let there be no mistake about this. It is he also who is divided into three

persons, the principal one, the vicegerent of his father on earth, being the Grand Lama. It was he who was sent to earth by his father, more than a thousand years before that other gentleman whose name has been mentioned, and who, I do not believe, was ever sent at all. The Grand Lama came to acquaint himself with the affairs of men, and did so most thoroughly. He then died and arose from the dead, proceeding to heaven to report to almighty Fo, his father, our condition and our necessities. That done he came back to us again, as he had agreed, and has ever since remained. To the Grand Lama and his father, we offer our worship, our prayers and our sacrifices, and are a contented and happy people, except when intruded upon by the so-called religious teachers from far-off heathen countries. We have our paradise, a hell and purgatory equalled by none. Our monks, our friars and our nuns are without number, who take the vows of poverty, of obedience, of chastity, and all that sort of thing. Myriads of saints also, but no martyrs, for we have never been persecuted until of late years, by heathen intrusion from Europe and this country. Our impression is that we have made a few martyrs for them, for we are warlike and bold in the defense of our firesides and our God. We have our confessors, our penances, our bishops, our priests, our holy water, our cross and our beads. Our pagods have the infinite advantage that the Grand Lama, our redeemer and intercessor, appears among us, alive and in human form, to receive our adorations and our prayers. We have not to eat his body in bread, nor drink his blood in wine. Cannibalism is unknown among us. In short, sir, to tell you the exact truth, all that has been related here of your Christian Gods, whether father or mother or son, we have in a hundred-fold greater excellence, and it is all genuine. We have no borrowed Gods. Nor are we pestered with infidels, agnostics, or other persons without faith.

I know not, sir, being a stranger in a strange land, whether the violation of ancient copyright is punishable in this country. I will see about that through our foreign minister.

THE SPEAKER: The parliament will now be entertained by an address from the Rev. Dr. Abou Ben Muchwife (Mohammedan), of Mecca.

MR. MUCHWIFE: God is great and Mahomet is his prophet! Once upon a time, few men on this globe dared dispute these great truths. To do so was death. Methinks it should be no less so now. Bismillah! It is well for you all that this parliament sits not in Arabia, the blest. False Gods may be proclaimed on oily tongues. Believe them not at your peril. The young man Jesus, who it has been alleged is held an object of worship by some, was no doubt a pious and benevolent fellow, and had some

influence in tempering the acerbities of the Hebrew faith. But the impression he made on his neighbors was so unfortunate that his father enforced his return through pain and suffering. Not so with Mahomet. When in mature life he was by divine command translated in person to the seventh heaven, and there besought by the most high, in the presence and with the concurrence of this very son, to propagate the true faith on earth and to correct the blunders of the previous youthful pilgrimage. He did so without fear. Had it not occurred that the strength of his piety and the force of his arms were arrested by the unexpected command of him who sent him, there could have been no parliament of religions here to-day. None would have remained, but those devoted to Allah and his prophet. The mystery surrounding this arrest of our conquering arms, has ever been great throughout all Islam. If I mistake not our Catholic friend from Spain has solved the riddle to-day. We also, in our most holy work, find revenue most comfortable. If we had no enemies we could levy no contributions upon them, and beyond doubt the faithful would be less disposed to tithes. I accept, on behalf of the prophet and his followers, the gracious explanation. We have destroyed our enemies by the millions. Our scimiters are keen for more Christian blood. Methinks it will be well to call a parley and may be a truce. The prophet may stand in still higher honor.

Far be it from me to solicit favor at your hands. To command and execute is the rule of Moslem. Yet I cannot forbear to remark upon the grand contrast patent throughout Christendom, between the followers of the youth to whom I have referred, and our mature prophet of God, the founder of the true faith. I perceive, and am assured, that throughout all Christendom, intemperance and drunkenness run rampant and without restraint, and it is said your politics and your governments are controlled by the craze of alcohol. In this grand cosmopolis of Chicago there are seven thousand public saloons. That means seventy thousand drunkards and more. Gambling also is a besetting vice, dating back even to the casting of lots for the raiment of your Saviour. Can it be that your God cannot destroy these evils? In no Mohammedan country is there a saloon, a drunkard or a gambler. The prophet of God forbade it, and the command is obeyed. Were there no other evidence that this mighty prophet excels him you worship, as does the sun a meteor, this should suffice.

Reference has been made to infidels, agnostics and scientists as obstacles to religious faith. There are none such with us. The bastinado still survives.

I have been requested to enlighten this parliament on the subject of polygamy, a delightful tenet of our book of books, the Koran. Polygamy exists with us. Adultery does not. The difference is plain. I leave to the delegates here assembled,

without comment, the question, which system best accords with the conscience of good men, and is most likely to receive the gracious favor of almighty God?

MR. URIM THUMMIM (Mormon), of Salt Lake City: I desire, Mr. Speaker, at this time, to commend some of the excellent remarks of the delegate from Arabia. The prophet worshipped by him, and who favors a plurality of wives, was for many centuries entitled to respectful credence as a later revelation from heaven than all the others then extant, and certainly he preached most comfortable doctrines. But, sir, his credentials and his power have been superseded by the more modern and unquestionable revelation to our prophet Joseph Smith, the head of the Church of Latter Day Saints. It is scarce sixty years, sir, since the word of God, as contained in the Book of Mormon, was revealed to the world. Yet in that short space of time, a mere span, not less than half a million of souls have enlisted under the resplendent banner of the true church. Our temple to the most high, just completed, costing five million dollars, voluntarily contributed, and compared with which this great Gallery of Art is a mere lean-to, raises its proud turrets toward the zenith of our hopes, and assures us, as our prophet has promised, that all nations of the earth shall bow down and worship his holy name. Where was the Church of Christ at that age, and where the mosques of Mahomet? There was not a corporal's guard in either one of them. The drift of religious thought is our way. None can be so blind as not to see it.

THE SPEAKER: The Rev. Dr. Wungod (Unitarian), of Boston, will next continue the discussion.

MR. WUNGOD: The principal matter developed here, as to which there appears a diversity of opinion, is whether there is one God or more than one. The true name and conformation of the Deity are also in controversy. I cheerfully stand with the reverend gentleman from Jerusalem in proclaiming that there is but one God. His name I conceive to be immaterial. I cannot believe that he possesses a form. It is certain that neither the Grand Lama, nor Jesus, nor Mahomet, nor Joseph Smith, nor any other man, has had a mission from heaven to earth, any more than has each and every member of this parliament of devout worshippers. This proposition I will proceed to make plain to you by ample and conclusive proofs.

VOICES: "Put him out!" "Put him out!" "Question?" "Question?" "Down with one God," etc., etc.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DELAWARE: I call the gentleman from Boston to order. Not only are his remarks heretical in such high degree as to cause this great commotion, but, what is worse, he

now proposes to go on and prove their truth. This is quite unprecedented. In the sovereign State of Delaware good men would call such conduct "treason to the King of Kings." I insist that such irreverent discussion should cease.

THE SPEAKER: The point of order is well taken. The remarks objected to infringe directly upon the eleventh commandment which reads: "In all religious discussions boldly assert, but never prove. Draw on the imagination for facts, and on the credulity for confirmation." The reverend gentleman from Boston, Mr. Wungod, is clearly out of order, and will resume his seat.

THE SPEAKER: Further discussion will now proceed, in order, by the Rev. Dr. Li Lung (Confucian), from Pekin, sole representative of the grand Empire of China, and having a proxy to cast its entire vote. Please give attention.

MR. LUNG: I sabe ver good English, and speakee de samee. No need for interpletee. You jus hear wut I speakee and putee him down. That's all lite. I lepesent de Chinee Empire, more as hundred tousand million peoples. We great nation, more as a fly. More as hundred million years ago, we was jus so many we be now. Chinee Joss live then. He livee forever. Makee de world. Makee everything. We have one man Confutse. He God too. Know more, forgetee more eby day, than allee dem other fellees you spoke about. One Joss not nuffee for so muchee people. Too faree away. Not can see him. We must have him wid us, so we see him, feel him. Ebby body wantee him. We makee million Joss, many million, one for each Chinee. Some two for centee, some one centee, some two for five, some one dime, best one haff-dollar, for lich men. Every one got him handy in him hands, in him pocket, just like Melican man jack-knife, calk screw. Joss he hear de prayer, forgive de sins, make Chinee happy. Dis de greatee God, you call him, of Chinee. Oldest of allee and best. Good enough for us. Want no other. Don't caree you gotee him or not. Not trouble you bout dat. Maybe you be dam. Maybe not. Can't say. Don't caree. Plenty Joss, good crop lice, plenty lat, Chinaman allee light. Makee no mistake. Vote for Joss.

THE SPEAKER: No other delegates having signified a desire to continue the discussion, although the chair perceives many others whose souls seem deeply stirred, and their eyes bathed in tears, an informal ballot will now be taken for the choice of God. The delegates present are entitled, under the rules, to cast the number of ballots apportioned by the committee to the countries

respectively represented by them, on the basis of their respective worshippers. The tellers will pass around and receive the ballots, during which the organist will play the grand old anthem entitled "Auld Lang Syne."

"Should old acquaintance be forgot," etc.

THE SPEAKER: The result of the informal ballot has been eighteen hundred votes cast, of which the respective candidates received as follows :

	Arabia.	Africa.	China.	Europe.	India.	Persia.	South America.	United States.	Utah.	Total.
Number of Votes...	100	200	600	245	500	50	50	50	5	1800
Brahma	350	4	..	354
Christ	55	12	..	67
Grand Lama	5	49	1	..	55
Jehovah	40	8	..	48
Joss	600	1	..	601
Mohomet	99	198	...	35	99	49	..	1	..	481
Jos. Smith	5	5
Virgin	89	49	21	..	159
Scattering	1	2	...	21	2	1	1	2	..	30

THE SPEAKER: No candidate having received a majority of votes on the informal ballot, what is the further pleasure of the parliament?

MR. A. S. TONISHED (Congregational), of Chicago: It seems to me, Mr. Speaker, that there must be something wrong in the count. The heathen candidates seem to have the preponderance. I move for a change of tellers on the formal ballot, and suggest that they be selected from this country, to guard against fraud.

MR. LI LUNG, of China. I move you Joss be chosee by acclamation.

MR. ABOU BEN MUCHWIFE, of Mecca: I move that on the formal ballot the votes be confined to the two highest candidates, Mahomet and Joss.

THE SPEAKER: The parliament will come to order. The chair recognizes the gentleman from New York, Mr. Nonplust, who offers the following resolution:

Resolved, That the World's Parliament of Religions, conscious of the grave and exalted duties committed to its charge, and grieved at the unexpected result of the ballot just taken, in failing

to unanimously indicate the true God as its choice, reverently relegates the whole matter to the respective constituencies of the delegates here present, for further and prayerful consideration.

THE SPEAKER: If no objections are made, the resolution will be considered as unanimously adopted, and it is so ordered.

THE SPEAKER: The following resolution is offered by the Rev. Dr. Abednigger, delegate from Congo:

Resolved, That the World's Parliament of Religions expresses its thanks to the common carriers throughout the world for free transportation to and from this place; to the citizens of Chicago for free entertainment during our stay in this grand cosmopolis, and to Columbus for discovering America. We have had a joyful season of refreshment and consolation, for which we are profoundly grateful, and especially rejoice that each of us will go hence confirmed in the true faith, and this we do "in the name of all the Gods at once."

THE SPEAKER: The resolution is adopted by a unanimous vote. The parliament stands adjourned for one hundred years, to reconvene at this place. The organ will peal "Nearer My God to Thee" as the delegates pass out.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1893.

OUR OTHER WORLD FROM A MODERN STAND-POINT.

PART I.—IS THERE HAPPINESS IN HELL?

BY E. P. POWELL.

ST. GEORGE MIVART, the eminent Catholic evolutionist, in *The Nineteenth Century*, has thoroughly succeeded in startling the world of thinkers and believers with the interrogative proposition, "Is there Happiness in Hell"? He bravely solves the problem that there is and essentially must be. So permeating is the influence of the doctrine of Evolution that when once accepted, as it has been by Mr. Mivart, it leaves no spot of the universe, and no condition of existence not either degenerative or regenerative. The damned (condemned) in hell must either be going down and out or upward and onward. Mr. Nievort is too thorough an evolutionist not to see this and feel it.

What, then, is to become of the notion that hell is an eternal condition of intense misery? Can it be harmonized with development, or must all the damned ultimately burn out? It is sufficiently stimulating to hear Mr. Mivart bluntly say that the modern mind feels an abhorrence for beliefs that were viewed with complacency for many ages, and that our more highly evolved moral perceptions are shocked beyond expression at the doctrine that countless multitudes of mankind will burn forever in hell-fire, out of which there is no redemption. For, truly, if this be so, and it be further true that we must deny that these older views are essential to Christianity, how shall we know but that the more highly evolved moral sentiment of one or two centuries more will not also disprove even Mr. Mivart's conceptions? If the truth about hell is determined by the *status quo* of public opinion, what, really, is hell? Is it a changeable factor in the universe, not dependent on any inhering principles of eternal right, not dependent on the will of a Supreme Being, but evolving in accord with our evolving moral natures? In that case the question is easily answered; and we can say not only there is happiness in hell, but there will be more happiness, and in the continuance of the ages this will become positive bliss and exquisite joy. It does not matter that heaven is, after all, ahead in happiness. It all comes to this, that heaven and hell are subject to evolutionary laws, and are, therefore, very much like the front coach and the rear coach on a train that is going through the same region of territory with the same air to breathe and the same landscapes to view. "The monstrosities of former representations are apt now to raise a smile"; will not the efforts to patch up a truce with science hereafter raise a smile? For you will see that the patches are very large and very motley. (1.) Comes the necessity of a compromise in the way of definition—a new distinction between natural and supernatural. Says Mr. Mivart: "By what is termed natural, Catholic theologians mean all the creatures that God has created, with all the powers and capacities of such creatures." "By supernatural is meant an order of creation on which he has bestowed qualities and powers of an absolutely different kind to those inherent in or arising from their *nature*." "Between the state of grace (supernatural) and the state of mere nature there can be no possible comparison." The necessity for this unique definition is the fact that in some way

there must be kept up a distinction between the evolving saints and the evolving damned. The latter must not be allowed to overtake the former, or possibly to outstrip them; for really Darwin after Loyola, or Cavour after Leo. X., or Gladstone after Cardinal Newman, would not be easily kept in the rear. But this danger is disposed of by the fact that the blessed in heaven and those excluded from it constitute two genera; one the natural, and the other the supernatural. "Between the supernatural condition or state of grace and the state of mere nature there can be no possible comparison."

So we get at the very startling conclusion that "there is a process of evolution in hell, and that the existence of the damned is one of progress and gradual amelioration"—but we are also compelled to believe that the lost can never be raised to supernatural beatitude; "for (*sic*) the tenants of hell are its tenants eternally." That is they cannot, even with eternal evolution, get out of and above hell; and the reason is "because they are its tenants eternally." This sort of logic must be taken for what it is worth. Can it be possible that absolutely eternal progress on the part of a doomed Virgil will not bring him up to the starting-point of St. Paul? Will Phillips Brooks, after infinite ages of development, not be able to touch the lower rung of the ladder of his noble friend Archbishop Ireland?

We must turn for a moment to a keener scrutiny of the occupants of the infernal regions. Among the excluded from heaven are, we are assured, "of course unbaptized infants," "adults who die with their moral and intellectual faculties so imperfectly developed as to be in this matter like children." But Mr. St. George Mivart does not quote the Lord Jesus as authority on this point, when he says, "for of such (children) is the kingdom of heaven." Among those specifically enumerated as excluded from Paradise are such as "Virgil and other pagan worthies." With this sort of classification of the damned it clearly becomes a question how to make hell miserable. For I imagine that, after all, Jesus was correct, that children are near God by their very child-like natures. It would be hard to constitute a positive hell of such elements; and when you come to include such men as Emerson, Father Taylor's judgment was that you would make hell so attractive as to take that way, by choice, the only decent people.

We come, then, to point two, which is that punishment is not always positive, but often negative. "For one thing is very certain that no one will ever be punished with the positive punishments of the life to come, who has not, with full knowledge, complete consciousness and full consent, turned his back on Almighty God." To a mind at all trained to inexorable logic this leads to the conclusion that some are in a state of direct torture in hell, while others are not. That is, some are too good to be hurt for their sinfulness; and yet, being companions of the tortured, have not character enough to suffer with or for them. These *in medias res* creatures, whom Mr. Mivart works so hard to get out of suffering, are, after all, then, the most worthless rubbish, that might better be made something of by positive torment. I cannot but recall the words of a sadly overtaxed Calvinistic college professor, who imagined himself lost. The question was asked him, "Well, if you really must go to hell, what will you do there?" "Open a prayer-meeting at once to help the lost, and beg God to let them out when they repent." But Mr. Mivart is less consistent. He demonstrates and describes the bulk of hell's population to be so utterly immoral that they do not suffer in the sufferings of others, and then suggests that they are undergoing a state of evolution. Put his two points together and we get a state of moral dementia, moving upward by stages of evolution; and yet by eternal progress never getting out of hell. To clinch this astounding logic he not only quotes the Fathers, but avers positively that "to think that God could punish men, however *slightly*, still less could damn them for all eternity, for anything which they had not full power to avoid; or for any act, the nature or consequences of which they did not fully understand, is a doctrine so monstrous and revolting that stark Atheism is plainly a preferable belief. God, as just, owes to each man who is to be held responsible sufficient information as to his duty, in every trial. Secondly, he owes to each man sufficient aid to enable him to fulfill what he sees to be his duty; and, thirdly, he owes to everyone a just recompense in exact accordance with his merit and demerit,—each voluntary thought, word and deed being taken into account." He even allows that "a large proportion of many men's actions cannot be freely controlled by them on account of ancestral influences, early associations, or intellectual and volitional feebleness." "For these

the God of justice must and will make every allowance," yet the most allowance actually averred by our essayist is exclusion from paradise, in a condition harmonious with themselves. "Perfectly happy, according to their nature, they could no more desire the supernatural state than fishes can desire to be birds, or oysters sigh because they are not butterflies." It is hardly worth while to ask why birds and butterflies symbolize a heavenly state any more than fishes and oysters. But it is worth our while to be informed how it is that evolution can be supposed to go on with human, moral intelligence of the oyster sort—eternally happy in their oyster condition.

But Mr. Mivart is an evolutionist. As such he knows that men have existed on this globe for vast ages before the Christian plan of salvation was ever suggested to human beings. He is, therefore, compelled to account for the multitudes of generations who lived before the Nazarene. "Let us imagine a man in perfect health of mind and body, intelligent, amiable and wealthy, enjoying the universal esteem of all who know him; the devoutest affection of his family, the peace of a good conscience and the happiness of a natural love of and union with God. Let us further suppose that all his wishes are gratified, and that he has a full and certain knowledge that his great felicity will exist unimpaired and be unceasingly enjoyed by him for all eternity. Yet such a being will be in hell. Such, at least, according to Catholic teaching, will be the lot of the immense multitude of mankind who, from before the formation of the earliest flint instrument to the present day, have died unbaptized." This, certainly, is doing far better by the river-drift and cave men, and the anthropoid ancestors of these, the missing links of continuity, than has been attempted by any other school of theology. It is a state of natural union with God, provided only that they have committed no mortal sin. But as a just God must make "every allowance" for "ancestral influence" these primal anthropoids can hardly be supposed capable of a mortal sin. Indeed it would be difficult probably for even Mr. Mivart to fix on that exact point in human evolution when cannibalism became a mortal sin, deserving the *pœna damni*; and ceased to be a merely ancestral bias.

It is truly pitiful to watch the tortures of an intellectual sort to which a good man is subjected by the very fact that *he* is one of the elect to Paradise, and has to explain his position. "Since

the inexpressibly higher condition, according to the Church, carries with it fearful risks and responsibilities, there is, on church principles, small reason to regret the late advent and limited diffusion of Christianity, or the falling away from the Church of masses of Christians." Indeed he is inclined to think it may have been a real gain. In plain English, Saxon and blunt, we are told that the plan of salvation for mankind is, after all, not for mankind at all; that it is a good thing so few receive it; that it is lucky so many fall away from it. It is a joyful thought that the Redeemer of humanity, whom the Church makes such expensive efforts to preach to all the world, never was preached any sooner than he was, or to more than he has been. It actually is better for the mass of mankind to reject Christ and refuse the beatific love. There will be a moiety that will believe and will be baptized and saved; and this is the limit of the Divine plan. Practically this doctrine has been involved in hyper-Calvinism; but I believe English literature of this century nowhere else has so blandly stated it; and with such an air of innocence. It is "best" that most people do not go to heaven; it is best that most do go to hell—the "unbaptized babes" and the paleolithic anthropoids together included.

Plainly it is high time, after all this which has been done for the negatively damned, to reconstruct our theology for those who are positively under torture—at least suffering, by Mr. Mivart's own previous definition, "the poignancy of persistent regret." Whatever incoherency may be involved, there is no hesitation in doing this. So, as a climax, we are finally informed that it is good church doctrine to believe that the hell of even the positively damned, who have forfeited grace bestowed, may be regarded as only a place which God has from all eternity prepared for those who will not accept the higher goods offered by him—a graded heaven in fact. Hell thus becomes but one apartment of Paradise. Not to seem to over state his position I give his own language. "According to it (the Church) no one in the next life suffers the deprivation of any happiness he can imagine or desire. Hell, in its widest sense, must be considered as an abode of happiness transcending all our most vivid anticipations, so that man's natural capacity for happiness is thus gratified to the very utmost." This astounding and overwhelming surrender of the eschatology promulgated from the earliest

Christian era, a doctrine found in its full vigor in Augustine, Tertullian, the Gregories and the Seraphic Doctor; none the less lying at the corner-stone of all Papal bulls and decrees of councils; will be reckoned as the inevitable consequence of the surrender of the doctrine of creation, *ab nihilo*, to the hypothesis of Evolution. It is no longer possible, "even for the Catholic theologian of the most severe and rigid school, to deny that there is and there will be for all eternity a real and true happiness in hell."

Why, then, if this doctrine of progress in hell be true, why has it never been preached by the Church? Why, in fact, has the very opposite been the loud burden of ecclesiastical oratory for ages? Because it was absolutely necessary that the truth should be suppressed and a false impression be conveyed. I do not overstate or even over emphasize this article of the new creed of "Orthodox Evolution." Indeed I am placing it mildly. Mr. Mivart says: "In order to bring home to men what their loss will be, should they by vice and malice forfeit so inconceivable a beatitude, it has been necessary to represent that loss by means of such symbols as may most inadequately and most effectively strike the imaginations of the greatest multitude of mankind." "The preachers and writers of the Church, her sculptors and her painters have barely done their duty in seeking to portray the contrast between such loss and gain (as are involved in hell and heaven), by the most practically serviceable symbols at their disposal." And yet in this very same article, Mr. Mivart says of these very same teachings that "their grotesque realism and the *monstrosities* of such representations were a part of the bible for the people"; also, "that the modern mind has come to abhorrence for such beliefs—and not only the sentiment of our day but its more highly evolved moral perceptions are shocked beyond expression at the doctrine that countless multitudes will burn forever in hell-fire." Really which ground are we to stand on; that Jonathan Edwards and the Catholic author of "Hell Opened for Christians" were excusable for falsehoods of a most horrible sort; or that the moral sentiment of our age is right, that such extraordinary pictures of the future life, drawn by men totally for the purpose of terrifying unbelievers, comes itself nearer to deserving eternal punishment than any other crime in the category of the deliberate and persistent purposing of the human intellect?

Yet I cannot but return thanks to this very able and brilliant

defender of accepted doctrine for having shown us that which may be presumed to be the best possible argument of supernaturalism with modern science. Clearly in the field of eschatology is the next battle of reason and love with our heredity from primitive science and the sentiment of a brute force age. The love of God so burns in the hearts of a more ethical age that it cannot tolerate the harsh conceptions that suited themselves at one time very well to popular sentiment concerning mercy and benevolence. In my next article I propose to discuss the question, "Can there be Happiness in Heaven?" This I desire to follow with two or three more brief articles touching on "our other world" from a modern standpoint.

"CREATION, FAITH, WORSHIP, RELIGION."

By HARRY HOOVER.

WORDS are vocal, or written signs, which, by common consent, express an idea.

Lord Kames and Spencer are equally of the opinion that in expressing our ideas we should employ those words that will require the least expenditure of mental energy on the part of our hearers to grasp and assimilate our thoughts. So in justice to ourselves, as well as our hearers, we should employ only such signs as will meet with a ready response in the experience of our auditors as applied to the common consent and usage of mankind.

That writer, or speaker, finds readiest access to the understanding of his hearers who employs words with which they are familiar, and which have a known current value; and dictionaries are useful in determining this value, where there may be any uncertainty. And he who defies, or sets at naught, this plain law by wresting a word from its legitimate and known meaning, or attempting to give it a new, or unnatural meaning, by making it connote attributes entirely foreign to its office does so at his own peril and ought to be adjudged an outlaw—a pirate on the high seas of literature.

As an advocate of plain English and intellectual integrity I wish to, here and now, enter a solemn protest against the dialectic ledgerdmain of a certain school of writers who do not seem to have the moral courage to say what they mean, and think that in consequence of their superior skill in casuistry and practice in

verbal pyrotechnics, they can bewilder, hypnotize and lead us astray at their sweet will. As an illustration of the tendency of which I complain, I may cite the words at the head of this article.

"CREATION."

In the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE of October, 1902, page 599, Hon. T. B. Wakeman of New York says: "The different kinds of matter do not chemically interpenetrate, but they solve and melt together into a third, or other, substance, different from either, which is a *new creation*."

That is a rather startling announcement, viewed in any light. Webster defines "Create"—"To bring into being; to form out of nothing; to cause to exist."

According to Mr. Wakeman matter is continually being created *de novo*, and as it was created *ab initio* from ether (page 605) and no particle was ever known to return, it logically follows that the "*materia prima*"—if not exhausted an eternity ago—must soon be. But perhaps Webster is outlawed and "this dictionary superstition (has been) recovered from" and our new school philosophers are at liberty to give the word any signification that may suit caprice, or bolster up a theory that sadly stands in need of such questionable aid.

"FAITH."

"The assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting solely on his authority and veracity, reliance on testimony." (Webster's International Dictionary.)

"Where Faith commences, Science ends. Faith has its origin in the poetic imagination; knowledge, on the other hand, originates in the reasoning intelligence of man." (Prof. Ernest Haeckel.)

So it would seem that Faith is pretty well understood to be the antithesis of Knowledge. But nowadays we cannot be reasonably certain of anything; for Mr. T. B. Wakeman gravely informs us that "the new *faith* places nearly every thing and every motive; and therefore nearly every word in the dictionary under a new light."

The almost infinite self-possession necessary to enable a man to pen the above sentence is something sublime to contemplate. It matters little to the author that words which had their inception at the birth of the language, have grown and strengthened

with its progress, become crystallized in its written and printed pages, incorporated in its vocabularies, and done sturdy service in ten thousand contests, still claims to be recognized as "genuine coin of the realm." With a wave of his imperial hand he upsets the established usage of ages, defies "the opinions of mankind," annihilates dictionaries, and introduces intellectual chaos and literary anarchy. To such an Ishmaelite it is of no consequence that scholars and common people equally recognize the necessity of attaching definite meaning to given words in order to facilitate social, commercial and intellectual intercourse.

That *belief* and *faith* should be universally regarded as denoting something different from *knowledge* and *science*, does not disturb him in the least. He just brings out the incandescent lamp of the "New Faith," and under its magic glare the most solid word in any dictionary dances into thin air, or takes on the most fantastic shapes.

"WORSHIP."

"Humanity is a trinity. ONE ever composed of these three (past, present and future) and must ever be served and worshiped as such." (T. B. Wakeman.)

The very idea of worship implies *abasement* of the worshiper, and is, therefore, incompatible with the true dignity of manhood. Worship is a relic of the past, a survival of savagery. Away in the dim recesses of antiquity, Isis and Osiris sat on the thrones of Egypt, and stamped their worship on the granite monuments of the Nile. Brahma, Vishnu and Siva arose in India and swayed the destinies of the human race. Majestic Jove and lovely Juno, from the summit of Mt. Olympus, flung the silver fetters that bound the intellect of polished Greece and martial Rome. For untold ages, the gods have squatted like toads upon the world and dwarfed the minds of men. But each, in turn, have joined "that innumerable caravan that marches to the pale realms of shade, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death." To-day the Christian Gods, Jehovah, Jesus, Mary, Satan and the Bible are on trial. Shall *they* be found an exception to all that have gone before? They are weighed and found wanting, and they too must "fold their tents like Arabs and as silently steal away." And when the gods have all gone, have flitted away like birds of the night before the dawn, been banished to

the Siberia of Oblivion, what then? Man will still be here. Slowly struggling up from the mephitic atmosphere of ignorance, the slimy pool of superstition, and the bloody morass of religion, he will *stand erect and cease to worship*—even himself.

In that good time coming man will no longer kneel in the dust before heavenly tyrants of his own creation ; but, “emancipated, redeemed and disenthralled,” will stand firmly upon the apex of the world : woman, the queen of his heart, his equal, by his side : himself king of kings, lords of lords and god of gods.

“RELIGION.”

“The outward act or form by which man indicates the recognition of the existence of God, or gods having power over his destiny, to whom obedience, service and honor are due.” (Webster’s International Dictionary.)

“Religion means the conscious relation between man and God.” (Schaff, Herzog, Encyclopedia.)

“Religion, as distinguished from theology, is subjective, designating the feelings and acts of men which relate to God.” (Ibid.)

“The essential thing in religion, and the only essential thing, is, that which was in it from the beginning, in its source and foundation, and which has continued in it ever since. The only essential point which remains in Christianity * * are faith in Jesus as the Christ, as the Son of God, and the practical purpose of attaining that love to God of which he is the mediator.” (James Freeman Clark.)

“Religion, in the widest reach of the word, comprehends all frames of feelings, all forms of faith and acts of worship to which man is impelled by his fears, or drawn by his hopes, towards superhuman beings, and powers, or their visible representatives. Wonder, born of ignorance and fear, unite to produce veneration * * A cowering dread, an awe-struck desire to propitiate their favors, or their mercy.

Without the imagination it cannot exist. It is not respect for right, nor a sense of justice, nor a love of excellence that first starts religion, but awe of power and mystery.” (Johnson’s Universal Cyclopedia.)

The foregoing authorities undoubtedly supposed they were defining religion. But Mr. Wakeman is of a different opinion, for he tells us that “religion is the only one word which in

human language describes the *sum total* of all the relations of the world, objective and subjective."

Just here I may be permitted to express my profound admiration for the genius of a gentleman who can invent an India rubber dictionary of sufficient expansive power to make "one word describe the sum total of all the relations of the world," and that word too—"religion." Will miracles never cease?

As a convenient background I wish to quote a few more authorities, or at least those once recognized as such.

"The knowledge of our duties may be derived either from the consideration of the relations which exist between God and ourselves, or from the teachings of revealed truth. The knowledge of these duties, and the practice thereof, constitute religion." ("Evidences of Religion.")

This is the authoritative definition of religion as held and understood by 200,000,000 Roman Catholics, but it has the disadvantage of not conforming to the modern standard of elasticity.

"Religion, in all its forms, is distinguished from everything else, in this, that its subject matter is that which passes the sphere of experience. A religious creed which is definable as a theory of original causation." (Spencer.)

"Religion is a mental faculty which, independent of, nay in spite of, sense and reason, enables a man to apprehend the infinite, under different names and varying disguises. Without that faculty no religion—not even the lowest form of worship of idols and fetiches—would be possible." (Max Muller in the "Origin of Religion.")

And yet Mr. Wakeman tells us that "*Liberty and Union, Order and Progress* are the watch words of its newer meaning." These meanings must be so "new" that they have failed to influence public opinion to any appreciable extent; as witness the following utterances:

"Religion: A myth, meant to explain natural phenomena, a rite meant to still the wrath, or win the favor of the higher powers." (Bishop Teile in the "Encyclopedia Britannica.")

"Religion: A knowledge, veneration and love of God." ("McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia.")

"A definition of God is an impossibility." (Max Muller in "Physical Religion," page 116.)

"The essence of religion is mystery. The sole aim of science is to clear up, and thus do away with mystery." (*Popular Science Monthly*, Feb. 1893.)

"Religion belongs neither to the domain of science nor morals. It is essentially neither knowledge nor conduct, but emotion only. (Schliermacher.)

"Religion is made the apology for greater atrocities than any other word spoken by man." (Prescott.)

But why continue? I might fill a volume with quotations from historians, lexicographers, theologians, legislators and jurists to show that the word "religion" had from time immemorial, and still has, the world over, a recognized meaning, that all the verbal prestidigitation of a select Machiavellian coterie can never conceal or transmute.

Mr. Wakeman says: "Those only are abreast of their age who keep up with the newer and truer meaning of old words. The progress of science and civilization soon sends every dictionary to the rear and forms a new one without making scarcely a new word."

It is said that "desperate cases require desperate measures," but it hardly seems possible that it was necessary for Mr. Wakeman to resort to such statements as the foregoing. He is, probably, not ignorant of the fact that about two hundred words per annum are added to our vocabulary; yet he innocently informs us that "once in a great while a new word is introduced into the new language," and that "scientists have to use the same word—religion—to express their solution of the world."

I am at a loss to account for these extraordinary statements. If they were made by Talmage I could readily find a solution, but coming from a scholar and a philosopher they are inexplicable. Can it be that a professed reformer is guilty of following the strange god Expediency?—practicing policy at the expense of principle. It would seem so, for he advises the army of progress to appropriate the fortresses of the enemy," and calls that "good strategy." Or, in other words, he advises us to join the Church, pretend that we are "religious," and then *reform the Church from the inside*. Aside from the abandonment of principle involved in the proposed strategy, is Mr. Wakeman so "child-like and bland" as to suppose, for one instant, that we could deceive the enemy by such tactics? A reformer who is willing to play the

jackdaw ought not to be surprised if he is detected and his dishonorable duplicity exposed. If we have any principles let us stand by them, and if our progress be slow it will be permanent and we will have the satisfaction of knowing that we have not played the hypocrite, or stooped to employ the artifices of the demagogue. We shall maintain our own respect and deserve that of the world at large. Even if we attempted to act upon the advice to "secularize religion," we would find it utterly impossible. "You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear." Calling a rattlesnake a humming-bird will not change the nature of the reptile, and calling religion "the religion of Humanity" will not humanize, or civilize, the monster.

Religion may be difficult to define, but everybody knows what it is by nature. It does not ask; it does not need anybody to define it—much less to give it "a newer and truer" interpretation. It has defined itself in unmistakable characters. It has written this definition across the page of history with a pen of iron dipped in the blood of martyrs, punctuated the lines with cannonballs, and lit up the page with the fagot of zeal for God. The record is one that ought to damn the word for all time and relegate it to the lumber-room of the language occupied by its congeners, the rack, the thumb-screw and iron boot. The record is one that all the snows of Siberia can never whiten or the spices of Araby sweeten while time shall last.

PITTSBURGH, PA., 315 Wood St., May 18, 1893.

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

By HORACE A. TENNEY.

MANKIND, from the infancy of the race, perceiving beyond doubt their existence on earth, and that by death they soon disappear, have never ceased to wonder whether they will live hereafter. The problem involved has been the subject of more discussion, more speculation, and the basis of more elaborate essays than all others that interest human thought.

That the soul exists is always assumed as a fundamental proposition in all theologies. He is held a daring man who disputes or raises a doubt upon the subject. It is so pleasing to the average man to be told that beyond this world there is another of shadowy forms, in which he is to reappear as a unit, in posses-

sion of all the faculties, modes of thought, mental qualities, and even the passions of this life, that he stands not on the tame exaction of proof. If a believer, he is ever ready to vent his wrath on the doubter. In this fortress of credulity imagination has full play; it is the stronghold of all theologies, the place of retreat when hard pressed by reason.

Now, from a philosophical and scientific point of view, what evidence exists upon this subject? If man has a soul, it must be something planted by nature in the human organization at the beginning of life, in the same or a similar manner to mind, with its specialized organs of action. We cannot conceive it as originating in nothing. To be conceivable it must be something that has resided somewhere in the human body, and been subject to all laws and changes that are included under the name of "mentality." It cannot be mind, for physiology has been able to determine the conditions under which mind exists, the force by which it is developed, and without which it could have no existence.

Starting then with what is known as the primitive trace, or simple cell, clothed with a power of multiplying and growing upon itself, the soul, if it exists, must in its time and order have passed through every phase of the human body previous to birth. These are all animal types, a zoophyte, a polyp, a rudimental fish, a reptile, a bird, a marsupial, a mammal, not to mention other forms with different nervous organizations. All these are essential steps to the birth of a child. What indications of the presence of a soul can be mentioned while this process of gestation has been going forward?

Birth introduces the babe to new and essentially changed conditions. Maternity has discharged its office, the child now becomes an air-breather, dependent for life upon the oxidizing of the blood, the consumption of carbon, which henceforth is the vital force of life. For about one year, all actions are of a reflex kind. If mind exists, it is not active. The sensory nerves soon begin to receive and record impressions. These, throughout childhood and youth, are extremely vivid and lasting. The centenarian more easily recalls the events of youth than of the preceding hour. His mind is failing. Present mental impressions have little strength. The store-house of memory is nearly full. Out of millions, and perhaps billions, of impressions, thus stored away involuntarily during a long life in the mind, it has a maga-

zine upon which to exercise its forces—to assort the items, to weigh, compare, ponder, assimilate or reject, as an experienced reason shall decide. This may be styled the analysis of thought. But what is thought, save the product of force? Whence does this force originate, but in the consumption of carbon through the agency of the lungs, and the nourishment of the body at large? There can be no thought without the force that creates it. The brain is the seat and center of this force, and the union of all the forces constitutes the mind. Phrenology proves that the brain is not a unit, but is distinctly apportioned into what may be called faculties, which are duplicated in such manner that the organs in one lobe may correct illusions in the other; so one may dream, while the other is awake. Nor is there any line or place where physical force may be separated from mental force. No difference exists except in the form of manifestation, and the organs employed. All spring alike from one source, and that is food supply or combustion. With age and reduced powers, mind and body decay until the force that sustains them ceases to act, when nothing remains but death. If the mind is the soul, how are we to conclude that when force ceased, both did not perish at the same moment? But force is immortal. All organic things can die, but force cannot. It will always persist, as it always has persisted, without diminution of potency. Death, therefore, is the withdrawal of the forces which before animated and sustained life.

And now the mind or mental force being dead, what is left out of the former combination which can be called soul or spirit? By what reasoning process can we imagine that out of a cessation of all laws of life—out of nothing indeed—the death of the mind is the birth of a soul. What is it that leaves the body? Is it anything of tangible kind? Has anyone ever seen a soul? Has any mechanism been devised by the wit of man to gather an impression of this fabulous and immaterial thing? To say it is a shade is to suppose it at least a shadow of something. We know that mind is force which can project its thoughts upon paper, and thus leave a durable mark for others to read. Can the soul do this? If not, then the element of force is lacking, and nothing remains but a fanciful form of the imagination of purely supernatural kind, entirely outside of the known or knowable.

Nature, as far as any proof exists, deals only with the material

and laws of the material. It is impassive, and moves resistlessly under laws of necessity that never vary. Nor does it ever encumber itself with what is wholly useless, for any known purpose. If heaven and hell exist, it must be from supreme necessity. Mankind have occupied the globe for a period so vast that the science of mathematics halts when it comes to computation by years. To accommodate the great collection of souls accumulated in that vast period, theology has invented two regions wholly outside of anything known; one is to hold the saints, the other the sinners, but as only a beggarly portion goes to heaven, hell gets the balance, and Satan's subjects far outnumber the Lord's. How can any sane person believe that nature, which does nothing not comprehensible by reason, wastes energy by taking charge of such useless realms, for no other purpose but to reward the saints and torment the sinners?

But, it is said that doubt of a future life is a dreadful, cheerless doctrine. Mankind want to believe they are to live always. But is the doctrine really more cheerful, that death is not endless rest, that the sorrows and woes of life are perchance to be repeated on another field, and that we are to be tried for the frivolous acts and faults of this life at some future and uncertain period, so that no one can know his ultimate destiny until the celestial court passes sentence? Is not faith in such a cheerless prospect far more terrible than belief that death is the end of all that can harass or vex us?

All history proves that the more ignorant the nation or person, the more certainty prevails that souls will live after death. Ignorance is not troubled by the doubts that afflict intelligence. The fetish of ignorance corresponds with its credulity. The barbarian is far more certain of what he does not even pretend to know anything about, than the enlightened minds of intelligent investigators after a long research. Ghosts and the like are always in stock for the ignorant. That men can converse with spirits is an article of prime theological faith. It is blasphemy to inquire what proof exists that a soul or spirit survives the cessation of human life. Something has emerged from nothing, and the negation of a thing is evidence of its existence. It is prayed about, preached about, talked about as an assumed fact, and yet not an atom of evidence is offered to bolster up the assumption.

The theology of the Buddhist, a form of belief held by nearly

one-third of the human race, teaches that the final end of souls is extinction, and that heaven is the attainment of this condition. That souls are not immortal, but undergo a few years' purgation in animal forms to expiate errors committed during life. But, like all theologies, the Buddhists assume the existence of spirits as much easier than to prove it. Of all religious systems, this is the most philosophical and in accordance with reason. It deals but little with the supernatural, discards all miracles, and turns them over to the juggler, the mountebank and the Christian missionary. While Buddhism embodies many errors fastened on its pure doctrines by priests, it must be pronounced the most scientific system that has appeared on the globe. It is a religion without mysteries, and accepts life and its conditions as nature has made them, without the addition of annexes, like heaven or hell, or the personality of devils and angels, to keep guard over these alleged abodes of departed spirits.

MADISON, WIS., May, 1893.

FREETHOUGHT.

—We are pleased to learn from Mr. E. L. Pepper, of Harper, Kan., that the Magazine is doing good. He writes :

For three years I have been a Free-thinker, and for one year I have been a reader of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, but until I became a reader of the Magazine I dare not publicly express my Liberal views as I knew they were unpopular. I am thankful that by perusing the pages of your valuable Magazine I have gained courage to speak the truth as reason presents it to me. Our little city is full of people who mentally reject the orthodox creed, but like myself, one year ago, they are not brave enough to step to the front in the advocacy of their *real* opinions. My copies of the Magazine are going the rounds and find plenty of willing readers craving and eager to learn the truth. What they need is this healthy, intellectual cordial, that will set them to thinking, and also inform them they are not alone in the world as to heretical views.

—Dr. A. B. Wright, of San Jacinto, Cal., when renewing his subscription, writes :

I am over seventy years old and therefore diseased conditions are not very easily removed. I have been an independent thinker for over fifty years, and during all that time I have not for one moment recanted my freethinking religion and expect to go to the unknown without a change of heart. At fourteen years of age I had a change of heart from Presbyterianism to Naturalism. When I fully recover you will hear from me again. I very much like your journal and wish it came oftener. There has been a great change in the churches since my boyhood, more than most people realize. If freethought gains notoriety for the next fifty years as rapidly in proportion to the time as it has the last twenty years priestcraft in all its branches will be relegated to the history of the past. You may consider me a life subscriber to your most excellent Magazine.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

JOHN OF BARNEVELD.

By SARAH DUDLEY P. JONES.

[“Here in the headquarters of German Calvinism, his youthful mind had long pondered the dread themes of foreknowledge, judgment absolute, freewill and predestination. To believe it worth the while of a rational, intelligent Deity to create annually several millions of thinking beings, who were to struggle for a brief period on earth, and to consume in perpetual brimstone afterwards, while others were predestined to endless enjoyment, seemed to him but an indifferent exchange for a faith in the Purgatory and Paradise of Rome.”—*Motley's United Netherlands, vol. 1, page 315.*]

O H, land of dykes ! and shifting bounds,
Swept by the North Sea's bitter blast ;
Where mad waves gnaw like hungry hounds
Each bulwark for thy safety cast.
There the centuries gone looked on a strife
Of patient, brave and stalwart men,
In those cities quaint, whose fate was rife
With long years fraught with toil and pain.

Where by skill and energy alone
Their gardens yield stores in Nature's spite,
Where with industry, vast structures grown
Held wide their sway of wealth and might.
Letters and art ! resplendent, wield
A scepter ; even now they own
Their fleets, and commerce, far afield,
In every sea and land were known.

Heroes and statesmen ! brave and true,
Where the Princely Line of Orange rose,
We the long array of names review
Ere thy marvelous years of glory close.
But *one*, the wisest, sturdiest name
That all that valiant pageant held,
Linked with thy glory and thy shame,
Is Jan of olden Barneveld.

He saw with vision clear and bright
What that dark age had hid from view,
“ That man's *belief* was his by right
To judge between the false and true.”

His own a prescience wide and grand,
 No sophist's creed could e'er obscure,
 "That *finite* sin no soul had banned,
 While *infinite* years of time endure."

He walked amid the jeering crowd
 Through his long career to the bitter end,
 But never quailed his spirit proud,
 That truth and justice did defend.
 On Flanders' roll, of each mighty name
 From every station, work and guild;
 The grandest writ on her scroll of fame,
 We hail thee, *John of Barneveld!*

SYCAMORE, ILLS.

THE MASK OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY HENRY W. BELLSMITH.

IN the British Museum, set up in a place of honor, and facing one of the entrances in the Gallery of Antiquities, is an ancient mask of copper. It is green with age, and more or less bruised by the rude hand of the iconoclast. If we look at it (it is worth more than a passing glance for its strong, classic beauty), and pass on, and returning look again and yet again; each time we shall find that mysterious, sightless face looks back upon us with new and changed expression. We are told that it is the changing mind of the observer that is reflected, and that each creates for himself his own response. Change there is, as all testify, from grave to gay, from pity to cruelty, from love to hatred, and yet it is the same mask!

It is so with the mask of religion, with the face of the God we worship. For those called Christians, Jesus is that mask. He hides the face of the Almighty while revealing his will and his judgments. He changeth not. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, but to us his face changes with and by reason of our varying humors. Every man bringeth out therefrom the expression of his own ideal, and that is the God he worships.

Let us, therefore, in our judgment of Christianity and its exponent organizations, reason from the "mask" to its interpreters.

We are told of the "Horrors of Hell," and the "Blackness of Darkness Forever" is the least we are to expect if we venture to question the localization of the "Brimstone Lake." Even the more moderate champions of eternal torture are rallying to uphold the doctrine of Cardinal Newman that God is one "who ordains that the offender should suffer for his offense not simply for the good of the offender, but as an end good in itself, and as a principle of government." What offense? the "offense" of ignorance—of incapacity? That is Warden Chamberlain's doctrine; or do they mean simply that God acts on the principle of the execution of Admiral Byng so wittily described by Voltaire, "The British Government have hanged one admiral to encourage the others." That is equiv-

alent to saying that God avails himself of the opportunity afforded by Adam's fall, which he arranged so theatrically himself, to put a few millions of poor heathen and unfortunates upon an eternal gridiron as a spectacle to saints and angels for the purpose of keeping them (the said saints and angels) in order by a continual reminder of what they may expect if they venture to have any ideas of their own.

This (?) is the teaching of the tender-souled Nazarene! This (?) the will of the father! Remember the mask.

Take the modern version of the doctrine of "Justification by Faith." Here is a millionaire who wrecked a nation to fill his bank account; who, nearing his end, gives about half a day's income to his daughter's church. Immediately the black-frocked purveyors of heaven's good things gather round with fawning and flattery, and but for the disgust they create in that man's mind he might (upon payment of another installment), have passed away in full enjoyment of "the fellowship of the saints." Here is another who has spent his life in pandering to the twin passions of pride and lust. He is wealthy; he is respectable; he gives freely of what remains to "the church," and he too passes away in all the odor of sanctity and the very church is draped to do him honor. A pungent writer asks of such a one, "Shall he now be dwelling in Abraham's bosom and there listen to the voices, from the other side of the gulf, of those who curse his memory as being the victims of his crimes?"

Remember the mask.

Our ideas of God, which we inherit from the past, picture him as a personality approaching that of the average Eastern potentate, with whom the bow-string is the most effective agent of government; those who come nearest to him in relationship being the first to experience its beneficence, whose chief delight is in adulation of sycophantic courtiers. It is true that he is called our Father—that is what the Russians call their Czar—but as a writer pertinently asks, "What earthly father would desire his friends to bring him incense and praise and sacrifice while one of his children lay in their midst suffering and neglected, in sorrow, need or distress?" How much more does God despise and reject the services nominally offered to him while his children are left to die in their misery, crime, woe, degradation!

This is not the teaching of Jesus. He said, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go; first reconcile thyself with thy brother, then thou mayest come and offer thy gift."

Remember the mask.

Churchism is not religion. The Christianity of the priests and the parsons is not that of Jesus. I write this on a calm Sabbath evening when old days, old memories come back to me with old ideas, old ambitions, and the faces of old friends, some of them Nature's saints, humble followers of Abou-ben-Adhem and the Nazarene. All the past is spread out before my mind as when one stands upon the mountain-side and looks back upon a toilsome ascent, and over a plain in which nestles the village wherein he has made his home. When the country lad first climbs to such a spot he forgets the ague breath of the swamp behind the house, he forgets the cold winter mornings, and the wood-pile, the deepness

of the well and the contrariness of the cattle; the tinned roof of the school-house gleams in the sun, and the rigor of the pedagogue is forgiven. But distance lends no such enchantment to the mind that *knows*! That sees the bog beneath the emerald spots in the pasture; that sees the decay that feeds the moss on the church tower; that sees the rocks that curl the white wave-crests in the bay. Years ago I stood in solitary contemplation of one of the fairest spots on God's earth. Burnham Beeches, those hoary giants of the vegetable world have their grandeur toned with surpassing beauty by the ivies and creeping plants that clothe them, but I saw also that those drooping splendors were to be as the shirt of Nessus to the doomed trees, and that time will be when Gray's *Elegy* shall wail as a funeral song over a wilderness, barren and deserted.

I look back upon the systems in which I have vainly sought the peace which comes from conscious contact with goodness and truth, and though I would it were otherwise, I see that the vices of culture and wealth, although they be like the ivy, beautifying to the outward sense, are deadly as the parasitic growths of the forest. They brought down the Jewish church and they wrecked the Roman church, and they are as surely in full play in modern Christianity. Pride, superstition, Mammon-worship, luxury, ecclesiastical despotism, hatred of truth, soul-blindness, there is not one church free. They are the motives which give us stately temples, ornate services, eloquence in the pulpit, respectability in the pew.

Christianity is dying, but it is that it may live again. Atheism and infidelity are but the froth on the breakers of that sea of reason and truth—the religion of humanity; which shall yet redeem the earth with its glorious gospel. Jesus is to-day best known outside the churches as he was of old. He walks in his spirit among the outcast and the unknown. He may dispute in the synagogue, but he will teach best in the home and by the wayside; and do his wonders among the flotsam and jetsam of the human tide.

Assuredly the world is growing better. It is well said that though the churches were never so few (in proportion to the population), and never so exclusive and so poorly attended; there never were so many schools, libraries, hospitals and asylums, and never so many organizations for the raising of the down-trodden; never such a humane spirit in the treatment of criminals and offenders; never so great an aversion to war; never so strong a voice for honesty purity and truth; never so much of the spirit of a truer and nobler life.

Take up your Bible to worship it or to rip it to pieces with your criticisms but do not forget that it is the spirit that quickeneth while the letter killeth, and as a last word, *Remember the mask*.

MONCURE D. CONWAY will edit a complete edition of Thomas Paine's works, to be published by Putman Bros. Mr. Conway, though in London, is hard at work, and it is expected that the first volume will be out this spring. Of course the edition will be very finely gotten up and will accordingly be very expensive. There is some talk of a cheap edition of Mr. Conway's *Life of Paine*. There are few people who care to pay five dollars for the life of a man when they can get his complete works for seven dollars. (*l'ide* catalogue of publications for sale at F. M. office.)

MUSINGS AT SEVENTY YEARS OLD.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine :

I see an article occasionally in some of the many Freethought journals criticising the methods of those who attack the Bible and the Bible God as uncalled for and unnecessary. Now let us look at this statement for a moment. And just here let me say that I was educated in the orthodox faith, and used to think that to question the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t" would result in endless torment to the questioner, for in most cases the penalty following the violation of a command had a "*thus-saith-the-Lord*" behind it in order to give it force. As Paul said on a certain occasion, "When I was a child I thought as a child and spake as a child, but since I became a *man* I have put away *childish* things." I have pondered upon these things many a time until I would shake like an aspen-leaf—the thoughts which came unbidden were so at war with my education. My trouble then was that I had adopted too low an ideal—"Men do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles." But as the Christians had stolen the Jews' God and adopted their Devil at the same time, and I had adopted both in my belief, there seemed no other way for me to proceed but to throw the God of the Bible overboard. Finally, as I grew to manhood, I determined to let my reason control me and to follow its teachings wherever it might lead. As it took about fifteen years to load up and has taken about the same time to unload, and since I have got the load off I breathe freer and deeper. So much for personal experience. Now for the proof, for, as the old adage has it, "the test of the pudding is in the chewing the string," and in order to show the nature of the character which I had selected as a model upon which to build, I make a few quotations from the Bible as to the character of this ideal, for, be it remembered, it is character which makes the man, not his belief: Ezekiel 4th, 10 to 16th verses; 2d Kings, 18th chap., 27th verse; Leviticus, 26th chap., 29th verse, I give but one of many quotations to show the discrepancies of the Bible, taken from the book itself, viz.: 2d chap. of Ezra and the 7th chap. of Nehemiah, where the numeration of the two do not agree into a number of thousands, but fail by as many thousand in arriving at the number which they both declare constituted the congregation of the children of Israel who came up from the Babylonish captivity. A few less glaring mistakes would knock modern astronomy into smithereens, and it seems to me that no person can believe the two statements, or claim to, who is not steeped to the chin in theological bigotry and orthodox absurdity. If any who read this think that it is penned from a feeling of spite against Christianity, let me say you were never more mistaken, for my only purpose in writing the above is to set some one of the many readers of this Magazine to thinking and investigating for themselves.

I think that I have made out my case, and if any of the many readers of this Magazine feel differently, I will be but too glad to be set right by them. It is only because we have outgrown our ideals that the human race has advanced. for, as I have shown, had we built upon the model given in the Bible, and had not grown beyond it, we would have been back as far as cannibalism to-day, to say the least. This, if nothing else, shows the necessity of discarding the old

and the adoption of a new ideal. Much is said about the religious element in human nature. Now, if the religious element cannot be fostered except at a sacrifice of intelligence and reason, then let the religious element stand aside and make room for a more rational definition of human nature. In the making of better men, and the forming them upon better models, lies the hope of the race in the future. And it does not scare me to be called crazy, as I was by universal consent admitted to be, when I announced that the time for a peaceful abolition of slavery had gone by, and it would go out in blood; but such proved a rather unwelcome fact nevertheless. Mankind can never be made moral by law. Morality must lay back of law as a basis for law to build upon. The fact is we are legislated to death. In my opinion, if our legislators, both State and National, met but once in ten years, and spent the most of their time repealing laws already upon our statute books, the country would be better off.

JESSE A. PERKINS, M. D.

GAINS STATION, MICH.

A CONVERTED CHINAMAN.

THIS is what a contributor to the *World* says about a converted Chinaman: "The people I'm stopping with hit on a queer way of entertaining me last night. They took me to a Chinese Bible Class. Imagine taking a Californian to see Chinamen. I would as soon think of feeding a Florida man on oranges. But it isn't uninteresting, after all, if one can get the idea out of his head that it's mighty unprofitable business. The women were earnest enough, and for that matter the Chinamen were docile and attentive. I didn't pay much attention to the exercises until they got to singing. That woke me up. They were experimenting on that familiar Sunday-school lyric, 'Jesus loves me.' It runs something like this:

"O, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me,
For the Bible tells me so.

That's the English of it, I believe. The scholars sang it in their Pagan tongue and it sounded like this:

"Chay, Jesu wi no;
Chay, Jesu, wi no;
Chay, Jesu wi no;
An' ching um ah sic naw.

"A Chinaman sings up in his head and gives a tolerably good imitation of his native fiddle. But altogether the music was better than I expected to hear, and as it seemed to involve a lot of saving grace I presume the teachers were satisfied."

"Did they call on you to address the meeting?" asked the stocky man.

"No; and it is a good thing for the cause they didn't, for my experience with Christianized Chinamen has not been satisfactory. I had a Chinese servant once who was 'converted.' We were living on Sutter street, in San Francisco, at

the time the 'light shined 'round about.' We called him John—the generic name for Chinamen—before the conversion. After that mournful event he had the nerve to come to my wife and ask her to call him 'Paul.' Somebody had been cramming him with the incident at Damascus, and he was shrewd enough to try to work it to his advantage. At first John was a pretty good servant—I'll say that for Confucius—and if it hadn't been for the woman next door our pleasant relations might have continued. She was a crank on mission work, and having made sure of her own servant, proceeded to proselyte her neighbors'. John must have seen there was something in it for his temporal advantage, for the first thing we knew he was going to Sunday-school. Then our trouble commenced. It was extraordinary how many sessions that Sunday-school had in a week. At the most critical and unexpected moments John would disappear, and when he returned would explain that he had "been Sunday-school." My wife is a pretty good Christian, and the answer disarmed her. Moreover, John in his native condition was too good a servant to lose. But things finally reached a pass when my wife did not dare have company, and I could not invite a friend to dinner without stipulating with John that there should be no called meeting of the Sunday-school. For my part I would have raised him a dollar or two a week to go back to the blessedness of paganism, but of course I had to be loyal to the religion of my country.

"One Sunday I was standing at the gate sadly waiting for John to come back from Sunday-school and attend to a few important secular duties he had overlooked in his religious enthusiasm, when along he came with that empty, placid smile. I said to him, 'John, don't you believe in Joss?' And he straightened up and held up his forefinger, as he had seen his teacher do, and said solemnly: 'Me believe in one only true and living God.' That was a staggerer, and I had nothing more to say. A few hours later I had occasion to go out to the kitchen, and there sat John and the Chinaman next door playing fan-tan, or some other pagan gambling game. So I said with pleasant sarcasm: 'John, do you think the one only true and living God approves fan-tan on Sunday afternoon?' Of course I had him, but he pretended not to understand, which is a Chinaman's invariable refuge, and smiled in his vacant way.

"Well, we put up with John for a few weeks longer—until, in fact, my wife heard that John's teachers were meditating a revival. That settled it, and John had to go. I don't know what became of him, but I was mean enough to feel pleasant when the converted pagan next door disappeared with what portable property he could easily secrete. I looked upon it as the lawful vengeance of Confucius. My wife, as I told you, is a good Christian, but whenever we have hired a Chinaman since that time, the first question she asks is: "Do you go to a Christian Sunday-school?" If he says he does, that disposes of him."

REMEMBER

"The World's Parliament of Religions" has been put into pamphlet form.—PUBLISHER.

HOW THE ENGLISH MAKE DOCTORS OF MUSIC.

AS early as the 15th century the degrees of Doctor of Music and Bachelor of Music were conferred by the English universities. Ordinarily, the superior degree of Doctor must entail five years of special study after the inferior degree of Bachelor has been obtained; but, occasionally, the honorary degree is conferred upon musicians of marked distinction and ability, who have not graduated Bachelors. Joseph Haydn received an honorary degree on his visit to Oxford in 1791, and the same distinction was tendered Handel, who refused to accept it.

At Oxford, to-day, the candidate for the degree of Musical Doctor must compose and send in a piece of music containing real eight-part fugal counterpoint, with accompaniments for full orchestra. It must be of sufficient length to occupy from three-quarters of an hour to an hour in performance. If it is approved, then follows a rigid written examination in Harmony, Eight-part Counterpart, Canon, Imitation, Fugue, Form, Instrumentation and Orchestration, and Musical History. In addition to all this is required a critical knowledge of the scores of the masters, and some knowledge of the science of Acoustics.

Moreover, if the candidate passes the examination, he is still required to have his exercises performed, publicly, in Oxford, with full band and chorus, at his own expense. The fee on taking the degree is £20.

The regulations at Cambridge and Dublin are almost identical with those of Oxford.

The power of creating a Doctor of Music vests in the Archbishop of Canterbury. This pious individual is not a musician. He knows little or nothing of any of the several branches of musical science and art, which the honest man must master before he may receive a degree. The Archbishop to-day is not qualified to form an opinion as to whether those who apply to him for the degree, which is so hard to earn in the regular way, are fitted to hold it or not. Neither does he care if they be fit or not. The only condition of exercising his anomalous power is the payment of £63 in fees.

It is hard to guess why any honest man will work for a degree, which any pretender who happens to be a favorite of the Arch Fraud, the Archbishop of Canturbery, may get for the asking, upon payment of about \$300.

What an imposition upon the public is sanctioned and made possible, every time the Archbishop exercises this mean prerogative! The majority of those who obtain the degree in the regular way are musicians of genius and power. The degree is usually taken for a guarantee of their ability. The professional, who has so nobly earned his degree, expects it to help fill the house, when he puts it to his name at the top of a programme; he legitimately expects the public to accept it as conclusive proof that he is no humbug, and the public does so, until it is imposed upon by a few of the Archbishop's "Doctors," and then it loses all respect for the title. The result is that the next genuine Doctor of Music who advertises is made a laughing-stock. The "Doctors" of the Archbishop of Canterbury are vultures that prey upon the public at the expense of the genuine few who are qualified to maintain the dignity and responsibility of the degree that they have so well earned.

In commenting on this subject, a London *Punch* of late date has the following :

" Humbugs will always ape their betters,
Fools fancy the alphabet brings them fame ;
But you don't become a man of letters
By tacking the letters after your name.
One suffix only the fact expresses,
And that's an A and a couple of S's."

It might do well enough for the Archbishop of Canterbury to create Doctors of Divinity at so much per Doctor ; but when it comes to Doctors of Music, Doctors of Law, Doctors of Medicine, or Doctors of anything that implies the possession of brains and ability, the exercise of his prerogative is the perpetration of a fraud so palpable and gross that only a Theological Thug of the first water could look one of his " Doctors " in the eye after he had made him. All honor, therefore, is due the great Handel for refusing to accept the degree. Let us have more masters of music and fewer " Doctors."

" A king may mak a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke, an' a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith ! he mauna fa' that."—*Burns*.

The Archbishop of Canterbury may create a " Doctor " of music, but to make a master of music is " aboon his might." A master has no need of the degree, as Handel has proven.

The Archbishop has evidently more " brass " than a whole circus band of his own " Doctors."

M. H. VEON.

" IN HORA MORTIS NOSTRAE."

ON Wednesday, March 15th, Mrs. Ellen Harker died at Reading, Penna. ; and with the going out of her breath one of the stanchest and most long-tried friends of liberty of thought and speech went out into the great unknown. Philadelphia Liberals, to whom hers was a familiar figure for so many years, will feel that they have lost one of their central lights, have parted with one of those dear grandmothers of the movement whose white hair and kind smile denied the oft-repeated accusation that there is no veneration or reverence in the worshippers of liberty.

Mrs. Harker was born at Wilmington, Delaware, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, and her girlhood and early wedded life were spent in that city. When quite young she was united in marriage to John Newton Harker, then editor and proprietor of the Delaware *Gazette*. Mr. Harker unfortunately died when his youngest daughter was yet a mere infant, leaving the care of three children to his brave-hearted widow. Those who knew her will know it was as impossible for her to shrink from any responsibility as to take a gift of redemption she had not herself earned. Although delicate and fragile of body she took up the weight of life cheerfully, said to the world, " Since it is my duty I will conquer you," and during all the years that followed, never wavered in her determination to give the best possible gifts to those holding claims upon her—

to her children, education, moral training and the lesson of self-helpfulness. Not long after her husband's death she established herself in Philadelphia, as offering a wider business field than Wilmington, and here took up her work for Free-thought. For more than twenty years she was a constant worker in all the organized efforts of Liberalism in this city, only a short time before her death coming down from Reading (which was her residence during the past year), to attend the annual Paine celebration. Her last hours were quite painless, her last words an expression of consideration for her daughter, characteristically unselfish to the end.

The remains were brought to Philadelphia for cremation, in accordance with her provision, funeral services being held at the residence of undertaker Heacock. Her daughters, many of her former friends and neighbors, and members of both Friendship and the Ladies' Liberal Leagues, to both of which she belonged, were present to take a farewell look at the kind old face, so peacefully resting on its last pillow.

The following address was delivered by Voltairine de Cleyre :

THE FUNERAL ADDRESS.

Friends : To those who die in the beautiful fullness of beautiful years, Death is a lovely, a beautiful thing. Its sadness is like the sadness of the autumn shine that melts and melts, and melts into the kissing shadows of the night. So *she* died, this mother, this lover and friend of us all ; into that tremulous, mystic, mighty umber, that puissant, pregnant shadow from which all souls float up and form, and back to which they float and mix again, she has gone down. Full of the beauty of perfected days, full of the strength of service, and right ways, full of the rest of a settled spirit, full of long-proved trust in the faith of truth, of human freedom, she has gone down to the great Sea of Life, to the great Under-Soul that ebbs and pulses through this race of ours, bearing these rich gifts in her hands—gifts that shall flower and fruit in many another soul hereafter, when she and we, and all that live and love to-day are vanished and forgotten. I said the sadness lying over her was the softened sadness that comes when something that has rounded out the measure of its life departs. It is not that bitter grief which rends when something young is shocked and shredded from its unfinished task ; but that melancholy which droops around the spirit when one who has passed the leaf-time and the flower-time passes away, too, into the purple haze beyond the time of the falling fruit, leaving the benison of all its sweet behind. And none can say how far that benison may reach. Shall a foot stumble on the path of freedom ? It shall take courage and rise up, and go upright upon the path, not knowing that long ago her feet stumbled there, and her strong soul battled there, and her heart took courage of itself, and overcame and sent down the gift of overcoming to the future years. This small, delicate, white hand, so cold now, so very, very quiet now, which of us knows how far its touch may reach, loving, caressing, protecting, warning, defending ? For the end of the touch of a hand is not to-day, nor to-morrow. According to the spirit in which it is given it shall live moments or æons ; and we who knew her know that when we touched her, we touched *real sympathy, right candor, and strong fearlessness.*

I did not know her so well as some of you, but I, too, hold the memory of a long, lingering clasp with which she pressed my hand once when she had given me a bunch of flowers. I felt better then for having felt that touch ; I feel better now remembering it. I knew that I had come in contact not only with a gentle hand, but with something greater that does not change in all this slipping world of change, and I was grateful for it. Out of her earnest eyes shone an unflickering light, and written all over her dear old face, over all its lines and seams and traces of years, was one strong word, "Steadfast." Never swerving one hair from what she deemed the truth, never bending before Gods, or creeds, or men ;

never suing at any shrine, never searching help from any outside power, but always in her own quiet, courageous heart, she walked alike through the fields of pleasure or over the rocks of pain, steadfast—steadfast.

O you whom she loved, take that word with you. Her body goes back to our Mother to-day—back, as she wished, to the light and the air; but that word she carved her life into, take it and bear it forever with you.

Mr. Geo. Longford, Secretary of the League, read the following verses, as in life Mrs. Harker had once requested him to do :

“ It shall be a light in the dark, dark days,
It shall be a rift in the clouds that frown ;
It shall be a voice guiding all your ways,
A thread thro’ the tanglesome treacherous maze,
From the far, fair heights of the truth coming down.

Beautiful, silvery silken Death !
So soft, so still, so long longed for ;
Thou givest rest where thou takest breath,
Thou takest brown leaves, and givest a wreath
Of the fairest, whitest flowers that are.

Peace is the name of the great pale rose
That opes and broods o’er the brow of the dead ;
Silence the lily-white bud that blows
Where the sweet cold eyes will never uncloze
And the mouth curves yet with a shadow of red.

Cruel, O Death, are thy wings and winds,
But thy flowers are wonderful white and rare ;
We weep sad salt where our pain begins,
But we bless the silence her pain upbinds,
And the great pale rose in her silver hair.

Thou hast given her back to the Mother-All,
Mother—lover of women and men ;
One day we shall lie with her under one pall,
The wild wide sky and the clear wind call,
The gold and crystal of sun and rain.

O dear, dead body, our eyelids swell
Red with the sorrowful tears of us ;
Thou shalt not know ; none shall ever tell
The long sad song of this last farewell,
Tho’ it ring on thro’ all the years of us.

Nay, it is good, for now thou art free,
And freedom, sure thou didst worship it ;
A tired wave slipping back to the sea.
Thou goest, bearing our love with thee ;
Well that no pain follow thee, well and fit.

All Nature, self-existent, power innate,
Life gives and takes, forms solve as adaptate,
Nature obeys, vice disobeys her laws ;
In short, all good this only evil draws,
No good or ill by supernatural cause.

Let not imagination take its flight
 Upwards to fancied regions of delight,
 Science and virtue lead to happiness,
 Known truths, not future faith, give real bliss.

She had no fear, because she'd not
 Nor faith nor hope in Juggernaut,
 Nor Foh, Grand Llama, Bouth nor Zend.
 Nor Bible systems without end,
 Nor Alcaran, nor Mormon views,
 Nor any creed priest-followers use.

Each class, self-pure, condemns the rest,
 Enlightn'd minds the whole detest ;
 In strongest faith no virtue lies,
 And unbelief no vice implies.

A bare opinion hurts no man ;
 Then prove it hurts a God who can ;
 To others do, to others give,
 As you'd have done, or would receive,"

The services over, the hearse, followed by the mourners and friends, was driven to the Germantown crematory, where no further words were spoken, the body being simply lowered into the receiving room and prepared for incineration. By permission of the manager a few were allowed to descend and witness this last service to the dead. The body, folded in a white shroud, soaked in alum to prevent its catching fire, reposed upon a kind of trestle before the mouth of the retort. At a signal the door was slightly opened revealing all round the sombre stone a wreath of roseate light. An instant so, this ethereal halo, then the door was swung wide, the beautiful light shone out a moment in the solemn room, the corpse was quickly glided into the heart of it, the door closed again, and we knew that there, in the clasp of the opaline glow, the pure body was melting into its elements. No slow rotting of time, no horrible decomposition, no putrid years under ground ; just the dissolving kiss of the fire—the quick, kind, clean fire, the fire without beam or flame, the distilled soul of the fire, and then—a little heap of pure white ashes.

As we drove away, the clouds that drooped heavily all the morning broke and let through the old, old wonder of the sunlight.

V. DE C.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1893.

REMEMBER

"The World's Parliament of Religions," the leading article of this number, is now in pamphlet form. Price 10 cents, twelve copies for \$1.00.

THOMAS PAINE.

[Mr. Henry Baer, of York, Nebraska, sends us the following letter, with the statement that "it is a translation from the German, of a letter I have written to a German Lutheran minister, who some days ago invited me to attend his church and listen to his sermons. Being a radical Freethinker, I gave him my reasons why I did not deem it necessary to comply with his wish. In the course of our conversation he offered me R. Watson's 'Answer to Thomas Paine,' to read, which I gladly accepted. After having read it, I returned the book, with the inclosed letter." We are sure our readers will be interested in this letter, and we should think it must have had some effect on the bigotry-paralyzed brain of an orthodox clergyman.—EDITOR.]

THE LETTER.

DEAR SIR: The little book entitled "Answer on Thomas Paine," and which you have been so kind to loan me, I have read with great interest. It was the fulfilling of a long-before entertained wish. Please accept my sincere thanks for it. To return this service rendered to me, in an appreciative degree, I know of no better way than to offer you the work in question, Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" itself, to read, as I judge by your remarks that you have never read it. To appreciate the product of R. Watson fully, one must necessarily have read the works of Paine also. I suppose it is your desire to learn of the impression the Bishop of Landaff's answer on Paine has made on me. As a man free of all prejudice, I wish to tell you that the work proves of a high literary worth. The Bishop was no doubt a man of great accomplishment and scrupulously honest principles. His efforts for the support of the Bible were as masterly and thorough, as they could be made under the difficult circumstances, and it is no wonder to me, if a numerous class of people, reared up in the bondage of church dogmas, and never entertaining any freer and nobler thoughts, were easily convinced.

After having thoroughly read the Bishop's works, though paying it due respect, it resulted with me in the conclusion that, after all, it was nothing more than an honorable effort to answer the famous "Age of Reason" of Thomas Paine. The Bishop makes the following remark himself, in his letter to Paine: "*What I have written, I fear, makes no impression on you;*" and so it is with me. Whosoever has once come to that conviction, that all so-called revealed religions are a humbug, the greatest that ever encroached on humanity, is impenetrable to such godly injections as the Bible contains. You may think different, but it means the same as entering the light from mental darkness. That the most horrible cruelties have been inflicted on mankind in the name of revealed religions, you will not only find evidences of in the Bible, but also in the pages of history, after Christianity had become the established religion of the different states of Europe.

When a man of influential standing becomes a victim of that sad delusion, that he is acting in the name of a higher all-mighty being, he becomes a cruel despot, and his beastly nature gets control of him, with very few exceptions. The history of the dark ages gives sufficient proof of this. In those days religion was supreme, and natural sciences entirely unknown. The people and their kings were ruled over by the Church. Whoever permitted his thoughts to wander

across the established limits, ran in danger to lose his life in a most dreadful way, in the name of the most high. The Reformation was the dawn of a better time, when men were to be lifted out of their religious swamps and mental darkness. But the progress was slow. Every step made was bitterly opposed by religious fanaticism, which sought to suffocate every nobler sentiment. Even the superiors of the Protestant churches fell back into the old evil to dam up all free thought, and to limit all religious ideas into an established form, as if men's thoughts could be limited!

That illustrious religious struggle of the seventeenth century, which lasted thirty years, is a sad but burning example of religious delusion. Here the history tells us of those two religious elements, Catholic and Protestant, fighting their bloody contest for the supremacy of their churches, leaving destruction and desolation behind them; and what was the outcome of it, I ask? The war was finally brought to an end, after having exhausted every resource; and the great question was still left unsettled. Catholics continued to worship their God and visit the masses, while the Protestants still cling to the Bible as being the fountain of all wisdom.

The Bishop of Landaff also pretends, in many of his remarks, that he attained most of his acquirements from the contents of the Bible. This no reasonable man can admit, and that it could not possibly have been the doubtful book from which he quenched his thirst for knowledge, he probably knew best himself. I will also state the simple fact, as an illustration, that the Bible cannot be the book to get wise from; that in the beginning of the present century, in the schools of Switzerland, my native home, Bible reading was principally taught. In fact, reading was practiced almost wholly for that purpose only, among the lower class of the people. The result was, that the masses remained ignorant and superstitious. I have learned this from elderly people, that have lived and seen these things. It was also taught in our school books. You may be old enough to have made the observation yourself. We live in a period of time where the greatest obstacles have been overcome. The human race has become more enlightened. Persecutions for different beliefs are getting scarce, and the so-called revealed religions are, to a great extent, played out. A Freethinker, an Atheist, or an infidel, whichever you may call him, is to-day considered a respectable citizen, as long as he obeys the laws of the country; he can even attain the highest official honors. In earlier days he was considered as one of the most degraded wretches. They were commonly put to death at the stake by slow fire, so as to give them a foretaste of hell-fire.

This is evident—that the world has progressed. May you ever continue to preach! Your sermons are by far more humane than your ancestors have preached them. They no more contain that poisonous breath which polluted the race. Instead of heating your parishioners with the ingredients of damnation, you now tell them of brotherly love and how to do good. Continue on this road and you will add a little to that great work, which finally leads us to a life of happiness and contentment. This is the sincere wish of

Yours respectfully,

HENRY BAER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[We know of no better use that a portion of our editorial space could be devoted to than this able, interesting and instructive discussion between Mr. Holyoake and Dr. Janes.—EDITOR.]

ILLIBERAL LIBERALISM.

BY DR. LEWIS G. JANES.

HEARTILY recognizing, as I do, the fine humanitarian spirit which has characterized the life-work of George Jacob Holyoake, I regret to see, in his hasty and somewhat hysterical reply to my article on "Nature and Providence," the characteristics of a type of illiberal so-called "Liberalism," of which I have never heretofore regarded him as an exemplar. Let us reason together, my brother, and not allow dissent from our positions to irritate us.

I have no doubt that it was "the Christian Providence" of which Mr. Holyoake spoke in the paragraph which I made the text of my article. I have no doubt that I dissent as strongly as he does from some of the implications usually associated with the Christian doctrine. But I dissent even more strongly, as an Evolutionist, and in view of the logical inferences from the teachings of modern science, from that pessimistic despair of the universe which is likewise implied in the plain sense of Mr. Holyoake's language.

I attempted to show, what Mr. Holyoake's rejoinder admirably illustrates, that the type of Liberalism which he represents has no full and adequate conception of the doctrine of evolution and its logical implications as applied to the question of a moral and beneficent order in Nature. "Nature only profits us by compliance with its laws," says Mr. Holyoake. This is equally true of the God or Providence of Christianity. Only by obeying *its* laws can man be profited; such is the teaching of Scripture and priest. "The march of law is pitiless, cruel, unrelenting toward personal error and inattention." In such sentences an antithesis is implied between a pitiless Nature and a tender, succoring,

sympathizing, human father or mother caring for their children. But if the doctrine of evolution be true, all the tenderness, help and pity in human hearts, all the love which blesses mankind with its benediction of bounty, is as much a product and a part of Nature as is the force of gravity, the drowning waters or the destroying earthquake. It is at once untrue and illogical, as well as completely unscientific, to debit Nature with the inexorable penalties incurred by the violation of her physical laws, and to fail to credit her with all the beneficent outcome of human life and thought and love.

The brain that thinks and gathers facts and formulates the scientific truths which bless and help mankind is as much a part of nature—a resultant of natural evolutionary forces—as is the storm-cloud or the lightning's flash, the rush of the tornado or the falling of the flood. Christianity itself,—indeed all systems of theology, however false in some of their doctrines,—are natural products of the normal activity of the human mind, as truly as is the "Secularism" of Mr. Holyoake.

The fault which I have to find with this type of Liberalism is that it is as one-sided, and, therefore, as untrue, when tested by the actual facts of life, in the light of the most recent scientific studies of man and his world-environment, as is the theology which it criticises. It holds up for our execration a kind of so-called Christianity represented by Charlotte Bronte's Lowood School, but never mentions the far more prevalent type of which men like Phillips Brooks and Theodore Parker and Washington Gladden are exemplars, and which, with all its intellectual errors, has, on the whole, been of infinite service to the world. I believe as little in some of its dogmas and supernatural implications as does Mr. Holyoake; but, as an evolutionist, I recognize its entirely natural genesis and history, and the place it has filled in the evolution of our present modes of thought and life.

The way to convert honest and intelligent minds from the theological errors implied in the Christian tradition is to treat it justly and combat these errors with honest arguments. This involves neither "mockery" nor "treacherousness," nor the palliation of anything evil or untruthful. It involves only perfect frankness and fairness, and a full recognition of all the facts; and this alone is a truly ethical attitude toward the question. If it is a degradation of ethics to point out the real beneficence which is

implied in the inexorableness of natural laws, to show that the certainty and unavoidableness of their operation is the necessary condition of all progress in uplifting knowledge and human betterment, and represents in Nature's attitude towards man what Truth represents in the relations of man to his fellows, I plead guilty to the charge. To my mind, however, the inculcation of a rational optimism or meliorism based on and justified by scientific truth, is no degradation, but rather an elevation and enthronement of ethics, which demonstrates its inalienable right to teach and guide the human race, and to supplant false theological systems.

Man is a child of the universe. To it he owes his entire nature. There can be no morality in man, therefore, without a moral universe, since *ex nihilo nihil fit*—this is the real logic of the situation. Let my critic attack this logic if he would make converts, instead of appealing to antique anti-theological prejudices in a vain effort to avoid the real issue.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH'S MONUMENT.

WE are sure our readers will be much gratified to see the portrait of Charles Bradlaugh's Monument as the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine, surrounded by many of the distinguished Freethinkers of England. We take this portrait from a photograph that was sent us from England by Mr. Thomas White, a well-known Freethinker and the popular photographer of 133 High St., Lewisham, S. E. England. With the photograph Mr. White sends us the following letter:

133 HIGH ST., LEWISHAM, KENT, ENG., 10-5-93.

MR. H. L. GREEN:

Dear Sir—Herewith same post I send a photograph of the memorial bust of the late Mr. Bradlaugh, recently erected in Brookwood Cemetery, and shall be greatly indebted if you could put me in the way of disposing of some copies in your country. The price is 9s. per dozen, or £3. 10s. per 100. Carriage excluded. Cash with order. I have supplied nearly all the Branches of the N. T. S. in England, and should be very glad if you could assist me in the matter in the United States and Canada. Awaiting the favor of a reply,

Yours faithfully,

THOS. WHITE.

Friends who desire this photograph can obtain it by an order sent directly to Mr. White or to us. We have no doubt many Liberals in this country will desire a copy.

THE ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAN
SECULAR UNION.

WE call the especial attention of our readers to the following notice. There is no reason why this Congress shall not be one that will, by its large attendance and wise deliberations, attract the attention of the whole country. It is an association that, more than any other that will convene at the Columbian Exhibition this year, represents the fundamental principle of this Government—the entire separation of Church and State. We think the officers made a mistake in addressing the call only to “The Freethinkers of the United States and Canada,” but we suppose they mean by the term “Freethinkers” what we do by the name of this Magazine, *all honest people who thoroughly believe in Truth, Justice and Liberty, without regard to their special opinions on any subject.* We believe there are many such who call themselves Christians, Jews, and by other sectarian names, who are really Freethinkers and believe in the principles of the Secular Union, and all those should be cordially invited to take part in the coming Congress.

The time chosen is the most pleasant season in the year and will be the best time to attend the World's Fair, and every Secularist in this country and Canada who intends to visit the Fair should make arrangements to attend at that time, and “take in” the Fair and the Congress at the same time. It ought to be the largest gathering of Liberals ever before held on this continent and we have no doubt it will be. We hope to be present and to take by the hand many of our good friends that we have never met before. Let us all do all in our power to make the Congress a great success.

THE CALL.

To the Freethinkers of the United States and Canada :

The Board of Directors of the American Secular Union, at the last meeting, determined to hold its annual Congress in Chicago, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 6th, 7th and 8th of October next. Also to invite the Canadian Secular Union to meet with us in joint convention at that time. It will be made the occasion of getting together Freethinkers from all parts of the world. We already have assurances that Mr. Watts, the

distinguished Freethought advocate of England, and others from that country, will be with us.

We ask the co-operation of Freethinkers to make the Congress a grand success. Those willing to assist financially will please send their contributions to Otto Wettstein, our treasurer, at Rochelle, Illinois. Contributors will please state whether they wish payment to be for general expenses, or for any special purpose, such as speakers, hall rent, etc., and the money will be so applied.

In the meantime, until more permanent arrangements can be made, our friends are requested to call upon us at the office of Vice-President Dr. Joseph H. Greer, 127 LaSalle St., where they will receive a warm and hearty welcome.

Chicago, May 4, 1893.

C. B. WAITE,
 Prest. Am. Sec. Union.

Mrs. M. A. FREEMAN,
 Cor. Sec., 24 Maplewood Ave.

BOOK REVIEW.

A CITYLESS AND COUNTRYLESS WORLD, AN OUTLINE OF PRACTICAL CO-OPERATIVE INDIVIDUALISM. By HENRY OLERICH. Gilmore & Olerich, Holstein, Iowa. Pp. 447. Price, cloth \$1.00; paper 50 cents. For sale at this office.

This book is a most remarkable production. It is a romance in the line of Bellamy's "Looking Backwards," but in our opinion greatly surpasses in interest that noted work. The plot, in brief, is a very intelligent, happy family, known as the Uwins, who reside in Dozen, "in the most healthy portion of the fertile Mississippi valley." During the summer in which the remarkable events hereafter related take place the Rev. Mr. Dudley, the brother of Mrs. Uwins, an orthodox minister, is spending the season in his sister's family to improve his health. The Uwins family consists, at this time, of Mr. and

Mrs. Uwins, Miss Viola, a daughter of eighteen; Roland, a son of fourteen; Celestine, a daughter of six, and the aforesaid clergyman.

About 5 o'clock one June evening a stranger of extraordinary physique makes his appearance and introduces himself as Midith. He states that he is engaged in canvassing for Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy." It is soon learned that this Midith is a native of the planet Mars, having been born on that far-off world some fifty years ago, and only a few years since reached this earth on a journey of inspection. This Midith is a most intelligent individual, well versed in the history of his home planet, a very fluent talker, and a most pleasant and attractive personage.

The Uwins family are delighted and charmed with him, and he is at once enamored with this most intelligent family

and their beautiful home and surroundings. He is most cordially invited to tarry with them for some time, which invitation he as cordially accepts, and thereafter from day to day proceeds to inform them of the present condition of society in the planet Mars.

In this romantic style Mr. Henry Ole-rich, the author of this book, gives the reader what he terms "Practical Co-operative Individualism." It is a dream of the future of Humanity on *this* planet. In this work every extremest of the present day will find something that will meet his special fancy. It is an interesting guess of what we are coming to one hundred thousand years hence more or less, or more properly what our descendants are coming to. The object of the work is to stimulate the reader to hasten on the "good time coming." The most radical reader will be the most pleased with the book. The more conservative will characterize it as the visionary musings of a fanatical mind that can never become practical reality, but even the most conservative will read the book with interest.

In this work we get the science, the religion, the political theories and the social theories of the inhabitants of our sister planet Mars told in the most attractive and interesting manner. The story will interest all kinds of people. The politician will find in it much food for thought. The social theorists will be delighted with the beautiful and graphic presentation of many of their pet views. The orthodox world will be shocked by its political, religious and domestic heresies, still they will all desire to read it so soon as they get an inkling of what the book contains. We are not sufficiently "advanced" to endorse all we read in this most wonderful production, but we are prepared to say that in our opinion it is one of the most thought-awakening books that has appeared for the last twenty-five years, and we are not surprised to learn that it is already having an immense sale. This book is printed in large, clear type, beau-

tifully bound, and at its very low price is within the reach of all.

INSTEAD OF A BOOK—BY A MAN TOO BUSY TO WRITE ONE—A FRAGMENTARY EXPOSITION OF PHILOSOPHICAL ANARCHISM. By BENJ. R. TUCKER. Pp. 512. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

We hope we shall not frighten any of our more conservative readers when we say that Mr. Tucker, the author of this book, is an avowed Anarchist, and that he is a great dynamite "slinger." But the explosives that he uses is not put up in bombs, after the Chicago style, but is to be found in his ink-stand, and from week to week he spreads it out over the pages of *Liberty*, the little paper that he has edited and published for the last twelve years. Mr. Tucker hardly ever writes anything that we can fully indorse but he never writes a line that we do not enjoy reading.

Mr. Tucker has one most singular peculiarity. He seems to never fully agree with anyone but himself, and we are confident that if he should ever happen to become an Alexander Selkirk, left alone on some island of the sea, he would busy himself by writing something one day and the next day amuse himself by proving to his own satisfaction that the man who was the author of the previous day's writing was a consummate ignoramus. But now, for fear we may have said something that will influence him to throw a little of his dynamite this way, we will add, by way of parenthesis, that Mr. Tucker is not the worst man in this country after all, as some may think who know him only by casual glances at *Liberty* and what his opponents say of him. No; he is one of the most genial, pleasant men we ever met. In some respects he reminds us of the late William Lloyd Garrison and of his paper, *The Liberator*, that Garrison published, the motto of which was: "*I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch; AND I WILL.*"

BE HEARD." Mr. Tucker, we think, has some of the characteristics of that distinguished Abolitionist.

In the limited space at our disposal we can best give the reader some idea of this volume by publishing the following extract from the author's Preface :

August, 1881, I started in Boston, in a very quiet way, a little fortnightly journal called *Liberty*. Its purpose was to contribute to the solution of social problems by carrying to a logical conclusion the battle against authority—to aid in what Proudhon had called "the dissolution of government in the economic organism." Beyond the opportunity of thus contributing my mite I looked for little from my experiment. But, almost before I knew it, the tiny paper had begun to exert an influence of which I had not dreamed. It went the wide world over. In nearly every important city, and in many a country town, it found some mind ripe for its reception. Each of these minds became a centre influence, and in considerably less than a year a specific movement had sprung into existence, under Proudhon's happily chosen name, Anarchism, of which *Liberty* was generally recognized as the organ. Since that time, through varying fortunes, the paper has gone on with slow but steady growth, doing its quiet work. Books inspired by it, and other journals which it called into being, have made its appearance, not only in various parts of the United States, but in England, France, Germany, and at the antipodes. Anarchism is now one of the forces of the world. But its literature, voluminous as it already is, lacks a systematic text-book. I have often been urged to attempt the task of writing one. Thus far, however, I have been too busy, and there is no prospect that I shall ever be less so. Pending the arrival of the man having the requisite time, means and ability for the production of the desired book, it has been determined to put forth, as a sort of makeshift, this partial collection of my writings for *Liberty*, giving them, by an attempt at classification, some semblance of system; the thought being that, if these writings, scattered in bits here, there, and everywhere, have already influenced so many minds, they ought in a compact and cumulative form to influence very many more.

The volume opens with a paper on "State Socialism and Anarchism," which covers, in a summary way, nearly the entire scope of the work. Following this

is the main section, "The Individual, Society, and the State," dealing with the fundamental principles of human association. In the third and fourth sections application of these principles is made to the two great economic factors, money and land. In these two sections, moreover, as well as in the fifth and sixth, the various authoritarian social solutions which go counter to these principles are dealt with, namely, Greenbackism, the Single Tax, State Socialism, and so-called "Communitistic Anarchism." The seventh section treats of the methods by which these principles can be realized; and in the eighth are grouped numerous articles scarcely within the scheme of classification, but which it has seemed best for various reasons to preserve.

As many of our readers may wish to know more of this irreverent political, social and religious—or more properly non-religious—iconoclast, we propose to publish his likeness as our frontispiece, and a short sketch of his life in the July Magazine.

"EUREKA NEWSPAPER GUIDE" for 1893 has just been received at this office. It is published by the Binghamton Eureka Advertising Agency and is to be issued annually. The price is \$2.00. It is the finest-looking newspaper directory and guide that we have seen. It contains but five hundred and seventy-eight pages and is therefore convenient to handle and for reference. It is printed on heavy tinted paper, beautifully bound in blue and gold and is an ornament to the desk of any business office. It contains, among other things, an accurately compiled and alphabetically arranged catalogue of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Territories, Dominion of Canada and Australia. It gives the names of each paper, politics or class, frequency of issue, number and size of page, circulation, either as reported or estimated, together with the population of each town, county or state. This is followed by a classified list of the chief religious, agricultural and other class publications throughout the entire country besides much other useful information. It is a book that no business house can afford to do without.

ALL SORTS.

—We hope to hear from all our good friends soon that we have written to during the past month.

—The last seven volumes of this Magazine, beautifully bound, are for sale at this office. Price \$3.00 each.

—Have you read carefully our report of "The World's Parliament of Religions" to be held soon in Chicago?

—Please examine page 8 of our advertising pages and see how much you can get for one dollar and fifty cents.

—We have a splendid assortment of Liberal pamphlets now for sale that ought to be scattered broadcast over the whole country.

—"Charles Darwin, His Life and What the World Owes to Him" is one of the most valuable pamphlets we have ever published.

—We would respectfully inquire what a faith-cured disciple does when he sits down on a loaded yellow jacket.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The World's Fair was open to the public Sunday, May 28th. "The world moves." "Tom" Paines body has mouldered in the grave, but his soul goes marching on.

—If our friends at any time desire us to discontinue sending the Magazine they should remember to pay up all arrears to date. A word to Freethinkers ought to be sufficient.

—Mr. E. H. Heywood has passed from earth. We learn this just as we are going to press. No more honest, sincere friend of Humanity has ever lived.

—Askem—"They tell me that Beteall has been converted and joined church. Has the change affected him enough to

cause him to pay his debts?" Sinnick—"He hasn't got that far along yet. He's only on probation, you know."

—"The World's Parliament of Religions" that appears as the leading article in this number has been put into a beautiful twenty-page paper-covered pamphlet and sells for ten cents a number, or twelve copies for one dollar.

—"Jehovah Interviewed," that appeared in the April Magazine, before it went into tract form, was greatly improved by the addition of Jehovah's views on the Briggs trial that was obtained at a later period. Fifty cents will procure ten of them.

—Mr. H. B. Congon, of Tulare, Cal., writes:

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is edited with such excellent judgment that it merits and should receive support from all who have broken or are striving to break the bonds of superstition. Let us not fear to follow where truth leads, even though we are forced to trample upon our most cherished idols.

—Pastor—"Miss Ethel, you should be engaged in some missionary work." Miss Ethel—"Oh, I am, and have been for some time past." Pastor—"I am gratified to hear you say so! In what field are you engaged?" Miss Ethel (proudly)—"I'm teaching my parrot not to swear."
—*Puck.*

—Judge Waite, of Chicago, has just given a very elaborate, learned and able legal opinion in relation to the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday, in which he holds that Congress has no power over the question. This opinion was published in the Chicago papers and in other leading journals in various sections of the country, and has had much to do in crystallizing public sentiment in favor of opening the Fair on Sundays.

—Mrs. Frances W. Titus, of Battle Creek, when sending in her subscription, writes :

It is one of the ablest magazines published in our country. I would gladly assist in getting up a club for its spread, but people are so enthused over the Columbian Exposition, that it is difficult to get their attention on other subjects. However, I will do my best."

We expect the great Fair will attract the attention of the people of this country this year, but we hope our Liberal friends will not forget this Magazine.

—Miss Mary Moore, Assistant Secretary of the Y. P. F. T. Society, suggests that a convention of the society be called to meet in Chicago at the same time the American Secular Union is to meet, the 6th, 7th and 8th of October. We hope the president, secretary and associate secretary and treasurer and other officers of the association, will confer together and call a convention at that time.

—Col. Ingersoll, in an interview the other day, speaking about the congress of religions to be held at the World's Fair, said : "I think it will do good if they will honestly compare their creeds so that each one can see just how foolish all the rest are. They ought to compare their sacred books and their miracles and their mythologies. If they will do so they will probably see that ignorance is the mother of them all. Let them hold a congress by all means, and let them show how priests live on the labor of those they deceive. It will do good."

—"An Inquirer" sends us the following pertinent question :

I see that Vice-Chancellor Bird, of New Jersey, sent to inquire of Mgr. Satolli if his judgment in cases brought before him were final. He asserts that they are, and says that there is no appeal from them. Is Mgr. infallible? The Roman Catholic Church claims the Pope is infallible, and requires her followers to believe in this infallibility as an article of faith. Will the Roman Catholics of America be satisfied with *fallible* judgments when, by an appeal to the Pope, they can have, ac-

cording to the teachings of their church *infallible* judgments? Will they be, can they be asked to be, satisfied with other than the highest authority, viz., that supposed to inspire the Pope?

—The *Chicago Evening Journal* has this to say of the President of the American Secular Union :

Because of his well-known liberal views and ripe scholarship in the law, Judge Waite, after many years of successful practice at the bar, was selected by President Lincoln to sit on the Federal bench at Salt Lake City during the most troublesome period of Mormonism—at a time when Brigham Young was at the zenith of his power and when it was imperative that a man of breadth, learning and great force of character should be entrusted with the administration of justice. For many years Judge Waite has devoted himself to literary pursuits and foreign travel. One of his most successful works is his "History of Christianity," now in its fifth edition, in which he takes the position of an impartial secular historian and traces the rise of the religion first preached in Nazareth.

—The following is sound orthodox doctrine. We clip the following from the *World* of May 15th :

Rev. A. Lord Boyle, in the Carmel Baptist Church, took for his topic last evening "The Dead Hand of Carlyle Harris," and concluded his review of that young man's career with a plea for the maintenance of laws providing capital punishment for murder. "We live," said the preacher, "under the Mosaic code today. We no more dare abolish capital punishment than the Ten Commandments. The man who makes a plea for the abolition of capital punishment is a suspicious character. The majority of Infidels believe in the abolition of capital punishment. But Christians must admit that God's law is still in force. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'"

—The *American Sentinel* we consider one of the most valuable papers on our exchange list. There is no journal in this country doing as much good work for the secularization of the State as is the *Sentinel*. It is rightly named. It is truly an American sentinel. Its religious teachings do not accord with the views of

Freethinkers, but it holds to the same philosophy, viz.: That religious opinions or irreligious opinions shall be propagated only by argument and reason, and not by the authority of the Government. Every issue of this sheet is full of the very best arguments in favor of the entire separation of Church and State. It is edited by Alonzo T. Jones, and published by the Pacific Publishing Company, at No. 43 Bond Street, New York City, at \$1.00 a year. Every Freethinker ought to subscribe for it.

—The Amherst College faculty have decided that it does the students no harm to go to church, and consequently the present plan of requiring attendance at religious services will be continued. The undergraduates have for several years demanded a change, but the professors' statement is directly intended as an answer to a petition recently circulated and very generally signed by students, asking immediate abolishment of compulsory church attendance. The faculty statement is very decided in tone and apparently ends the matter.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

There is an old proverb that you can lead a horse to water but can't compel him to drink. The faculty may compel these intelligent students to go to church, but the next question is, can they compel them to indorse their theological lies when they get them into the church?

—Bill Nye, writing from California in relation to the large trees there, says:

The big trees have been often referred to, and by people who were so much more gifted as liars than I am, that I shrink from the task of writing about them. We saw probably a hundred of them, but I will not try to speak of more than four or five. Each of the larger ones is named—some of them for the great generals, one for the Y. M. C. A. and one for Col. Ingersoll. The name of Col. Ingersoll has been torn from the tree it belongs to, and it is not known who did it. Probably some one who differs from Col. Ingersoll, but has not been able to express himself otherwise, has torn his name off. This shows that if we cannot readily reply to a man we may hamstring his pet horse, and thus show that we do not indorse him anyway.

—S. R. Thorne writes from the Chapin Home in New York:

I have read many good things in the *FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE*, but none pleased me so well as the lines on the Bible, by Jeremiah Hacker, a heretic, ninety-two years of age. Old age is gorgeous, splendid, when it has a mind like that. Darwin, when he felt that the end was near, repeated, "I am not in the least afraid to die." What a consolation to a Freethinker. The writer of this letter is now in his eighty-fourth year, and was, like Hacker, in his early days, educated in the hell-fire and brimstone theory. Freethinkers are not afraid of death. The fifth verse of Hacker's splendid production, beginning:

If people could read that old book aright,
They would all be ashamed to keep it in sight.
Not one in a thousand knows what it contains,
Nor will while they read without thought in their brains.

I could not but notice the old gentleman's sound philosophy, "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

—This is the kind of religious liberty they have down in Florida. Mr. ———, of ———, Florida, writes under date of April 14, 1893:

I have been reading the *FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE* for over a year, and let me say here I am much pleased with it. I have learned much from it and have presented some of the views to my neighbors and thereby have got a great many enemies where I had none a year ago. I am from ———, Mich., and alone here in my views. The other day the chairman of the Democratic Committee told me to my face that if I expressed any more such views he would get up a crowd and flog me until there was not an inch of hide left on my body. Now, for the sake of peace and harmony, please accept the enclosed remittance and discontinue sending the Magazine.

That Democratic Committeeman is a sound Christian and seems to know the kind of arguments with which to defend the religion of the Meek and Lowly Nazarine. "He that believeth not shall be damned."

—The following is from an editorial in the *New York World* of May 18th.

The Rev. Secretary Knowles has declared to a representative of the *World*

that those whom he represents will urge pastors everywhere to preach this boycott as a religious obligation, and to denounce any attendance upon the Fair as sin. They have taken advantage of confiding women and children and pledged a million of them—as they boast—not to go to the Fair if there is any Sunday opening, thus depriving these innocents of what, to the majority, is the one great educational opportunity of their lives.

This is the spirit of the sixteenth century inspired by the ignorance of that unenlightened age. Fortunately, in our time the claws of bigotry are closely cut. The pulpit is full of broad-minded men and the pews of liberal men and women who will take no part in such a crusade of intolerance; and better still, the common schools and the newspapers have so far taught the American people to think and act for themselves, that no attempt of priest or pastor to dominate their consciences in such fashion as this, will meet with anything but resentment and failure.

—The return of Mrs. Jenness Miller to Chicago reminds us of an amusing incident that happened when that lady was visiting Chicago last fall. At that time an old and valued friend of Mr. H. H. Kohlsaats—a distant relative, we believe—came to this city, intending to pass a fortnight in seeing the wonderful sights of the great metropolis. Properly enough, Mr. Kohlsaats and his family employed every means to make the old lady's stay pleasant. The change from the oppressive quiet of Galena was about as complete as one could well imagine, but the old lady was full of enthusiasm, and it was a real privilege to entertain so appreciative a guest.

It happened that the very evening of the day she arrived Pagan Bob Ingersoll lectured in the Auditorium, and, fancying that she would be curious to see and hear this famous orator, Mr. Kohlsaats took his elderly visitor to the Auditorium that evening. Mrs. Kohlsaats didn't approve of this sort of thing at all; she heartily disapproved of Bob Ingersoll, and she assured Herman (in the strictest confidence) that the heterodoxy of the aggressive agnostic would simply shock the dear old Galena lady beyond all measure. Mr.

Kohlsaats said: "Pooh! pooh!" and sailed off to the lecture, as proud as you please, with his venerable Galena friend upon his arm. The old lady sat it out with never a word of complaint; if she was shocked or pained she said nothing of it to anybody, and Mrs. Kohlsaats, who, like others of her sex, has a keen eye to the subtleties, was certain that this silence was ominous and boded ill.

So, next morning, by way of taking off the curse of Mr. Kohlsaats's indiscretion—to take away the bad taste as the saying is—Mrs. Kohlsaats took her lovely old friend in tow and piloted her down-town to a lecture which Mrs. Jenness Miller was delivering in advocacy of dress reform. Presumably this procedure would have thrown the average woman into a condition of rapture, but in the case of the venerable dame from Galena it simply served to deepen and darken her reticence and her gloom. Bless her heart, she had no more to say of Jenness Miller when she got home than she had to say of Bob Ingersoll the night before, and the Kohlsaats were mystified and distressed beyond telling.

That night—it was the second night, mind you, after her coming—the old lady was discovered packing her trunk.

"What are you doing, aunty?" asked Mrs. Kohlsaats, her voice betraying her surprise.

"Packin' my trunk," answered the old lady; "gettin' ready to go back home."

"Go back home!" cried Mr. Kohlsaats, hastening to the reinforcement of his astonished wife; "why, you came to stay two weeks, and you've been here only two days. Aren't you having a good time? We certainly sha'n't let you run away from us in this fashion!"

"I'm sorry about it," answered the old lady, solemnly, "but I've found out that Chicago is too much for me. The first night I was here they took away my God, and this mornin' they took away my chemise. The best thing I can do now is to get back to Galena as quick as I can before anythin' more serious happens!"

—"Mamma," asked Willie, with much interest, "don't men go to Heaven?" "Why, of course they do," replied mamma. "Well, I've seen a good many pictures of angels," said Willie, "and I never saw a man among them. They're all women."—*Philadelphia Times*.

—We must, repeat what we have said often before, that we cannot even acknowledge the receipt of articles, so many are constantly coming in. The writers must keep copies and then watch the pages of the Magazine, and thus learn whether they appear or not. We can not return manuscript that is not used. This may seem impolite, but we are compelled to adopt this course

—Mrs. Cleveland seems to be a very good woman, and we notice that she is engaged in the admirable work of founding free kindergartens for poor and neglected children. We notice that the *Sun* reports her as saying that "the children which are sent straight from the hand of God must be trained to go back to Him." We should suppose that a child direct from the hand of God ought not to need much remodeling.

—"Never in my life," said Dean Stanley to his wife, after a sermon in Westminster Abbey, "did I so deeply impress the congregation. Every eye was fixed on me from beginning to end of my sermon—not a word seemed to be lost by inattention." "No wonder," said his wife, "for your gloves were in your hat as you put it on, and when you took it off they remained on top of your head all the time you were preaching! It was the gloves, my dear, not the eloquence of the sermon that fixed their attention!"

—Under the title of "The Pittsburgh Sunday" the *World* has this to say editorially:

Pennsylvania retains on her statute books a Sunday law framed in simpler and more despotic times than these, when work was largely individual, when there were no newspapers, railroads, telegraphs,

telephones, or large cities requiring the means of getting about, and when the shadow of Puritanism brooded over an unenlightened land.

This Sunday law gives legal effect to the Mosaic requirements as to Sabbath observance, with only the change of days from Saturday to Sunday. It renders labor on Sunday a penal offense. The law being out of harmony with modern conditions it has naturally fallen into disuse. But some months ago a society was formed in Pittsburgh to enforce it, so far at least as its enforcement might gratify the desire of the society's members to make other people uncomfortable without interfering with their own convenience.

The society has been especially active in attempts to suppress Sunday newspapers, and now another society has undertaken to put a stop to the running of horse-cars on Sunday, and to that end is about to arrest the directors and stockholders of the principal lines.

This extension of activity is right as far as it goes. But why dally thus with the outskirts of reform? Why not enforce the blue law "for all it is worth?" It forbids all works upon Sunday except those of necessity and charity. Why should not all such work be stopped if part of it is stopped? Try the Mosaic Sabbath in its completeness and hold all men equally to its observance.

Under this law, fully enforced, no man should be permitted to drive a carriage even to church or to supply milk on Sunday. No fires should be lighted on Sunday and no cooking should be done. Breakfast, dinner and supper must be made upon cold victuals, without hot tea or coffee, for the making of these is work. If any man keeps a cow he may milk it, upon the plea of mercy to the beast, but he must on no account strain or care for the milk, for that is work neither necessary nor charitable. Moses did not permit even the gathering of manna on the Sabbath.

All paid organists and choir singers in the churches must be forbidden to perform their duties on Sunday, for these are clearly offenses against the law.

And if this matter of religious observance is to be enforced by law, if the Puritan copy of the Mosaic Sabbath is to be re-established at the end of the nineteenth century, its entire spirit should be embodied in the statutes. Men should be forbidden to kiss their wives and women to caress their babies on Sunday. These are "carnal pleasures." None should be permitted to "walk or run" on Sunday

"except reverently to and from church." If we are to have the Puritan Sunday as a legal institution anywhere in the Republic let us have the whole of it.

The men of Pittsburgh who are beset by the activities of this Sunday law enforcement society should at least see to it that the law is enforced with an equal and relentless hand against all offenses prohibited by it. They would probably find that Grant was right in saying that the best way to get rid of a bad statute was rigidly to enforce it.

—A very polite gentlemanly Christian, who writes to have the Magazine discontinued that someone has paid for and sends him, writes from Alpha, Ill.:

I cannot conscientiously indorse your teachings, for they are based on the errors of Orthodoxy and Science, so called, but believe much of it is falsely so called, and is not truly scientific. I believe there is a Supreme Being that rules the entire universe, and that he is the creator of *all* things, what is called the *evil* as well as what is called the *good*, and that he will in the ages to come, overrule *all* evil for the good of the entire human race, and would add to all other created intelligence. I believe the Bible in its original tongue; I do not believe that *endless* punishment is a Bible doctrine, nor that the soul is naturally immortal, but I do believe that *all* punishment is for the good and discipline of the race, and that in the dispensation of the fullness of times, or ages, the *entire* race will be saved and blessed thereby. My belief is in harmony with the teachings of such noble men as A. P. Adams, of Beverly, Mass., and would refer you to his book, entitled "Bible Harmony," and to his paper, entitled "The Spirit of the Word." I believe you are *conscientiously* teaching what *you* think is the *truth*, but it is plain to me that your reasoning and teaching is based upon a false foundation, but at the same time I believe you are doing the work that God has assigned you. With brotherly love, I remain yours truly,

IRA K. FRANKENBURGER.

We would like to ask friend Frankenburg a few questions, that we will permit him to answer in the next issue, or some subsequent one of this Magazine:

1. What do you mean when you say "I cannot endorse your teachings," when our course is to honestly express our own

views and allow every person writing for this Magazine to honestly express theirs?

2. Is your Supreme Being infinite in power? If yes, why does he create evil, even if it is to be overruled for good in the ages to come? Why not create nothing but good in the first place and avoid all evil? We see a poor human being born without legs and compelled to walk with his hands all his life. He came thus direct from the hands of his creator, but you insist that God will give him a pair of legs in some future world. How do you justify your Supreme Being, "who rules the entire universe," for depriving this man of his legs in this present world when he had the power to have given him a good pair?

3. Are you a believer in this Christian doctrine—a Bible doctrine—that God is the same now, henceforth and forever, that he changeth not? If yes, then if God creates evil in this world, will he not create evil in all worlds, and will there not be evil in all future states of existence?

4. If you believe, as you state that you do, that we are doing the work that God has assigned us through the instrumentality of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, why do you object to the Magazine?

—As might have been expected, Rev. Joseph Cook and Wilber F. Crafts fell into spasms when they learned that the judicial power could not be invoked in time to stop the opening of the World's Exposition yesterday. They saw perdition yawning. Hence their wild shriek by lightning to the president to close the gates by military force. The reverend gentlemen may as well compose their minds. It is somewhat too late a day for seventeenth century methods of propaganda. While it is undoubtedly true that these lineal descendants of Cotton Mather would have burned at the stake or have shot every last man that attempted to pass the gates of the great fair, they will not have the satisfaction of seeing it done. The day has long passed when Sunday observance could be enforced at the point of the bayonet. Meantime our wicked little planet still revolves. The wide-open gates on Sunday didn't give it a single shudder.—*Chicago Herald*.



Beny R Tucker.

THE
FREETHELOVER
MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE

KEEPAWAY

1898

The contradiction between the use that reason is put to, and that the object is, but rather in the nature of knowledge, we have of it.

There are many kinds of knowledge, and regarding truth

and philosophy, yet all are

the same. The word does

not then appear by itself

from which the

relative function

of the reasoning

is gained. A dog

is a fact that

is with another

knowledge, but it

is not by itself

is the only process

in the world, it

is not a process

process



Ben R Tucker.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

JULY (E. M.) 293.

REASON AND DOGMA.

BY REV. J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

THE contrast between reason and dogma is made not in the sense that reason and dogma are forever at variance with each other, or that the one is always true and the other always false, but rather in the sense that reason is the source and criterion of knowledge, while dogma is but the statement of an opinion of it.

There are many kinds of dogmas, just as there are all kinds of opinions, regarding truth or knowledge, dogmas of science, religion, philosophy, yet they have their origin in one source which is reason. The word dogma is thus very closely related to reason, as will further appear by the meaning of the Greek verb, *δοκέω*, to think, from which the English word dogma is derived. Reason is the active function, the seat of authority, the ultimate tribunal of all reasoning which, as the product of the reason, stands for dogma. A dogma then is, or should be, the product of reason. The fact that the reason is constantly illuminated and endowed with authority, not only by what it discovers to be facts and knowledge, but by the result of the correlation or putting together side by side of dogmas and fresh knowledge, it becomes and is the only and the reliable criterion of knowledge that there is in the world, not excepting all specious revelations, not only of mental processes and the methods of science but of

truth as displayed in the facts of life. The logical faculty or the reason is, indeed, the only chart which may guide man in his life's work and destiny. Even though it and its results are but relative and not in themselves absolute for all time, that is to say, even though the reason and its products constantly change as it is enlightened and as it discerns new truth—for man is not a perfect, but is, indeed, a growing and progressive being—yet what it affirms as rational and what appeals to man as such, is a safe basis for present action, is as secure as any, if not the securest of all natural or supernatural revelations of truth. Indeed, in order to make revelation the chart of mankind, in order that it may justify itself to man or prove its intrinsic worth and authority, it must receive unconditionally the stamp of approval from the reason. Otherwise it may be likened to a tramp who is without country, home and claim. For how can what is not reasonable to man be reasonable to God? A supernatural revelation of truth to man, which is to be his help and salvation while on the earth, must reach him through the reason—at all events it must make its claims reasonable, for man is not endowed with reason to set him at variance but at one with truth and for him to gulp down any alleged revelation without submitting it at all to reason is not only to stultify the reason, but to disobey the law of being.

The controversy now going on between Rev. Dr. Briggs and the Presbyterian Church regarding the authority and essence of revelation, his position being that the Bible, as literature and substance, is faulty and fallible, because it is the production of men, yet while the process of arriving at what is revelation is human, the concept and result of it is divine, the position of the Church being that the Bible is infallible and its revelation true whether reasonable or not, is a controversy which is the reiteration of the authority of reason against dogma. This issue is of such moment and importance that the entire Protestant Church is imperilled, for if it is decided that reason has the authority to pass upon the merits of the contents of the Bible, whether it is, letter for letter, the infallible word of God, or whether it contains errors and must stand and fall by the truth which is in it, then is it at once certain either that the Bible ceases to be the chart for man, must fall as a fetish and take its place with all literature and man must go elsewhere than to it for knowledge and anchorage, or that it is adhered to only for what truth there is in it.

Two popular thoughts growing out of this controversy should here be considered, for they are in line with the subject. It is maintained, in the first place, that the Bible is authoritative only as it is totally and verbally infallible, and, in the second place, it is said that unless the Bible, which comes from above, is man's chart, he must sail to such a port as chance and fate direct.

Neither of these criticisms are vital, yet they form the opinions of the bulk of mankind regarding the authority of the human reason as against that of the Bible as the alleged word of God. Without entering into any detailed and lengthy discussion of these objections, it can be said that, if God only revealed his will or at all to man in the Protestant Bible he surely must have been not only exceptionally solicitous of the needs of the Jew, while indifferent to all the rest of the human family, a theory for which there is not a single fact in existence to sustain it outside of the Bible, but a God of such limitations as to warrant infidelity and atheism in rejecting him and his particular religious work. It is this fact which is becoming, indeed which has become, so popular a conviction among men that the struggle in the Protestant Church to retain the Bible intact as the infallible word of God, or preach it as a dogma of greater and more final authority than reason, is fast closing the doors of its churches and forcing the members into open revolt and unbelief. And this is not due to the fact that agnosticism, materialism, atheism and all forms of infidelity are growing more aggressive and widespread, although this necessarily follows, but to the fact that while the reason is conditionally fallible, it is nevertheless conditionally sovereign. Man cannot understand why God made the human reason at all if not to be used in matters of solemn and tremendous moment, why he recorded his law and will in a book and yet endowed man with reason not to be used in finding, proving and knowing that law and will—why, in short, he did not make such revelation omnipresent in the universe, at least make such of it as the human soul possesses co-ordinate in authority and purpose with such illustrations of it as may be contained in a Bible. These questions are not to be answered by the trite reply that with God all things are possible, or that God may choose such ways as he pleases of revealing himself, or, still further, that it is none of man's business where and how God reveals himself, for such reply is evasive and not a serious and just answer to man's thought.

Man is right in thinking that reason transcends all the processes and products of reasoning and of reason in the past, right also in thinking that nothing can command him which is not answerable to and in reason. A revelation of truth may have claims upon man which he may not comprehend, yet, since revelation comes through the human consciousness and not outside of it, since it is not handed down to man as law was alleged to have been delivered to Moses on tablets of stone from Mount Sinai, but as the result of the use of his logical faculty, whether in the perception of the law and the phenomena of the soul or of the material universe, man is justified in accepting and guiding his life by such of it as is reasonable and setting aside the rest until it becomes a matter of fact or he must discard it as false. It is not man's prerogative to deny or condemn what may be knowledge without proof, or what may be to him incomprehensible, but he has the prerogative to be ruled, if he desires, by only that which is reasonable.

Now, if certain parts of the Bible contain discrepancies, contradictions, interpolations, as such an able and acknowledged scholar and authority on biblical exegesis and criticism as Dr. Briggs admits that they contain, why should man be bound to them because in the Bible any more than he is bound to error in any other book? And on what ground does the authority of the Bible as revelation rest, on its errors or its truth, on what is illogical or reasonable, or on certain undeniable facts which everywhere confirm and prove it?

Certain it is that a revelation of truth is a revelation of reason, which reason can verify, whether it exist in scintillations or broken gleams even among a mass of historical, social and political matters of secular interest only. And so that which Henry Ward Beecher said about the man eating fish is true as to the Bible, "Eat the meat and reject the bones, but do not reject the meat because of the bones." There are those, however, who must have things just their way and who are grieved, if society does not accept their opinion of the Bible. Under their rule man is as the girl who, when asked why she left her place, replied, "Because in the arrangements of the pots in the cupboard, Miss Esther desired her to set them northeasterly and Miss Judith must have them southwesterly, and she could not please both of them or even herself." Not content with the possession of the

general facts of life, these facts must conform to their preconceived notions and prejudices of things, and hence truth knocks in vain at their doors. A supernatural revelation of God's will to man would be a very desirable name for a very desirable thing, but, as it is, one is reminded of what Voltaire wrote about the Holy Roman Empire, "It is a good name," he said, "except that it was not holy, it was not Roman and it was not an empire." The record of the Bible is neither supernatural nor a revelation as generally believed.

As to the second objection which is, that unless the chart comes from above, man must sail to a port which chance and fate direct, it is to be said that if the human reason cannot work out the problem of human life and destiny, then is even the biblical revelation of no account. For if God's reason for conduct is not complimented by man's reason, how can man be expected to know it or to shape his life by any reason at all? for it appears and follows that if the will of God is law and reason, surely man's reason can assert and prove it, for reason in God differs from reason in man not in purpose and quality but in illumination and degree of perfection. Indeed, it is found that the human reason is identified with God in the discrimination of what is useful and useless, lawful and lawless, truthful and erroneous, so that by an irresistible and inexorable fate, which is God, man is bound to grow as he was destined to grow, not only out of the state of barbarism, superstition and credulity, as civilization shows, but out of childish faith and ways of thinking into the sovereignty and dignity of the full-grown man as Paul expressed it in his letters to the Corinthians. Nor is man at all warranted in asserting that since the Bible is not a supernatural revelation of God's will to man, that is, since it grew up and developed in man's consciousness as all other knowledge or truth has come, and is, therefore, armed with no more or no other authority than reason may assign to it, there can be found nowhere in the universe any source of reliable and true revelation. The fact of the matter is that such conclusion is the evidence of the power of dogmatism on the human mind in blinding reason to any kind of light and testimony from any other source than that of the Bible, and in making the universe, not the repository of the will, purposes and being of God, but either the work of the devil or an annex to some fetish human scheme hoisted up for worship by an idolatrous humanity.

For while the knowledge and truth acquired through the human faculties are not set down as a supernatural revelation of God's will, yet, for the lack of a better word, is allowed to be called science, although its facts are still regarded as without any binding authority by the Protestant Church which opposes Dr. Briggs and all ultra-liberal thinkers, yet it is and must be at one with all other knowledge and truth, wherever such is found, if there is, as I believe, something in the universe that man has termed God. Such revelation may oppose the claims and the matter of any spurious revelation, it may destroy it utterly, for while it is not truth supernaturally revealed, it is truth so far as reason may decide, which, while the result of human investigation, yet has the same hypernatural source, which is God. And to deny that God is thus revealing himself to mankind, call such revelation progress, evolution, or what one may, is admitting that the universe is either Godless or that the creator is dead. Dead he may be, if the Bible is his only and last word, but living still, if the human mind is not deceived and is not led on to madness by some demon, by its own mighty and undisputed testimony and revelation. And this is where the human reason exercises the final decision, holds perpetually the scales of arbitration and authority, in that it is the mind of God speaking clearly to his people to-day as he spoke to them in the past, and guiding them by the light of this ever-burning star in the human soul to perfect knowledge and truth. Thus a dogma, unless ratified and affirmed by the human reason, becomes as the chrysalis out of which that which made it what it is and gave it use has gone forever. And to enforce teaching which has lost its usefulness, or to make dogmas which stand for theories and not for facts, opinions and not for truth, usurp the throne and prerogative of reason, is to put credulity above knowledge and Rome above the logical faculty. Man is not to exalt his egoism into a cultus by which it becomes the measuring line of fact, truth or reality, for when reason is thus made authoritative, it is not meant that only one man is to be Pope or that one man's reason is to decide what is error or what is truth, but rather this is meant that the consensus of reason is to be the standard and that that consensus is not so much a matter of bulk as it is a matter of quality and evidence.

Let man have faith, too, wherever such faith is warranted or not denied by reason, but let him seal forever the eyes of the

dead and effete past which would give him stones for bread and serpents for fish, give him idolatry and superstition for true religion and science, give him a fanciful dream of heaven for an actuality and a realization of it, give him a corpse for the living word and speaking soul of God.

This, then, is the law of the human reason, that while the Church may deny it its own authority as a sufficient, developing and final revelation, authoritative as any revelation of the kind can be, yet its power is at work in the world, and images are being broken, old forms and bodies of things are decaying and passing away, disintegration is at work at the very altars erected to the known gods and it is shaping all things to and by its pattern. Neither mankind nor their bibles can resist its sovereignty. It, like truth, may be crushed to the earth again and again, but it will rise conqueror over the conquered. It is the lion of the nineteenth century that guards its kingdom with a sovereign might. As well might one seek to overpower the avalanche or a mountain storm as to defeat it. Yet it is astir in and aglow with love, light and joy. It will not put new wine into old bottles; rather, it will make, as it is making, all things new, and show how the old passes away, not to destroy life, but to perpetuate, refine and perfect it, to make the new subserve the law of the old, which is the law for life and not for death, and thus make truth the end and the reason the means to happiness. Thus the struggle is going on and will go on in spite of all human effort to destroy it, until the human reason rises at last to kiss the lips of God who made it, for it, in the beginning, as John taught it, was the word and the word was with God and the word was God.

CHRISTIANITY INCONGRUENT.

BY HENRY M. TABER.

THE word incongruity embraces in its meaning inconsistencies, contradictions, inaccuracies and absurdities, and as all these so abound in the books of the Bible, and as Christianity has adopted the Bible as the foundation of its faith, it, of course, adopts all that is incongruous in the Bible, so that the title of this article would seem to be both comprehensive and appropriate.

To speak of all the incongruities in the Bible or of the Chris-

tian religion would be a task impossible of accomplishment by anyone. There are tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of them.

Prof. Ladd, of Yale University, says; "There are probably a hundred thousand errors in the text of the Bible."

The *Truth-Seeker* says: "In the collection of the manuscript for Grierback's edition, as many as 150,000 different readings of the scriptures are discovered."

Rev. John W. Chadwick says; "The history of the New Testament revision made generally known the fact that there were 150,000 disagreements in the various *M. S. of the New Testament alone*, upon which the reviewers were dependent for their knowledge of the original Greek. . . . While the first forty chapters are, for the most part, actually Isaiah, the last twenty-seven are from another prophet, who lived *two centuries later*. Yet there is not a hint of this in the revision. . . . The Book of Daniel was written two hundred years *after Daniel's death*. . . . Hundreds of years elapsed from the time that the books of the Bible were collected and assumed their present form. Meantime they floated about, written upon tablets, or leaves of bark, and on parchment; they were copied and copied again; they went through all sorts of changes; all sorts of mistakes were made. . . . It was not thought a sin to change a manuscript a little here and there. . . . Contradiction disfigures page after page of the New Testament (as well as of the Old). In the first three gospels we have one picture of Jesus, and in the fourth gospel another. If Jesus was the Jesus of Matthew and Mark and Luke, it is impossible that he could have been the Jesus of John. . . . The Bible is partly true and partly false. . . . The Bible is not (as is claimed) a literary and moral unit. It contains sixty-seven different books, having in many instances no other connection than that afforded by the binders' stitching of leaves, and were written at different times throughout a period of fifteen hundred years, during which period the thoughts of men underwent great changes. . . . The Bible is composed of the most diverse elements, abounding in misapprehensions, contradictions and mistakes, and possesses no authority whatever. Every clergyman in the Protestant Church *knows* that these books have no validity . . . Science teaches us how from primal germs the world has been evolved into its present shape. A single page of Faraday or Lyell signifies more than whole volumes of cosmog-

ony like that of Genesis! Think of all the precious time wasted to endeavor to make the Bible echo the great truths of Science! . . . The great German critics, who gave up wealth and ease in their absorbing passion for truth, long ago convinced all scholars of the inaccuracies of Bible history; but it was left to Bishop Colenso—as true a heart as England ever owned—to publish these inaccuracies so plainly that a wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein. These inaccuracies are largely characteristic of the New as well as of the Old Testament.”

The *Truth-Seeker* says: “The criticism of the Pentateuch began as early as the eleventh century, chiefly among the Jews. The Christians were too ignorant to grapple the subject. Heathen authors, like Celsus and Julian, represented the Pentateuch as mythical, and paralleled its stories with pagan mythology. . . . All the world knows about Jesus Christ is found in the four gospels. These gospels are *anonymous, unreliable and contradictory*. There is no evidence that one of them was written for at least one hundred and fifty years after the events they pretend to record had transpired. . . . No Greek, nor Roman, nor Jewish writer ever mentioned Jesus. Jesus himself did not claim to be more than man. He was regarded simply as a human teacher.

. . . The attributing to Jesus of deity is the work of theologians. . . . All four gospel writers tell each a different story, and Paul, the one who wrote earlier than either, disagrees with them all. . . . The contradictions of the gospel writers, and the conduct of the apostles are inexplicable upon any theory which asserts that the writers knew any facts concerning events they pretended to record. . . . We find in the gospels contradictions so plain that one or the other must be false.”

Of course only a *very* few of the errors and disagreements in the Bible can be noticed here, but enough can be shown to illustrate the utter unreliability and absurdity, and the allegorical character of the book which has become an object of superstitious veneration, at least among the Protestant portion of Christian worshippers. What is this book and from whom does it emanate? No one knows who are the authors of these writings, and as there are no autographs of them extant, it is impossible to determine how they would compare with the originals. Of course they are the productions of persons just as human and just as fallible as any living to-day, and have been altered, added to and inter-

polated in the interest of a church. It is claimed that they were inspired by God. Is it possible that believers in the Bible are willing to admit that their God has furnished them with a book in which its false science, its inaccurate history, its incredible stories, its silly fables, its encouragement of polygamy, slavery, intemperance and deception, its cruelties and its obscenities are made so manifest? And yet such believers cannot fail of such admission if they would only read the Bible unprejudiced and without superstitious fear. Among others, many of the "fathers" of the church have questioned the literal meaning, the truthfulness, of the books of the Bible.

Judge R. B. Westbrook says: "Pluto, Josephus, Papias, Tertulian, Clement, Ambrose, Athanasius and Augustine regarded the so-called Mosaic account of the creation and fall, an allegory."

Maimonides, a learned Jewish rabbi, says (speaking of the Bible): "Taken according to the letter, this work gives the most absurd and extravagant idea of divinity."

Rabbi Kohler, of the Temple Beth-El, says: "People have made a fetich of the Bible, drawing from it their geology, their astronomy, their history, and all their science. By it they justified the burning of witches and heretics, slavery and polygamy. Chafing under the despotic sway of the book, men at last exposed its errors. Condemn not those iconoclasts like Voltaire and Thomas Paine; their ridicule emancipated the race from the thralldom of the book."

Even the great apostle Paul himself speaks of what is written of the "Sons of Abraham" as "an allegory." (Gall. iv: 24.)

Prof. John W. Draper says: "It is the decision of many learned and pious English and German moderns that the *whole* Pentateuch is unhistoric; that it contains the most extraordinary contradictions and impossibilities, sufficient to involve the credibility of the whole."

Rev. Myron Adams, of Boston, in his book, the "Creation of the Bible," speaks of Genesis as largely mythical, and its older parts products of oral tradition. The creation of the Bible began with Ezra, after the Babylonish exile, and adds: "The books of Job and Daniel are fictitious."

"The Bible, although one of the most read, yet is the most *mis*-read of books, and the least understood." (Clodd's "Childhood of Religion.")

"Modern Biblical criticism has shattered the traditional theories of the authorship of the Biblical book." (Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D.)

"The Bible is untrustworthy." (Rev. E. G. Smyth, D. D.)

"The Bible has sanctioned the violation of every part of the universally recognized moral code. It has outraged decency by its obscene recitals." (John E. Remsburgh.)

"The generally recorded opinion is that the manuscript of the books of Moses, Judges, Mordecai, Kings, Chronicles, Job, Samuel and others were destroyed by fire when Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem." (Chambers' Encyclopædia.)

Rev. Minot J. Savage says: "The books of the Bible are full of contradictions and errors, while the moral tone of many parts of them is such as to make it impiety in us to credit them to a just and loving God. . . . It is incongruous, even to absurdity, to think of God as a localized, outlined Being, setting forth his arbitrary decrees like a celestial Kaiser. . . . It is well known to all competent scholars, that Moses had no hand in composing the five books traditionally ascribed to him. It is also well known that the Jews did not attempt to tell any story of Adam or the fall until after they had borrowed it in the days of their captivity. These things are only pagan traditions, and there is no more reasonable basis for them than there is for one of the tales of the Arabian Nights, and yet they have stood in the way of the world's knowledge; have been made the means of darkening human minds; oppressing human hearts and kindling fires for the burning of brave and noble men for ages. . . . The first man is now found close on the borders of the animal world, and in the light of this discovery the utterly baseless tradition of the fall becomes absurd. No *fall*, but the *ascent* of man is what now appears. This one fact is the death-blow to the old theology. In the light of to-day the plan of salvation has no rational excuse for continued existence one day more."

The late Rev. N. A. Staples says: "Take the brush of criticism and paint the errors (of the Bible) into a dark background; if not done by those who love the Bible, it will be *roughly* done by those who do *not* love it. The inconsistencies of the old claim for the Bible are seen and perfectly well understood *outside the church*, and if the pulpit is not magnanimous enough to confess its old errors, the Bible will be thrown aside altogether. People must be taught that the Bible cannot stand in the way of science or philosophy, nor supersede individual judgment."

According to orthodox christianity, "We are required to believe that Jehovah, the ruler of all worlds, the pure, spiritual, supreme, ineffable creator of the universe, our father who is in heaven, selected one favored people (who never numbered one per cent. of the earth's population) from the rest of his children: sanctified fraud; commanded cruelty; contended (and for awhile in vain) with the magi of other gods; wrestled bodily with one patriarch; eat cakes and veal with another; sympathized with and shared in human passions; manifested scarcely one untainted moral excellence; we are required to do this painful violence to our feelings and our understandings, simply because these coarse conceptions prevailed some thousand years ago among a people whose history, as written by themselves, is certainly not of a nature to inspire us with any extraordinary confidence in their virtue or their intellect." (Greg's "Creed of Christendom.")

"The God of the Bible is a moral monstrosity." (Henry Ward Beecher.)

"Vishnu, with a necklace of skulls, is figure of love and mercy, compared to the God of the Old Testament." (Rev. Theodore Parker.)

"From the aspersions of the pulpit I would rescue the reputation of the Deity." (Ingersoll.)

But let all read the Bible for themselves, and they cannot but be convinced that they are worshipping a God possessed of human frailties, reverencing a book that contains more untruths and indecencies than any other, and encouraging a religion that is deceptive, superstitious, and opposed to the conclusions of intelligent thought.

In Deut. xxxii: 27, God is said to have "*feared* the wrath of the enemy."

In Ex. xxxii, Moses *rebukes God*, saying (12th verse), "Turn from thy fierce wrath and repent of this evil against thy people (16th verse) and *the Lord repented.*"

Gen. vi: 6, tells us that "it repented the Lord that he had made man, . . . it grieved him at his heart."

In Num. xiv: 16, is shown how far short of omnipotence God came.

In Judges i: 19, we are told that God "could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley."

God is said to be omnipresent, and yet in Gen. xi: 5, we read

that he "*came down* to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded."

In 2 Sam. xii: 8, God makes David a present of Saul's wives.

In 2 Sam. xxi: 8, "the *five* sons of Michal, the daughter of Saul," are spoken of, and yet in chap. vi, 23, we read that "Michal (the daughter of Saul) had *no* child unto the day of her death."

In Ex. xxi, slavery is regulated, 6th verse: "and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him forever."

Lev. xxv: 44 and 46: "of them (the heathen) shall you buy bondmen and bondmaids . . . They shall be your bondmen forever."

In Num. xiv: 34, God tells us of his "breach of promise."

Jer. iv: 10: "Ah, Lord God! surely thou hast greatly deceived this people."

Jer. xx: 7: "Oh Lord, though hast deceived me."

Ezek. xiv: 9: "If the prophet be deceived, . . . I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet."

2 Chron. xiii: tells how God encouraged the spirit to enter the prophets of Ahab, and to put lying spirits in their mouths.

In Jer. xv: 18, God is asked the question, "Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar."

2 Thess. ii: 11: "God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie."

1 Kings, xxii: 23: "The Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouths of all these thy prophets."

In one place we are told to swear by the Lord's name, and in another to "swear not at all."

Christ is called the "prince of peace," and his teachings are spoken of as the "gospel of peace" and yet he is made to say, "Suppose ye that I am come to bring peace on earth? I tell you nay, but rather division. The father shall be divided against the son, . . . the mother against the daughter, . . . the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law" (Luke xii: 51-53): "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one," (xxii: 36).

Mark xii: 12: "The brother shall betray the brother to death, the father the son."

In Rev. xii: 7, it says, "there was war in heaven," therefore a peaceful and happy abode in heaven cannot be counted upon.

What are the Bible teachings as to the use of stimulants? In Ps. civ: 15, we are told how glad the heart of man is made by wine.

In Prov. xxxi: 6-7, the advice furnished is to "give strong drink unto him who is ready to perish, and wine unto those who be of a heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

In Eccl. ix: 7, we are recommended to drink wine with a merry heart."

"Drink, yea, drink *abundantly*." (Songs of Sol. v: 1.)

"Wine which cheereth God and man." (Judges ix: 13.)

Jer. xxv: 27-28, "Drink ye and be drunken. . . . If they refuse, . . . then shalt thou say unto them, 'Thus saith the Lord of hosts, ye shall certainly drink.'"

John (i: 18) says: "No man has seen God at any time," but Jacob says (Gen. xxxii: 30): "I have seen God face to face."

Matt. (vii: 8) says: "Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth." *Per contra*, we read in Prov. (1-28), "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but shall not find me."

Paul tells that God is not the author of confusion, but of *peace* (1 Cor. xiv: 33), but in Ex. (xv: 3), he is spoken of as a "man of war."

We are told that "God is love," is "very pitiful and of tender mercy," and again we are told "God is a consuming fire."

"The New Testament is filled with contradictions. The gospels do not agree even upon the terms of salvation, upon the gospel or mission of Christ. They do not tell the same story regarding the betrayal, crucifixion, resurrection or ascension of Christ. The evangelists do not give the same account of the same miracles, and the miracles are not given in the same order. They do not agree even in the genealogy of Christ." (Ingersoll.)

According to Matt. (xxvii: 5) Judas "hanged himself." But we are told in Acts (i: 18) that he died an entirely different death.

In the genealogy of Christ, as furnished by Matthew, there are twenty-eight generations, while that furnished by Luke gives forty-three generations, from David to Christ. Both accounts in these lines of descent are almost totally different, but they agree in the fact that *Jesus was the son of Joseph*. This, however, is all contradicted by other portions of the New Testament, which calls Jesus the "son of God," and makes the absurd, unnatural, impossible claim that he was born of a virgin.

According to John one woman came to the sepulchre; according to Matthew two women came; according to Mark three women came and according to Luke (not less than) four women came.

According to Luke (xxiv: 50-51) Christ ascended from Bethany; but if Acts (i: 9-12) is to be taken as authority, the ascension was from Mount Olivet.

In the "sermon on the mount," we are told to do what is impracticable not only, but that which would sap the foundations of social life.

To turn the left cheek to one who smites you on the right; to give your coat to the one who takes your cloak; to go two miles, because you have been compelled to go one mile; to give equal wages to one who works one hour as to those who have, for twelve hours, borne the heat and burden of the day; to treat the prodigal with greater favor than the frugal son; to give to him that asketh, and to turn not away from him that would borrow; to require the selling of all that a man hath and the giving of the proceeds to the poor; to urge the taking of no thought for the morrow; to love your enemies and those who would curse and hate and despitefully use you; would be to encourage wrong, injustice, improvidence, malignity.

The Bishop of Peterborough said that "society would not hold together a week if the sermon on the mount was practiced."

Rev. Theo. Parker says: "It is easy to show, if we have the exact words of Jesus, that he was mistaken in some points of the greatest magnitude; in the character of God; the existence of the devil; the eternal damnation of men; in the interpretation of the Old Testament; in the doctrine of demons and in the end of the world within a few years."

That Christ (and his apostles) believed the end of the world to be in their day is witnessed by the repeated sayings of Christ. "There be some standing here which shall not taste death till they see the Kingdom of God" (Luke ix: 27). "This generation shall not pass away until all these things be done" (Mark xiii: 30). Peter also says (i iv: 7), "The end of all things is at hand."

Either Christ never spoke of the end of the world occurring in the time of those then living or his prediction was not (of course) verified. Which horn of the dilemma will the Church accept?

No quotations from those portions of the Bible which indulge in vulgar, indecent and immoral utterances have here been made, fearing to shock the sensibility, offend the taste, or bring the crimson hue to the cheek of my refined, innocent and virtuous hearers.

In Lord Bacon's works, vol. xiv., pp. 143-151, are given what are called "Christian paradoxes," from which a few extracts may be taken: "A Christian is one who believes things he cannot comprehend. . . . He believes three to be one and one to be three; a father not to be older than his son. . . . He believes a virgin to be a mother of a son and that very son to be her maker. . . . He believes a most just God to have punished a most just person. . . . He praises God for his justice, yet fears him for his mercy. The more he forsakes worldly things the more he enjoys them. . . . He is a peacemaker, yet is continually fighting and an irreconcilable enemy. . . . He knoweth he can do nothing of himself, yet labors to work out his own salvation. . . . He prays with all his heart not to be led into temptation, yet rejoices when he is fallen into it. . . . The world will sometimes account him a saint, when God accounteth him a hypocrite."

The first two chapters of Genesis contains two entirely different accounts of creation.

It is evident that in the land of Nod, from whence Cain obtained his wife, there were people living contemporaneously with Adam.

The *myth* of the "*fall* of man" is gradually giving place to the almost universal *truth* of the *rise* of man from lower orders of beings. The theory—or rather fact—of evolution has done more to unsettle orthodox theology (among scholars and thinkers, at least) than anything that has occurred in the history of the Christian Church since the adoption of the heliocentric system of astronomy. Intelligent people no longer consult the Bible for information on the subject of astronomy, geology or biology; are seriously questioning its history, its truthfulness and its morality.

The Bible is authority for placing the age of the world at six thousand years, and yet there are villages in Switzerland which are known to be seven thousand years old.

Agassiz found human bones in Florida which he estimated to be ten thousand years old.

The discovery of burnt brick under sixty feet of Nile alluvium would indicate its age at twenty thousand years.

"A human skeleton found at a depth of sixteen feet, under four buried forests, has been allowed an antiquity of fifty thousand years."

John Fiske says that the American continent was inhabited by human beings at least four hundred thousand years ago.

Tools of human workmanship have been discovered which Wallace reckons were left five hundred thousand years ago.

Lesly believes our race to have been upon the earth for *very many* hundreds of thousands of years.

Prof. McGee (at the Scientific Convention, Rochester, April 22, 92), expressed the opinion that the duration of life on the earth was not less than fifteen million years.

Not only is the Bible inconsistent, contradictory, inaccurate and absurd, but the effect of its teachings has been, probably, more calamitous than has resulted from any other single cause. It has restrained innocent mirth by requiring us to "mourn and weep." It has furnished authority for the husband to "*rule* over" the wife. It has encouraged tyrants by urging submission to "the powers that be." It has discouraged learning. It has been the most inveterate foe of science. It has incited bigotry. It has encouraged the fabulous, the marvelous, the miraculous. It has made superstition its chief and almost entire support. It has held virtuous conduct as secondary to its dogmatic postulates. It has made imitators of the attempted or pretended sacrifice of Isaac, many an innocent child having become the victim of some fanatical Christian parent. It has shattered the reason of millions of intelligent, but credulous, human beings, who have had faith in the (so-called) "inspired word."

Prof. Felix Adler says: "It is a paradox that the gentlest, most loving, religious teacher whoever lived should have become the founder of a religion that has, perhaps, shown more cruelty and shed more blood than any other."

Deut. xiii: 6-9, furnishes the warrant by which "from the tenth to the end of the sixteenth century, not less than three million 'heretics'—scholars and free inquirers—had to expiate their love of truth in the flames of the stake."

At least five millions of our fellow-beings were sacrificed on the altar of fanaticism during the crusades alone.

"The extermination of the Moriscos reduced the population of Spain by seven millions." (Prof. Oswald.)

The English author, Grant, states the result of belief in the verse of the Bible, "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live," to be the martyrdom of nine millions of human beings.

"The dogma of exclusive salvation by faith made forcible conversion appear an act of mercy, and stimulated those wars of aggression that have cost the lives of more than thirty million of our fellow-men." (Oswald.)

"Religion raging with inhuman zeal,
Arms every hand and points the fatal steel—
Whatever names divine the parties claim,
In craft and fury they are both the same."

In concluding this line of thought, I give what are infinitely better (of course) than any words of my own, those of the incomparable Ingersoll:

"The real oppressor, enslaver and corrupter of the people is the Bible. That book burnt heretics, built dungeons, founded the Inquisition, and trampled upon all the liberties of man. That book spread the pall of superstition over the colleges and schools. That book puts out the eyes of science and makes honest investigation a crime. That book fills the world with bigotry, hypocrisy and fear. . . . If cathedrals had been universities, if dungeons of the Inquisition had been laboratories, if Christians had believed in character instead of creed, if they had taken from the Bible all the good and thrown away the wicked and absurd, if domes of temples had been observatories, if priests had been philosophers, if missionaries had taught the useful arts, if astrology had been astronomy, if the black art had been chemistry, if superstition had been science, if religion had been humanity, this world would have been a heaven filled with love, with liberty and joy."

"TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS."

The reader, before going further, is requested to turn to the editorial department, and read carefully and prayerfully the article entitled as above, and then drop a line to the editor. EDITOR.

OUR OTHER WORLD FROM A MODERN
STAND-POINT:

PART II.—IS HAPPINESS POSSIBLE IN HEAVEN?

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

THE discussion which has been made possible by the courage of Mr. Mivart is of value, not only because of the release which it undertakes to afford us from the outgrown theories that have been inherited from brute force ages, but because we are invited thereby to a more free and candid consideration of the real nature of suffering and its relation to sin. I shall be better able to discuss this matter under a question parallel to that of our Catholic contemporary. Is happiness possible in a heaven secluded from the sinful and miserable, and apart from temptation, trial and pain? The question involves us of course in some difficulty at the outset; for of all the pictures and descriptions of paradise not one can be seized upon as authorized, and, beyond question, a literal portrayal, yet we may set it down as an allowed fact by all Christian theologians that heaven is a state, if not a place, of exalted privilege, whose people are peculiarly children of God; that it includes in its folds certain elect persons who, having endured the trial of faith and works, are forevermore "set down at the right hand" of Deity; and that the condition of these persons is one of absolute relief from pain and care. It will be seen by this definition that I exclude the casual and extremely selfish views advanced by such men as Edwards and Talmage, and the general run of those preachers who undertake exact definitions in eschatology. But we shall find any definition, however carefully freed from coarseness, to lead us unflinchingly back to our main question. Luther said of Heaven, that if there be no future state of positive rewards and punishments, he would "not give a mushroom for God. Do then as you like. Plunge into lechery, roguery, robbery, murder." Massillon argued that if we wholly perish at death without retribution or reward, "the maxims of charity, patience, honor, gratitude, and friendship are but empty words—morality is a chimera." The Church has deliberately based its system for all ages, not on the inherent value of right, but on the revelation that there is to be at death a total and irreversible separation of the saved from the lost. It is true

that the bliss of the heavenly state has been largely left to inference, by way of contrast. Thus Cardinal Newman says: "Oh terrible moment for the soul, when it suddenly finds itself at the judgment seat of Christ—when the Judge speaks, and consigns it to the jailers, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it. The poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. 'Stop, horrible fiend! give over, I am a man, and not food for thee or sport for thee. I have had a conscience; I have had a cultivated mind; I am well versed in art and science. I have attended the sacrament for years; I have been a Catholic from a child; I died in communion with the Church.' His soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon join part; and which will never die." Compare the position taken and doctrine taught by the man who has for the past quarter of a century been recognized as the very ablest representative of Protestant theology and evangelicalism. Mr. Spurgeon says: "When thou diest thy soul will be tormented alone; that will be hell for it; but at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin hells—thy soul sweating drops of blood, and thy body suffused with agony. In fine, exactly like that which we have on earth, thy body will lie, asbestos-like, forever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of pain to travel on, every nerve a string on which the devil shall forever play his diabolical tunc of Hell's unutterable lament." These pictures, which suggest that, after all, reincarnation may be true, and that Attila and Genseric are sometimes born as bishops in the Christian Church, and that Tamerlane has taken to hurling javelins of theology, do nevertheless give us the orthodoxy of this very day. Heaven, by contrast with such a Hell, cannot be otherwise than a place of extraordinary gratifications. It is represented by the same authorities as peopled by those who have had faith and have been baptized and have given their hearts' love to God. Those persons who make up the inhabitants of these two worlds are selected from the same families, from the same groups of friends. These go away into torture, and those go into bliss unspeakable. It seems never to have occurred to most of these great preachers to ask if happiness can be possible under such circumstances.

Jonathan Edwards recognized the difficulty of this position, and with inexorable confidence in his premises, followed his logic.

He saw that either the redeemed in heaven must be made miserable by the fact that there were others in trouble, or else they must be made happy by it. He was too clear-headed to satisfy himself with leaving the saints in a nimbus of ignorance of what was going on with their old neighbors and friends. If intelligent and moral beings still, they must have an intelligent and moral interest in the welfare of all who were capable of joy and sorrow. Without hesitation, in a discourse entitled, "The End of the Wicked, Contemplated by the Righteous; or, the Torments of the Wicked in Hell no Occasion of Grief to the Saints in Heaven," he says, "The miseries of the damned in hell will be inconceivably great; it will cause anguish and horror and amazement, vastly beyond all the sufferings and torments that ever any man endured in the world. The saints in glory will see this and be far more sensible of it than now we can possibly be; yet this will be no cause of grief to them. They will not be sorry for the damned; it will cause no uneasiness or dissatisfaction to them; but, on the contrary, when they have this sight it will excite them to joyful praises." This he accounts for on the circular argument that "otherwise they would not be happy; but they are happy." They possess all things, and if anything did not contribute to their joy then would something not be theirs. But further, they will rejoice "because God's justice is executed; because they have no *love* nor *pity* to the damned as such; however much the saints in heaven may have loved the damned while here, especially those near and dear to them, they will have no love for them hereafter."

But others have not been able to solve this problem so unflinchingly. I shall never forget the tender pathos of Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Skinner, who said to me, while a pupil of his in Union Theological Seminary: "Ah, my dear friend! there are three great troubles in my soul, and one of them is this, I cannot see how a good God could damn forever so good a man as John Foster; I couldn't; no, I couldn't; but I suppose he must." Now of all men the dear pure innocent soul of our teacher loved none better than John Foster, and his sainthood could not endure that such a man should be eternally cast out among the reprobates because he was a Universalist. Says another eminent preacher: "Who that had a child, parent, wife, brother or other precious friend condemned to be roasted to death by a slow fire,

would not be frantic with agony? In tones of love and pity that would melt the very mountains, they would plead with God to pardon the lost." The heathens of all grades, the believers in Buddhism, in the Grecian myths, in Egyptian lore, penetrated the awful difficulty and strove to solve it. The Buddhist King Asoka, that marvelous fair character that lived some three hundred years before Jesus, when about to die, was congratulated by his friends that soon he would escape all trouble, and enter into eternal bliss. "Never," he replied, "will I willingly seek or receive private individual salvation, never thus enter into final peace; but forever will I strive for the universal redemption of every creature, throughout all worlds. Until all are delivered I will never willingly leave places of sin, sorrow and struggle." Equally touching, and I cannot but think Jesus-like, is the story of the Grecian God who broke through the iron walls of Tartarus, rescued his mother Semele, and bore her off to heaven with himself. Castor and Pollux are represented by the Grecian legend as twins, who dying, and appearing before Jupiter, were allotted one to Heaven and the other to Hell. "Oh, Jove," cried the saved one, "permit me the favor to descend to Hell one-half the time, while my brother ascends to take my place in the blissful abode." And Jove assented. So deep and universal is this conviction that our joys and sorrows cannot be individual. We are in this world so inextricably tangled in our lots that individual prosperity is incomplete forever. We live as parts of the commonwealth, and in one shape or another must rejoice or sorrow together.

But while this is true of the present life, it is in higher ratio true of higher moral natures. The loftier the attainment of purity and divine power for goodness and rightness, the intenser the sympathy felt for those who have come short of our enrichment; until at last reaching upward and onward, the only conception of God that Christianity can endure, is, One who stoops to the uttermost; whose infinite tenderness is felt throughout the universe, as an electric thrill throbs and pulsates all the solar systems. The keenest sufferers are not the bad but the good; and it is their sorrow over the evil that is keenest. The besotted son does not feel such unutterable pangs of misery as his holy mother endures, when she sees his moral enfeeblement deepening into intellectual and moral stupidity. Psychologically it is impossible to escape the general law that progress in righteousness

is progress in capacity to appreciate the deep curse entailed on wrong-doing, and is progress also in power to sympathize with the falling, and to assist them. Now is it possible to save ourselves from the certainty that nothing but a reversal of existing moral and intellectual laws will prevent this evolution from going on with the good, and this degeneration and loss of power from intensifying with the bad? To become a child of God is to become Godlike; to become infinitely purposeful of salvation. Any conception, therefore, of a future existence as out of line with the Divine mercy pitifulness and love is not logical or possible. Any picture of God as ceasing in tenderness toward mortals, after a special day, or point in time, is to demand a new definition of him, as only temporarily possessed of the faculties for which we are called upon by the same theology peculiarly to love him. But far more is it impossible for an evolutionist to consent to any doctrine that limits moral development and finishes up character. It requires of us to consider ourselves as creatures on the road, and to see to it that we do not sit down at any way station. The next life consists morally of relations of new degrees. It is the pursuit of an ideal that ever eludes us, but is ever approximated. The love of the mature mother is, in its altruistic grasp, folding her sinning child and shielding her erring husband, vastly greater than the affection of any child. The possible love and helpfulness of another life no one can foresee. This is the language of evolution. It forbids us to conceive any limit to the development of altruistic unselfishness. Quoting my own language in "Our Heredity from God," "we may say in simplest terms that man has attained, by moral choice, a position in which it is plainly required of him to co-operate with God—to assist to the uttermost, in himself and by himself, to sustain and work out moral principle; and he recognizes this obligation as universal, belonging to him at all times, under all circumstances, and to all other human beings." Evolution, in other words, cannot allow the conception of a moral being as stopping in his development on given moral lines; much less the reversal in his character of clearly accepted rightness.

Given, therefore, such a heaven as has been portrayed in accepted eschatology, and we are compelled to confess that it does not allow of unqualified happiness. Indeed, if we allow that the redeemed are cognizant of the condition of the damned, they

must be positively miserable. If the two states are separated so that the good cannot help the evil, or at least attempt to do so, they will abhor their own state beyond power of words to express. Whatever may be said of possible happiness in hell, there is not a hint in the trend of moral development that allows us to believe there could be happiness in such a heaven as the Westminster divines have described. They tell us that the souls of the righteous, being made perfect in righteousness, are received into the highest heavens; where they behold the face of God in light and glory—"and after the judgment day the righteous shall go into everlasting life, and receive that fullness of joy which shall come from the presence of the Lord; but the wicked shall be cast into eternal torments, and be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord."

But we must now go one step farther, and see that in the very nature of things, if hell is progressive, as Mr. Mivart has clearly shown it must be, heaven must be retrogressive. Mr. Mivart agrees that inasmuch as there are gradations of merit and demerit and almost unlimited gradations of moral quality in hell, there must be a vast dissimilarity in degrees of misery and contentment. Equally it follows that the better element in such a place by the mere force of character, must constitute a helpful element. It is not possible to conceive of a character capable of moral progress that does not desire moral progress in others. We can easily understand Florence Nightingale's assertion that she would rather command a relief corps of trained nurses in hell than to sit on the highest seats in heaven. It is astonishing that a Christian writer, rejoicing in his own share in the beatific paradise, could have written a carefully elaborated article to show that the damned need not by reason of being shut up in hell be unhappy, and yet not once in this long dissertation have given us a line to show that these doomed yet progressive beings must develop moral helpfulness. His whole vision is concentrated on the meagre idea that in some way the damned will not suffer. Our vision of such a place must be far wider and less sensual. We cannot consider the damned as in any sense creatures of evolution, without their developing moral power. They would build hospitals and other eleemosynary institutions; and in every way engage in the amelioration of the condition of the less fortunate. More than that, it is impossible that schools should not arise;

and institutions for the purpose specifically of furthering that very "progress" which is asserted to be consistent with Church doctrine. Hell would therefore develop in due time its teachers of vast merit, its philosophers, its poets. Indeed, are they not there already by the terms of assignment? For by every known creed that is accepted as Evangelical, or Catholic, a large share of our noblest statesmen, men of letters and of science, are allotted to hell at death. We must not stop even at this point, for by what known law can you prevent hell—a hell of the character allowed by Mr. Mivart, from developing also saints of the highest order of benevolence and virtue? I have myself heard a distinguished doctor of divinity say in explicit terms that Emerson could not be otherwise than consigned to hell if the terms of the Evangelical faith are to stand. But if seventy years of residence on this globe chastened, and exalted, and so beautified such a character, making him a power for such world-wide good, what will not eternal progress in hell accomplish for the same man? Virgil, according to Dante, was already far on the road to virtuous power beyond his state under Cæsar in this world; what must be the ultimate of such advances at the close of another millenium of years? Is it possible to suppose these men—and their number is legion—will not transform hell into an independent paradise? Indeed, Mr. Mivart is driven to go so far in summing up his argument as to say, "God has, with infinite benevolence, created human beings, the overwhelming majority of whom being incapable of grave sin, attain to an eternity of unimaginable natural happiness,—*which includes a natural knowledge and love of God.*" This knowledge and love of God, by his other terms, it must be marked, are growing faculties. I ask what can we not conceive to be the result of an eternal progress in love for God (good)? For the love of God is the love of all that is good, true and beautiful.

Meanwhile what of heaven? Constituted of a certain number of mankind who have been raised to beatific vision, and who have entered into the rewards of their virtue and righteousness, they are not disturbed by either the pains of those in hell, or by any miseries or needs or lacks existing in those about them. Drafted out of a world of care, elected away from sin and the sinful, exalted to a state of completion, one of two things must occur; degeneration must set in, from mere inanition, owing to that uni-

versal law that pulls down and works over the finished into other and more progressive forms; or else the dead selfishness of their condition must breed self-contempt and misery. In other words, while hell is developing rapidly away from its grosser conditions, in fact is regenerating, heaven is lapsing from its high degree, and degenerating. So that ultimately, to all intents and purposes, heaven will become the real hell, and hell the real heaven.

So we see that, after all, our chiefest difficulty is not with the damned and the region and nature of their abode, but with the elect and paradise. Mr. Mivart has only reversed the solution of the problem of the Inferno given by Constable and others, who teach that the nature of evil is ultimately to put out the lovers and doers thereof, "the wages of sin is death." He insists that this is in no case so, but that the wages of sin is progressive life. Only by some supernatural causation, this progress, though forever continued, does not lift a soul out of essential hades. This exposition is not one whit more an explanation than the old doctrine of Tertullian, that "the wicked will be like mountains, which burn, but are not consumed; or like a tree struck by lightning, whose organization is unimpaired, and itself not reduced to ashes"; Augustine adding that they are like "Salamanders, which are not destroyed in the fire."

It is impossible ever to consider a moral being absolutely alone, and as an individual. For the very fact that he is moral, or capable of being moral, implies his relation to all other moral beings, and none the less to the Supreme Moral One. We are as essentially a unit as the material universe is a unit. It is inconceivable that the good shall be drafted off from the unit to exist by itself, for if that were possible we destroy those relations which alone create the moral. Let us conceive a man who in the course of a long business career has accumulated millions, and has been noted all the way for his benevolence and humanity. He has loved the poor, and has felt to the full his obligation to bear and to share, and to live in others and for them. But having reached the age of sixty, he announces to his friends and to the world that he is a graduate in the school of responsibility. Having acquired the total of fifty millions of dollars, he builds a marble palace, in a superb park. Around the whole he constructs a lofty wall, too high to allow of any communication with the outer world. Here he retires with a few selected companions, from

golden plates to eat, and drink from golden goblets, and live in luxurious peace. The poor he ceases evermore to consider; the sinful evermore to help; the sorrowing evermore to pity. This is his "reward" for having been virtuous and charitable. Clearly we have here a case of degeneration. "Marvel not that I say unto you ye must be born again." This everlasting truth permeates the moral universe, that as our bodies live only in continual rebirth, so also our soul life is a perpetual regeneration. We must pass very far away from Mr. Mivart's whole conception of the future life before we shall escape from a logical dilemma.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

By A. PARLETT LLOYD.

THE inventive genius of our ancestors a short distance back in history was strained to its fullest capacity to make the death penalty as horrible as possible. In those "good old days of yea olden time," those who wore the purple cloak of authority sought to uphold the majesty of the law by inflicting most terrible punishments upon the hapless offender. Death itself was considered too slight a penalty for certain crimes, and to its bitter pangs were added the exquisite tortures of the rack, the thumb-screw, the wheel, the iron maiden, the stake and untold other inventions for insuring lingering agonies. The bodies of men and women were drawn and quartered; torn to pieces by slow processes; burnt in quicklime; heads of victims removed and paraded through the streets; sometimes the culprits were half buried alive in the quicksands and left to die as the sea approached; others were tied to the ground, their eyelids cut off and mercilessly left there to die in the glare of the sun! In the State of Maryland there is authority for the death of a woman by slow torture, tied to a tree and left to starvation, and who, in her mad delirium, ate a piece of her own flesh from her shoulder.

While the aim of past ages seems to have been to devise methods of increasing the tortures of the condemned, we, of the present age, have so far advanced that we seek to invent means of making executions as painless as possible. Electricity, that subtle and mysterious agent, has been at last utilized with some degree of success. The scientific-killing specialists of New York

assure us that death in the electric chair is almost instantaneous and painless. Yet who really knows what terrible pangs the man so executed may suffer! They do not come back to life to tell us, and while the rending asunder of soul and body may be apparently instantaneous, who can say but that the germ of life, the soul center whatever it may be, does not linger and suffer, suffer and linger long after the eyes are fixed in the rigidity of death. If there be a place of endless torment, who knows but that the beginning only of its ceaseless pangs were not begun at the moment the scientific executioner turned on his current of death!

After all, let us stop devising means for causing death. Let us consider whether or not the death penalty should not be altogether abolished. Has it ever been done away with? is naturally the first question asked.

Governor Blair, of Michigan, in a letter to John Bright, Member of Parliament, as far back as March 23, 1864, wrote that capital punishment had been abolished in that state for nearly twenty years (*i. e.* from 1847), and he quotes statistics showing that murders had not increased, and adds, "There can be no doubt that the public opinion of the state sustains the present law and is against the restoration of the death penalty. Conviction and punishment," he continues, "are more certain than before the change was made. It is found practically that a trial for murder excites no very unusual interest." Mr. William L. Seaton, the chief officer of the state prison, reports that "he is very firm in the opinion that not more than four or five of the thirty-seven (murderers convicted since 1847) would ever have been convicted had hanging been the penalty."

In 1853 the State of Wisconsin also abolished the death penalty. Notwithstanding the fact that in these two states the population has largely increased, we might naturally expect a large increase in criminal cases, but such has not been the fact.

In Rhode Island capital punishment was abolished in 1852, and the experience of this state also shows that the doing away of this barbarous punishment did not have any effect upon the security of life, but did result in more convictions. I find in the report of Mr. W. Tallack, Secretary of the Reform Association, in an article upon "The Practical Results of the Abolition of Capital Punishment," lengthy statistics from official sources

showing that in the following countries where the death penalty had been either totally abolished or greatly restricted most satisfactory arguments for its abolition have been adduced. That is to say the statistics of France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Portugal, Italy, particularly the provinces of Tuscan, Bavaria, Switzerland, Michigan, Rhode Island and Maine. I have neither time nor space to give the details of the experiences of the above list, sufficient to say that out of the statistics of each Dr. Tallack produces evidence showing that the death penalty is not beneficial. I cannot, however, refrain from briefly quoting his remarks as to the Russian Empire: "Russia has for a century," he writes, "that is to say, ever since the reign of Empress Elizabeth, discontinued the punishment of death for murder, although inflicting it for political crime. * * * Her hundred years experience shows favorably for transportation and exile, the majority of the transported becoming reformed characters."

It may seem strange to some of my readers to think that Russia of all other nations should set an example for the rest of the world in this one particular. We have been taught to look upon Russia as a sort of semi-barbarous nation, and so it is to a certain extent. The whipping-post, the knout, the cruelties of exile to Siberia and hundreds of other atrocities are committed there under sanction of the law, and yet, strange to say, *murder* is not punished with death. The result seems to be that political offenses, for which the penalty is death, is the most common of all crimes in Russia. Curiously enough, the severer the punishment the greater the number of culprits. When treason was punished with death in old England, traitors were as common as sneak-thieves. In France, during the revolution, the so-called crimes for which the guillotine was put to use seemed to increase with every execution! In the days when witches were burned and tortured witches were easily found, and now, though we have a whipping-post in Maryland for wife-beaters, wives are still beaten there just as much as ever.

Such a strange thing is human nature that a prohibition seems an invitation to commit a crime, though death be the result. I have never been a profane man, but I frankly confess that I never felt so much like swearing in my life as I did when I was reading law and found out that blasphemy is a crime under our Maryland statutes.

It has been contended that in some places where capital punishment has been abolished crime increased and the death penalty has been re-enacted. This is not wholly true. For instance, take the experience of the State of Maine. From 1837 to 1864 there had been only one execution. The number of murders committed in the interim was below the average for the population and there was general satisfaction as to the security of life. The one execution that had taken place afterwards was shown to have been a terrible blunder, for the supposed murderer was afterwards shown to have been an innocent man.

"In 1864 Governor Cony, an advocate for the death penalty, wished to extend its infliction, but the Legislature of Maine, after due inquiry, refused to sanction his proposal. Nevertheless he officially stated, but without adducing statistical proof, that murder had increased in consequence of the disuse of capital punishment."

After reading the assertion, Prof. Upham, of Brunswick, Me., replied that "Opportunity was given to persons from all parts of the state to present before the committee such facts and arguments as might have bearing upon it. I availed myself of this opportunity in connection with many others. The result was that the legislature decided to make no alteration in the existing law. This result could not have been reached had there been a great increase in the higher crimes."

Reports of governors of other states having capital crimes might here be cited, to show a unanimity of opinion that it is difficult to obtain a conviction and the tendencies of juries to find legal quibbles and excuses to keep from hanging.

In an ably-written essay on this subject Mr. Frederick Gerhard (January, 1889) puts a murderer himself upon the stand. "A physician," writes Mr. Gerhard, "had murdered, some time before, a girl whom he had previously ruined, and he was condemned to death in Cleveland, Ohio. Standing under the gallows, he addressed those present, saying, among other things, the following:

"I will concede that life is a precious gift, and that it must be protected, and that, if anybody murders, human nature's natural instinct demands his life. Consequently, if the people of Bedford had killed me at the time I committed the deed, I would have said it was not inhuman, and was done in passion; but, if,

after six months of deliberation and preparation, people demand my life, then they are murderers. What would be the most advantageous for you, gentlemen, to put this rope around my neck, or to send me to the penitentiary, to keep me there as many years as you may deem proper; to dismiss me then as a penitent, so that I might use for the benefit of my fellow-men what little of talent and power the Creator has given me. Capital punishment is annihilating. One life is as good as another. I admit that; but what advantage will my death bring about? None. I do not even remember the moment when, in madness and drunkenness, I found a mark for the pistol. Still, such is law. This law, however, is made by man, and is not the law of God. I do not enter into the land of annihilation, but into the land of progress, and; whilst I acknowledge the law of Ohio, I say that it is foolish and vain. Or do you think that, because this rope puts an end to my life, crimes will be prevented? The same influences which surrounded me will cause the same effects in others and no example can prevent this. I submit to the law of the land and leave you. I hope that this execution will be an example for everybody, not in favor of capital punishment, but to demonstrate its folly, and that you may reflect on this."

Occasionally an innocent man is hanged and more frequently insane ones. Have we not the right to take the horribleness of such atrocities into consideration? Who can fix a standard for insanity? Can experts agree upon this subject? Has all the subtleties of the human brain been demonstrated? Shall we keep on hanging people right along, in a hap-hazard sort of a fashion, right or wrong, sane or insane, guilty or innocent?

Is there not at least a reasonable doubt but that crime is a species of disease? Some of the appellate courts have held that self-destruction is an act of insanity, and upon this conclusion have compelled insurance companies to pay policies of suicides. Can it not be said with reason that homicide is as much an act of insanity as suicide, for homicide with a death penalty attached makes suicide a corollary. The murderer after he murders is hanged. The hanging is direct result of his act and consequently he is a suicide.

Who can fathom the ocean of passion that buoys a murderer on to commit his crime? Can he avoid the breakers? Perhaps there are causes beyond his control. Nine-tenths of the murders

committed are the results of frenzy. Can we judge all men by the same standard? Should we expect to find as many virtuous traits of disposition in the offspring of the slums as from the home of the cultured? Does nature endow us all with the same amount of brain force? It can be almost conclusively demonstrated that diseases are transmitted from one generation to another. Perhaps this is also true of our moral characteristics. Perchance the hand of the murderer is the direct result of deformities of his soul, the heritage from ignoble ancestors. We sympathize with those unfortunates who have inherited from father or mother the many terrible diseases that may have been transmitted to them without fault of their own, and how do we but know that after all *crime* is an awful disease. The stake has had its untold martyrs for sake of both belief and unbelief. While John Rogers and hosts of others have met death for the sake of their creeds, Bruno died just as bravely for his infidelity. The rack, the thumbscrew and other instruments of torture has had its victims, but the gallows-tree has been most prolific in its evil fruits.

Society must protect itself. This is admitted, but I think the authorities herein referred to have demonstrated that the death penalty is not necessary for its protection. It has been shown that as man has advanced in the scale of civilization he has become more and more humane in his punishments. The shadow of the gallows still darkens our horizon. But in the place of two hundred offenses formerly punishable in England by death we have now only one in most states, in Maryland two, and in some of the Southern states three.

The objects of punishing a criminal are briefly these:

1st. To deter others from crime and thus by fear to protect society.

2d. To revenge the crime committed.

3d. The reformation of the culprit.

4th. To follow out the traditions of a by-gone age, and to please those who would forever uphold the "will-o'-wisp" arguments drawn from Scriptures. The greater portion of our people seem indifferent on the subject. They allow the law to hang a man now and then and have come to recognize it as a necessary evil. So they make no effort to secure legislation one way or the other.

Let us consider these objects briefly in reference to capital punishment:

The idea of revenge by the state is repugnant to humanity. "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord" is an oft-quoted and oft-disregarded text of the Bible.

Reformation of the criminal can hardly be accomplished by killing him. True, he is usually given time to read his Bible, has a few luxuries and flowers brought him to his cell by certain soft-hearted and foolish people, is prayed over, sung over and cried over, and, with the consolation ministers usually offer, has abundance of time to learn a creed and catch a glimpse of the Promised Land. The morning of his execution he is generally given a good breakfast, is again boasted up by his spiritual adviser and at last steps upon the fatal trap, there to bid adieu to his earthly friends and to assure them that he will meet them in heaven. Such scenes as this do an injury to the cause of true religion.

As to the effect the death penalty has in deterring others from crime, I have to only refer to the history of the past ages to prove that it has no such effect. Chillingsworth tells us that this same end may be accomplished in another way. "Lasting ruin and public shame," says he, "is to the generality of men much more terrible than speedy death. Looking around us we find that people generally are not so much afraid of death as they are of pain and shame."

Death must come anyway sometime, and if murderers are to have a triumphal entry into Paradise from the gallows, it certainly seems to me that such a death loses its deterrent effect. Look at it in another way: A man commits a murder. The place where the crime occurs determines the penalty. If he happens to kill a man in Michigan, Wisconsin or Rhode Island, he will not be hanged, but *he will almost to a certainty* be sent to the penitentiary for life, or a long term of years. If he kills his man in Maryland there is at least some chance that *he won't be* punished at all. Whether or not he will be sent to house of correction or to states prison for a term of years depends upon just how soft-hearted the jury happen to be. There is about one chance out of twenty that he will be hanged. If a number of murders have been recently committed *by other* persons, and the newspapers have been crying out for blood, and announce that there must be a conviction, the jury will usually convict. At

such a time the murderer of his wife's paramour would stand a worse chance than a man who had killed a half a dozen people with slow poison and be tried at some other time. As long as death is the penalty, juries, judges and governors will be ever anxious to find some loop-hole to let the felon escape. It is an unpleasant duty to condemn a fellow-creature to death, and for that reason but few juries ever return the verdict of murder in the first degree. Let the punishment be something short of death and a large proportion of the acquitted murderers would be convicted.

Therefore, I say, that on account of the *uncertainty* of a true verdict being found it will be better to abolish capital punishment altogether.

Again, the thread of a man's life often is dependent upon the accident as to what kind of a man happens to be governor. If he is clear-headed and upright he will investigate the case and determine it upon its merits, but he may, on the other hand, be stubborn, cold and cruel, and though the jury, judge and prosecuting attorney recommend mercy, he will not give it. Another point often determines whether or not a man shall be put to death and this wholly irrespective of the crime committed, and that is, the condition of popular opinion. If the mob hoot and cry for blood, blood it will have. It is the same now as it was in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Sometimes a man is convicted and hanged as much upon his past record (that is to say, his bad reputation) as upon the bearing of the direct evidence to the crime particularly charged. Such cases as H. J. Schneider, recently executed in Washington, and Carlyle W. Harris, recently executed in New York.

Another objection to capital punishment is in the fact that it injures the officers of the law who are instrumental in its execution. Robespierre, the inhuman fiend of the French Revolution, resigned his position as a judge in his early manhood because he was too tender-hearted to sign a death warrant. In after years when he was compelled to taste the blood of his fellows in the Reign of Terror, he became a wild beast and took his greatest delight in sending human beings to the guillotine. The prosecuting attorney becomes hardened by the scenes in which he plays so important a part; the judge on the bench soon learns to toy with the question of life and death—his first sentence shocks

his humanity, but as he goes on adding criminal after criminal to his list, he finally repeats the awful words with as great ease and with as much of sweet tranquility as a mother sings a lullaby! The governor of the state signs the death warrant. At first he listens to the agonizing cries of wife, or mother, pleading for executive clemency and, perhaps, in a moment of compassion, grants a commutation of the sentence. But once let him sign a death warrant and I say in all seriousness, that his power of discrimination is, to a certain extent, lost. He will sign the second death warrant with greater ease, and so on until he, too, becomes hardened by his acts. There is this difference only between the murders committed by the murderers executed and those who do the executing. The felon usually does his crime in hot blood, and the law does it in cold. It deliberates, it fixes a day and hour, it prescribes a mode of death and prepares a gallows.

But not only upon the actors in the tragedy of putting a human being to death has it a baneful effect. All who witness an execution are, to a certain extent, injured by it. As Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has truly said: "There seems to be a little of the wild beast in men—a something that is fascinated by suffering and that delights in inflicting pain." A few years ago a man was hanged in Alexandria, Va. One who witnessed the execution, on that very day murdered a peddler in the Smithsonian grounds at Washington. He was tried and executed and one who witnessed his hanging went home and on the same day murdered his wife." This illustration, I admit, is extreme and I do not mean, of course, to imply that persons who witness executions are so hardened thereby that they could commit murder. Such a statement would be preposterous, but I do mean to say that it hardens them to a certain degree and that from them and from the newspaper reports of executions the evil extends out into the community at large.

Mr. Gerhard tells us that an English chaplain who, during his official career, prepared one hundred and sixty-seven criminals for execution, has testified that of these one hundred and sixty-seven persons one hundred and sixty-one had been proven to have witnessed executions.

I believe I have shown that the death penalty is not a necessity, and that in those places where it has been abolished the

security of life has been just as safe. While I do not consider imprisonment for life justifiable, it is far preferable to capital punishment. If it be contended that the pardoning power will be exercised to the detriment of society, I will answer, take away the power of the governor to grant pardons. By this means the culprit will be almost certain to get punished for his crime.

So let it be as to-day we look back upon the rack, the thumb-screw, the burning wheel, the faggot and the stake with horror, let us remember that once upon a time they were considered as necessary as our gallows-tree is to-day. The coming century will, I believe, consider the gibbet and even the electric chair as much a relic of barbarism as we do the scenes enacted in the Coliseum at Rome, when men were fed to wild beasts for the amusement of an emperor.

GOSPEL MIRACLES.

—Mr. Thomas Darley Allen, of 729 Tremont street, Boston, sends us the following under the title of "Eminent Men on the Gospel Miracles." We willingly give this proof (?) of miracles a place in these pages :

The late Professor Ezra Abbott of Harvard University was one of the ablest and most distinguished scholars that America has ever produced. A few years before his death, in reply to a question put to him by a friend who was rather skeptical, he said : "I know of no events in history that are better substantiated than the resurrection of Christ and the other Gospel miracles."

H. L. Hastings, editor of *The Christian* (Boston) and a writer and lecturer of note, says it is folly to deny the miracles of Christ, or "to attempt to contradict such settled and established facts," for "the same perverse logic that disputes and cavils at such facts can dispute every fact, and deny even the very existence of the cavalier and disputer."

In a lecture, delivered recently before the leading business men of Liverpool, England, Samuel Smith, M. P., said : "He who denies the resurrection of our Lord, denies a historical fact resting upon indubitable evidence; nay, he does violence to his own moral nature, for he forces his mind into an unnatural posture, before he can extort from his understanding a verdict so opposed to the laws of evidence."

Dr. Arnold observed : "I have been used, for many years, to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidence of those who have written about them, and I know of no fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the mind of a fair inquirer, than that Christ died and rose again from the dead."

Dr. Thomas Dick declared : "Of the reality of the miracles we have as high a degree of evidence as we have for the reality of any other events recorded in the Scriptures, or in the history of the world. The single fact of the resurrection of Christ . . . rests upon a weight of evidence so great that the rejection of it would be almost equivalent to the adoption of universal skepticism."

As to miracles, they are something in opposition or in violation of natural law. By the natural law of mathematics four and four are eight. It would be a miracle to make four and four nine. No doubt there are "eminent men" who will assert that God Almighty can perform such a miracle. All that this would prove would be that often "eminent men" when stuffed with orthodox superstition are great fools. The Rev. Jasper has for many years been preaching that "the sun do move." We have not heard of any noted astronomer who has taken the trouble to dispute him. All who believe in miracles belong to Rev. Jasper's school, and should, like him, be left uncontradicted.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

FREETHINKERS, PUT YOUR ARMOR ON.

BY MYRON H. GOODWIN.

FREETHINKERS, put your armor on,
Prepare yourselves to fight
With courage for the coming dawn
Against the hosts of night.

The superstitions of the world
Must all be done away,
Ere freedom's flag can be unfurled
Unto the light of day.

Help blinded souls to use their eyes
Regardless of the church,
Their reason, too, to exercise
When for the truth they search.

The words of Socrates make clear
To those not blind and dumb ;
No harm can reach a good man here
Or in a world to come.

If each one would but add his mite
To help along the cause,
This weary world would see a sight
The like of which ne'er was.

Then join your efforts and perform
With manliness your parts ;
Let right prevail through calm and storm,
And love be in your hearts.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

The special work required of you,
Just at the present crisis,
Is more subscribers brave and true
At reduced subscription prices.

BENJ. R. TUCKER—A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE
AND WORK.

BY GEORGE SCHUMM.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this issue of the Magazine, was born in South Dartmouth, near New Bedford, in Massachusetts, April 17, 1854. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and belonged to the enlightened portion of the community. In politics, his father was a Jeffersonian Democrat; in religion, both his father and his mother were radical Unitarians and as such members of W. J. Potter's church. Mr. Tucker's maternal grandfather was a great admirer of Thomas Paine. Thus it will be seen that the radicalism of the foremost champion of individualistic Anarchism is largely a natural inheritance.

Altogether nature dealt generously by Mr. Tucker, having endowed him with physical and intellectual gifts far above the ordinary. When only two years of age he could read English fluently. One of the books he used to read at that time was the Bible, and that he did so intelligently is made plain by an incident that occurred in his fourth year. Visiting, one day, an Episcopalian aunt, he was given a prayer-book and asked to read from it. He did so until he came to a passage which he said was wrong because it was different in the Bible. He was assured that he must be mistaken, and asked to go on reading. But he maintained that the passage in the prayer-book was wrong and that he was right, and insisted on verifying his statement by the Bible. His aunt brought him a Bible and he proved his assertion.

This incident was fairly prophetic of the small boy's future career, though probably no one saw any prophecy in it at the time. The truth is that since then Mr. Tucker has challenged many commonly-received opinions of the deepest import in religion, political science, and philosophy, and has triumphantly maintained his position by reference to the bible of fact, logic and science.

Mr. Tucker early came under the influence of that liberal preacher and teacher, W. J. Potter, for many years President of the Free Religious Association, and though he soon outgrew him and caught a glimpse of a larger, truer, and more beautiful life, he may still be largely indebted to him for what he now is.

At school in the Friends' Academy at New Bedford, as I learn from Mr. John Tetlow, at present principal of the Girls' Latin School at Boston, but who was his teacher at that time, Benj. R. Tucker was one of the brightest pupils, always pursuing his studies with the greatest interest. While Mr. Tetlow would disclaim all responsibility for his former pupil's present views, he tells me that he thinks of him with a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction.

It is to be feared that if I had sought a report from Benjamin's Sunday-school teacher it would not have turned out equally creditable to him; yet his conduct in connection with his Sunday-school life credits him with such an early maturity of thought and with such strong and healthy qualities as at once place him outside of the common herd—a position he has ever since maintained. At about the age of ten, his interest in the Sunday-school began to wane and he neglected

his lessons. Mr. Tetlow, who was also his Sunday-school teacher, noticed his neglect, and one day said :

" Benjamin, how long did you study this lesson ? "

" Five minutes," came the prompt reply.

" How many hours do you spend over your week-day studies ? "

To which again came a prompt reply, the pupil mentioning a number of hours, when Mr. Tetlow asked him if he did not think that he ought to devote at least as much time to things of so much greater importance than his week-day studies as he was giving to these. But Benjamin could not view it in that light, and when he was twelve years old he absolutely refused to attend Sunday-school any longer. He had returned from a summer's vacation, and with his parents attended Mr. Potter's morning sermon. At the close of the sermon announcement was made of the opening of the Sunday-school in the afternoon. The boy decided not to go, and, in order to avoid trouble at home, went to an aunt's to dine and spend the afternoon. But his father came after him and brought him to his mother, who pleaded with him and entreated him to go to the Sunday-school. But the boy remained firm and would not even yield to his mother's tears : he never again went to Sunday-school. It may be interesting to remark here that a few years later, when the Sunday-school had steadily declined and the question came before the trustees whether to continue it or not, Mr. Tetlow rose and moved to abolish it, on the ground that it was not accomplishing anything and was of no use.

At the age of 16, Benjamin gave some more evidence of possessing a mind and a will of his own. He had finished his studies at the academy, and his parents desired him to enter Harvard College. But, like Thoreau, our young friend held colleges in small esteem and refused to comply with the wishes of his parents. Great pressure was brought to bear on him, but all effort on the part of his parents and relatives was wasted. At this point, at the request of an uncle of the young man, his teacher, Mr. Tetlow, came to plead with him. But Mr. Tetlow says he soon discovered that his pupil knew so much better what he wanted than he, and that his pleadings and arguments made no impression on him whatever, that he gave up all effort to persuade him to enter Harvard. By way of compromise Benjamin decided to go to the Institute of Technology at Boston.

Thus we find, even at this early age, Mr. Tucker endowed with a rare and strong individuality. He had the desire and the force of character to live his own life. He was even at that time a law unto himself. If he approved of a certain course of conduct, it mattered little to him how others would view it ; nor could anything, neither threats nor soft words, make him depart from it. As was said of Shelley, so one may say of him with perfect truth, that like a wild horse of the pampas he would have whinnied his disdain of any man that would catch *him* with a bribe of oats.

He came to Boston and spent two years at the Institute of Technology. As one of his fellow-students there says, he always stood well in his classes, though he never distinguished himself in any. He was more interested in public lectures on the issues of the day, and in reading of his own choice, than in his studies at the institute. He had begun to take an interest in public questions at the age of 14, but his method of benefiting mankind at this time was the

method of compulsion. Force was to be used in the realization of his ideals. Thus he was a prohibitionist, a woman-suffragist, an eight-hour man, and a dabbler in politics generally. His religious radicalism found its limit in the *Index*, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer during its first year. Through the *Investigator*, though this paper itself had little influence on him, he learned that there was another side not dwelt on by the *Index*: materialism and atheism. He was led to read a number of philosophical works, and ended by being a materialist and an atheist. After settling these problems for himself, he became more and more absorbed by the political and social questions agitating the public mind.

In 1872, at a convention of the New England Labor Reform League at Boston, he met Josiah Warren and Col. William B. Greene. It was at that convention, and especially through the words of Josiah Warren, that his eyes were opened to the value of liberty as a solution of industrial problems. He read Warren's "True Civilization," and accepted its fundamental teaching. Through Col. Greene he came to know and admire the great French economist and philosopher, Pierre Joseph Proudhon, the father of Anarchism. He thought it a great pity that the luminous researches of Proudhon in the realm of sociology should remain a sealed letter to the English-speaking race, and thus asked Col. Greene one day: "Why don't you translate 'What is Property?'" To which Greene replied: "Why don't *you*?" To translate Proudhon is a difficult task, but Mr. Tucker undertook it, and in 1876 "What is Property?" appeared in English in splendid style.

In 1872, Mr. Tucker began to take part in a presidential campaign, championing the ticket of Greeley and Brown. He started a Greeley and Brown club in New Bedford, which was composed of elderly men, but which the newspapers greatly ridiculed, because it had been founded by a minor. Before the close of the campaign, at the above-mentioned labor convention, Mr. Tucker caught a glimpse of the new light and began to see through the sham and trickery and inexpediency of politics. He never again participated in a presidential campaign.

In 1874, he visited England, France and Italy, spending six months abroad.

In 1877, when Ezra H. Heywood was imprisoned in Dedham jail for sending "Cupid's Yokes" through the mail, Mr. Tucker came to his rescue by assuming the editorship of the *Word*, at Princeton, Mass. In the dissensions that arose at that time within the Liberal Leagues in regard to the law against obscene literature, the so-called Comstock law, Mr. Tucker and Mr. Heywood stood apart from the two main contending parties. While the conservative wing championed a national law against obscene literature so modified that it might not be turned against reformatory discussion, and the liberal wing demanded the abolition of the Comstock law, but favored State legislation against obscene literature, Mr. Tucker in the *Word* demanded the absolute repeal of all laws against obscene literature.

In 1878 he published at New Bedford a quarterly magazine, *The Radical Review*, of which only four numbers were issued, but among whose contributors were some of the foremost writers and thinkers of the country. In this quarterly was also published a translation of the first volume of Proudhon's "System of Economical Contradictions, or the Philosophy of Misery," which appeared in

book form in 1888. After the suspension of *The Radical Review*, Mr. Tucker entered the staff of the *Boston Globe*. With this paper he remained ten years, though he never did any editorial work for it. During this time he also published *Liberty*, which he founded in 1881, and which at present he publishes from New York every week. Other works, such as the fortnightly *Transatlantic*, the translation and publication of Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," Claude Tillier's "My Uncle Benjamin," and Zola's "Money," I merely mention to show what an exceedingly busy man Mr. Tucker is. In the spring of 1889 he projected a German edition of *Liberty* under the name of *Libertas*. Of this paper only eight numbers were issued, but if it accomplished nothing else it inspired the gifted young German poet and novelist, John Henry Mackay, to write "Die Anarchisten: Ein Kulturgemälde aus dem Ende des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," a book which eloquently and lucidly sets forth the principles of Egoistic Anarchism. Somewhat over a year ago Mr. Tucker went to New York, where he publishes *Liberty*, and where he has just issued a volume entitled "Instead of a Book. By a Man too Busy to Write One. A Fragmentary Exposition of Philosophical Anarchism."

The work in which Mr. Tucker is chiefly interested, and which he is carrying on through *Liberty*, is the moral and industrial emancipation of the working people. He is a bitter enemy of authority, and offers liberty as a solution for the prevailing social ills. In order to secure an equitable distribution of wealth and place the workingman in the full possession of his product, he would destroy all sources of income except labor, such as interest, rent, and profits which rest on legal privilege and monopoly. This brings him into direct conflict with the State, whose overthrow he expects will one day be accomplished by the organization of passive resistance to compulsory taxation. He would disintegrate and abolish all authoritarian institutions and place society in a fluid condition. The existing rigid arrangements in State and society he would replace by the *regime* of contract.

I will not undertake to detail the full sweep of this programme; enough to say that it promises to revolutionize all human relations and to inaugurate an era of the most favorable conditions of orderly progress.

Mr. Tucker is an all-round man—Atheist, Anarchist, Egoist, Free Lover—not, like so many reformers, radical in one direction and reactionary in another. It was with a view to these latter among the American people that Karl Heinzen long ago wrote in one of his brilliant essays that "one experiences a pang of regret on seeing such men, with the step of intellectual giants, walking along the path of liberty to-day, and to-morrow weakly turning from the highway and throwing themselves on their knees in a chapel of superstition or seeking refuge in a home for minors. With all their talent and all their freedom of thought they have no conception of what we Germans understand by radicalism: that sovereign position of the human mind in nature, that cosmic all-sidedness, that proud independence in the laying bare of the roots of all knowledge, and that comprehensive view and consistency which seek to grasp all the laws of development in their connection, and thereby to bring the process of development itself into harmony." True as this indictment against the American reformer generally is, it does not apply to Mr. Tucker; for he possesses all the attributes therein denied to most reformers in an eminent degree. I even fear that from his stand-

point he might draw up a similar indictment even against so great and broad a thinker as Karl Heinzen himself. And when Emerson, in his essay on "Politics," says that there never was in any man sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire him with the broad design of renovating the State on the principle of right and love; that all those who have pretended this design have been partial reformers, and have admitted in some manner the supremacy of the bad State; that he does not call to mind a single human being who has steadily denied the authority of the laws, on the simple ground of his own moral nature; and that such designs, full of genius and full of faith as they are, are not entertained except avowedly as air-pictures, I might, if he were living to-day, direct his attention to Mr. Tucker as to one who, if on somewhat different grounds, entertains the design of reforming the State altogether, not as an air-picture, but soberly and seriously, who never admits the supremacy of the bad State, and who has now for many years steadily and consistently denied the authority of the laws.

Mr. Tucker is an indefatigable worker, and very fertile in devising ways and means for floating his ideal enterprises.

As he is one of the clearest and boldest of thinkers, so he is also one of the clearest and tersest of writers. There is rarely any ambiguity about anything he writes, but his meaning usually leaps straight to the eyes. He has the faculty of saying more in a paragraph than most people can say in an entire essay.

He is well poised and self-centered, and easily holds his own in the storms of thought. As a logical reasoner and a controversialist he has few equals.

Personally he is one of the pleasantest of men, without, however, being what we call a "good fellow." He has a most equable temper, though, as one of his friends says, "you wouldn't think so to judge by his writings." But in the many vexations and disappointments that must be his, he rarely loses it. He is so wedded to his work, however, that his friends do not often get the pleasure of meeting him.

WORDS.

BY REV. E. P. ADAMS.

VERY suggestive are Harry Hoover's strictures upon T. B. Wakeman's use of words. There is truth on both sides. Human words must be like human conceptions, some exact and others vague. Matthew Arnold recognizes the fact that the language of poetry and eloquence is "fluid, passing and literary, not rigid, fixed and scientific"; and instances the word "God" as a "term *thrown out* at a not-fully-grasped object of the speaker's consciousness." Undoubtedly science uses such words as *ether, life, light, heat, electricity*, in the same way. Of course each has a common substratum of idea on which its users rest.

Luther took the word God to mean "the best that man knows or can know." Spencer used instead of the word God "the infinite and eternal energy." Matthew Arnold would like to substitute for the old hackneyed term "the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," although he also uses in place of "the

power" occasionally "the stream of tendency." There are those who use the term "nature" or "nature of things," throwing it out at the vague object of consciousness. There are still others who try to cut the knot by "denying the fact" of there being any such object of consciousness at all, as if there could be a universal idea that originated in nothing. It reminds me of the orator who was so carried off his feet at a convention of reformers that he could not stop without putting "*no nothing*" on to properly complete the climax of "no government, no laws, no taxation, *no nothing!*" There is no such "power" or "energy" or "stream of tendency" or "nature," because, forsooth, people have thrown out at it such terms as "God," "Deus," "Theos," "Jove," "Diva," "Jehovah"! Now, does not common sense suggest there may be *something*? Individual prejudice is not likely to outweigh a race instinct.

Dr. Horace Bushnell held fifty years ago that our words should be redeemed if possible, but if not possible, that new terms should be invented. Matthew Arnold wisely worked on that line. All optimists, all hopeful reformers, all who look forward with assurance to better things for mankind, must secretly, at least, believe in a stream of good tendency, or power setting toward righteousness or right things. Their acknowledgment of its worth is *worship*, and their firm conviction is *faith*. These terrible terms are deprived of their sting. The heart of him who sees things borne on a vital stream of progress *sings*, and there is a "psalm" for you. The man who must get down on his knees to worship and the man who, seeing him at it, begins to revile "worship," are both childishly literal. The first wears a mask and the second is scared. If you can imagine such a man as Matthew Arnold listening to a lecture of Col. Ingersoll's you may feel sure that Arnold never could imagine *his* God to be reflected upon by the speaker.

Hudor Genone, in your May number, says: "Words may be coals or diamonds, but some are only cinders, all the vitality of meaning in them by long usage burned out. Cast aside the old shriveled orthography and take instead ideas to fill the rattling husks of sound."

The word "faith" as defined by Webster and Haeckel, as quoted by H. H., is a "cinder," a shriveled form and rattling husk. Common consent and long usage have so mislead them that they passed by the diamond and took up the cinder. Let any man undertake an honest, earnest study in the real scientific spirit of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, carefully examining each illustrative case, and he must discover that faith is no such poor, second-hand affair as these definitions make it out to be. Is it blind acceptance on somebody's testimony? Examine dispassionately and see if it be not rather the acceptance on internal and rational testimony in face of somebody's *say-so* or *ipse dixit*. Is not the real "faith" a sublime *self-reliance* that if need be dare face a whole world's *ipse dixit*? Words get bleached out as well as cloth by long exposure. As evidence of the cloth I used to wear rather proudly, I refuse to take the coat that has hung a whole year in a cornfield as a scarecrow, and the original color of which was faded out previous to this application of use.

Doubtless faith has a lower (cinder) sense and a higher (diamond) sense. Faith resting on mere authority is the first. For example, it accepts Webster's dictionary as final and seeks not any internal confirmation. It does not ask, "Can

this be what I have heard called a great power?" It is as if a stranger had heard of the creature man, and comes across a mummy. This, then, is man! He asks not for beating heart, coursing blood, the lighting up of features. The rattling mummy is good enough. Haeckel simply presents us the mummy in place of the man. It is scarcely honest. Paul, who was really a right sensible man, declared that a sort of faith "is dead." Such is the sort that gets put into the theological and thence into the literary dictionaries.

Who told William Lloyd Garrison that slavery was a great sin? The Bible? The churches? The commercial world? They were understood to testify that the institution was, on the whole and under the circumstances, "all right." And that testimony was given with might and emphasis. If "faith" means a resting on what "another declares"—but Garrison listened to the voice within and dared follow it—Garrison was "a man of faith," Webster's dictionary to the contrary notwithstanding. Matthew Arnold says: "*attaching oneself to what is undeniably true* is what the faith of scriptures is, not the submission of the reason." It is to take your stand for better or worse on your own intuition or conscience. No modern "profession of faith" surpasses one given a few years ago at a meeting in New York City, nor is anyone more exactly the faith of scriptures. It was given by Col. Ingersoll. I do not know how well he "lives up to it," but I told my congregation that I would no more call him "Bob" Ingersoll. He said virtually "no necessity of daily bread nor of having a roof over my head shall ever deter me from doing what my conscience tells me is right." If an appendix is ever made to Hebrews, chapter eleven, and Mr. Ingersoll's life tallies with this glorious profession, I give my voice for making him a "modern instance." I have heard of nothing grander.

DUNKIRK, June 10, 1893.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SATAN.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

THE devil is at the Exposition, sure. I have run him down, sized him up, and interviewed him. He occupies Parlor 1001, tenth floor of the Auditorium shot-tower. My room is just over him. I discovered him in this way. A strange-appearing gentleman arrived a few days ago and registered as "Prince de Inferno, Tartarus." He had a singularly royal countenance, looking "every inch a king;" yet his shoes were of awkward shape and seemed to annoy him, and I noticed that his tailor-made breeches seemed a bad fit about the body. When sitting he seemed uncomfortable. It was plain to my mind that an investigation would disclose in him a subject fit for a distinguished interview. Finding that my room was just above his in the tower, I resolved to try my system of reflecting lenses, being the same which all good reporters carry with them when inquiring into private affairs. Rising early the next morning I projected my lenses out of the window of my parlor so as to disclose anything that might take place in the bathroom of the strange gentleman below. I had not long to wait. He soon entered in his natural nudity and turned on the hot water for a bath. A strange sight indeed! A form six feet high, well proportioned, his body clothed with fine

silken scales, horns on his head, which he seemed to project or withdraw at will, with cloven feet like an ox and a tail full six feet in length, forked at the end like a harpoon. Surely this is the Prince of Darkness himself, thought I. He answers all published descriptions. Carefully lathering himself with Kirk's soap, he plunged into the boiling water of the tub and seemed to enjoy his bath, although I thought he shivered from cold even in such hot water. His ablutions completed, he coiled his tail about him like a rope around a windlass, hauled in his horns beneath a fine head of raven hair, tied his cloven hoofs together so as to get his awkward shoes on, and then proceeded to dress himself. Meantime I had donned my own clothing. By tipping the head waiter I managed to take breakfast at the same table with the stranger, where I had further opportunity to observe his manners and peculiarities. Being satisfied that I had made no mistake, I resolved to make his acquaintance. The coffee was boiling hot, yet I noticed that he drank down half a cup as I would so much ice water.

"Seems to me the coffee at this hotel is pretty hot this morning," said I.

"Hot," said he. "I was thinking it was too cold. In my country we would throw such insipid stuff into the sewer."

"What part of the earth, may I ask, do you hail from?"

"The most central portion," replied he.

"If I am not mistaken," I said boldly, "you are the head of the royal family of fallen angels, or as we call it, the devil. Tell me in confidence if I am mistaken."

"You are very familiar on short acquaintance," replied he. "What makes you think I am the devil?"

"Well, sir," said I, "to tell the truth, I took a lensoscopic view of you in your bath this morning; saw your horns, your cloven feet, your tail and all the other identifying marks of Satanity. You may as well confess, for my business is that of a reporter and your confidence will not be abused."

"Well, well," said he, "this is a wonderful country to be sure. Your prescience is equaled only by your impudence. Since you have seen my tail unfurled, I do freely admit to you, in confidence, that I am the devil himself and no other. I had hoped to escape personal recognition, for I wanted to see this grand Exposition without being on exhibition myself. Can I be of any service to you, young man?"

"Decidedly you can," said I. "I would like an account of your life and experiences, a description of the country where you abide, the condition and treatment of the lost souls which are committed to your charge, and any other information which Your Excellency may deign to give me."

"My son," said the devil, "you are asking much. Come to my room this evening and I will enlighten you somewhat on the points of your inquiry."

His Excellency was all day at the Fair, sometimes hobbling about on foot, but oftener wheeled in one of the rolling chairs by a theological student. It was the old experience: the devil paraded by the clergy. I repaired to Parlor 1001 at a suitable time in the evening, was graciously admitted, and the devil locked the door. Seeing that I was somewhat disturbed at this he laughingly remarked:

"Have no fear, young man, I am the only true friend of mankind, as you shall see, and the fact is I have a sort of liking for you. I have been all day ensconced

in this abominable clothing, to which I am not accustomed, and feel considerably chafed at divers points. I do believe, too, that these shoes have given me corns on the hoof; besides, it is annoying to have one's tail coiled about him all day long, and horns drawn in. By your leave I will disrobe and sit as I do at home, *in forma naturalibus*. I can thus feel more free to communicate the information you desire."

"Anything for comfort," said I. "I shall be glad to have Your Excellency disrobe and unfurl at pleasure. Sha'n't I ring up something to take? What shall it be, bourbon or rye, a sour or a cocktail?"

"Order what you like for yourself," said he. "For me, Chicago water from the four-mile crib. There is nothing better in this world or the next. We use no stimulants in hell. Pure water only is our national beverage."

His Excellency having hung up his clothes in the wardrobe, untied his hoofs, uncoiled his tail and gracefully projected his horns, gave himself a good shaking, expanded his tail and threw it up behind like that of a peacock, only of a much greater breadth, and of a splendor positively astonishing.

"For heaven's sake," said I, "how can you expand your tail in that fashion? It is the most beautiful sight I ever beheld."

"Just the same as you open an umbrella," said he. "As for beauty, this is but the tail of a traveler. You ought to see the one I wear on dress parade. It beats this one as much as a peacock's does a humming-bird's. If you could attend one of our grand parties, or balls, where all the boys and girls are in full evening costume, with tails expanded in the latest style, it would fairly take your breath away."

"Why," said I, "I should think that dancing with your hard hoofs would make an awful clatter and confusion?"

"Bless your soul," said he, "when at home in the parlor or drawing-room, and on all special occasions, we wear the patent double-toed, foot-form, glove-fitting kid slipper. We make no more noise than so many kittens, and are full as frisky. But no matter about that; we are here for more serious converse, and will proceed to business. First let us light a good cigar," said he, and we both did so.

He then seated himself on a divan, his tail still erect behind, and as he leaned back upon it, it seemed like a cushion of emerald, with gold and opals.

"If it would please you as well," said he, "I will begin at the beginning, and give you a bit of our history from that time down to the present. It must be a brief sketch, for I am greatly fatigued. I have been carted about all day in a theological perambulator, sitting on my tail, and I do not feel very good-natured. However, the beginning was this: I used to be an angel in heaven myself. It was a dull place. Nobody lived there but God, Gabriel and myself. We were the original Trinity. I claim to be entitled yet to at least one-third of that kingdom, notwithstanding the chap who has usurped my place there pleads the statute of limitations on me. However, I don't care to make a fuss about it, for I have a much better thing. When God created the world, mankind included, we were all three of us very happy, expecting a great influx of visitors from time to time from the earth, and had planned a number of splendid resorts. I immediately discovered, however, what a mess he had made of it in planting that forbidden apple

tree, and that Adam and Eve had, of course, immediately eaten some of the fruit. So, all our bright calculations had been upset. I made a terrible disturbance about it. God and Gabriel always sided together, so they ruled me out of heaven altogether; appointed me Lord of the Lower Regions and consigned me to residence there forever. I was glad enough to get out of heaven, for I always had a roving and enterprising spirit. But when I arrived in the center of the earth and found nothing but a lake of fire and brimstone, I was greatly discomfited. At first I dug a cavern in the side of the earth; from this cavern I excluded the fire and then moved in. I had no furniture and had to sleep on the ground. It was not comfortable. I rigged a window of mica in the front where I could see out into the fire. After a while, lost souls began to come tumbling into the fire. Their howlings made day and night hideous. For many years this misery continued. It was both monotonous and uncomfortable. In the meantime I had discovered, by pecking through the mica, that there was a great difference in the quality of the souls boiling without, and that many of them were of great strength and virtue, so I reached out and hauled into my cavern occasionally some bright particular soul, and thus in time had many excellent companions. In this way I got hold of both Adam and Eve, Moses and Solomon, Archimedes, Pythagoras, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and lots of other bright and enterprising fellows. A good many had strong genius for invention, others were actuated by a high degree of benevolence; all of us had great sympathy for our stewing brothers without.

"About this time I invented a decoction called the 'bichloride of fire,' which, being hypodermically injected, would render a soul completely impervious to fire and to the fumes of brimstone also. With this I innoculated all my companions. I was always fire-proof myself and had got used to breathing brimstone.

"At length old Archimedes invented a sort of compound gigantic lever with which he claimed he could push back the burning lava without to any desired distance. Another enterprising fellow invented a fire-proof wall. I granted patents for both of them, and gave out contracts to exclude the fire from one-third of Tartarus, and keep it so. The machinery and the wall worked perfectly. We moved out of our cavern and took possession of the territory in my name. The occasion is still celebrated with us every year as 'The Day of Archimedes.'"

"Where under the sun did the molten material go to which was crowded away by that compounded lever?" said I.

"That is just what I asked Archimedes," said the devil. 'Give me where to plant my lever,' said he, 'and I will move the world,' and he did. He shoved the stuff up into mountain ranges, dykes and igneous rocks of all sorts. Did you ever see the Giant's Causeway? Well, that was the first dyke that went up. The whole thing was easy and was a great surprise to all of us except the inventors. Well, after thus getting out into the open, we had more room of course, but were not much better off, for the ground was perfectly parched and barren and we seemed unable to make any use of it. It was only a short time, however, before an ingenious imp discovered that we could easily tap all of the springs in the earth's crust and bring the water right through to us by mere force of gravity. This being assured we lost no time in organizing a vast system of irrigation. We established brooks, rivers, lakes, and oceans, and let the water down into them in

ample quantities. This accounts for the wonderful subsidences of water on the surface of the earth, which have so much puzzled the geologists. Yes, we also tapped the best springs of drinking water and mineral water. Every house in hell has the Chicago four-mile crib water, Waukesha, Saratoga, Carlsbad, Shasta Soda, and all the others, ready by the turn of the faucet. This seems to surprise you, but it is the truth. We drink nothing but water, and lots of it. I recommend you to do the same."

"Surely your people cannot live on water alone," said I. "What do you get down there to eat?"

"That bothered us a good deal for a time, but increasing knowledge brought us increasing food. No nation is now so well supplied. As soon as we got our first irrigation started we found that Eve had brought with her some of the seeds of that tree of the knowledge of good and evil. We planted them. They grew thriftily, until now every orchard has that fruit in abundance. There is no fruit on earth equal to it as a food, and besides it enables us all to know good and evil and good from evil, an achievement confined exclusively to the inside of the earth, and never found on the outside. Of course, when we let the water down in such quantities to fill our rivers, lakes and oceans, the fish came with them. We have since taken great pains with their culture. The devil-fish is now most used for food and is the pride of the angler also, being very gamey, as they call it. It has neither scales, fins, bones or entrails, and is ready for the cook just as it comes out of the water. Starting with the shad, we have developed this perfect fish and are looking for nothing better. For a long time we lived on fish and fruit. One day an enterprising imp came to me with a half-bushel of grain and garden seeds of all sorts and with a lot of hen's eggs. He had run up a geyser and brought them back with him. In a few years every good thing that grows on the outside of the earth grew abundantly inside, and there was no end of poultry. We have since brought down through extinct volcanoes all sorts of cattle and other animals from all parts of the earth, until we have everything in great abundance. So you see, young man, we are as well supplied with food as with water."

"How about the climate, is it not terribly hot?" said I.

"That depends," said he. "I told you we had excluded the fire from one-third of our country. That was long ago. We have since pushed back the wall, to accommodate the increasing population, so as to reclaim another third, leaving now only one-third of the entire country in which fire still prevails. In these two-thirds, or Tartarus proper, the climate is about that of Southern California. Nothing could be finer. We can regulate it to suit ourselves. You see we have a pipeline running to the North Pole and another to the South Pole. Through these we obtain our ice and get just such a supply of cold air as we desire. We also get through these lines plenty of polar bear, reindeer, musk oxen, seal skins and other polar luxuries. The valves in these pipes were once opened and got clogged so that they could not be closed for several days. We had in consequence a terribly cold snap. The lakes and rivers were all frozen over and we all went out skating. That, however, has never happened but once."

"But, Your Highness," said I, "where did you get your skates?"

"Skates," said he. "Where should we get them but at the hardware store? And when the thaw came we made the storekeeper take them back on the ground that they did not fit us."

"How about the climate of the third which is walled off?" said I.

"Climate?" said he. "There is no climate there. That section is what we call the Limbos. It is filled with enormous cauldrons under which the fires are perpetually burning, the stokers being required to keep up a heat of 10,000 degrees. It is called the 'lost soul department,' and is under the immediate control of Ithuriel, an expert in all sorts of torture and in whipping and whaling and gashing of teeth.

"We have another climatic contrivance which I ought perhaps to mention: A pneumatic tube between heaven and hell. It is used chiefly for transporting the mails and express matter, but we also use it for bringing down 'airs from heaven' to us, or sending up 'blasts from hell' to them. We export a good deal more than we import. The balance of atmospheric trade is largely in our favor. Their air is thin and sickly and destitute of strength or odor, whilst ours is pure ozone itself, tintured with our national perfumery, the attar of brimstone. The celestial souls seem to like it as well as we do, and they are all the time signalling for more.. We of course have a telephone to the kingdom, also, which brings us a large revenue."

"How do you manage to classify the souls of the dead so that part go into the cauldrons and the other part into the open country?" inquired I.

"I will explain that," said he. "For many years after we got the Limbos partitioned off, we used to maintain a large assorting room into which all souls entered and were corded up to await inspection. Most of them looked like wilted asparagus done up in bunches. Usually a noble soul could be detected by the naked eye, and would be immediately forwarded to destination. The others had to be microscopically examined to see if there was any merit in them. A good many such souls were found and cared for, but the great bulk, more than nine-tenths, were dumped into the various cauldrons. These cauldrons are all classified, each containing souls of a similar grade of meanness. You ought to hear them howl at this just classification. Each one thinks he is in the wrong pot. Well, this inspection continued a long time, caused a great deal of complaint, cost a good deal of money and mistakes were sometimes made. Occasionally a meritorious soul would be thrown into the cauldron, and, swimming on top, we would have to skim it off and doctor up its burns with Pond's extract, of which we always kept a supply for such accidents. Finally one of our Yankee imps invented a soul-sorting machine which is almost unerring. It saves all the labor before necessary. The large gang of assorting and microscopic imps which we used to employ are thus out of a job, and make a great ado about introducing labor-saving machinery. Did you ever see them assort oranges in Florida? No. Well, they do it in this way. A right-angled trough, some twenty feet long, is provided, with a crack in the bottom, narrow at one end and increasing towards the other. This is set up on an incline. The oranges are turned in at the upper end and roll along down until the crack lets them through, according to size, into proper boxes underneath. The small ones go through first, then the larger and still larger, and finally the largest, each size reaching its proper receptacle. Well, our patent soul-assorting machine works in a similar way, only with much greater accuracy. It is called the soulometer. The souls come down through the volcanoes. At the base of each volcano a soulometer is provided, and the sorting is immediately and

automatically attended to. A chute is provided for each cauldron in the Limbos, and proper chutes for each state, county and city in Tartarus proper. Thus we are relieved of all care and anxiety on the subject, knowing that each soul will reach its proper locality in the open or closed country. There are, it is true, some souls so very small that they slide through the soulometer, where the crack is so narrow that no chute or cauldron has been provided for them. These get trampled under foot and escape the cauldrons only to be eaten up by the hogs. It is only another instance of devils entering the swine. It does not seem to injure the pork."

"Did I understand you to say that your dominions are divided into states and counties, and all that sort of thing?" said I.

"Certainly they are," said he, "and what is more, the subdivisions are pretty nearly the same as on earth. For the most part they are named after the places here, by the first settlers to arrive there, so that souls which reach Tartarus feel perfectly at home at the start, and go about the business for which they are well adapted just the same as here; but you may be sure they must be well adapted or the soulometer will land them in the Limbos and they will not reach Tartarus at all. The soulometer is gauged to the natural merit of the individual as improved by industry and intelligence, and not dwarfed by superstition or vice. On this basis you can readily see that the average man or woman stands little better chance with us than they do on earth. Our latest statistics show that Tartarus received in the last ten years 9% per cent of your departed spirits, the remainder being cast into the Limbos. This is an improvement upon the previous decade, and we expect to do better in each successive decade. You see when we built our first partition and got our irrigation system in good shape there was a great scarcity of inhabitants. Vice and superstition were so prevalent on earth that we could only now and then catch a soul fit to live with us. Nearly all took to the cauldrons. Few could get to heaven under the foolish rule of admission there prevailing. So we had to handle practically the entire crop either one way or the other. We needed more immigration to Tartarus to take up our fertile lands, and the only way to get them was to start in and cultivate souls on earth. To accomplish anything there it must be done by indirect methods. So we have inspired the establishment of schools, colleges and universities, to broaden the minds of men and women and enable them to comprehend truth. We have insisted on reading the Bible in public schools so that intelligent pupils, hearing it, would discover its absurdity. Most of the clergy are really our coadjutors. They talk miracles and creeds to the people, who, yearly becoming more and more intelligent, refuse to believe them. The more they read the Scriptures the more these are seen to be a fraud and imposition. The more freedom the minds of men and women thus attain, the more their souls expand, and, at death, the further they will slide on the soulometer before dropping through to their destination. Such improvement is of slow progress, but it is gaining every year. We are expecting great results from this year forward. Our real estate agents are already organizing a boom based upon it. You see the trial of Dr. Briggs, for one thing, will open the eyes and enlarge the souls of many thousands, even among the Presbyterians. We put up the General Assembly to convict him of heresy. It is a part of our real estate policy. A better thing still is the Sunday

opening question of the Exposition. We want the Exposition opened, of course, as the greatest educator and soul-inflater of the century, and it will be opened accordingly. To make the absurdities of Christians in regard to Sunday more apparent to mankind, we thought it best to insist, through Congress, on Sunday closing. We carried our point there. Nobody else could have done it. It is hardly necessary to say that we control that body whenever we feel so inclined. So we have kept most of our clergy howling for a closed fair on Sundays until they have opened the eyes of millions to their absurdities, which otherwise it would have taken many years to accomplish. They have made ten enemies where they have one friend. With these three controlling influences of the year, in addition to the general spread of intelligence, we expect an enormous influx of worthy souls to the better part of our dominions. Indeed, the increase has already commenced. We hope to be able to close down several of our cauldrons and discharge the stokers before the end of the year, and to see more of our rich outlying wilderness made to blossom as the rose. You see, my young friend, that the salvation you hear so much about on earth is all in the imagination. Nobody has achieved it except a few cowards through a death-bed repentance. All really live souls come my way. If they deserve it I take good care of them. If they do not they are soon reduced to smoke and cinders. The only true salvation is in good behavior, benevolence and education according to your opportunities. Death-bed repentance admits no soul to Tartarus. It is too thin. You ought too see my happy people at home. The souls of all men and women of really bright intellect and of all the good who have lived are with us, living in peace and contentment, far more active and bright than ever. No drones, no bigots, no drunkards, no souls of vicious inclination. All true and good, with joys and bliss, connubial and otherwise, a thousand-fold greater and more satisfying than can be conceived by the mind of man. Is this condition not something worth striving for? Are the eternal Sabbaths, and the halos and harps, which you read of but cannot achieve, equal to it, even if you could achieve them?"

"The Presbyterians tell us that hell is paved with infants' skulls. How is that?" inquired I.

"Nonsense," said the devil, "hell is paved with the hearts of hard-hearted men of all sorts; of misers, bigots, and of the sordid and selfish. They make an excellent pavement. The first one we experimented on was the heart of old Pharaoh. You remember how hard his heart was when on earth. Well, it was ten times harder after it had passed through our crucible. These extremely hard hearts, I should explain to you, always settle at the bottom of the cauldrons. When enough have been collected, we draw the fire, pump the overlying hell-broth into an adjoining cauldron, scoop out the hearts and pile them up ready for use, either for pavements or meteoric rocks, which we throw up out of the volcanoes, when too many have accumulated. I believe you people call them shooting-stars. About the hardest heart we ever struck was that of Calvin, he that burned Servetus. Well, sir, I turned that heart over to Servetus himself as a present. He planted it in the pavement in the market-place near my palace, where it has been ever since. It sticks up to-day two inches above the intensely hard hearts surrounding it, and jars every chariot that passes that way. We keep it there as a monument to the strength of bigotry and intolerance in human economy.

Young man, beware of getting your heart into our infernal pavements, and tell your neighbors to. Be just and fear not. Have faith in nothing that you do not perceive to be true. Inflate your soul with truth and knowledge and keep yourself unspotted from the world. The soulometer will do the rest.

"No, sir, hell is not paved with infants' skulls. The souls of all persons dying in infancy come to us, however, on account of Adam's transgression, as you have often been told. We receive them joyously and care for them maternally. There are no children born in hell. All come from the earth. We confide them to families throughout our realm, where they are reared in the bright light of true intelligence and become our best citizens, each in a sphere comporting with its capacity. There is no chance for contamination. Evolution, you see, has wrought wondrous changes in Hades. Darwin, who is there, is even astonished at the progress."

"What relation, if any, have you with God and heaven?" I inquired.

"Very little," he replied. "We of course keep up diplomatic relations. Christ is the mutual minister of both places, and spends about half his time in each country. He is the only person that is thus privileged, being a sort of spiritual intercessor."

"Do you mean to say, Your Majesty, that Christ has ever been in the infernal regions? Are you not blaspheming, sir?"

"My son," said he, "what saith your prayer-book: 'He descended into hell.' That settles it. You need not take my word for it. Certainly, he has been with us and is one of our most respected citizens. His doctrine is that of brotherly love. That is ours also. Oh, yes; he owns the controlling interest in the Celesto-Inferno Pneumatic Tube Company, which pays big dividends; and he and Jonah control the great fish trust which now supplies all our people. If the fish don't bite, they just make up a lot to satisfy the demands of the market. It is said to pay enormously. There is some talk of attacking it in the courts as a monopoly; but as long as fish are cheap I shall instruct the attorney-general to keep his hands off."

"We have this further relation with heaven. They treat us as vassals, and inflict upon us what they call a pavement tax. Thus far we have complied with it, but there is considerable remonstrance. The tax consists of a certain amount of gold every year, to be used in keeping up their pavements. You see at the time Christ established his plan of salvation and returned to heaven he expected a great influx of souls there right along from year to year. They fairly went crazy with a real estate boom and laid out additions for more than twenty miles in every direction, graded the streets and paved them with gold. We had plenty of it and sent it up by magnetic currents. The plan of salvation, however, was a dismal failure, and the boom went with it. Still they insist upon us furnishing the gold to keep the pavements in repair. They do not wear out much by the few chariots that run over them, but chiefly by being eaten by the birds of Paradise, in place of sand, for their craws. There is no sand in heaven. A good many paving blocks are stolen also by the sordid souls which there inhabit, and hidden away out of sight; so we have to furnish a good deal of gold for them. Fortunately we have no trouble in obtaining it, and really no use for it ourselves, for we use diamonds as a circulating medium. You see when the rich misers on

earth die, their souls are surcharged with the gold they have so long cherished in life. We place these souls in retorts made for the purpose, fry out the gold and throw the souls back into the cauldrons. We run out the gold into paving blocks, and shoot it up to heaven by the tube line. It is not much trouble and costs us nothing except for fuel.

"A good joke occurred to us a while ago. A very rich man died whose soul we had been expecting for some years. Instead of letting it pass at once into the appropriate cauldron, to which it would naturally have gravitated, I ordered it sent to headquarters and convened a general assemblage of distinguished imps from the whole country for a great celebration, barbecue and clam bake. There were one hundred thousand of our choicest imps present. We barbecued two thousand fat steers and baked twenty thousand bushels of clams, with all the toothsome *etceteras*. When all was ready, we cast the soul of this multi-millionaire into the retort, already heated to the requisite degree, and awaited results. As a special honor, I was requested to turn the faucet myself and draw off the gold into moulds, which it was estimated would make paving blocks enough to pay our celestial dues for ten years or more. Well, sir, what do you suppose was the result? I turned the faucet, but not a drop of gold came forth. It proved that the entire hoarded wealth of this miserly specimen consisted of watered stocks and greenbacks. They all went up in smoke. Great was our disgust and disappointment. I ordered the retort opened and the heart taken out and opened with a cold chisel. In the center we found an old-fashioned Spanish silver sixpence, evidently hoarded there during his youth, as such coins have long since gone out of circulation. It was an index of the moving spirit of this man during all the years of his life."

"What use have you for a telephone to heaven?" said I.

"We have a great many applications by telephone," said he "from souls in heaven—some of those death-bed repentance fellows—for the privilege of emigrating to our country. They are tired of it up there. Our uniform answer is that if they want to come they must do so by the volcanic route, and take their chances with our automatic soul-assorters. Not one of them dare chance it. Now and then one tries to sneak in through the pneumatic tube, but the police, there in charge, rush all such into the Limbos in short order."

"May I ask what method of transportation prevails in Tartarus?"

"Certainly," said he. "In the early days we went horseback, then by stage, then by canal, then by rail the same as you have done. All these we discarded long ago and adopted the soul-flight. It is an electrical contrivance and enables a flight of one or two thousand miles an hour, at will. By pressing the right nipple the soul rises above all obstacles and proceeds in a direct line to the point desired. By pressure of the left nipple it causes a gentle descent and stoppage. Suitable elastic buffers are provided so as to prevent collisions. No accident has ever yet happened, though the air is sometimes as thick with soul-flights as ever you saw a swarm of mosquitoes. It is a great invention, and no doubt it will soon occur to some of your ingenious electrical engineers to invent one like it for the earth."

"And what of the language and literature? Do you all speak one tongue?" I inquired.

"Yes," said he. "We have the finest language that was ever spoken, the pure Hellenic. Our literature is pure and perfect. No libraries on earth equal those within it. Our scholars are sages and philosophers compared with yours."

"How long does Your Excellency intend to remain at the Exposition, and by what route will you return?" I inquired.

"I expect to stay here a couple of months. My object is one of recreation, and to see how very far behind your people are of your former good citizens who have their abode with me. I find that we are as far ahead of you in everything as you are ahead of the days of Columbus, four hundred years ago. I will return by way of the Yellow Stone Park and the "Old Faithful" geyser. I know the route quite well and am acquainted with the faithful stoker who heats the water and times its uniform discharge."

"I thank Your Excellency for this interview. It has filled me with much reflection and great wisdom. I will endeavor to make it known to our readers, reserving, of course, that communicated in confidence. I also promise, as requested, to keep your identity and presence here from the knowledge of less discreet reporters. I wish you good night and pleasant dreams."

THE MISTAKES OF MOSES AS EXISTING IN OUR LAWS TO-DAY.

BY WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

Out of the darkness grim, unseen, unknown,
Into the light of day I came alone;
So over against the night and the open door
I journey on as ignorant as before.

I OFTEN wonder, when I am reading certain portions of that book written in the rough old days, when people were all lovers and creators of fanciful myths—you know what book I speak of—the Bible, what the people of this cold common-sense age can have in mind by keeping upon their parlor tables such a story. How they understand the word holy, when applied to such infamous yarns as are therein related, and what can be the idea of the Church in keeping it intact, when by mixing it up and *re-sorting* it down a little finer they could save so much time and talk, that is now spent in making excuses for its existence at all, and explanations which are mostly all different, and as blind as the original.

Then I turn to revelations xxii: 18 and 19, and find the reason; at least, that is what I take it to be, for in nothing else can I find my answer. But accepting that as the reason, and taking it for granted that the laws of Moses, the divinely instructed ruler of God's chosen people, were given to him on Mount Sinai by the father of all things, the architect, contractor and builder of the universe, as is claimed, let me ask our Christian friends one question—should it come to a yes and no vote, would you vote in favor of such a government, such laws and such a ruler, as was placed in Moses and his laws over the people of Israel? I want to ask these people if they believe in polygamy, if they believe in slavery, if they believe in arson, theft and murder? Of course I know what the answer will be, but if it was right, then why is it not right now? and how in the name

of common-sense can these good people believe a thing right in that all-wise perfection called God, which they would in these days consider sufficient crime in poor man to warrant imprisonment for life, or perhaps a second murder called hanging?

Virtue, throughout the Old Testament, is simply a by-word and mockery, and it is a disgrace upon our civilization to allow such vile language to pass through the mails of our country, as divine or holy in any sense. This is considered a Christian country. The laws of the land are founded upon Christian principles. Each sovereign state legislature has its chaplain to offer up prayers to Jehovah God, the all-wise and perfect power, ruler of the destiny of universes, to watch over and guide the people's chosen law-makers, and see to it that they make only just laws. Can it be, then, that our Christian law-makers are governed by the great and only God, and that he has not changed since those old times, that he has not advanced with the world; or can it be, as the good parsons tell us, that he has changed,—oh, wonderfully,—and that some other power is getting his under-handed work in under the bonnets of our law-makers, when they legislate regarding the rights of women, and the ages when children are made capable of certain transactions?

What are the causes of most of our crimes? money, or the want of it, and the lustful nature of man. What is the age, according to our laws, at which a woman may marry without the consent of parents? It differs in the States, but the general age is 18. The age when she is given control of property is never less than 18, and generally 21. All this is good. I have no fault to find with our Christian law-makers here, and have only mentioned these points as leading up in a moralizing way to the case in hand. Now, what is the age set and stamped in the statutes by fathers, brothers and husbands, at which these dear innocent maids may give up their one invaluable crown of womanhood—virtue—to satisfy the degraded lust of other fathers and brothers? The same? No! Thirteen! a fair average age, as it varies in different states from 11 to 16, and in few is it over 14. She could not enter into holy matrimony against her parents' will, or transfer a few dollars' worth of property at that age. Why? Because she has not reached the age of perfect understanding. She is tender, and needs advice; but still you, believing in an endless future life for man, make laws on the very quicksands of degradation, protecting men who, in the furtherance of the animal lust born in them, cast behind them, physically and morally ruined, the tender lives of little girls, incapable of a perfect understanding. And yet you call yourselves a Christian people; you are shocked at the sight of even the picture of a woman's form; still you look with lustful eyes, sneaking upon the young and ignorant. Why? and whose the fault? and whose the crime? Were you never taught the open secrets of nature? Have they rather been hidden from you, until you have come to put a false meaning to a beautiful truth, and now, after learning the lessons as taught by Moses and Solomon and David, you go through life dreaming a hideous dream? And when the little souls cry out for vengeance, you cast them back, saying: "Law! law! The man has done no wrong, according to the law. You ought to know better; you are old enough, even if you can't give a bill of sale of a \$50-horse."

What though mothers have no voice in making these laws, they must still be

right, though they lead to the darkest depths of shame and degradation half of human-kind. Though your fair sisters and daughters become the lawful prey of man's hellish lust, you, their Christian brothers and fathers, are solely at fault, and the cause of their ruined lives, for you make the laws which protect the villains in their cruelty.

You, the men who claim to be the noblest work of an all-wise Creator, and lawful masters of all earth's inhabitants, are so filled with a thirst for crime you make laws to protect yourselves in what you know to be morally rotten. So unused to denying yourselves any wished-for thing are you, that at the expense of future generations, ages on ages yet unborn, you still continue in the ways of your ancestors, casting woman under foot, forcing from her all that is most dear to her, under the false one-sided shield of the law. You call that government. Government is good and worthy, but this is not government,—it is only a farce, played on a tottering stage, where superstition, ignorance, and barbaric injustice stalk hand in hand. Government is good when it legislates fairly, and in the interest of the weak and strong alike; it becomes a farce and mockery when it works wholly for the strong, and should be condemned as rotten and worthless. You call that Christianity, and because I say it is not, you curse me and cry Infidel. Your chaplain asks for God's guidance, and you deliberately cast even human reason behind you, and curse our civilization with such laws.

You say I shall not gather in the harvest on Sunday, that I shall not fish, or roam the green woods gun in hand, because it is the Lord's day, because it is the day set apart by a sect of people who have adopted the name Christian, as a day on which to worship the ruler of the universe. Still his works go on, trees blossom and bear fruit, rains come, the sun shines, neither does the earth stand still. Why, then, should I? Does the beast or bird differently? Why, again, should I? Because my father was last made, and I was conceived of an afterthought? No, simply because a class, a sect, a creed, has become powerful enough to say I must do so and so, or suffer imprisonment at the hands of its members. That is religion—persecution, in other words—and always has been. That is man copying after his God, copying the actions of the supreme ruler when he used to show off in Egypt so many years ago.

It may be I wrong these law-givers, however; they may have a different idea of virtue and sin than I have. It may be their virtue consists in clothing, or in style, not in actions, and that sin is in being found out. How is it? let the ministers answer. Wherein is the sin? Is it in the sensational court of law, where so many of you wind up, or is it in the actions leading up to the justice so often too long deferred?

If we could cut our morals to exactly fit our brains, I believe that clothing would be of secondary importance, and that virtue would not be so much a matter of style, as of true honor and uprightness; for I have a great faith in humanity and in the human will; and I believe the human will, properly trained for successive generations, may be brought to that point where nothing can defeat it.

What has made our martyrs? Not faith in creeds and dogmas, but the will to do right against all odds. In these exceptions I believe is found a possible rule, and the only creed which will ever rule this world properly, and according to natural right. Creeds weaken the will and put faith in superstition and myths above natural law, causing suspicion, uncertainty and distrust. Faith once lost, after the will has been weakened or killed, leaves a frail creature to the mercy of our now existing laws, as weak and helpless as was Moses in the rushes, surrounded by crocodiles, and subject to a far worse enemy.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[So long as these able combatants continue their interesting discussion, we shall be more than pleased to surrender this editorial space to them.—EDITOR.]

ETHICAL LIBERALISM—IN REPLY TO DR. JANES.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

IN England preachers increase who contend that Christianity has caused or contains all the conditions of progress, which Freethought has originated and established. This neither convinces me nor attracts me. When Dr. Janes set forth that Nature comprised the Christian doctrine of Providence, I thought it lowered the lofty profession of Ethics to the level of Christianity. My valued friends, Dr. Felix Adler and Dr. Coit, have not done this; and I am on their side of Ethical teaching. Many parts of the Bible contain noble precepts which I regard; there are many noble preachers of Christianity whom I honor, and whose friendship I esteem and reciprocate; but it is their lives I regard rather than their doctrine. If I knew Dr. Janes personally no doubt I should find that his honorable passion for proselytism has led him too far in confounding Nature with Providence, yet all the while his intentions are upright. I could not think ill of a correspondent who wrote in *THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE*. With me, it is as a letter of recommendation in a philosopher that he addresses its readers.

At the same time that I accept certain parts of Scripture, I do not believe others, and say so. I am an Eclectic. I take on "Heathen or on Christian ground" what seems to me to accord with reason and experience. All else I neither explain away nor try to harmonize with what I accept. And as I was of the Ethical way of thinking before Dr. Janes, I stand up for the dignity of disowning what contradicts Ethical truth. To Dr. Janes this seems "hysterical" or "illiberal Liberalism"—but it is my way, and I do not apologize for it. He says there are "implications of Christian doctrine from which he dissents as strongly as myself,"—without seeing that I dissent not only from

the "implications," but from the doctrine itself. Dr. Janes says: "Only by obeying the laws of God can man be profited—such is the teaching of Scripture." I wish this was true. On the contrary, a missionary may obey all the laws of God as set forth in Scripture, and Providence will do nothing for him in a storm unless he obeys the laws of Nature in his provisions against shipwreck. I believe in Nature, the larger God of mankind.

It is strange to find Dr. Janes treating the truths of Evolution as understood and valued only by himself and his school. I thought Evolution theories were originated and vindicated mainly by Liberals. Ten years before Spencer wrote, or Wallace pondered, or Darwin demonstrated, Charles Southwell published in the *Oracle of Reason* William Chillon's articles on the "Theory of Regular Gradation." In those days Christian defenders poured out their vials of wrath upon us, and the contents of their vials were vitriolic. They had no idea of Dr. Janes' discovery that their Providence was concealed in the folds of Evolution. Liberals not understand nor appreciate Evolution! What can Dr. Janes mean? Liberals kept the gate through which Evolution entered into Ethics.

I have oft had to vindicate secular Ethics against clerical adversaries, but never before against a professed teacher of Ethics. My earliest friend among preachers was Theodore Parker—the Jupiter of the pulpit, as Wendell Phillips once described him to me; Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Dr. Everett Hale and Dr. Robert Collier I count it as great advantage to have known and to know, and some other American divines. In my own country I have personal regard for the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker and Hugh Price Hughes, who are known also in America, and others whose names would fill a page. They all widely differ from me in opinion, and have sources of inspiration not open to me. Except on grounds of intellectual curiosity, I care nothing for the sources of whence many noble preachers derive their inspiration of duty and service to man. I have honor, appreciation and gratitude for the result. This is the type of "Illiberal Liberalism," which Dr. Janes describes me "as the exemplar." Evolution comprises scientific grounds of toleration, nobler and greater than Christianity has ever offered, or than the world has before possessed. As I have not time to return to the subject, I trust that Dr. Janes, in his wide-mindedness, will

deem this declaration satisfactory. I am for Ethical teaching, unaggressive, uncovetous of the errors of others, unambitious of assimilating them, eclectic, tolerant, self-respecting and self-sustaining.

TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

THE Declaration of American Independence, President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and Chief Justice Fuller's recent decision opening the World's Fair to the people on Sunday are the three most important political documents that have ever been issued in America. Each was a long step forward in the march of human progress. The last above named ought to thrill the heart of every Freethinker at this time and encourage him on to more persistent and earnest work in behalf of mental liberty. This victory against the united cohorts of superstition in this country cannot be overestimated. It opens up a new era in the world's progress. It was achieved at a great disadvantage by the friends of Liberty, but the spirit of the age was in their favor and the howling advocates of a mediæval superstition have, for about the first time in the history of this country, been compelled to surrender. The clergy threaten to boycott the Fair, but as they generally go in as deadheads on free passes their absenting themselves will only prove a benefit.

Then here is another thing to greatly encourage the friends of Freethought. The Briggs trial has set the whole orthodox world to thinking—that is, all those whose brains have not been wholly paralyzed by religious superstition, which number we must admit is very great. Only think of it! Prof. Briggs declares that *the Bible is not the word of God*, and one-fourth, if not one-third, of the Presbyterian Church indorses him. Dr. Briggs declares that every man must be his own judge as to what portions of the Bible he will believe. That is all that Col. Ingersoll ever contended for. Surely, *The World Moves!*

Certainly, now is the time for Liberals everywhere to take courage and move forward, and we, therefore, propose, with the help of our good friends, to put this Magazine into twenty thousand homes in this country. Can it be done? We say yes, if every friend of the Magazine will go to work in earnest and do their duty.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

We have resolved to do all in our power to achieve the result—to obtain the twenty thousand subscribers. It has often been asserted that the real cause of the small circulation of Free-thought journals has been their high price. That shall not be said hereafter of this Magazine—for the next six months, at least, for the prices from now to January 1, 1894, will be as follows: For a single subscriber for one year, \$1.50; for a six months' subscription, seventy-five cents; for a single number twenty cents; for a club of five and over, one dollar each. This virtually puts the subscription price at only *one dollar a year*, for there is not a town in this country, at least in the Northern States, that cannot furnish a club of *five* at that low price. The twenty thousand names can be obtained during the next three months if each friend of the Magazine will spend half-a-day's earnest work in getting up a club of five. And we pledge ourselves to put the regular subscription down to *one dollar a year* so soon as the twenty thousand names are secured.

It is much better to send the Magazine to clubs than to single subscribers for the reason that to clubs they can be so packed as not to get soiled in the mail bags. For that one reason there should be a small club obtained at each post-office.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

But under this new arrangement we cannot afford to keep on our books a single delinquent subscriber. At these low rates *all must pay*. Heretofore, although we have tried to maintain the "pay in advance" rule, we have generously continued to send the Magazine to many whom we considered honorable persons and who we thought would soon pay up their indebtedness. We regret to say that in many instances, as our books show, our confidence has been misplaced and we have, therefore, decided that on the 15th day of August the name of every delinquent subscriber shall be erased from our subscription books and their account put into the hands of a commercial agency for collection. We hope by that date there will be no delinquents.

GO TO WORK.

Friends, under this liberal arrangement, will you not each and all go to work and do all in your power to bring about the desired

result? Only think what an educational work the Magazine would do if it could go into twenty thousand homes every month. On another page is an extract from a letter from a young man who studied for the ministry. He tells us that the reading of one number of the Magazine eradicated superstition from his mind and he has given up preaching and he informs us that he proposes to prepare himself for a teacher of *real* truth. If one number of this Magazine can do so much good, what would twenty thousand numbers a month do?

That our readers may know how the good work goes on we will publish in each issue of the Magazine to the end of the year the name and post-office address of each person who sends us a club of five or more. Now, friends, for a short pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether for the twenty thousand subscribers. How many clubs shall we be able to report in the August Magazine?

P. S.—Business men who have not time to go out and procure a club of five will please send us five dollars and the names and post-office address of five intelligent young people who will read the Magazine if it is presented to them for a year.

ALL SORTS.

—20,000.

—Twenty thousand subscribers.

—Twenty thousand can be obtained.

—Reader, will you go to work and help obtain twenty thousand subscribers?

—Will you please drop us a line and let us know if you have read the editorial entitled "Twenty Thousand Subscribers."

—If you have not already done so, turn to page 457 of this number and read "Twenty Thousand Subscribers."

—How long will it take you to go out and obtain a club of five at one dollar a year? Try the experiment and then inform us.

—It is fortunate the work of disciplining is not carried so far as to deal with those who think heresy. The pulpits might be depopulated.—*Boston Herald.*

—We hope to hear from all our good friends that we have recently written to, and hear in a way that will give us encouragement.

—Notwithstanding *we* wrote the article entitled "Twenty Thousand Subscribers," it is the most interesting one that we have published for many months. *Read it before you sleep.*

—Any one who will inform us that he or she has read carefully *three times* the editorial in this number entitled "Twenty Thousand Subscribers," will receive one of Col. Ingersoll's speeches *free of cost.*

—Sames Parsons, our old friend and the friend of Liberalism, has gone to his eternal rest. We intend, in some future number, to publish his likeness and a suitable obituary notice of the grand old veteran of the army of Progress.

—He hoped to go to heaven at last,
And thereward set his face ;
" Although I have warm friends," said he,
" Down in the other place."

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The name and post-office address of each person who procures a club of five or more subscribers will appear in the next issue of the Magazine, unless they request us not to so publish them.

—Mr. D. A. Blodgett, our esteemed friend, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has just taken to himself a wife, Miss Daisy Albertine Peck, of Georgia. We hope their honeymoon will be a full moon as long as their lives last.

—These puritanic Christian bigots who have been howling about the sanctity of the Congressional Sunday enactment, ought to remember that a decision of the United States Court is the supreme law of the land.

—Thaddeus B. Wakeman will furnish an article for the next issue of this Magazine, entitled, "Anarchy—Political and Religious." In this article he will endeavor to enlighten our friend Harry Hoover a little.

—He—"Is your sister very high church?" She—"High as they make them. She discharged our old family physician last week for saying that she had a low fever."—*Detroit Free Press*

—Teacher—"What are you boys fighting about?" Tom Lakeside—"Why that chump was a tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The Common Council of a city in Massachusetts has ordered that the streets be sprinkled on Sundays. This will compel the extreme Sabbatarians to find their way to church through the back alleys. Who of them would venture to be seen on a street sprinkled on Sundays?—*Rufalo Courier.*

—John J. Koken writes from Nora, Neb.: "I studied for the ministry, but last winter, reading an article in one of the back numbers of your Magazine, set me to thinking, and the result is I am pretty much of an infidel."

—Two hundred thousand men, women and children walked through the gates at Jackson Park yesterday, and passed the day in viewing the magnificent treasures of the great White City. And the Almighty sent neither fire, earthquake nor flood to punish their wickedness.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Justice John Wannamaker dissents from the opinion rendered by Chief-Justice Fuller yesterday, and when he and Justice Matt Quay get together, sitting *en banc*, they will probably overrule the whole business and shut up the World's Fair anyhow.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Brother Moody declares that men and women are no better now than they were six thousand years ago, which is important if true. Because it proves pretty clearly that since the world began the clerics of every creed, although they have ever lived on the fat of the land, have not earned their salt.—*Chicago Post.*

But they have *got* their salt, and *that* is what they work for.

—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, it will be learned from the following extract from a late speech of his, corroborates our report from the Devil on another page, so far, at least, as to show he is in Chicago. Speaking of Chief Justice Fuller's decision this man of God says:

I can even imagine a personal devil, squatting like a black toad on the bar of justice dictating a decision, and after the decision had been promulgated slapping the promulgator on the shoulder with the remark, "Well done, I could not have done better myself."

This pious fraud ought to be sent to prison for contempt of court.

—Elmina Drake Slenker writes: "I do not know when I have been more pleased than in reading 'The World's Parliament of Religions.' It just cracks

the nut for them all, and shows the true inwardness of people's prejudices, and makes one long to sweep away all creeds, dogmas, superstitions, and start anew upon a basis of fact, reality and common sense. The June Magazine is one of the best that you have published—so many excellent articles. They may well feel proud of thy success on the once small and obscure 'Freethought Directory,' which now throws its search-light into all the religions of the world."

—The *Buffalo Christian Advocate* appears to be a little severe on the *New York Times*. This is what it says:

"The *New York Times* tells its small and rapidly-diminishing audience that the Protestant churches are loosing their grip on the people, and intimates that the Chicago directory of the World's Fair may safely defy them. The newspapers of this country are the last places to find the truth about anything at all which concerns the Church. Sabbath-breakers themselves, they are angry with anybody that has a conscience on the subject and still respects the authority of the Holy Bible."

—The following that we clip from the *Buffalo Express* is another evidence that God's ways are mysterious:

"BERLIN, June 7.—A dreadful and unexplainable accident occurred in the Hamlet of Doudelingen, a few miles south of Luxemburg, yesterday during a religious celebration called bittgang, a ceremony peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church. An extraordinary procession of the congregation, led by the priest and sacristan, went to the adjacent fields in order to implore the blessings of Heaven upon the ripening harvest.

While the procession was on the way, a bomb-shell which was being carried in the ranks of the pious bittgangers, unaccountably exploded with frightful effect. Seven persons were killed upon the spot, and thirty others were more or less injured, some of whom will die or remain crippled for life."

—Erastus Jackson, a brave, honest, noble man of Peninsula, Ohio, passed away at his home June 10th. For many years he had been the only out-spoken Freethinker in his neighborhood, but his

life and character was so bright that he commanded the respect of his most orthodox neighbors. How well we remember the good visit we had with him at his pleasant home when we were lecturing in the west—and ever since we have much enjoyed his acquaintance. Such men shine out like diamonds in the ordinary rock wherever they may live. They are the real saviours of humanity. His noble influence will be felt for many years in the community in which he long lived. Good-bye, brother Jackson!

—The following letter appeared in the *New York World* of June 15th:

NOT SETTLED YET.

To the Editor of *The World*:

Ex-President Harrison in an interview in Chicago is reported as saying in relation to the Sunday closing at the Fair, that when Congress made the law and gave an appropriation to the Fair, that settled the question.

The writer of these lines is old enough to remember that when Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law, and President Fillmore signed it, and Judge Taney decided it to be Constitutional, the friends of the law declared that settled the question; but it did not settle it—only intensified the agitation. No question can be settled in this country until it is settled in accordance with justice for the people. Not the Legislature nor even the courts are the supreme tribunal.

The President, the Congress and the courts are not constituted the religious guardians of the people, and when they undertake to say where the people shall go on any day of the week, the people themselves will continue to have something to say about it.

No, Mr. Ex-President, the Sunday question is not yet settled, and will not be until it is settled in a manner that will give equal rights to every citizen of the Republic—until it is settled so that I shall have the same right to go to a fair, to a theatre, to a library that my neighbor has to go to a church.

The friends of liberty are very thankful that the greatest paper in America is so squarely on the side of freedom.

H. L. GREEN.

Buffalo, N. Y.

—We very gladly give place to the following statement and hope this united action will insure a large and successful congress :

The following resolution was adopted by the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union, and accepted by the Federation of Freethought, at a joint meeting of the officers of the two societies:

Whereas, The American Secular Union has been making an arrangement for a joint convention of the American Secular Union and the Canadian Secular Society, to be held in October next, and the American Federation of Freethought has advertised for an International Congress to be held in September; therefore,

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union now propose to have as a substitute for both of said congresses an International Congress, under the auspices of the American Secular Union, the Canadian Secular Society and the Federation of Freethought, said Congress to be presided over by the presidents of the societies respectively on alternate days or sessions, and that the arrangements for said Congress be made by the officers of said societies, and such other persons as they may in joint committee agree upon.

C. B. WAITE, Pres. A. S. U.
DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, V. P.
DR. JOSEPH H. GREEN, V. P.
OTTO WEITSTEIN, Treas.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Sec.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Pres. F. F.
JOHN R. CHARLESWORTH, Sec.
GEORGE L. ROBINSON, Treas.

—The Rev. T. H. Agnew, a Methodist clergyman of Auburn, Ill., has been fined \$5.00 and costs for calling the Rev. W. F. Gilmore, a Methodist clergyman of Shelbyville, "a tobacco worm." This seems rather hard, in view of the common practice among old-fashioned theologians of regarding all mankind as worms poor worms of the dust. Brother Agnew was no doubt in the habit in his fervid moments of describing himself as a worm, perhaps as even a vile worm, and he probably thought he could obey the injunction to treat his neighbor as himself only by calling him a worm also. His fault lay in being too specific. If he had been content to describe Brother Gilmore as a

worm without going into details and particularizing the kind of worm the latter could hardly have resented the appellation.

—*Buffalo Courier*.

—E. P. Powell, our valued contributor, writes to *Unity* :

"A great Christian has recently assailed me with a remarkable declaration 'that to open the Fair on Sunday was the greatest outrage on God's people ever perpetrated.' He was smoking, and I told him that I had never seen any form of Sabbath desecration comparable for mischief, with the use of tobacco."

—Augustus W. Dellquest sends us the following obituary notice :

Miss Annetta C. Palm, at her home in Lawrence, Kansas, on April 27th, entered into the dreamless sleep of death at the early age of nineteen years and two months. No minister of superstition but a physician, who is also a prominent Freethinker in Lawrence, delivered the funeral address. Miss Palm was an exceedingly intelligent, beautiful and kind young lady. It is to be much regretted that often those whom the world seem to need most should so soon be compelled to lie down to their eternal rest. But we have one consolation, our kind friend Annetta is at peace, she knows no more pain, and she lived a life of usefulness—made the best of the only life of which she knew. She was a staunch believer in the religion of *this* world, in the religion of high aspirations and human helpfulness, and she acted upon her belief. She was a member of the Young People's Freethought Temperance Society, and felt interested in all branches of reform. There are few who so early in their lives begin to shed abroad the noble influences that emanated from the tender heart and clear head of our friend Annetta. The disposition which she manifested towards the unfortunate, towards those in want and distress, has added to the strength and life of the spirit of human kindness. A person's influence for truth, for benevolence and for virtue lives on forever, and such was the influence of Annetta Palm. In the midst of our sadness and our sympathy for her parents, sister and brother, we feel that the memory of her life can but make us more devoted to the holy cause of truth and kindness which she so dearly loved.



Dyer D. Sum



Signature

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

AUGUST (E. M.) 293.

SECULARISM IS RELIGION, AND THE ONLY CURE
FOR "CHAOS AND ANARCHY" OF HEART, HEAD
AND HAND.

By T. B. WAKEMAN.

MR. HARRY HOOVER thought proper "to call me out" to help to mend or explain the weaker or darker parts of *Monism*; for to Monism we both look as the last phase of Scientific or Positive Philosophy. No little time and patience was spent to oblige Mr. Hoover, as my three articles on the "Hard Words of Science," in late numbers of this Magazine, will show. But the result seems rather unfortunate, as far as he is concerned; for, after nominating me as a sort of teacher, he utterly rejects the lessons, and in his "plain English," implies a want of "intellectual integrity" in his self-selected instructor, declares that he "introduces intellectual chaos and literary anarchy," and that he "ought to be adjudged an outlaw—a pirate on the high seas of literature."

Certainly to be called in, or applied to, as a teacher and then, after doing one's best, to get discharged with *such* thanks and no wages, is "rather rough." I am thus left in a sadly defensive position, with no way out, but to submit the case, in Jefferson's phrase, "to a candid world;" that is, to so much of it as THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE may be able to reach. Then let its readers judge:

The main point or purpose of my articles was to get "chaos and anarchy" out of the Liberal "creed"—that is, out of our beliefs about the world. That world, we all admit, lies before us in three grand divisions (each capable of subdivisions to any extent), viz.:

3. The Human World.
2. The Vital World (Biology).
1. The Material World.

That these worlds rest upon and grow up and out of each other in the order as above numbered, is the first conclusion of Monism, Secularism, Positivism and of all Science; which order, Mr. Hoover and I, and all the "rest of the world" (except the theological creationists) must now admit. To have agreed even as to so much, and thus to have laid the foundation of positive Monism, is a great victory. But if we cast a bird's-eye view over each of these "worlds," we find a further substantial agreement, which it is all important we should appreciate. Mr. Hoover unfortunately throws his emphasis upon dissent. He seems to be unhappy unless he is smashing something. Analysis and Synthesis are the two hands of truth and progress. Then let us combine them and look at our agreements:

I. First, then, as to the *World of Matter*. Do we disagree? Not materially. We both found on the *Ether* as the best working hypothesis back of matter; that is, back of the sixty odd chemical elements now known.

These elements we must then take, as did Prof. Sterry Hunt, to be varying forms, *i. e.*, polymorphs, of the ether. This view disposes of the "ultimate" theory about atoms. Atoms are modes of ether, and as "ultimates" are left as *subjective* conceptions without any proof to sustain them. The fact seems to be that the element-forms of matter do not join as atoms but dissolve each other, and thus "create," that is originate, new chemical substances as the result of solution. This creation by chemical combination in solutions we see every day. But as yet no one ever saw an atom, "ultimate" or other. The idea of atoms is purely subjective, and arose from *our* mental process in counting *divisions*. Nature exists by *extensions*, not number. Nature (or God, as Plato said,) geometrizes, she never counts; *that* is a human intellectual process. The new chemistry bases on facts,

and then uses our subjective figures of arithmetic and language, without being imposed upon by them, or imposing them upon Nature. Mr. Hoover seems to be put out because some scientists do not as yet accept this ether, and equivalent, and solution theories of "The New Chemistry," instead of the old ultimate atom theory of the old chemistry. Of course there is a difference about it, or why did he inquire of me? I gave him the last, and, as I believe, the best answer of science; he does not seem to dissent; he only complains that others don't as yet quite agree. That I cannot help. It is enough that he too modifies the "ultimate atom" theory so as to make it harmonize with the ether-theory of the new chemistry. Even then he seems out of sorts because we cannot help but to substantially agree about our concepts of the infinite material world. That agreement seems to me a matter for congratulation instead of disgruntlement.

2. The next very important point is the Classification of the Sciences. The very word, *Monism*, calls, as he says, for and is a Philosophy of "Unified Science." I pointed out how gloriously the Scientists had realized the requirement of unity in the discovery of the *correlative* classification of the sciences, which had been adopted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, as any volume of their Proceedings will beautifully show. The scientists of other countries have followed the same scheme. Thus is completed the geography of the *known*, until the laws of correlation and evolution can be made to show some other order, which is inconceivable. This is, then, *the only scientific* classification, and the true philosophy of the known universe, and is not a "matter of convenience" merely, as other classifications are.

Science has made no greater triumph than this classification, and its verification under the laws of correlation. It is the backbone of all true knowledge. We congratulate Mr. Hoover that he cannot help but be "unified" by it, in, and with the rest of the world!

3. Nor do I understand Mr. Hoover to dissent from the next important law, that is "the law of economy;" that is, of the sufficiency of correlations in accounting for all known changes, processes, thoughts or ideas. New substances arise from chemical combinations, and they are *always different* from the elements

out of which they are formed, and are, in that way and sense, "new creations." Thus *all* resultants differ from and can never be the *same* as their correlates, and never have existed in them. Thus in our ultimate analysis,—life, feeling, thought, mind, etc., are found to be *processive*-facts, which facts are correlates of vital processes. To attribute them to the ether or to matter, or to any form of the inorganic world directly, is only nonsense or poetry. Protoplasm may be "alive" or "dead;" and these words have no proper meaning except as to it, *until* vital processes *are* discovered elsewhere. Thus "spookdom," and all it implies, passes over to the illusions. This ends all that need be said about Mr. Hoover's remarks on the material and vital worlds.

4. As to both of these worlds, Mr. Hoover does not seem to really differ from me, but he is mightily disgruntled because I may have met this true order of the sciences in the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte. Well, suppose I did, or that he did? What harm? He implies that the harm is, that I was captured by, and lost my independence of thought in Comte's "Papistic Positivism." The fact is just the other way, as Mr. Hoover could have learned by the slightest inquiry. I have spent my life very largely in trying to rescue Philosophy, Liberalism and Politics in America from papacy of every kind, and especially Comte's. *This* papacy I have opposed to the uttermost, as Mr. Hoover should have known from reading my lecture on Haeckel, to which he referred at the very beginning of this discussion, and which was indeed the occasion of it. He might as well have accused Thomas Paine of papacy because he invented that noble phrase, "The Religion of Humanity." I have worked faithfully to make this "religion" come to the support of the "United States of America," which was another noble phrase Thomas Paine first used, and which can never be fully realized without that "religion" as the sustaining "inspiration" of our people. In my mind, as in his, these two grand conceptions have been associated together as the *complements* of each other. I have repeated a hundred times, therefore, the noble words of my friend James Parton, that "the religion of a citizen of the United States should be the United States of America." I have never for a moment countenanced the purpose of making the Religion of Humanity the basis or support of any papacy centered at Rome,

or at Paris, or elsewhere. As far as I am known at all, it is as the *republican* Liberal, whether called Secularist, Positivist, Monist or Naturalist, or otherwise. But while thus absolutely discarding his papacy and all that it implies, I have ever been willing to learn all that was useful from Comte, and to gratefully acknowledge the importance of his works and career. Because I am not one of the adherents of the papistic sect he founded, I am the more bound to be careful not to repay the debts I owe him with denial and ingratitude; while my decided opposition to his papacy has made me equally careful not to estimate what I have learned from him at more than its true value.

Now let Comte rest in peace, while we "learn the true in order to do the good," as citizens of the United States and in utter opposition to any papacy whatsoever!

5. Mr. Hoover's second article (in our June Magazine) expresses his indignation because I do not join with him and a few others in trying to rule out of the English language such words as "Creation, Faith, Worship, and Religion." I have given thoughtful consideration to all that friend Hoover and others have said on this subject, but they do not seem to reach the real difficulty. That is, that at bottom there was, is, and always will be, a true and an indispensable idea in these words which must be truly applied, and which no false, insufficient or distorted application can ever destroy. Indeed, all such partial applications are but stepping-stones to a truer, a clearer and a higher expression of the main ideas involved. The permanence of the idea, often the root-idea, of a word, running through ages, by ever-changing applications and meanings, forms the most useful and interesting part of the noble Science of Language. This science (Philology) has been justly called a physical science, because it embodies the objective form and evolution of human thought, for without language, practically thought cannot be. As "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the Suns," their counterparts, that is, *words*, are widened also, and the consequent evolution of their meaning is, in fact, *the* true history of the progress of mankind. Every historian and philologist uses and insists upon this law. Guizot, in his "History of Civilization," treating of that very word "civilization," illustrates the law thus: "The ordinary signification of a word is formed by gradual progress, and in the constant pres-

ence of facts; so that when a fact presents itself which seems to come within the meaning of a known term, it is received into it, as it were, naturally; the signification of the term extends itself, expands, and, by degrees, the various facts, the various ideas which from the nature of the things themselves men should include under this word, are included" (vol. 1, p. 7). Max Müller, in his "Science of Language," pp. 265-8, etc., gives many illustrations of this law, of which such words as "court," "servant," "liberty," "cannon," are common examples. But no better examples can be found than those very words Mr. Hoover so heartily condemns. It is not too much to say that the intellectual and liberal progress of our age must consist largely in recognizing the newer and higher meanings of these words under the newer facts which science has brought to light. Thus dictionaries grow. The meanings of the original "Webster" are away behind those of to-day, which are also evolving under ever new facts and applications. The thing to do is to read up such works as Trench's "Study of Words," Swinton's "Meaning and History of Words," Dwight's or Whitney's Philology, etc. Such works not only show that the meanings of words change, but that it is our "Liberal" *duty* to *help* to shape that meaning by *truthful* application of their fundamental ideas. Thus Prof. August Weismann, the biologist who now occupies the attention of scientists, in his great work on Heredity (English edition), page 113, says: "Science has without doubt the right to make use of popular terms and conceptions, and by a more *profound insight* to *widen* or *restrict* them. But the *main idea* must always be retained, so that nothing quite new or strange may appear in the widened conception."

The July number of the *Monist*, just at hand, has a very valuable article on "Meaning and Metaphor," with noteworthy quotations from Prof. Jowett and others, such as these (page 521): "Words appear to be isolated, but they are really the parts of an organism which is always being reproduced; . . . they receive a fresh impress from individual genius, and come with a *new force and association* to every *lively-minded* person. They are fixed by the simultaneous utterances of millions, and yet *are always* imperceptibly changing." This is so, he reminds us, because "Language is an aspect of man, of nature and of nations, the *transfiguration of the world in thought*." These quotations happen to be

from the last two books which have come to my table. They state *the law*—the law of the world, and our duty under it. The attempt to ignore this law, and to shirk our duty under it, is not "intellectual integrity," but intellectual stultification. We are bound to take these words Mr. Hoover has named, and, as far as we can, *help* to have their ideas truthfully applied to, and in, the *new* world which science has revealed to us. Just as soon as we try to do that these words "widen" under the new applications into the new meanings which have already come into general "Liberal" use, to wit:

6. The idea of the word remains and then common sense and common needs apply it to the new facts. Thus "*creation*" meant years ago, in theology, the making of something out of nothing. We have of late years learned, *in science*, that everything is made or comes from, that is, evolves from, preceding things, or processes, or ideas. Haeckel gives us, therefore, his "*Natural History of Creation*," in which all of the "*creation*" is by natural processes and laws from preceding things. Such use of the word by scientists and liberals has gone too far to be ever recalled.

7. The word "*Faith*," from the Latin *fido*, I trust, or, I rely upon that which is *true*—that is, that which may be *trou'd*, that is, be *trusted* to, is another word with an undying idea. David Strauss, the great German Liberal, therefore, properly names his great Liberal work "*The New Faith*,"—meaning that which Science gives us to trust to, in the place of the revelations and dogmas of Theology, which are discredited and replaced in such works as Haeckel's "*Creation*" by Nature.

8. The word "*worship*" is another word that can't drop out, without letting the very zest and motive of life go with it. It is the appreciation and attributing of *worth* to something or somebody *worthy*! Without belief in the worth of something—that is, without worship—life drops to inanity, insanity, or even to suicide. For without love and esteem of something, life has no object, ideal, or motive. The sooner a man without "*worship*," of some kind, blows his brains out the sooner the universe is relieved of a decaying nuisance. When the old gods drop out, what is the highest which takes their place? To *that* the idea involved in the word worship is inevitably turned, with new emotions. Thus is created a new Art adapted to the new worshipful facts, world,

beings, ideas and circumstances. The "abasement" of the old expressions of worship entirely disappears in the poetry of Goethe, the philosophy of Comte, or the science of Tyndall or Darwin; but the appreciation and reverence of something beyond and out of themselves, as the motive of life, is the "soul" of worship still "inspiring" them, as they all admit.

9. The word "*Religion*," was, in this way, spoken of in my former article, and Mr. Hoover replies by collecting some partial or ridiculous definitions which easily could be immensely extended. But for what good purpose? All such definitions contain *some* adumbration or part of the fundamental truth this word has ever covered, and is still being used to cover. Just as Guizot shows was done with the word "civilization," "the religions" pass away only to make *religion*, as the *true* sum and synthesis of our relations to the world and to man—that is, "the Religion of Science and Humanity"—only the more prominent and necessary as the very foundation and motive of civilized life. The old notions of cruelty, restraint and persecution connected with this word were the results of theology, and will disappear. Liberty, love and joy will take their place, as science replaces theology, and founds the religion which is the new, the universal faith.

10. These and similar words are in the language and never can be ruled out, because they have a general meaning independent of any and every form of superstition,—which meaning is necessary to express the truths and the results of science, and especially of sociology, which blossoms out into combined human work, hope and love. "Any system of faith and worship" is Webster's *general* and true definition of religion. The highest scientific solution of man and the world, expressed in feeling, thought and action, will be this new worship, and the true and universal faith, leading to a higher human co-operation. The "Religion of Humanity," Thomas Paine's word, is the only word for all this. Gradually it is replacing those old, false and barbarous superstitions and forceful modes of faith and worship, which theology imposed, and which all liberals join in condemning, but which can only be destroyed as they are replaced by the whole, the true and the good, of the "New Faith." Secularism, in replacing the old religion, cannot adequately express itself without these three words. That has been the chief reason that it

has not made greater progress. It must conquer as *the* new, true, universal *Religion* of Science and Humanity, or not at all!

11. The Congress of Liberals, to be held at Chicago on the first of October next, makes this "shy" of some liberals at the word "religion," a matter of timely and practical importance. They are trying to get the substance of the religion of humanity, while they reject the name. Thus they are left in a position which is false, negative and disintegrating. They are really for the true, the affirmative and co-operative; that is, they are in the true modern sense of the word *religious*. It is only in this aspect of their works and character that they can much influence earnest people and supplant theology in the control of this world. They wish to divorce Church and State because these are mismated. The Church belonging to the other world, wherever that may be, and the State to this world. But in Secularism the State takes the place of the Church, and is the embodiment of the Religion of Humanity in only its *political* aspects. The trouble with Comte's Positivism was that he made it the foundation of his papacy. But Secularism comes from Holyoake and its English founders as "a religion," or rather "the religion" of Science and Man, without any papistic or other old entanglements. I would say, then, let it be taught boldly as *such* religion, not only politically, but mentally,—uniting science, education, morals, art, and all human aspiration, thought and action.

12. The common sense of mankind judges that people who "have no religion" have nothing to tie to, and can be only unreliable driftwood. "Natural selection" says that we are now to be saved by the "power of agreement," that is, that those who have no religion, in the modern sense, are pretty sure "to damn themselves, and thus get to hell." For without such religion there can be only "chaos and anarchy" in the *heart*, and *head*,—leaving naught but confusion to be wrought by the *hand*.

Let Secularism, then, as the Religion of Man, and of this World, be laid as the foundation of the Republic of Man at our next Congress, and that Congress will mark a new era of human progress, and give some real meaning to this World's Fair, held, as it is, in the heart of the Great Republic, and of the New World.

THE SUN GOD.*

BY O. P. LOOMIS.

THE sun has long been known as the source of all our material comforts, but little do we think other than that it, together with celestial phenomena, has played the main part of the religions, customs, and habits of all ages and civilizations.

When, about the 25th of December, we notice the sun begin his Northern journey from the lower regions, it excites little or no interest in us, and only a purely scientific attention from learned astronomers; but how different was the fact regarded by our ancestors!

It was to them the birth of the sun which was heralded with joy, for it was he which would conquer all nature, and it is none other than this very same sun which is personified in the characters of Osiris in Egypt, Ormuzd in Persia, Hercules in Greece, and Adonis in Phœnicia; and which we can now see clearly portrayed in the forms and dogmas of the Christian system.

We can form little conception of the reverence and veneration with which this orb of day was adored. They must have known that he was the source of all their bodily wants and desires, and when they saw it receding from the higher latitudes and all nature seeming to lose its vitality, it was no wonder that they witnessed with joy the commencements of its return; and the relation of this date with the birth of all the heroes, gods and messiahs leaves scarcely any doubt of their origin, and that this fact, with others to follow, has permeated all cosmogonies and customs.

At this date occurred the Roman solar games. "We celebrate," says Julian, the philosopher, "some days before the New Year's day, the magnificent games in honor of the sun to which we give the title of the Invincible. Oh, could I be so happy as to celebrate them for a long time to come, O Sun King of the

* A paper read before the Brooklyn Philosophical Association. The reader who desires to further investigate the subject is referred to the following works from which the author derived most of the material for this article: "Origin of All Religious Worship," by C. F. Dupis; "Taylor's Diegesis," by Rev. Robert Taylor; "Astronomy and Worship of the Ancients," by Gilbert Vale; "Bible Myths Compared with Those of Heathen Nations," by J. W. Bouton; "Asiatic Researches," to be found in the Astor Library (very rare); "Volney's Ruins," by C. F. C. De Volney.

Universe, thou who from all eternity was engendered by the first God of his pure substance!"

The Persians dedicated their monuments to the God Sun, the Invincible Mithras, and in their system we have Ormuzd portrayed as the good principle, and Ahriman personifying the bad principle; and when the god of day retreated to the lower climes, it was then that Ahriman, or the Serpent, arose and poisoned the results of Ormuzd by the deadly blasts of winter. This, with the Egyptians, was the death of Osiris, with the Phœnicians it was the death of Adonis, and with the Greeks, Apollo, of whom we have all read.

The Pharaohs of Egypt called themselves the sons of the sun, and is illustrated by a part of the translation of the hieroglyphics on the obelisk taken from Heliopolis, the great city of the sun in Egypt, and now standing in Central Park: "The son of the Sun God Ra, Friend of Justice, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, the friend of the city of the sun, the sun created him, the reflected splendor of the God Tum who gives life. For his father the Sun God Ra ordained for him victories over all lands, and mighty power was concentrated at the points of his hands to widen the boundaries of Egypt."

In this same city were great temples devoted to the sun and solar divinities. We know that the sun passes through the twelve signs of the zodiac, so we find the mystical twelve used frequently in ancient poetry and religions, as the twelve labors of Hercules, which are the twelve labors of the sun. We also have encounters of various heroes with various beasts and animals, usually those along the annual track of the sun or zodiac. We are told that Jesus had twelve disciples, through whom he accomplished his work, and one of these "fell that he might go to his place" (Acts i: 25).

This clearly personifies February, for if it did not lose its number of days, it would not return or go to its place, in the rotation of the calendar.

Then we see the number seven, which is now understood to have originated with the seven celestial bodies then known. In the Bible this number, together with the number twelve, occurs constantly from Genesis to Revelation.

The days of the week are divided into seven by every nation who ever knew enough to have a week, and that they are named

after these seven celestial bodies the following will surely demonstrate.

Sun's day naturally comes first; Moon's day second with apparently good reason. Mar's day, Mercury's day, Jupiter's day, Venus' day, and Saturn's day. We can clearly see the origin of three, and the remaining four are taken from Tiw, Woden, Thor and Frigga, mythological deities corresponding to Mars, Mercury, Jupiter and Venus.

It might be suggested that the seven stars, or Pleiades, had something to do with the matter, but the derivation of the names proves that it is not the case; however, the Pleiades were sometimes used as symbols, as I will afterwards show.

In the early history of the Hebrew race, we find frequent allusions to sun and star worship, as in Isaiah xlvii: 13. "Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the star gazers, and the monthly prognosticators stand up and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee" and in Ezekiel viii: 16, "And he brought me into the inner court of the Lord's house, and behold, at the door of the temple of the Lord, between the porch and the altar, were about five and twenty men with their backs toward the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the east, and they worshipped the sun toward the east." (Most probably four and twenty men to personify the twenty-four hours of the day, as shown later).

2 Kings xxiii: 5: "And he put down the idolatrous priests, them also that burned incense to Baal, to the sun, and to the moon, and to the planets and to all the hosts of heaven." Same chapter, 11th verse, "and he took away the horses that the kings of Judah had given to the sun, and burned the chariots of sun with fire."

Josephus makes no concealment of the matter that the origin of the Hebrew system is the same as that of the earlier races. We certainly know that St. Justinian and Eusebius apologized in the same manner for the Essenian or Christian system in its early history.

Let us hear what Josephus says, Book 3, chap. 7: "Now here one may wonder at the ill-will which men bear to us and which they profess to be on account of that Deity which they pretend to honor, for if he will look into these things without prejudice, he will find that they were every one made in way of imitation

and representation of the universe. When Moses ordered the twelve loaves to be set on the table, he denoted the year as distinguishing so many months, and as to the seven lamps upon the candlesticks, referred to the planets. The vials, too which were composed of four things—they declared the four elements.

“He also appointed the breast-plate to be placed in the middle of the ephod to resemble the earth, for that has the middle place of the world. Each one of the sardonynxes declares the sun and moon. Those, I mean, that were in the nature of buttons on the high priests’ shoulders, and as for the twelve stones, whether we understand them by the months or whether we understand them by the like number of signs of that circle which the Greeks call the zodiac, we shall not be mistaken in their meaning.”

Book 8, chap. 3, he says: “Solomon also cast a brazen sea whose figure was that of a hemisphere. There stood around about it twelve oxen (Jeremiah speaks of them as twelve bulls) that look to the four winds of heaven, and on the brazen lavers was engraved in one place a lion, in another a bull, and in another an eagle.”

In Book 5, chap. 6, in speaking of the outward face of the temple, he says it was covered over with golden plates, and at the first rising of the sun reflected back their splendor.

Tradition tells us that Mithras and Bacchus were born on the same day, that day being, of course, the 25th of December, and that Mithras was the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The birthplace of Mithras was in a grotto, Jupiter in a cavern, and Christ in a stable. Tradition also tell us that the worshippers of Mithras were called the Magi, and astrology foretold the wonderful event. In this connection, I want to say that the wonderful star of Bethlehem has been an enigma for Bible students, for now astronomy has reached such a period of perfection that such occurrences can be calculated back, and verified to a certainty. The famous temporary star in Cassiopea, which appeared with such splendor in 1572, and was observed and recorded so carefully by Tycho Brahe, has been claimed to be a reappearance of the star of Bethlehem, as traditions of the appearance of a star in about the same location in 1264 and 945, but there is no certainty of these earlier observations, and one writer remarks that there are too many supposi-

tions and assumptions involved to allow any credence being given to the periodicity of Tycho Brahe's wonderful star.

A point which I do not want overlooked is that the nearest fixed star's distance is measured by four years of light time, that is to say, should that star be suddenly annihilated, we could not possibly know of it until four years had elapsed. But this is very near as compared with the rest of the stars.

The next nearest star is nearly double this measurement. Sirius is eight years, Vega twenty years, and Polaris is forty-seven years of light time away. There are other stars which we know must be measured in thousands of years of light time. This being the case, the wonderful variations of Algol, the demon star, are not the ones that are occurring on or in that star at the present moment of time, but actually happened years ago, and what we do see is the end of a line of light many years long having sections of various intensity.

The fact that light occupies time in traversing space was proved in the simplest manner by Romer, a Danish astronomer. In closely observing the satellites of Jupiter as they were occulted or eclipsed by the giant primary, he found that these periods would not agree with observations made six months earlier, by more than sixteen minutes. This could only be accounted for by the fact that the observer had changed his position a distance of about 184,000,000 of miles during that space of time.

In the case of other stars, this line is continuous, and we say the star is permanent. This probably is so, but it may not—at any rate we will have to wait some years to find out. This immensity of distance is also shown by what is called the parallax of the stars. The earth changes her position 184,000,000 of miles in six months, and should any star shift its position relative to the other, stars two seconds of arc its distance would be the product of the sun's distance multiplied by 206,000, but no known star has shown one second's parallax, so we know the distance beyond which it must be, and less than which it cannot be is twenty trillions of miles.

This being the case, we can all see how idle it is to speak of a star's appearing to give pomp to some event upon our little planet, which cannot even be seen by some of the members of its own solar system, and that the famous star of Bethlehem was nothing more than a badly written tradition of the ancient

Lucifer, which is now known by astronomers as Venus at her greatest western elongation, or commonly spoken of as a morning star, and of course is always seen in the East. It was known to the ancients as the Light-bearer, or the forerunner of the sun, and we can now see that John the Baptist was merely a figure of this tradition, for is he not made to say that "there cometh after me one that is mightier than I, of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose?" Thomas Paine saw these things many years ago, and in his "Examination of the Prophecies," says: "I pass over the absurdity of seeing a star in the East when they themselves came from the East, for could such a thing be seen at all to serve them for a guide, it must be to the West of them."

Also see article by Lewis Swift in *Astro-Physics*, issue February, 1893, on the star of Bethlehem.

The great feasts of celebration and rejoicing of the ancients occurred upon the sun's return to the northern regions, for it was here that they saw his victory over the serpent of darkness and winter. It was and is the resurrection-morn of nature. The sun had now returned to shower his blessings upon mankind, and the whole world seemed to rejoice and be exceeding glad. Upon examination we find that this date corresponds perfectly with the resurrections of all the heroes, gods and messiahs which remote tradition has handed down to man.

The passover, or feast of the paschal lamb, always occurred at the vernal equinox, showing that the Jews had called old ideas by new names, as did the Christians later. Says Josephus, in Book 3, chapter 10: "In the month Nisan, the beginning of our year and the fourteenth day, when the sun is in Aries, we celebrate the feast of the passover."

The celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries occurred in the third month and the fifteenth day, and continued nine days. I do not think that the Hebrew race were to any great extent cultivated in the sciences, and, consequently, knew comparatively little of astronomy except what they had copied from other nations. The book of Job, however, contains frequent allusions to the subject, namely, Arcturus, the Pleiades, Orion, and the great chambers of the South, but investigation seems to show that this book is not a Hebrew production, but Arabian.

Now the Arabians and Chaldeans possessed considerable knowledge of the motion of the heavenly bodies. At a later period,

Draper tells us that the observations of the Arabians were so precise and carefully kept, that many of the computations of our own astronomers are based upon them.

Many remnants of these solar representations have come down to us and are seen in our time. The familiar I. H. S. emblazoned by the rays of the sun is a continuance of this idea. Many writers state that the very letters came direct from Bacchus, and have been found in his temples. It is certain that it no more stands for Jesus Hominum Salvator than it does for Ignorance, Hypocrisy, and Superstition.

These solar rays are also shown around the head of the Indian Chrishna, the Grecian Apollo, and the Christ. "The sun and the Lord were perfectly synonymous, and the Sun's day and the Lord's day were the same to every nation on whom the sun hath shone."

The Rev. Robert Taylor also says that the word "clary," meaning brightness, has been rendered by the translators into "glory." To illustrate, "Heaven and earth are full of thy glory (brightness). Thou art the King of glory (brightness), O Christ."

We know that the tonsure or shaved head of the monk is of ancient origin, and I cannot conceive a more ready representation of the sun's disc than this. And to quote further from Taylor, "As for all the uncertainty with respect to the birth of Chrishna, there is but little ground for the advantage of the Christians who have never been able to fix the day, or month, or even of the year of the birth of Christ.

On July 7, 1893, the Rev. S. Vishnu Karmathar of Bombay, India, created an uproar by stating before the Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies that the worship of Chrishna in India and the Roman Catholic forms and ceremonies were practically the same. If the tree is Pagan, what shall we say of the branches? See chapter on the Indian Chrishna, by Taylor and others.

Cicero, writing in his time, says "that all are agreed that Apollo is none other than the sun, because the attributes which are commonly ascribed to Apollo do so wonderfully agree thereto."

In Ephesians iv: 9 and 10, we have: "Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth. He that descended is the same also that ascended up

far above all heavens that he might fill all things." This applied to the sun is a beautiful personification; applied to a man is entirely devoid of meaning.

In this connection I want to name a familiar hero of whom you have all heard. It is none other than the venerable St. Patrick. No reliable historical evidence can be found that such a person ever existed, but let us examine the general attributes of this man and see whether they compare with the ancient heroes of the sun.

The great day of his celebration occurs very close to the vernal equinox, so close as to be practically the same, and further, the great labor of this hero was to drive out all the serpents from a certain tract of country. One can readily see that this is not far different than the victory of Apollo over the serpent of darkness and winter. To be sure this hero (as all others had been) was clothed with some small minor details peculiar to his own country, but the main part played is none other than the sun, and this tradition probably came, like the others, from the same source.

At the time the Christian system is said to have commenced, the vernal equinox occurred during the sun's passage through Aries, the Ram, or Celestial Lamb, and we frequently find this expression in the New Testament and especially in Revelation, which Mr. T. B. Wakeman tells us should precede all the books. Next should come the Epistles, and last the Gospels. Revelation is filled from beginning to end with astronomical terms and figures of speech. We have a city of twelve thousand furlongs square, set upon twelve foundations and containing twelve gates, three to each cardinal point of the heavens, and him that sitteth on the throne surrounded with brightness, shining as the sun before whom bowed twenty-four elders, which personify the twenty-four sidereal hours in which the revolution of the god of day was divided.

The book of fate is opened by the Lamb from which him that sitteth on the throne proceeds to judge all nations, and the result of the judgment is that the people of Ahriman are separated from the people of Ormuzd, and those of the former turn toward Tartarus and the latter pass into Elysium, the abode of Ormuzd. Here we find our old friend number seven again. "In the midst of the river of life was a tree which bore twelve manner of fruits,

and in the midst of the seven candlesticks was one like unto the son of man, his head and his hair were white like wool, and he had in his right hand seven stars, and his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength, and he said, I am he that liveth and was dead."

Here we have a perfect picture of the sun and his then supposed solar attendants. And again, "I saw, and behold, a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and he went forth conquering and to conquer." This is a clear description of the ninth sign or Sagittarius the Archer.

Again "I beheld, and lo, a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand." Here we have the seventh sign, or Libra.

In the 12th chapter the central thought is almost purely astronomical. "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven. A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. And she, being with child, cried, travailling in birth and pained to be delivered. And there appeared another wonder in heaven, and behold, a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them upon the earth; and the dragon stood before the woman, which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born. And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which had brought forth the man child."

In this we have the constellation of the celestial virgin occupied by the god of day giving birth to the fruits and crops of the earth, but this constellation is followed by the constellation Serpens who persecutes the woman, and with his deadly blasts of Fall and Winter destroys one-third part of the twelve stars which are the twelve months of the year.

I do not mean that these things were in the writer's mind, but far from it. He evidently was trying to predict that the great Yahweh would send a messiah who would deliver his people, the Jews, and set up a kingdom which would cover the whole earth, and, in common with others, he drew from the cosmologies of the past.

The legend of Cinderella and the slipper, which has come down to us, has many reasons for being an astronomical produc-

tion. Cinderella, has two sisters who are princesses, who, however, neglect her, but she is assisted by the genii to appear at a ball elegantly dressed, but with instructions to leave at a certain hour upon the penalty of being exposed in rags. In the midst of gaiety, the clock strikes the hour and she leaves, but so suddenly that her slipper remains behind. This is seen by the prince and he flies after the fugitive, but in vain, till at last, looking back, he discovers a beautiful woman. The slipper is applied, fits, and she receives a crown. The astronomical explanation is this: There are only three female constellations in the whole heavens, namely, Cassiopea, Andromeda and Virgo. The latter constellation is so situated that it disappears at the western horizon or goes out at the "western gate" bodily, leaving only a small part or foot behind. At the same time the princely constellation Perseus is rising or entering at the eastern gate.

He sees the disappearing foot of the Virgin, pursues her across the heavens, but gives her up in despair at the western horizon, turns sadly around, and sees the constellation Virgo entering at the eastern gate with her feet invisible. As, however, the slipper fits her, she receives a crown, which is none other than Corona Borealis, or the northern crown situated just above her in the heavens. In the Grecian system, she was the Ceres, or goddess of agriculture.

We are told in Genesis that after the Lord had finished up the garden, and saw that it was good, the serpent entered and introduced sin and darkness, and we hear the denunciation that the seed of the woman should bruise his head, that is, during the midnight culmination of the sign of the celestial virgin, should the sun be born which would arise and conquer this dreaded monster, which was as firmly fixed in the minds of that time and generation as equally foolish and idle ones are believed in this.

In the Egyptian system this was the virgin Isis, with her infant son Horus, who was persecuted by the black typhon or prince of darkness. We are told that Bacchus was put to death and descended into hell, and the mysteries of his passion were celebrated every year by the killing of a bull.

In the E. E. Farman collection at Central Park Museum, is seen at least nine figures of the virgin Isis holding the infant Horus and in some cases the head of Isis is surmounted by the horns of the bull.

This shows that Horus was "the strong bull," because he (the sun) occupied this sign during his transit over the vernal equinox. In the same collection are three bronze figures of bulls.

One writer states that "on the first moment after midnight of the 24th of December, nearly all the nations of the earth, as if by common consent, celebrate the accouchement of the queen of heaven, of the celestial virgin, of the sphere, and the birth of the god Sol."

In the Asiatic Researches occurs the translation of an inscription on a silver plate found in a cave: "God sent into the world Buddah Avatar to instruct and direct the steps of angels and of men, of whose birth and origin the following is a relation." Then follows the old story of the virgin and the immaculate conception, who has been the mother of all the saviors and messiahs with which tradition has furnished us, because she presided in the heavens at the time of the birth of the sun.

Another remarkable incident connected with the death of all these gods, messiahs and saviors, is that at the time of their expiration, it is generally recorded that "there was darkness over all the land." When the sun descends into the lower regions, the natural results are the long nights and the short days of Winter, and if the sun went far enough, the darkness would be perpetual until he returned. That the ancients were aware of this we can plainly see by the celebration of his return and the lamentations of his death.

Also in these various cases we are told that the hero or savior arose the third day. We clearly see the origin of this in the fact that the sun reaches the lowest point about the 21st of December, and does not (apparently) commence to return until the 24th. This has given rise to the fable of Jonah and the whale, which is the figure of the sun's being swallowed by the dragon, or serpent, and being vomited again after three days.

It is well known that the story of Adam and Eve is a kind of universal tradition, and is found in books much older than the Hebrew writings. There is much evidence to show that this came from ancient astronomy. As I before mentioned, Virgo is followed by the Serpent, and adjacent to them is Bootes, the herdsman. Here is the combination and the tree of knowledge of good and evil was the balance of Summer's heat and Winter's cold, and they leave the horizon or are driven out of a paradise

of a warm Summer by the constellation Perseus, who enters the "eastern gate" with a drawn sword. Upon the famous tablet of Denderah, probably 2,000 years older than Genesis, and fully described later, are the figures of Bootes and the Virgin. The latter holds a spike of wheat in her hand, and the Serpent is over her head. Just think what misery society has inflicted upon woman, all because theologians thought that the story of the garden of Eden was an actual occurrence.

In all these cases we find that the fall of man was nothing more than evil introduced into the world by a serpent, and could only be repaired by the god of Spring, which took the form of a bull or lamb, according to the sign occupied by the sun during his transit of the vernal equinox.

Returning to the subject of the celestial virgin, we can find direct references of it in the history of the Jewish nation, as in Jer. xlv: 25. "We will surely perform our vows that we have vowed to the queen of heaven, and pour out drink offerings to her." There are many references to the goddess Astharoth, who is none other than this same queen of heaven.

The facts show us that the original significance of these things had been lost, and the worship had been transferred to the sign itself instead of the thing signified.

The zodiac is the apparent track or path of the sun among the stars. It is divided into twelve parts, or signs, and, from what we are able to learn, is very ancient. In 1822, the French government transported from Denderah, Egypt, to Paris, a stone tablet eight feet square, upon which was carved not only these signs of the zodiac as we now know them, but many of the other constellations. The circle is sustained by four virgins, and four figures of the twins.

This gives us the key to the situation. As the twins and virgins occupy exalted positions, we clearly infer that the sun made the transit of Gemini during the vernal equinox, and Virgo at the Summer solstice. This being the case, it is an easy matter to calculate back by the precession of the equinoxes, and find the time approximately that the tablet was produced which could not have been far from 6,300 years ago.

In other various places on the tablet there are astronomical symbols in connection with hieroglyphics. As I have before stated, the Spring equinox and Summer solstice were the chief

times of celebration and rejoicing, that is, when the sun entered the Northern regions and triumphed over the serpent of darkness and Winter, and at the Summer solstice when he had arrived at his fullest glory and power.

We can at once see how valuable this principle becomes, for should archaeological science by excavations in prehistoric cities discover astronomical figures or tablets with prominence given the crab or balance, or both, it would be certain that they were produced in times which would antedate anything which we now have by a period of at least 2,000 years. That is by no means, improbable, the following facts will surely illustrate.

In the Drexel collection of Egyptian Bronzes of Central Park Museum, is a bronze crab, also one of a material apparently stone. In exhibit marked LXVI is a huge bronze crab, which originally supported one of the four corners of the obelisk. The obelisk is supported at the present time by four crabs, models of the originals.

These are probably the last relics of an age behind them, during which the crab was personified as the deliverer and savior of the race.

In the Asiatic Researches, printed in London in 1799, is an article by the president of that society on the antiquity of the Indian zodiac, in which he says, "I undertake to prove that the Indian zodiac was not borrowed directly from the Greeks and Arabs, and since the solar division of it in India is in substance as with that used in Greece, we may very reasonably conclude that both Greeks and Hindus received it from an older nation, who first gave names to the luminaries of heaven."

With this article is a representation of the Indian zodiac. In the center is probably a representation of the earth surrounded by a sea. Around this are nine figures, seven of which personify the seven celestial bodies, the two remaining ones the ascending and descending nodes. The sun is personified by a figure consisting of a chariot and a youth with shining countenance astride a lion (showing that the Summer solstice was in Leo). Around the outside of these are the twelve representations of the twelve signs of the zodiac, each in its perfect order. It is evident that this is not as old as the zodiac of Denderah by about 2,000 years.

In the translation of the hieroglyphics upon the obelisk before referred to, the phrase, "Horus the Strong Bull," occurs ten

times; in fact, begins every chapter, two remaining chapters being illegible—(here is our friend number twelve again.)

The writer seems never to tire of sounding his praises, like the author of Revelation, who is continually ascribing honor, power and glory to the lamb or celestial ram, because at this time the vernal equinox had shifted into this constellation from causes elsewhere mentioned.

The Egyptian sphinxes are accounted for by one writer as follows: "As the Summer solstice passed from Virgo to Leo, there must have been a time when it was just between the two, so they represented these monuments one-half lion and one-half woman. This is reasonable, as the event must have happened about that time."

In Assyria, 2,000 years before Christianity, the bull was personified, as was the lamb later. Those who have seen pictures of Assyrian sculpture and figures will remember seeing all kinds of bulls, some with wings, others with faces of men. At this time were lions represented in the same manner, on account of the sun occupying that sign during the Summer solstice. •

When the Christian system began to thrive, the sun was personified by a lamb, as then the vernal equinox had shifted into Aries. In this year of grace, March 26th, 1893, a converted Hebrew entered the pulpit of Dr. Crosby's Presbyterian church in New York City with a real live lamb, to illustrate the ancient sacrifices of the Jews. He lifted a big knife over the animal, and said: "If it was not for this congregation, I would kill this lamb"—a lovable disposition, such a one as I would take care to avoid on a dark night.

It is only proper to state that, as elsewhere explained, the vernal equinox now occurs in Pices or the fishes, and, to be consistent with his ancestors, he should have sacrificed a couple of shad.

In the Central Park Museum at the Cesnola collection from Cyprus, marked Phœnician work, are several bronze figures of a ram.

These changes are brought about by what is called, in astronomy, the precession of the equinoxes. It is very slight when measured annually, but in long periods of time, becomes conspicuous. The exact amount is 50.3 seconds per year, and takes 72 years to shift one degree, or 2,160 years to change one sign or 30 degrees. The vernal equinox now occurs in Pices, but these

signs have lost their original significance, as astronomers call the transit the first point of Aries, and reckon everything therefrom accordingly.

The pyramids also play a great part in this subject. One of these in Egypt has its four faces coinciding with the four cardinal points of the heavens; its height and base is such that it will cast no shadow during the sun's passage over the vernal or autumnal equinoxes, and during these great celebrations the multitude contemplated the great Osiris, either descending into the shades of the tomb, or ascending out of it triumphantly.

In the great pyramid of the Cheops were the north and south passages, which, to one looking out, would point to the star Alpha Draco, which was then the polar star, and some writers state that the south passage pointed to the Pleiades during their transit over the meridian.

This little cluster of silver stars has been admired by every nation as the seven sisters. In Amos v: 8, "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion," and Job xxxviii: 31, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

Astronomical figures and personifications were not the only ones adored by man; anything which possessed mystery was sure to be venerated, and when the mystery disappeared the reverence was dropped like a hot potato.

Take the rivers Ganges and Nile: wind and rain, and the mysteries of organic reproduction, each and every had their personifications and temples dedicated to their worship, and fragments of these ceremonies have permeated every religion which has descended to succeeding generations. In the various heavens and Elysiums ever set forth as the future abode of man, none were invented or described without a river.

They tell us that in Egypt, a stick with a cross-piece was used to indicate the height at which the water must rise to overflow the banks and fertilize the country, and this cross, instead of the object for which it was intended, came to be worshipped and venerated.

Sirius, the chief star in Canis Major (as well as the whole heavens) was called the Nile star, because it rose with the sun during the annual overflowing of the Nile. Our dog-days are

called such for the same reason, as Sirius went under the name of the nose of the great dog.

This is also the blazing star Anubis, which is depicted upon Masonic emblems. Here we also find the armorial bearings containing the figures of the bull, the lion, the eagle and man referred to in Revelation iv: 7. "And the first beast was like a lion, and the second like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle." The word calf must have been incorrectly translated, for Ezeiel, in his vision by the river Chebar, speaks of the faces of the four living creatures as the face of a man, the face of a lion, the face of an ox, and the face of an eagle. These, of course, were the signs occupied by the sun during each of the four seasons.

It is only proper to state that the constellation of Aquilla, or the eagle, is not a zodiacal one. Why this was taken and not the Scorpion, I am unable to state. Gilbert Vale says the tribe of Dan rejected this sign because of its signification, and chose the Eagle as that was about in the same longitude, and was a more noble emblem. Be this as it may, we are sure that among the Hebrews, the sign of the autumnal equinox was always represented by an eagle.

In Revelation, we find that the lion of the tribe of Judah prevailed to open the book and loose the seven seals, which was probably true, as the sun at the Summer solstice has power to unloose almost anything.

In the middle ages the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, (and, by the way, it is very strange that there should have been just four) were represented in cathedral windows by these figures, namely: a bull, a lion, an eagle, and a man. They would not, of course, correspond with the seasons at this time, but the dense ignorance of that period gave the priests an opportunity to grasp any relic of tradition to use in mystifying the people.

I find also at this time the Eve of St. John's (corresponding with the lion), was a joyful midsummer festival, and is also a day peculiar to ancient and modern free masonry. (See encyclopedia under Cherubim heading).

With the numbers seven and twelve in biblical literature, we frequently see the number ten; this is explained by the fact that the signs or months we divided into three decades of ten days

each. These were also called houses by the astrologers, who said that the sun enters such and such a house or mansion.

To these people the planets, or wandering stars, were very irregular, and seemed to follow no periodic motions; for this reason they were called messengers, and some of the most erratic ones, especially Mercury and Venus, were called special messengers of Jove or God.

To illustrate this, I will quote from Josephus, Book 1, chap. 1: "For this his opinion was derived from the irregular phenomena that were visible both at land and sea, as well as those that happen to the sun and moon and all the heavenly bodies. If these bodies had any power of their own, they would certainly take care of their own regular motions, but since they do not preserve any such regularity, they make it plain that so far as they co-operate to our advantage, they do it, not of their own abilities, but are subservient to him who commands them."

Whether Josephus puts these words into the mouth of Abraham or not it is evident that it was the planets which gave the ancients the most trouble to explain, and some philosophers, to account for what was then the strange motions of the planets, devised a kind of crank or epicycle system, but with the observation of new motions, the cranks multiplied so thick and fast, that they feared that there would be no room left for the stars.

We come now to Copernicus, who, in 1530, produced his great work. It was urged against him that if his theory were true, Mercury and Venus should appear crescent and gibbous like the moon. This he admitted, and said that if we were ever able to see these bodies more clearly, that would be the case.

In 1609 Galileo brought forward his telescope, and demonstrated the fact beyond all doubt to those who had the courage to look through it. Then was the old Ptolmaic theory blown away at a single breath, and all the previous mystical movements of the planets became as clear as the sun itself. However, the ancient astronomers were able to accomplish some wonderful results and predict, by the use of past records, eclipses with a fair amount of accuracy. We are told that Columbus in 1504, predicted such an event, and turned it to good account in frightening the natives, so that they were glad to bring him and his crew food and supplies. We now know that there is nothing so certain as the prediction of astronomers.

One can examine the Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, and find the position of Jupiter's satellites for a given date, and upon looking through the telescope, they will be found just where they were predicted. In it are the apparent positions of the planets for every day and the moon for every hour of the day. These are so certain that navigators are guided by them absolutely. This shows that, with some of the other sciences, astronomy has reached a substantial basis.

I can now only close with a sublime quotation from Pliny: "The world, or what we otherwise call heaven, which comprises in its immensity the whole creation, is an eternal and infinite God, which has never been created, and which shall never come to an end. To look for something beyond it is a useless labor for man, and out of his reach. Behold that truly sacred being eternal and immense, which includes in itself, everything. It is all in all, or rather itself is all. It is the work of nature, and itself is nature."

IS THE WILL FREE?

By S. M. INGALLS.

THE greatest of all moral questions is that of man's free moral agency, for the doctrine that man is a free agent, underlies all individual responsibility and is the foundation on which rest the creeds. The will may be defined a determination of the mind. This determination is necessary and inevitable, or it is not. A man wills as he pleases or he wills as he must. I do not believe in free agency, but rather in the antithetic doctrine of necessity, I believe that there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends" not only, but fashions them entire.

We know that the physical world is governed by invariable and immutable laws. Every particle of matter in the universe is under the dominion of law. There is the law of gravitation, chemical affinity, electrical attraction and repulsion of hydrostatics, acoustics, optics, etc. The operation of natural law produces constant change, each change a necessary result of antecedent conditions. Our world since its creation has been undergoing a process of evolution,—upward progress and not retrogression. Once "without form and void," it went through

various changes to fit it for the habitation of man—himself an evolution from a lower form of animal life. Can we find no analogy in the government of the moral and physical world? Is the world of matter controlled by law, and the world of mind left uncontrolled? though the connection of the two is so close that some have said that mind is matter or a manifestation of material elements. Does human thought occur fortuitously? Do events happen by chance? I believe nothing happens by chance. There is no such thing as chance in the universe. If anything takes place by chance, you have an effect without a cause, which is an impossibility. Human actions are as much the result of law as cosmic changes and events. Man himself, physically and mentally, is the product of his environment. The laws of heredity give him a certain mental and physical individuality; circumstances and surroundings affect him. All can see that human actions are largely the result of hereditary tendencies and environment. The poet held this view when he wrote:

" Yet left us in this dark estate to know the good from ill,
And binding nature fast in fate left free the human will."

It is difficult to understand, however, that there can be much freedom when nature, which comprises pretty much the whole man, is so tightly bound. In very truth the will is no exception to the Divine rule in all things. It is not free in the slightest particular. The man is free to carry out the behests of his will, but has no power to will other than he does. The will is always the result of predisposing causes. Immediately behind the will are the motives, these vary with the occasion and the individual. A condition of things that might influence one person would not move another. Every one is under all circumstances governed by the strongest motive. It is necessarily so, for to suppose one influenced to action by the weaker instead of the stronger motive, is to suppose an effect without a cause. The mental operation when any given action is in contemplation may be compared to the working of a pair of scales. Weights (motives) are placed on either side of the balance. The reasons for doing and for not doing the act are ranged on their respective sides. The preponderance of weights (motives) will determine the result. If there is no preponderance the scales will remain equipoised in the air. The individual will stand still—or remain inactive till the mental

equipoise is broken by the introduction of some additional motive however slight, when action results. One side of the scales descends. What is the strongest or determining motive with one person may have no influence whatever with another. With me a cock fight might prove an irresistible attraction, for you an object of aversion. The acquisition of wealth or fame might move us both alike. If like the murderer in all respects, and influenced as he is in all respects, we should commit murder too! which is simply saying that like causes produce like effects. Motives cannot be furnished by the man himself, they are extrinsic—the result of predisposing causes extending backward through time to God himself. That NECESSITY or law (the former being the result of the latter) governs not only the physical creation, but the moral world as well,—not only matter but mind, I entertain not a doubt. But, says some one, your doctrine takes away all individual responsibility and accountability. No one should be blamed or punished for any deed however atrocious—a *reductio ad absurdum*. I answer, human law punishes the criminal so called—must punish him for the protection of society. The penalty of the law is a deterrent instrumentality, which, operating on the mind of the vicious through fear, restrains from crime. The thief or murderer is unfortunate rather than culpable; he stands in the same category with the sufferer from hereditary physical disease. The criminal is the victim of Providence, if you please—or rather the instrument of Providence. If, as some believe, there is no God, then the victim of Destiny. I am a firm believer in an Overruling Intelligence, that the universe is governed by law is a strong argument in favor of the existence of a Law Maker. Why disease and misery and crime exist in the world we don't know. They may be a necessary condition of society in its upward progress towards perfection. There could not be virtue, if there were no vice. Happiness would be a misnomer if there were no contrasting misery. A good man is struck down by lightning; a murderer perishes on the scaffold. Providence has decreed both events—brought about both events. If we arraign God's justice in the one case we must in the other also. I, for one, have no disposition to "re-judge his justice and be the God of God," but believe with Pope that "whatever is, is right," and that all partial evil results in universal good.

The doctrine of necessity if true is a conclusive argument against the orthodox dogma of endless punishment to my mind, though the confession of faith of the Presbyterian Church seems to conflict with this conclusion. Their creed while affirming a belief in predestination (necessity), also contains the *damnation* inconsistency; God having created sinners whom he don't allow to be converted, damns them because they are not converted.

For the future I entertain no fear, I rely with the utmost confidence upon the justice and goodness of an all-wise God. The belief in an eternity of punishment is abhorrent to every sentiment of right or reason, and is destined to vanish like the mountain mists before the sun. The religion of the future will be comprised in a single sentence, THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN AND THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

SPRINGFIELD, N. Y.

"LOVE'S HIDING-PLACE."

MISS NELLIE HOBBS, of Madison, Wis., sends us the following lines on "Love's Hiding-Place":

Oh, Love! that never yet
Was worn or old,
Oh, Love! that never yet
Was stale or cold—
That never yet, oh fie!
Was bought or sold,
Come! tell me now
Where is thy hiding-place?
That I may find thee out
And give thee chase.

Oh, Love! that never yet
Was false or vain,
Oh, Love! that never yet
Brought woe and pain,
Of gods and mortal men
That never was the bane,
Come! tell me now
Where is thy hiding-place?
That I may find thee out
And give thee chase.

Oh, Love! that never yet
Did crawl or fly,
Oh, Love! that ne'er deceived
By lip or eye,
That naught has ever caused
To fade and die,
Come! tell me now,
Where is thy hiding-place?
That I may find thee out
And give thee chase.

Oh, Love! as sweet when old
As ever was when new,
Oh, Love! that through
All time and space is true,
That gods and mortal men
May never rue,
Come! tell me now
Where is thy hiding-place?
That I may find thee out
And give thee chase.
For thee, and thee alone,
Will I embrace.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

NEMESIS.*

BY DYER D. LUM.

COME in the grated door upon this flagstoned floor,
Till I my feelings pour into your kindly ears.
Be not afraid:
The madmen there without will tell thee I am mad,
But hearken, 't is not so.
Let me a moment speak, I will a tale unfold
That were you made of stone would make your blood run cold;
For when my tale you know, your heart will overflow
With sympathetic tears,
Nor wonder I am sad,
Yet --ask --no-- aid !

I sat beside a dying wife, and watched the ebbing life
Shrink from the shores of strife into the great Unknown
With gasping breath ;
Yet calm and cool was I, as you can see me now.
I wondered, and do still,
No tear bedewed my cheek, no throb of sorrow swelled,
And yet I gazing stood while Death a victim felled,
But in control of will with peace my heart could fill
When I stood there *alone*,
With calm and placid brow,
Alone--with--Death !

I saw Death's signet trace its seal upon that face
That Love no more would grace, yet felt not she was dead
And lost to me !
I begged for but a sign, some token from above,
A whispered word, a sigh,
To rest upon my ear and sink into my heart
To prove that Love was true and still could hope impart,
Or vision that the eye could gaze on lovingly
And soothe my aching head
As evidence of Love,
Love-- living--free !

* This poem was written some time previous to Mr. Lum's death, but never before published.

—EDITOR.

The thought was scarcely warmed when mists around me swarmed,
And slowly cent'ring formed a Shape that ghost-like grew.

"My Love! my Own!"

I shouted in my glee that Love could outlive breath.

Still denser grew the Shade,

In closer, compact form, in deeper, darker hue,

Yet swifter flew each part, quicker to shape it grew,

As if each part obeyed an artist's hand that made

A statue, living, true,

And pulsing e'en while Death

Had—there—his—throne!

I gladly forward stept as atoms quicker leapt

To place, and Sorrow crept away with downcast eyes

From Joy's bright gleams

That filled exultingly my heart with ardent bliss.

"Ha! ha!" I laughed outright,—

That echoed far and wide, and drowned the mourner's cries,

Who could not see the Shape that formed before my eyes,—

That Death with all his might could not my soul affright,

Nor win its dearest prize

And claim My Own for his,

And—leave—but—dreams!

I danced around the bed where lay a form called dead

By fools that Folly led to think the commonplace;

For still it grew

In greater semblance to a living, human form.

I needed naught; what care

Had I to close the eyes that ne'er again would smile,

Or join the foolish throng, my time to idly while

Away in servile prayer to desecrate the air,

Where souls in fond embrace

Can feel the heart pulse warm

And—say—" 'Tis—You!"

Ah! Horrors! Did I see a fiend appear to me,

Grinning in ghoulish glee, so hideous did it seem?

Let Hell unroll

The screen o'er where the foul and double-damned abide,

Not one could equal That

Hideous Shape that turned the blood cold in my veins,

And filled my heart with dread more keen than Death obtains—

Abortion foul, that squat before me and begat

A waking nightmare-dream;

That Thing, by Hell denied,

Was—my—own—soul!

Smile not, it was my fate, my soul, in such a state,
 For Love could be no mate as I beheld it *there*,
 And what is worst,
 HERE! See! It grins and leers, foul, naked, virtueless,
 By Hell itself denied,
 Exuding from each pore a miasmatic stench
 That would e'en Hate itself in foulsome odors drench;
 It lingers by my side e'er since that night she died—
 Died rather than to share,
 In selfish wantonness,
 A—soul—accurst!

Avaunt thee, Fiend, let Hell ope' wide its deepest cell,
 Or in some stagnant fell, hide thee from devil's sight
 To rot alone,
 In penance, that a soul absorbed in brute desires
 Knew not her higher worth,
 But daily, hourly, drew a fragrant life to wear
 As idle maidens pluck a daisy for their hair,
 Then, trampling it to earth, in selfish pride of birth,
 Betray thee in this plight
 Far fouler than Hell's fires—
 Yet—thee—I—own!

DYER D. LUM.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

DYER D. LUM, poet, philosopher and revolutionist, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine, was born at Geneva, N. Y., February 15, 1839. In these days when the cry of "foreigner" is hurled at every one who dares to form a conception of society without government, it is perhaps worth while to trace the descent of a man so prominent in the extreme radical movement.

In the year 1732 Samuel Lum came to this country from Scotland. Daniel Dyer Lum, or, as he afterwards wrote it, Dyer Daniel, was the direct descendant in the fifth generation of this rugged Scotch character, which, developed more fully under the rugged New England environment, seems to have been transmitted tolerably intact to Daniel Ludlow Lum, Dyer's father. A man of strict integrity, mercilessly religious, thoroughly believing in the old school and quite as thoroughly living up to it, the subject of our sketch was early disciplined with a liberal application of the rod, "that being," as his son now remarks, "where father and his father disagreed in his younger days." On the maternal side he is again the descendant of an old colonial family, viz., that of Benjamin and Sarah Tappan, well known in Revolutionary history, and, as I find among some curious reflections of his upon heredity, "noted for devotion to the Reformation from the days of Queen Elizabeth, and in their coat-of-arms indicating descent

from a Crusader." He adds: "My great-grandfather, in this town [Northampton], was one of the 'Minute Men' enrolled in the Massachusetts army, and carried his gun—between prayers."

The Tappans were all brainy people, one of them having founded the New York *Journal of Commerce*, another having been United States Senator, a third a prominent antislavery advocate.

Sarah Patterson Tappan, widow of Daniel L. Lum, is still living at Geneva, N. Y., though nearly ninety years of age. She inherited the brilliant faculties of the Tappans, the keen analytical and logical mind, together with that wit and sarcasm which so often point the shafts of her son's writings. To her Mr. Lum always credited his abilities; and while speaking of his father with the utmost respect, evidently lacked towards him that affiliation of spirit plainly felt for his mother, notwithstanding their wide differences of opinion. For she, too, is eminently orthodox, and the Lum household was one in which the "Lord's day" was kept with "becoming reverence."

It wants the inimitable drollery of his voice and gesture, but I cannot forbear repeating one of Mr. Lum's stories illustrative of the effect of this stern piety upon him and his brother William, long since dead. The family frequently received ministers as guests, and upon one occasion, two or three of them being present, they decided to examine William in his catechism. Dyer was in the adjoining room, his ear glued to the keyhole. The minister, with much professional dignity, put the question: "What is the chief end of Man?" William should have answered: "The chief end of Man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Instead, however, he repeated in a high, rapid, nasal sing-song: "The-chief-end-of-Man-is-to-glorify-God-and-endure-Him-forever." Whereupon there was a smothered snickering at the keyhole, the minister wiped his spectacles, the boy was dismissed, and as our subject completes it: "Didn't Bill and I hug each other!" On another occasion, he observed, his belief in the reality of Jehovah suffered an irreparable shock. Having played ball on Sunday and lost the ball over the fence, he climbed after it, and on returning tore his trousers. "I knew what that meant" he says, "and involuntarily exclaimed, 'Damn it.' Immediately I scrooged down, shutting my eyes and shrinking up as small as possible in expectation of a wrathful thunderbolt from heaven. None coming, after a few seconds I ventured to uncloset one eye, then the other. No lightning. I opened them wide and looked around. The sky was just as blue, the trees were just as green, the birds sang as sweetly as ever. I drew in a long breath, eyed upwards and said, slowly and deliberately, 'Damn it.' No result. 'Damn it, damn it, damn, damn, da-a-a-mn —' Still the sky was blue. I looked at the trousers, shook my head and got down off that fence without a spark of faith in me." I may as well add here that he never acquired any afterwards, in the common meaning of the word; and although he respected the beliefs of the humblest and most ignorant, often censuring those freethinkers who wish simply to destroy people's religion, so far as he himself was concerned Jehovah was never anything but a jest. He had so much contempt for theology that he could never regard it seriously. To him the attempt to prove that the Bible is not the inspired word of God, was equivalent to proving that the moon is not made of green cheese; he considered the question disposed of two hundred years ago.

and fit only for the comic cartoons of Heston. Of his philosophic views I shall speak later.

Having acquired a common school education he learned the trade of book-binding. While working in Syracuse and scarcely twenty years of age, he married Miss Julia Etta Wedge, a lady still younger than himself. The marriage was a happy one, and although in his last years Mr. Lum was by a long chain of circumstances compelled to live away from his home, he never ceased to regard it with the tenderest feelings, mentioning it, indeed, with that same touch of mournfulness with which an exile speaks of his beloved country. He had two children, a son and daughter, both of whom survive him.

When the war broke out D. D. Lum enlisted as a volunteer in the 125th New York Infantry. While in that regiment he was taken by the rebels and sent to Libby Prison, whence he escaped only to be recaptured. Eventually he was exchanged and enlisted in the 14th New York Cavalry, Co. H, serving from February 28, 1863, to April 24, 1865, when he was finally discharged on tender of resignation. During that time he was promoted from Sergeant to Sergeant-Major, transferred to Field Staff, promoted to Adjutant, and commissioned Captain in October, 1864. In this last grade, however, he was never mustered, fighting having practically ceased; to use his own comic expression: "Just as I got promoted the darned war stopped."

However differently he came to regard the war at a later period of life, there is no doubt he then believed himself to be fighting for the right, embodied in the mandates of the United States Government, and symbolized by the United States flag. He saw a political question only; and, indeed, still young as he was, and living in the storm of close physical action rather than in the wide mental vistas of his after years, it was simply impossible he should view the gigantic struggle in the sixties as he did in the eighties. I doubt even whether the keen acumen of the later thinker could have discovered in those vague, formless but immense shadows projected upon the canvas of destiny, grimed and reddened and blackened in the blood of their bitter birth, the outlines of those tremendous industrial powers which to-day whirl conscious beings in the inexorable unconscious maelstrom of economic development. He *did* see this in after-life; he *did* see the whole struggle of North and South as the immense crash of two opposing economic systems, in which dear labor, represented in Slavery, was crushed by cheap labor represented in Wager. This was his view in the perspective of twenty years. Then, however, he threw himself with all the vim and zest of his nature into the excitement of army life, having the clean conscience of one who believes he "hath his quarrel just." Certain elements in him responded to the surroundings, and as the reader will see in the following extract from a private letter to the writer, dated September, 1889, he indeed "felt at home."

"There are places within me scarcely known to myself—great, deep, murky pools, bottomless as hell, that no finite plummet-line may sound; undiscovered, or rather unexplored, islands, of which the inner eye occasionally gets fugitive glimpses peering up through the mist, luring one on as a desert mirage often does other fools. I often muse to myself whether I have (and all other semi-conscious egos) a double personality, not of the alternating Jekyll-Hyde description, but both ever present and warring. One is lax, scornful, lazy, slow to stir

up, quiet, and all other possible adjectives, which after all only qualify comfortable mediocrity. The other wild, of the Viking, Son-of-Odin kind. Often I have walked in the roaring storm, wet through; or in the army sat under a tree in a genuine Southern storm and watched the lightning's illumination and deep thunder roll, and stood up exultant, for 'I' felt at home, could grasp the spirit of it, and felt as some old Norse forefather may have thought at times. It was said in the army I was brave, for I jumped from private to captain in three leaps, but it was nothing of the kind. My other nature got control and enjoyed it with keener relish than milksop civilization can understand."

Another phase of his character enabled him to enjoy not only the grand and terrible side of war, but to make light of its hardships. This was a supreme sense of the ludicrous. He found time to laugh in the midst of an action, and even the dirt and hunger of Libby Prison afforded him amusement. He was that rare paradox, a pessimist with a perpetual joke in his mouth.

After the close of the war he returned to his trade, working in various New England towns till finally purchasing a home at Northampton, Mass. Here began his evolution as a social thinker and writer. He became one of the regular correspondents of the *Irish World*, then the most radical journal of its kind in America, and was a member of that caustic coterie whose give-and-take made the spice of its columns. In 1876 he was nominated on the Greenback ticket for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, with Wendell Phillips for Governor. The following year came the Pittsburg riots, which Lum regarded as the beginning of a definite labor movement. Quoting his own words: "Before that a few of us used to get together in a room up in Massachusetts and talk, and imagine we were *making* a movement. But the first manifestation from labor itself was the riots." This speech is characteristic. Throughout his life as a labor leader he held firmly to Proudhon's enunciation, that "human judgments are always true at the time they are pronounced." One of his favorite sayings was: "Man is ever wiser than men."

He trusted the human race as well in its blind upheavals of rage as in its days of placid toil. He laughed at those who imagine they can make plans whereby humanity must proceed. And while so gentle that he could not bear to see a dumb animal suffer, and often stepped aside that he might not crush a wayside flower, he wasted no regret upon the judgments of Man; never said, "Thus and thus only would I have the sea."

Passing through the whole gamut of political evolution, he became a revolutionist as a matter of cold logic. His principles were in no wise, as ignorant people are wont to suppose, the result of hasty, violent, or uncontrolled passion. They were deep-seated, calm convictions, based upon a thorough study of natural and social evolution. He studied Man as he studied plants; and came to the conclusion that until the race recognizes itself as a unit, every individual fraction of which is under equal obligation to respect the social compact, until men cease to exploit each other and unite to exploit nature, there will be resistance on the part of those exploited, which will express itself, peaceably or violently, in either case justifiably. Thus he became a revolutionary individualist anarchist.

Previous to the great wave of strikes in 1886, and while employed as clerk of a standing committee in Washington, he met Albert Parsons. The two were

appointed by Congress to investigate the labor troubles, and in the process of investigation traveled as far west as San Francisco. Returning, Lum stopped several weeks in Utah, gathering material for two pamphlets on the Mormon question, which had a wide circulation. When Parsons was imprisoned, Lum gave up his business (a bookbindery at Port Jervis, N. Y.), went to Chicago, and in the teeth of the "White Terror," continued the *Alarm*, Parsons' paper. Notwithstanding his daring utterances, and the unremitting surveillance of police and detectives, he was never arrested, and published the paper as long as financially able; \$1,500.00 of his own money were freely given, and had he possessed more it would have gone the same way. He never regretted it, and but few people ever knew that he gave it, so unostentatious was his character. At that time, when he was reduced to his last dollar, a great leading daily offered him \$1,000.00 a year to betray the secrets of the labor meetings. It was the pigmy and the giant; but the pigmy was Honor, and its scorn was great as the greatest.

After the execution he resumed the publication of the paper in New York, though in a much reduced form. It failed, however, for lack of support, many of its communistic contributors not liking his individualistic editorials.

Since his death, a certain journalist has said he became a communist. This is unqualifiedly false. To the last he trusted in individual liberty and the right of property, holding that all communism must lead to authority.

After the failure of the *Alarm* he continued to write articles, pamphlets and poems, all of which show the scholar and thinker, sometimes that rare dreamer whom so few knew. His longer works were unfortunately in a heavy style, repelling to the ordinary reader; but many short stories and essays in a lighter vein, signed variously "Jex," "XXX," "Uncle Dan," etc., found their way through the general labor press. Among his last pamphlets were a "History of the Eight-Hour Movement," "Economics of Anarchy," and the "Philosophy of Trades Unions."

His poems are all marked with his philosophy, a profound and sombre pessimism—a strange product of early Buddhist studies and later delving in Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. He regarded individual consciousness as a mere fleck of upthrown foam upon the wave-crest of unconscious progress; individual happiness, therefore, a thing unworthy consideration as a measure of action, and individual obliteration the ideal of attainment. This is shown in several poems entitled "Nirvana," "Life and Death," "Whip-poor-Will," and others. These ideas fostered in him a naturally strong dislike to anything like self-seeking. Considering himself nothing and his cause all, his whole effort was to do the work and let who might get the credit. To that he was absolutely indifferent; and many a better known name has been affixed to articles from his pen, when in truth the persons who got the credit were incapable of writing them.

Though hating controversy for its own sake, he would occasionally engage in it when a great principle was at stake. And then, woe to his antagonist! He kept up a guerilla warfare, coming from all quarters at unexpected times, and never squaring down to a regular line of discussion. To use a Pennsylvanianism; They never knew "*where he was at!*" They generally found *where he had been* about a week afterwards.

His last days were spent in Brooklyn. His lifeless body was found in a hotel in New York on the sixth of April last; passed away in sleep.

The body of him rots underground; but the soul of him, justice, tenderness, generosity, strength, daring, incorruptibility, these live on, more active and more inspiring since he has lived.

GODS AND IMMORTALITY FROM A HYLOPATHIC STANDPOINT.

BY HERMAN WETTSTEIN.

THEISTS apotheosize the incoherent mind-element in Nature into an intelligence far transcending man's, investing it with attributes of infinite love and wisdom, however irreconcilable these qualities are with the abject misery and suffering to which the highest as well as the lowest of the creations of an alleged "Divine Personality" are subject. Contending that Nature is subservient to his mandates, they do not realize that its (Nature's) constitution precludes the exercise or manifestation of love and wisdom either directly or indirectly, for whatever is a good or a blessing to one, is an evil or a curse to another. The continuation of every life involves the destruction of other lives, while the life thus benefited must eventually succumb to furnish the material for other lives. A noted physicist once said that our atmosphere was filled with sentient beings so minute that hundreds could dance on the point of a needle, hence with every breath myriads of these lives are destroyed that we may live. Millions of other beings suffer a like fate through the assimilation of nutriment. How unconscionable the egotism, therefore (or thoughtlessness?), that can see infinite love and wisdom in an arrangement that must necessarily inure to the destruction of untold numbers of sentient beings.

Each individual of the animal kingdom views the matters pertaining to his physical welfare through the plastic, hence distorting, lenses of self. An evidence of love when viewed through the lens of one individual assumes the aspect of animosity when examined through the lens of another. The victor in the struggle of life sees a smile in the benignant countenance of Dame Fortune, while the vanquished fancies in her temporarily-averted "phiz" naught but hate. *As it cannot be both love and hate, it is neither.* These inimical qualities are so nicely balanced in Nature as to render each other nugatory, hence cannot exist, being practically and virtually *nil*. The pleasures of life are offset by its sufferings, and that what appears as design is obliterated as such evidence by the frightful manners in which these alleged "wondrous" formations are often destroyed.

A perfect, and all-wise artificer would have devised its creatures, and constituted Nature so that even the lowest would enjoy its span of life in peace. But instead of this it is: "Big fish eat little fish," from man down to monad. The most devout believer in a deity or all-potential Immanence cannot reconcile the anomaly of such a wretched state of affairs in Nature with the concept of an overruling Providence. As for the Pantheist's all-pervasive Immanence inhering within every organism, what an easy time each one would have in repelling the assaults of its would-be devourers—but, alas! it could not then subsist itself! Hence, life guarded by an all-wise and all-good Providence or Immanence would be an utter impossibility. There would be in fact no Nature if a being existed that exercised a supervising power over it, for Nature consists of an eternal chain of transmutations from one form into another, which necessarily involves an endless destruction of all forms. A comprehensive view will reveal the utter indifference that marks the attitude of Dame Nature towards us, and why? Simply because she knows no better!

The Pessimism of reality more than outweighs the Optimism of the Theist and Pantheist. A god has never yet manifested his presence or rendered aid in an emergency. He has never been of avail when needed. On such occasions he is "most conspicuous by his absence." To illustrate which, let us contrast fact with fancy. The latter was presented to the readers of a Liberal publication recently in an impassioned outburst of adoration by a lady devotee for her "Divine Lord and Master," in which she portrayed "His" attributes in the most glowing colors. Now, as it is said that "it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," or from the happy to the sad, let us suppose that while thus engaged in "gazing into the boundless expanse of space, hearing the divine footsteps echo through the corridors—nay, chambers—of her soul, brought face to face with the Divine Presence through an overpowering conviction," our fair enthusiast suddenly hears the dread cry of "fire!" beneath her feet, and, after seeking in vain for an avenue of escape, finds herself face to face with the grim monster, Death, would her rapturous feelings not experience a sudden revulsion when her Divine Lord and Master fails to put in an appearance? Would she not listen to his divine footsteps in vain, while the relentless flames are about to encompass their victim? Would her faith in his "guiding hand" that led her into this fire-trap remain unshaken to the end? Would her overpowering conviction that she is in the care of Providence, and perhaps watched over by guardian angels, not receive a severe blow when "He," or they, let her thus miserably perish? Would her faith in a Divine Presence not become weaker in the inverse ratio that her conviction that he is probably nothing but a figment of the fancy after all, grows stronger within her? Can she then still perceive infinite love and mercy in being thus allowed, nay, condemned, to innocently suffer an excruciating death? Are those who recently burnt a human fiend at the stake, not angels of love compared to a monster who consigns his own dutiful offspring to the flames? Why should we condemn in savages what her Lord and Master is guilty of himself?

Our theistical friend may be spared such a fate, but thousands have suffered it who appealed to their supposed creator in vain. Can any one contemplate the horrors of the Johnstown flood and still believe in a divine being who could prevent it? If they still so believe (which is doubtful), it is simply because they let their superstitious fears strangle their reason. The evidences for the non-existence of a divine being outnumber the evidence against it as a thousand to one, and yet this solitary one, consisting of the appearance of design in Nature, is accepted to the exclusion of the vastly preponderating evidence disproving an all-wise and all-potential creator.

An unimpassioned view must reveal the impotency of "the powers that be" to aid the entrapped in their dire extremity; that Nature acts only in obedience to stern necessity or an inexorable sequence of events from which there can be no appeal, and that we are no more favored than the meanest of her creatures. She vents her fury on us the same as on the vilest reptile. No partiality is shown us over those far beneath us on the ladder of life. Our vaunted superiority is as much due to artificial development as to natural advantages. Nature has done no more for us than for the beautiful butterfly that emerges from the loathsome caterpillar. In our chrysalis state we were protozoans, reptiles, tadpoles, mon-

keys, and what-not-all before we assumed the "human form divine" (???), thanks to the toggery into which it is stuck to conceal its animal ancestry and derivation. In every human being the history of evolution repeats itself, proof-positive of our animal origin. Why are we "specially created images of God" subjected to the humiliation of passing through the same stages of development as those beneath us? Could an intelligent designer not have done better than to pattern us after the anthropoids? Deprive man of the advantages of artificial refinement, and he will in a few generations relapse into his original brute state. Since it is then solely through art that we have reached the high plane we now occupy, what warrant have we to claim life-everlasting to the exclusion of the beings beneath us in the scale of evolution?

The main reason why priestcraft so diligently cultivates a sense of shame in us for our animal propensities and organizations, is that they explode the special-creation doctrine, and with it the God-theory, sky-high, at least to a reflecting mind. At any rate our animal "economy" is a bad "give-away" of the special creation dogma.

The contention of Spiritists that every individual of the animal and vegetable kingdom is immortal, had its source in the discovery that animals and plants have the same plasmatic base. Thus, for instance, not the least differentiation has ever been discovered through the strongest chemical analysis or microscopic examination in several particles of protoplasm, one of which contains the principles for developing into a flower, another into a jelly-fish, and another into a human being. From this fact it was inferred that if the human protoplasm contains the principles of immortality, that of plants and of all animals must be equally endowed. It never occurred to these sagacious reasoners to take the converse view, viz.: *That the product of the human protoplasm can no more be immortal than that of the organic world beneath man!* Think of an infinitesimal lump of protoplasm through which but an extremely low mind-element can be diffused for want of a nerve system to center it into an organ of mind, possessing a continuous life-principle, when countless billions of these lumps are destroyed before they even reach the stage of a protista! Does each one of these prematurely-destroyed sacs of protoplasm enjoy life-everlasting? If they are not immortal, how can we be immortal, who are composed of these destructible cells? With these and other incontestible facts in view, how can any one wonder "at the phenomenal rage Mr. Frederick Millar exhibits"—according to "Saladin" in the *Agnostic Journal*—"at the bare thought of Spiritualists in general?"

If a single lump of protoplasm is devoid of an immortal soul, how can an aggregation of such lumps, of which we are admittedly composed, be endowed with immortality? An answer to this question from Mr. B. F. Underwood and Mrs. Besant is respectfully solicited.

So far from "life being a dreary waste, without the hope of a future life," I would scorn the wealth of the Golcondas if it were offered me in exchange for a mind totally freed from this and every other form of superstition.

The only "inexpugnable consciousness," as Herbert Spencer calls the mind in Nature (which constitutes the verity underlying all beliefs in gods and immortality), can exist only in an embryonic form in the ultimate particles of matter or "centers" of force, but it cannot be a universal mind or "soul," for the reason

that the coherency, or the necessary system, is lacking, through which alone these individual monadic mentalities can be centralized into one mind. The development or exaltation of the sentient element in matter into a transcendental mind is possible only through organization, and this we know is absent in Nature.

And on what is the theory that matter and force is sentient, founded? may be asked. I reply: On the fact that science knows no inert matter. It postulates a vital—or life—principle in the constituents of matter as the essential basis or source from which higher forms of life were evolved through organization, and that all forms of life are sentient. The life principle of atoms must be psychic in its nature, because mindless life is as great an impossibility as lifeless mind. Both principles are inalienably associated, being co-essential in their nature. Physiological conditions are invariably correlated with psychical phenomena, hence the vital energy of atoms must be impelled by a psychic force. Deny the latter and you reject one of the most important generalizations of science. But to this extremely low mind-principle of atoms we should confine ourselves, for the moment we exalt it into an intelligence analogous to human intelligence (though of a lower degree), as Edison, Haeckel, D'Holbach, Leibnitz, Descartes, Aristotle and other eminent hylopathists do and did, we exceed legitimate limits, approaching Theism or Pantheism. We assume a mentality which science can never take cognizance of.

But we should not go to the other extreme of underestimating this elementary mind-principle, or "primitive judgment of atoms," as Thomas Edison terms it. It must be of sufficient calibre to leave the impress of purpose or designs on all its evolutions, assisted as it is, to produce these appearances or results, by the various secondary and mindless factors of evolution. Admitting then that a primary principle of design runs through all the adaptations seen in the structural formation of Nature, partly due to the intelligent operation of atoms or centers of force, Theists and Pantheists place the entire credit of what indicates design upon this embryonic mind-principle, thereby extolling it to a higher degree than it deserves. Unable to draw the line of demarkation between what is due to mind, and what to mindless agencies in the form of a fortuitous co-ordination of circumstances and conditions, extending over an indefinite period of time, they add the inevitable results of the latter to the results of the intelligent activities of monads, and ascribe their combined products to a mind of infinite intelligence. The Materialist, on the other hand, attributes the co-adaptation in Nature all to fortuitous conditions, denying that mind could have been instrumental in producing them, in toto. Now, if both sides would make some concessions to the other, methinks they would arrive not far from the truth. Hylopathism furnishes a "half-way station" between the two opposing extremes.

Spencer's assertion that "in one case after another is abandoned the interpretation which ascribes phenomena to a will analogous to the human will, working by methods analogous to human methods," carries with it the tacit implication that some form of mind must exist in Nature or the cosmic energy pervading space, to which all phenomena and co-adaptations must be ascribed, a mind which he defines (however vaguely) as "an inexpugnable consciousness transcending perception," or "the Great Unknowable." This concept of the mind in Nature has also no just warrant, because the sentience of atoms must be as knowable and fathomable as its concomitant vital principle. This coming within the full scope of scientific research, there is no valid reason why its associate mind-principle should not also come within the sphere of human knowledge and comprehension.

BYRON, ILL.

IS THERE A GOD?

IN the April number of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, Parker Pillsbury says: "Whether there be a God or not, * * * is not yet a solved problem."

I know of no writer whose statements are better entitled to respectful consideration, than are Parker Pillsbury's. Yet I must take pronounced exception to this one. No proposition seems clearer than that there cannot possibly be a God. Of course, with sufficient liberty, not to say looseness, in the use of terms, there are numberless things that may be called God, that have a possible, probable, or certain existence. I have heard it affirmed that "Electricity is God." If this is a proper use of terms, the question may be considered as pretty well settled; for there is no doubt, not much, at least, that there is something properly called electricity, that has a positive existence.

Some better understanding as to how terms are to be used, would do away with confusion. It seems proper to use simple terms, whether names of things, institutions, or ideas, according to their common acceptance. By this rule the question of the existence of God is the question of the existence of an infinite, omniscient, omnipresent *being*, a universal creator and ruler. That there cannot possibly be such a being is not only perfectly plain, seemingly, to any intelligent, unprejudiced person, but easily demonstrated.

The Pantheistic idea, namely, that the Universe is God, appears perfectly rational, save the impropriety of using the terms as synonymous. An infinite being could not be contained *in* anything, not even in the universe. There cannot be more than one infinity. The God idea is that he exists in the universe, with numberless things, not a part of him, upon which he operates, which he controls. Can there be an infinity and numberless other things besides? If not there can be no God.

Two things cannot occupy the same space, so there can be no omnipresence that is not all-inclusive. If God is everywhere, everything else is nowhere. But we know there are other things everywhere, so God is nowhere. But if there be but the least thing, anywhere, that is not a part of God, then there can be no God. But it may be said that God is immaterial, and does not occupy space. But we are talking about a *being*, and there never was a human conception of an immaterial being. We are talking about the popular *conception*, and no human being ever could possibly think of a being of whose organization matter (though not necessarily gross matter) did not form a component part. There can be no omnipresent being, according to any human understanding or conception of being.

The believer in God believes him to be a universal Creator. If God made all things, matter, laws, principles, the time was when none of these had an existence. And if all these were created, there must have been a whole eternity previous to their creation. A whole eternity in which you have a God, but nothing else! No justice, no love, no idea of right, no anything. If there is a God, he is the author of his own attributes. It would require infinite intelligence, infinite justice, infinite love, infinite everything, to constitute an infinite being. But not a speck of any of these was in existence for a whole eternity! But God existed

from all eternity, but without attributes. What was he? A perfect nobody. There never was an animalcule but was composed of something. Not one could exist a second without component elements. But God existed for a whole eternity composed of nothing.

Every being must, necessarily, have a sphere of activity, proportionate to capacity. An infinite being should have an infinite sphere. But God had nothing to do for a whole eternity. He could not even think, for there was nothing to think about.

There is nothing so demoralizing or so degrading as the idea of God. If there is a God, he has a right to command us to do anything, however mean or despicable. Ingersoll and Pillsbury say they do not know but there may be a God. But there is not living a more pronounced Atheist than either of them. Either would promptly and summarily scout the idea that any being in the universe had a right to require the performance of a mean action. But the poor priest-ridden, God-fearing rabble! Their highest idea is to obey, so far as they can find it in their more or less developed manhood to do it, the arbitrary dictation of a being who, kind father or heartless fiend, all the same, has a right to require absolute submission to his behests.

FRANCIS BARRY.

KENT, OHIO.

CALIFORNIA LETTER.

Dear Friend Green:

I write to say that things in general at the Sun-set City are on the move, and we think that our great far West is just the brightest spot on earth, and with all of our travels and observation we have found no spot so much like heaven as our Golden Gate country and city down by the Western sea, and we would be willing to forego all claims to any life beyond the bounds of time and space, if we could only live right on in this Eden of the West.

Of course, the dry rot of Christian hypocrisy crops out even here, but the mental disease called religion don't seem of such a stupid and malignant type as the New England sort in the East, and year by year churchism and the worship of the gods seems to be losing its grip on the people, and the great hold the Church has to-day is its social and political power in society.

As a political engine, the power of churchism is being felt more and more in our country, and long after the gods and ghosts are dead we shall be confronted with the political power of this beast of superstition. See what a struggle of Christian hypocrites we have had to keep the gates of the World's Fair closed on Sunday and thus rob labor of its rights and liberty to enjoy the great blessing of a life-time, to witness the triumphs of science, art and industry on such a scale as never before presented in this world—not for the sake of virtue, morality and good order, but purely in the interest of ecclesiastical deviltry. Again, see the attitude of this cursed Church power toward the Geary law. Every psalm-singing sky-pilot and church places themselves solidly against the interest of white labor in opposing the enforcing of the registration act, as they fear the Christian missionary business in China will be disturbed. Not because they love the Chinese,

but for the perpetuation of Church power, and to this end she lends a hand to every unholy scheme of the money power to strangle labor and promote poverty, vice and crime in the name of religion.

Brother Green, there is to my mind only one power that can successfully resist the churches in American politics and that is labor. Organized labor will ultimately be the Waterloo of Church power, as well as the death-knell of all grasping, greedy monopoly, which is fast turning the ministry of fraternity and wealth into a ministry of devils and poverty. And it is high time that an intelligent co-operation should take place, and save our country from this unrighteous combine of legalized crime, in both Church and State, which will, if not arrested, destroy this republic.

When the Church power and the money power are seen to pull together in every scheme that depresses the rights of labor and defeats justice and equality before the law, why should not labor spurn the scarlet beast and her priests? Whether they rule in Wall street or fatten at the altars of the Church, they are one, and their aim and end is the civil and mental degradation of our race. And we wish we had the power to blast and wither the entire flock of unclean birds which brood over the destiny of this the fairest country upon which the sun has ever shone.

Let us pray, not with tongue alone, but with an intelligent ballot, that only battering-ram, through which bloodshed can be averted and human rights asserted and maintained.

Our work in San Francisco has just closed. For thirty-seven Sundays we have faced the foe of mental liberty; our audiences have seldom numbered less than five hundred, rain or shine, and on the whole we are pleased with ourself, and the Liberals who have been so loyal to the cause during this long campaign. Our thanks are especially due to Bros. Norton, Lemoire, Dunlap, McKay, Depew, Prof. Tarr, Mrs. Bloomfield, Ackerman, Avery and others for much kindly service during the long campaign, and have promised to pick them up again about the Paine meeting time next winter, the Lord willing.

In about two weeks, we, mother and I, turn our faces towards the east for our World's Fair trip. We open in Aspen, Col., June 4, for one month, then in Leadville, Boulder and Denver City during July and August, and will be at Chicago during our Congress October 6th, 7th and 8th, to take a hand with the friends of mental freedom.

This day we saw the call in *Investigator* and *Iron-Clad Age*, and are happy to know that our officers at Chicago are alive to the great interest of Freethought. Why not? The Church in every phase of superstition will be on hand to work for Jesus, and why should we not send in our money to assist in doing the honors of Liberalism on a most generous scale and thus strike a blow for Mental Liberty? Once before we tried to get to Chicago to attend a feeble effort at a Congress, but failed to get an invitation on account of means (so they said) to pay speakers. But this year money don't count. We work and pay our part, too, towards the expenses of Congress. How is that, won't that do? Let each one send in his mite and we will have one of the grandest meetings ever held in our country.

Yours for a Fact,

DR. J. L. YORK.

INFIDELS IN WASHINGTON.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

There has recently been held in Washington a great meeting of infidels which has attracted wide attention. They go under another name, Presbyterians, but names do not always indicate the true nature of things. The real name by which that body of persons should be known is Infidels. No doubt in some way Satan has been the means of calling them Presbyterians. He is up to all sorts of tricks. Were they called by their right name they would soon be undeceived, but Satan can hold them as Presbyterians when he could not as Infidels. What is an Infidel? It is one who is unfaithful to the highest interests of the race, unfaithful to human progress, advance in education, friendliness to new scientific thought, human freedom and especially freedom of the intellect. An Infidel would naturally oppose and persecute Dr. Briggs, who is advancing human learning to a certain extent, and these Presbyterians are doing this most thoroughly. An Infidel would wish for the devil, which is only the kingdom of evil, ignorance, darkness, gloom, and these Presbyterians are doing it also. An Infidel would keep things as they are and frown down on new ideas in religion, science, art, philosophy, as these Presbyterians are doing.

Why cannot things be called by their right names? It would save much trouble and bewilderment. The Freethinkers are not Infidels, for they keep in the advance, listen to the voice of progress, adopt new notions, if true. They are not unfaithful to the interests of the race, but faithful as they know how to be.

Christ was, in his time, a Freethinker. The Infidels then opposed him and took his life. The same is being done to-day to Dr. Briggs. He will not, of course, hang on a cross, but his life is being worn out and shortened and his time, which should be devoted to learning and instructing others, wasted in defending his position. It is the same spirit that would put him down that put Christ down. Shame on those who call Presbyterians Christians. They are as far from it as was Judas, and doing as much harm.

M. L. H.

OUR FALSE EDUCATION.

BY JAMES BEESON.

IF the tenets of our education were true, instead of false, we would be healthy, contented and happy while living, and be blessed with never-ending life and happiness after death. Indeed, if the pretensions of one of our learned professions—the practice of medicine and surgery—were true, we need not die, because, if we are to believe the patent-medicine advertisements, there are never-failing cures for all the ills human flesh is heir to. The many failures to cure have taught the practitioners to be more circumspect in their claims, and they will freely admit that the lives of people are in the hands and keeping of a *higher power*, and that they can only assist nature in effecting a cure. They could, with as much veracity, and more honesty, admit that they can aid nature in bringing on premature decay and death. We have only to look for evidence

of this statement at the toothless mouths, decaying teeth from salivation, and decrepid invalids going to their graves at fifty and sixty years old, when nature intended they should live one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty years, by simply observing the laws of hygiene and health. But in the face of all this they claim that their profession is for the alleviation of human suffering, which, if true, would mean less misery and longer lives. It is not now only an established fact, that they can't cure any one, but it is as well known to all intelligent people that the profession came from the prophets and priests of the Old Testament—the greatest frauds and bilks of ancient or modern times. We read among other impossible things written in the New Testament, in speaking of the apostles, that, "unto some was given the power of healing," and in Mark xvi: 18, it was given to all believers. But it was claimed as a test of divine appointment by the prophets long before that (see 1 Kings xvii: verses 17 to 22—11 Kings iv: verses 8 to 37, and many other places).

We have this superstitious fraud of healing, practiced more in its ancient guise by the modern spiritualists, in the art of mind cures, at the idea of which our learned M. D.'s hoot and scoff. But at the same time, science has revealed the fact that the mind has powerful influence on the health of the body, although it come from a human instead of a divine source. Science has also exploded the superstition in healing by the laying on of hands to the afflicted, but the so-called divine art is held in common by all healthy, vitalized persons over the weak and debilitated. Both ways were practiced until the advent of modern spiritualism, under the title of faith-doctoring. It was soon discovered by the ancient priests that the laying on of hands was not the best method, but that rubbing had a better effect, and that the application of certain concoctions, made from the juice of herbs and the oil of animals, aided wonderfully in giving temporary relief, from which discovery must have arisen the many patent liniments, salves, etc. It was also discovered that potions could be prepared and taken inwardly, with like effect, from which came the patent nostrums—the advertisements of which are found in the columns of every newspaper, magazine and periodical that will admit them. Notwithstanding everybody knows that the sale of those nostrums depends almost entirely on the ingenious skill of lying, in the "get up of the ads," they are still bought and used by people who pride themselves on being well informed and intelligent. The regular physician, with his diploma from men as ignorant and depraved as himself, will freely tell you that all patent medicines are frauds, but never tells—nor indeed do half of his ilk know—that the professionals stand head of the whole superstitious fraud. But the greatest mystery of all, is why people will risk their health and lives in the keeping of these regular quacks. They use their vocation on people for profit without any regard for their health or lives, and they have been caught in malpractice on females for the satisfaction of their immoral propensities. There is no use of saying it is wrong to class all doctors with those who are so debased—the same thing can be said for the preachers and other classes of professional frauds—the fault lies with the profession, which breeds such monsters of immorality. Like all other shams it had its origin in the supernatural. Besides making immoral men of the regulars, it breeds in them monsters of cruelty, which we see culminated in the vivisection of animals, That of itself ought to be suffi-

cient reason for relegating it back to barbarism, and to the god from whose authority it had its beginning. The law of England forbids professional butchers from serving on juries, because it is believed that the practice of taking the lives of animals in cold blood would have a tendency to make them indifferent to the lives of their fellow-beings. How much less then should we be willing to trust the lives of our children and ourselves in the keeping of men, who can, in cold blood, slowly torture helpless dumb brutes to death? The butcher's mode of instant slaughter is humane and merciful when compared to vivisection. Not only that, but the butcher would be only one of twelve men, while the vivisectionists are the sole judge and jury into whose hands we trust our friends and ourselves, and they could keep the whole matter secret, while the jury must render a verdict in public that can be set aside by the judge, and a new trial be had by another jury. Like Ingersoll, in that respect, I don't want a vivisectionist to touch me much less trust him with the care of my body or mind. After the countless thousands of innocent, helpless dumb brutes they have immolated on their superstitious shrine, they are forced to acknowledge that they have made no important discoveries. And if there should be any discovery made that would be beneficial to mankind, the discoverer would be treated like Dr. Harvey was treated by the profession in England years ago, when he proved to them that the blood flowed in the veins. It isn't knowledge they are after, but ignorance. Knowledge would render their practice useless, while ignorance of the laws of nature gives them plenty of fools to practice on. Like all other professional frauds, they don't want a true education, because they would then have to make an honest living. They are now trying to get laws passed in every state, where they are not already passed, to force people to employ them whether they want them or not, by excluding from practice all who have no diploma from a medical college. But this is only in keeping with all other frauds our false education breeds and supports. The preachers—the phototypes of the old heathenish priests—want laws to force people to hear them prate their nonsense; the lawyers, whom Jesus Christ said were just as sure of hell as he was the Savior of mankind, want to make the laws, so they can so mystify them that lawsuits will be the inevitable result, and they can fill their coffers thereby; the pedagogues want laws to force people to pay them for reciting their lessons from their textbooks of stereotyped questions and answers, and the moneyed aristocracy want laws that will give them mortgages on all the laborers own and produce, and they are going to have them before they furnish money for our debauched representatives to revel in splendor on. But this is the advanced age of *Christian civilization*—its superstition gone to seed. Humanity's civilization, that is being ushered in by freethought, will give no place for such humbuggeries ere long, but instead, there will be an educational system taught and practiced, founded on the laws and teachings of science, and the discoveries of scientific students; that will be useful instead of robbing useful labor of all it can produce, and their liberties, health and happiness besides. For the blessings of those good times—to be realized “in the sweet by and by”—let us patiently work and wait. The people must be properly educated before they will admit of the change, and those of us who can not expect to live to see it, we can be happy in the conscientious belief that we are instrumental in bringing on the happy change.

DR. WETMORE vs. SUPERSTITION.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

Some three weeks ago I had the honor of a visit from the Rev. J. C. P——, who introduced himself as "a Presbyterian clergyman, who had been in the service of Christ many, many years, as a chaplain in the U. S. army, but on account of ill health found it necessary to retire." He was then engaged in an effort to establish a scientific association, or college, somewhere in Southern California, and had been directed to me, asking my opinion as to the probability of success in such an undertaking, etc. Incidentally he intimated that he thought he was qualified to take a professorship of astronomy and geology, and that a salary of about \$2,000 a year, together with that from the army as a retired officer, would keep him and his little family in very comfortable circumstances. Evidently some one had told him that I was a Christian gentleman, and up to this stage in the interview, he supposed I was a Presbyterian, and referred to my late professorship in the Wooster University, a Presbyterian college. In reply to his interrogation as to my present religious *status*, I inadvertently asked him an astronomical question which staggered him, as I was confident it would. Then we began to analyze the Mosaic story. He asked if I had a Bible handy. I said, "Yes, sir; one well worn by my own fingers." He turned to the first chapter of Genesis, and read and made a desperate effort to prove that the creation was in accord with our present knowledge of geological science. "The long periods, or *eons*, which you think might have been days," said I, "do not conform to chemical law, and to an unbiased mind seem unreasonable and absurd. You have just read from the sixteenth verse, that the greater light was to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night. What reason have you for saying that each day might have been a thousand or more years in length? What reason have you to think that it took those orbs a thousand years to rotate, or revolve, then, and only twenty-four hours now? As a scientific man, you are aware that grass, herbs, or trees, cannot produce *chlorophyl*, or even a green tint, without the light of the sun, and evidently the nights must have been of the same length as the days, in which event the vegetation referred to in the eleventh verse must have perished for want of the life-giving principle."

"Everything is possible with God," was his reply.

"That is too stale an expression for a man of science to make at this age of the world," said I. "Please tell the truth, and say everything concerning the Mosaic story of the creation is *absurd* and *impossible*, and to every reasoning mind, a fable."

At this juncture he espied the November number of your Magazine on my center-table. Picking it up he asked, "*Are you a Freethinker?*"

"Yes," was my emphatic reply, "and I am proud of the appellation. Please take that home with you, and read what I have to say of the absurdity of the Noachian Deluge, and then hand it to some inquiring mind."

He promised to do so, but the next day I received it by mail, without comment. He had left with me a blank, asking me to fill it out and send him through the post my idea of the scheme of establishing a scientific association, etc. The following is a copy of my report:

"REVEREND SIR: Believing that bigotry and willfulness on the one hand, and ignorance on the other, are the greatest sins of the nineteenth century, and that superstition and ecclesiastical influences serve to keep the world in the dark, and wicked, I am heartily in accord with any effort to establish scientific teaching and associations all over the land, and particularly in California. The student of nature who is in search of light, of facts, and reaching out in all directions after truth, should meet with no ecclesiastical barriers in his study of the cosmic forces, of astronomy, geology, biology, anthropology, archæology, and evolution. Give the mind capable of expansion an opportunity to think and reason, unbiassedly to analyze and digest a rational pabulum, and the world will be filled with Galileos, Newtons, Darwins, Huxleys, Tyndalls, Millses and Spencers. Away with superstition and bigotry, and better men and women will soon people the globe."

Suffice to say the reverend gentleman has never called to discuss the subject, as he promised he would, nor does he recognize me on the street. His eyes are heavenward, and he may be looking for a good opening, or opportunity to follow Elijah.

S. W. WETMORE.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

KATE FIELD ON SUNDAY OPENING.

KATE FIELD spoke in St. Paul's Universalist Church in Chicago, on Sunday, June 4th, on the question of keeping the Fair open on Sunday. Among other things she said, as reported in the *Herald*:

"You may not be acquainted with the ways of Congress. I am. The congressman is a timid animal. You can frighten him to death with a petition. You may not be familiar with the way petitions are signed. I am. Most people can be induced to sign petitions for anything. They can almost be induced to sign their own death warrants."

"The kind of people who wanted the Fair opened Sundays mind their own business and don't sign petitions. But this time they learned what was going on and began to sign. At the last moment petitions began to roll in upon congressmen by the barrel. But Congress was afraid—frightened by the petitions of the Sabatarians and voted for Sunday closing."

"Primarily, before speaking of Sunday opening from a moral point of view, I took the ground that, under the constitution, the World's Fair could not be closed on Sunday. The constitution specifically declares that the national government shall take no part in the support of any Church or Church forms. If this country

means anything it means personal liberty. Of course, our forefathers banished Roger Williams from Rhode Island, and they passed laws for the punishment of people who would not conform to certain religions, but the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States have changed all that. Under the constitution we can have no union of Church and State."

"It is all very well to talk about this being a Christian nation, but I cannot find how Christianity is any part of this government. We have all kinds of people in this country; we have Jews and Gentiles, and Mohammedans and Infidels. The government has no right to prescribe religious observances for these people. The government has no business to say that any man shall worship on a certain day. The government has no right to close any public park against me on any day. For that reason I cannot see how Sunday closing of the Fair is constitutional."

"Now for the moral aspect of the case. It seems to me like insanity to close that World's Fair. The world never saw anything like it. We talk about the seven wonders of the world. The exhibition at Jackson Park may well rank as the eighth wonder. And you would close that to the people! Do you know what that means to the people?"

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[This article closes the very valuable discussion that has appeared in this department of the Magazine for the last few months. We are sure our readers will agree with us in saying these editorial pages could not have been better occupied.—EDITOR.]

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.—A FINAL WORD.

BY DR. LEWIS G. JANES.

THE courteous, conciliatory and reasonable rejoinder of Mr. Holyoake to my article on "Illiberal Liberalism," together with his intimation that he will have no time to return to the subject, should, perhaps, incline me to discontinue this discussion, leaving to him the final word. In no controversial spirit, however, but rather for the sake of emphasizing our points of agreement, and explaining one or two misapprehensions of my position in his concluding article, I somewhat hesitatingly beg to encroach briefly upon the further courtesy and forbearance of the editor of THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

I honor the sensitive and truth-loving spirit which has characterized both of Mr. Holyoake's articles—the spirit which would frankly disclaim every doctrine which the mind does not clearly perceive to be true. For that temporizing obscurantism which prevails even in many liberal pulpits, and which largely influences the discussion of theological problems at the present day, I have no respect.

Disclaiming, as I have already done, the "*Christian* doctrine of Providence,"—that is to say, the doctrine of special and miraculous intervention in behalf of certain favored individuals, it must be manifest, I think, to all readers of this discussion, that I have not "set forth that Nature comprises" this doctrine, as Mr. Holyoake mistakenly affirms in his last article. What I did set forth, in the interest of what I conceive to be the truth, and of clearness of thought, was an entirely different doctrine of Providence, not special and supernatural in its operation, but natural and universal, which affirms a soul of beneficence even in the operation of the unchangeable laws of Nature.

Like Mr. Holyoake, I, too, am an Eclectic in my religious belief and fellowship. I, too, "take on 'Heathen or Christian ground,' what seems to me to accord with reason and experience." It was solely to reason and experience that I made my appeal in behalf of the conception of a Universal Providence which unifies man with Nature, and thereby justifies and illustrates the scientific doctrine of Evolution. It is to no one's theory about Evolution that I have appealed, but to the logical implications of the facts of man's genesis from and relation to the Universe. I do not recognize any theory of Evolution which is barred out from the universal human consciousness, and accessible only through a gate, kept by "Liberals" or others. It is through such a gate, thus jealously guarded, Mr. Holyoake tells us, that "Evolution entered into Ethics." To my mind, Evolution has flowed into and illuminated Ethics as the universal ether permeates the interstellar and interatomic spaces, by an impulse of gravitation—a universal and irresistible movement, confined by no gate, marshalled by no official gate-keeper, of whatever badge or uniform.

Evolutionary ethics, to my mind, is not exclusively "secular" or "liberal," unless you make those words sufficiently inclusive to connote all sincerity and all reality. Its mandates are upon all men and women, of whatever creed or fellowship. Its obligations are permeating all intelligent minds, and gradually supplanting those ethical sanctions which rest upon less universal and scientific foundations. I agree with Mr. Holyoake that "Evolution comprises scientific grounds of toleration, nobler and greater than Christianity has ever offered, or than the world has before possessed"; and not grounds of toleration, merely, but grounds of fellowship and ethical inspiration, unlimited even by the "gates" and boundaries of a secular sectarianism.

While I do not assume to speak for my friend and Mr. Holyoake's friend, Dr. Felix Adler, with whose noble work I am not directly affiliated, I heartily endorse his most recent utterance in the last report of the Society for Ethical Culture, in affirmation of the importance of rallying men for practical work "upon a purely Ethical basis, men of every shade of belief or unbelief around the standard of moral idealism, to devise a new social instrument which should contribute at once to impress the recog-

nized moral standard more strongly on the daily life, and to elevate and purify the moral standard itself."

I agree with Dr. Adler, also, that, "on the one hand, those elements of religion which are morally worthless must suffer condemnation. On the other hand, those great Ethical ideas that are wrapped up in religious symbols should be duly appreciated, and a respect and reverence for the religious past should be cultivated. The raw radicalism, which flourished in the middle of this century, has too often led to the rejection of religion in toto, and to mean and degrading explanations of the influence which religion has hitherto exerted on the minds of mankind."

This is the true evolutionary ground. With Mr. Herbert Spencer, the disciple of evolutionary ethics recognizes that all creeds and doctrines are natural products of the mental activities of man in different stages of his intellectual and social development; that there is a soul of truth in erroneous beliefs, corresponding, in many instances, with some actual reality, inherent in the nature of things. His object, therefore, is to discover and recognize this reality, and lead people—by what Matthew Arnold terms a "sweet reasonableness" of method—to higher and more practical conceptions of moral obligation and action rather than to spend his force in indiscriminate assaults on the beliefs held dear by the majority, even at the present day. With a slight change of emphasis and phraseology, his purpose is well expressed in the concluding sentence of Mr. Holyoake's article: He is "for Ethical teaching, unaggressive, covetous of truth, wherever found, ambitious of assimilating it, eclectic, tolerant, self-respecting and self-sustaining."

TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

THIS number has not been obtained as yet, but we are nearer to it than a month ago. During the last month, we conclude, from what we learn, our friends have been considering the question, and are about now ready to commence the work in earnest. If there are those destitute of faith, we desire to remind them that there are over seventy thousand post-offices in the United States, and that it would seem we ought to be able to get one subscriber, on an average, from three post-offices. The trouble

is, there are twenty-five post-office districts where the people have never heard of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE where there is one such district where it has been introduced. The important question is, how to introduce it to those Christian heathen, or, more properly, the Freethought inhabitants residing among them. If we had the money to spare, we would advertise extensively in the secular journals. But as that is out of the question, we must depend largely for the heralding of the Magazine upon our friends. Let us here suggest one plan: Mr. A. is the only subscriber in the County of Greene, in the State of New York, and he is now engaged in getting up a club for his post-office. After he procures his club, the next best work he can do is to hunt up a good Liberal at each of the other post-offices in the county, and get each of these interested in the Magazine. There have got to be a great many sacrifices made and much hard work done to procure the twenty thousand subscribers, but we are sure that when the work is fully accomplished, all will see that the benefits derived will more than compensate for the investment made in time, labor and money.

We promised last month to publish, in this number, the names and post-office addresses of all those who had up to this time sent in clubs of five and upwards, but as the time has been short, and but few have responded as yet, we will defer publishing that list for a month longer; but we can assure our friends that the good work is well under way. A number of clubs have been procured and sent in, and a few persons have each advanced *five dollars*, as we suggested last month, and sent us the five names to send the Magazine to for a year.

Quite a number of our friends have informed us that they had obtained a few subscribers at \$1.00 a year, and requested to know what they should do with those if they could not procure the whole five. After consideration we have concluded to take the following further step in our liberal offer, made last month, to aid our friends in their labors to extend the circulation of this Magazine. We now say to all our good friends: Procure a club of five, if possible, in your neighborhood, for the Magazine at \$1.00 each for a year. But if you cannot get five, then get four; if not four, then three; if not three, then two; if not two, *one*, at the same price. If your mental soil is so barren that you can not get *one*, then hunt up some intelligent young man or young woman

in your town, who will read the Magazine if presented to them, and send us one dollar out of your own pocket to pay for it.

Friends of Freethought, if you ever expect to accomplish anything, you must commence work *in earnest*. You have been asleep long enough; wake up and see what you can do. The Briggs trial and the Sunday discussion have demoralized our opponents, and now is just the best time to put in some good liberal work. We shall not let up on you until you have put this Magazine into 20,000 homes every month. It should be done, it can be done, and *it will be done*, by the united labors of every man and woman in this country who prefers *truth* to myth, *science* to superstition, the *religion of Humanity* to the religion of Christianity. Let the good work go forward at once. We will publish a full report in the September Magazine.

BOOK REVIEW.

WOMAN, CHURCH AND STATE. A Historical Account of the Status of Woman through the Christian Ages, with reminiscences of the Matriarchate. By MATTILDA JOSLYN GAGE. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, 1893. Pp. 554. Price, \$2.00. For sale at this office.

In the May Magazine we had something to say of this most valuable work, and the more we study it the more we are impressed with the idea that it is one of the most valuable Freethought publications that has recently been published. The Church has persistently declared that the women of this and other so-called Christian countries owe all the liberty they possess to the Christian Church and to the Bible. Mrs. Gage shows clearly the fallacy of this claim, and proves by authentic history that the greatest enemy to woman's advancement has been the Christian Church. The truth is, that the Christian Church, in the matter of *claims*, is the greatest fraud and falsifier known to history. The priest will tell you that Science owes its advancement to the Church, whereas, the fact is Science has had to fight for existence against the

machinations of Christianity. The pious exhorter will declare that only for the spirit of Christianity slavery would exist to-day, notwithstanding the fact that the Church was the "bulwark of American slavery." The Church makes the same arrogant claim in relation to the liberation of women. "See," says the Church, "what women now are in Christian countries, and how degraded they are in heathen countries. Only for Christianity would our mothers, sisters and daughters be slaves to-day." In this work, as before stated, Mrs. Gage conclusively shows that this is a most unfounded claim. Mrs. Gage says, "that the most grievous wrong ever inflicted upon woman has been in the Christian teaching that she was not created equal with man, and the consequent denial of her rightful place in Church and State." No brief notice that we can give of this work will do it justice. It is a perfect digest of the whole question under discussion. A very large number of citations are given from many authors. As we stated in our former notice, it strikes orthodoxy a very heavy blow where it has

seldom been hit before, and by one of the sex upon which it now depends for existence—a woman." But this will make no difference with these pious falsifiers. They will keep repeating the lie with the same seriousness they did before. That is one of the peculiarities of Christians. They follow, in this respect, the teachings of St. Paul, where he says, "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through *my lie* unto his glory; why yet am I also judged a sinner?" (Romans iii: 7.) If the truth "abounds" through the lies of the clergy, it ought to abound very extensively, for we declare deliberately that there are no class of people in the world that can compare with the priests and clergy as deliberate, persistent liars. There are but few orthodox sermons preached but what contain many false statements. This shows conclusively that preachers do not really believe their Bible, for the Bible declares "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi: 8). This book of Mrs. Gage's ought to be in every Freethought library, and in fact in all our libraries. It should have a very large circulation,

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN. By Mrs. M. A. FREEMAN. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago. Pp. 283. Price 50 cents.

This is a most interesting and fascinating novel by the Secretary of the American Secular Union, and any Freethinker who fails to read it is depriving himself or herself of a great amount of enjoyment. And how much superior it is to the ordinary flashy literature that covers the tables and fills the shelves of our bookstores, written to be read by fashionable dudes, both male and female! Mrs. Freeman has not only written her novel so as to excite your feelings and make you laugh and cry, but she has given you real valuable matured thought that will do you good. The book is full of the very best Liberal doctrines, yet so stated that the orthodox reader as he peruses the pages can not but give consent to all she says.

We believe it will prove one of the best Freethought missionary books that has been published for a long time. The principal character in the novel is the Rev. Jonathan Wyse, missionary to "the Land of Nod." The writer is also a preacher and a missionary, and says: "The good ship in which I sailed had on board a dozen passengers, myself and wife, a merchant from Alexandria, two tourists, three Greeks, who had been absent many years from their native land, and a party of three Englishmen. Also the captain, the mates, the steward, the cook and a dozen sailors, twenty-seven souls all told. The cargo was powder, rum, fire-arms and tobacco. In addition to this was the luggage of the passengers, and in my care a quantity of Bibles and Testaments, supplied by the American Missionary Society, to be used for the conversion of the heathen. The ship was wrecked on a "rock-bound shore," some of the passengers were drowned, and the balance, who took to the life-boats, were landed on a lonely island in mid-ocean. "We must die." That is what all said at the end of three days. The boat and provisions were cast upon the island, and after they were thus provided with water and provisions they had many theological discussions. Dan, the Englishman, was the infidel, and he and the missionary had it "hot and heavy" in argument. Dan said to the missionary: "You can rest assured, parson, that there was no hand held down from above, or pushed up from below. The old boat was just thrown here by the waves and the savages captured it. If there was a guiding hand," he continued dogmatically, "why create the storm? Why endanger our safety? It is too much like the cat and the mouse. We are let go a little way and then a huge paw hauls us in. We tremble like insignificant wretches in feline grasp. Again we escape, tossed hither and thither, and at the end are devoured, crunched up by demon's teeth, or laid out straight and stiff at one fell blow of omnipotent caprice! Your

God and your devil are identical—the same. They both kill, they both destroy, and man is the victim. Come, come, parson, do you not see where your theology leads you?"

The novel grows more thrilling and entertaining as it proceeds, and the reader is loth to lay it down until he has reached the end.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE TRUTH OF DOGMATIC CHRISTIANITY, COMPRISING A DISCUSSION WITH A BISHOP OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. By WILLIAM DEARLING HARDEN. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. 268. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

This discussion between an able Liberal Christian and a leading Catholic Bishop, will doubtless attract much attention and the book have a large sale. This beautifully printed and well-bound volume we wish might be read not only by the Liberal public, but by every intelligent Catholic in this country, and also by our orthodox Protestant friends. The contents of the book are as follows: "Introductory," "The Points to be Discussed," "Influence of the Church," "Free-will," "Ecumenical Council," "The Divinity of Jesus," "The Betrayal," "The Bible," "The Mass," "Good Works," "Concluding Remarks."

Mr. Harden, in this discussion, seems to have completely vanquished his Catholic opponent, but his oft assertions in relation to God and His attributes, are, in our opinion, as destitute of proof as any of the dogmas of the Catholic Church. There are a great many people in this country who have given up all theology excepting the belief in a God of some kind, and why they should so tenaciously hold on to that belief we cannot understand, for certainly there is no legitimate evidence of the existence of such a being, and since the discovery of the law of evolution we cannot, for the life of us, see any use for a God. But as our liberal Christian friends have a very good kind of

a God, whom they designate as a loving Father, we have no objection to their enjoying the delusion, and this merciful God, whom they assure us will shower his infinite love upon us in the next world, has, for unaccountable reasons, singularly failed to do so very extensively in this vale of sorrow. This God-father seems to be of good service to our liberal Christians when they discuss religion with their orthodox opponents, for the God of the Liberal Christians is certainly a much more admirable character than the old orthodox Jehovah, who declares, "I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. i: 26). And by the way, what a jolly old chap this old orthodox God is. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision" (Psalms xi: 4). "The Lord shall laugh at him, for he seeth that his day is coming" (Psalms xxxvii: 13). "But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at them, thou shalt have all the heathen in derision" (Psalms lix: 8). What a beautiful picture. This orthodox God sitting upon his throne in heaven, and shaking his sides with laughter at the sight of millions of his *own children* burning in hell. We thank our liberal Christian friends for inventing a better God, one who will not laugh at suffering humanity, and one who, we are assured, will make things lovely *in the next world for all of us*. That is the kind of a God to have if we are to have one at all.

A HAND-BOOK OF FREETHOUGHT. By W. S. BELL. Truth-Seeker Publishing Co., New York. Pp. 381. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

This book might very properly have been named "A condensed digest of the principal arguments used by Infidels in their discussions with Christians." In fact that is what it is. The author having been a Freethought lecturer and debater, was just the person to compile such a book,

and friend Bell has done the work well, and has arranged it in such an admirable manner that it is a ready Freethought arsenal from which just the argument necessary for the occasion can readily be referred to when required. Some of the subjects discussed are "Creation," "Prophecy," "Miracles," "Jesus Christ, when born, his character and teachings, death and resurrection," "Christianity, its historical basis," "What the Fathers of the Church Taught," "The Bible, its inspiration and history," "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," "The Devil, his history," "The Soul, where and what is it," "The Design-Argument Refuted," "The Sunday Question," "Crimes Sanctioned by the Bible," "Christianity against Civilization," "The Bible Degrades Women," "The Church as the Bulwark of American

Slavery," "The Absurdity of Prayer," "Hell, Hades, Gehena and Sheol," "The Church Opposed to Progress."

This is a good Freethought text-book for young people who have not the time or opportunity to peruse large volumes, and who desire to post themselves so that they can readily meet the sophism that Christians are always presenting, which have no real basis in truth, and are only the vagaries imbibed in the Sunday-schools—such, for instance, as that "God created everything out of nothing," that "nothing is impossible with God," that "we all become sinners through Adam's fall," that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," that "prayer is answered," etc. The fallacy of all this kind of orthodox foolishness is well shown up in this little volume.

ALL SORTS.

—We must have the twenty thousand subscribers.

—Friends, send in your clubs of five and over at the low price of one dollar each.

—Struggling Pastor—The collections have fallen off terribly.

Practical Wife—It's that new vestryman who passes the plate. He never watches to see what people put on.—*New York Weekly*.

—Dr. Briggs says: "A fundamental principle is at stake." It was well for the Doctor, remarks the *Inter-Ocean*, that he did not live a couple or three centuries ago, or there would have been even more "at stake" than principle.—*Unity*.

—"The fools are not all dead yet," is an old and familiar saying. Who is the biggest fool in this country at the present time it is hard to say. In our opinion up to this date the man entitled to that distinction is Ward McAllister of New York City.

—The Freethought Congress, to be held in Chicago in October, ought to be the greatest gathering of Freethinkers ever before held, and we believe it will be. The railroads will probably have the lowest fares at that time, and October is the pleasantest month of the year.

Minister—Good morning, Janet. I am sorry to hear you did not like my preaching on Sunday. What was the reason?

Janet—I had three verra guid reasons, sir. Firstly, ye read yer sermon; secondly, ye didna read it weel; and thirdly, it wasna worth readin' at a'!—*Tid-Bits*.

—The Christian Endeavors held a great convention in Montreal last month, and the military had to be called out to keep the Catholic Christians from mobbing them. Christians are curious people; when they are not persecuting Jews, Heretics or Infidels, they fight and mob one another. But then Christ declares: "Think not that I came to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace on earth but a sword (St. Matthew x: 34).

—Edith is at an age when the problems of the world to come are just as interesting as those of the world that is. "Mamma," said she the other day, "what colored clothes do the angels wear?" "White, my dear, I suppose." "Well, I wonder who does all the laundry work?" —*New York Times*.

—S. R. Thorn writes from the "Chapin Home," New York:

"That article, 'Reason and Dogma,' in July Magazine is very fine. It is true man can not understand why God made the human reason at all if not to be used in matters of solemn and tremendous moment. It is said by Prof. Ladd, there are a hundred thousand errors in the Bible, and Rev. Presbyterian Briggs says: 'modern Biblical criticism has shattered the traditional theories of the authorship of the Biblical Book.' Freethought is marching on."

—Mr. J. F. Power writes from Springfield, Mass.:

I consider the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE the cleanest, brightest, and most liberal paper that has ever entered my home. It savors the least of bigotry (something I detest) of any journal of similar character I ever saw. My sincere wish is that it may have a circulation equal to the whole number of adult males and females in the United States.

—It looks as if some of the ministers would go back on their God if he did not do something terrible in vindication of his holy Sabbath at Chicago. A New York pulpit howler declares:

"No one need be surprised if God, in his righteous wrath, should hurl an electric shower upon the World's Fair buildings, that will leave Jackson Park a scene of desolation."

Another follower of the meek and lowly one brays:

"Let the cholera spread its black wings over us this summer, and let ten million people die of this dread disease, and, oh, how those sinners will flock to our altars. The Lord knows how to close the doors of the Fair on Sundays and he will do it. When the Lord has tough work to do he finds tough instruments to do it with. Chicago, unless she repents, will be swept out to sea as shells, from which the life has forever gone."

—"Willie," said the young man's mother, "you were very restless in church."

"Yes'm," was the penitent response.

"You never see papa behaving in that way. Why couldn't you be quiet like him?"

"Why, mamma," he answered frankly, "you see, I wasn't a bit sleepy." —*Washington Star*

—"Mamma, do you think you'll go to heaven?" said Jack, thoughtfully looking into his mother's face.

"Yes, dear, if I'm good," said the little mother cautiously, wondering what would come next.

"Then please be good, for papa and I would be so lonesome without you." —*Kate Field's Washington*.

—Young Wife—This talk about man being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense.

Friend—Doesn't your husband complain at all?

Young Wife—No, indeed. Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves, and I had a long hunt for half a dozen other things, and yet, when I was finally dressed and went down stairs to my husband, there he was by the fire, reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late.

Friend—Well, I declare! Where were you going?

Young Wife—To prayer-meeting.

—We observe that at their recent "congress" in Chicago, the army chaplains formally recorded their opinion that the reverend gentlemen appointed to chaplaincies should have a good education and a good moral character in their outfit. Also, that any chaplain losing interest in his official duties, taking to drink, playing cards for keeps, or otherwise misconducting himself, should be bounced. We think the country will concur in these opinions. —*Hartford Courant*.

What benefit are the lazy chaplains, anyway? Can't each soldier do his own praying?

—Timothy H. Sickman, most worthy son of Mrs. E. M. Sickman, of Hamburgh, N. Y., passed away July 10th. To Mrs. Sickman, who has been a subscriber to this Magazine from its first number, we extend our heart-felt sympathy. Timothy, after years of diligent study, was just about to commence the practice of law, when death overtook him with that dread disease, consumption. As the *Buffalo Courier* says: "He was an unusually bright young man, and his prospects of success in life were indeed promising." We well remember how, when but twelve years of age, he used to send us names for the "Freethought Directory," in which his name is recorded. The death of such a young man is a great loss to the world.

—The world is lost when the world is wrong,

No matter how men deride you ;

For if you are patient and firm and strong,
You will find in time (though the time be long)

That the world wheels 'round beside you.

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,

For a while it will scourge and score you ;

Then, coming abreast with a skillful tack,

It will clasp your hand and slap your back,

And vow it was there before you.

Aye, many an error the old world makes,

And many a sleepy blunder ;

But ever and always at last it wakes.

With pitiless scorn for another's mistakes,
And the fools who have followed go under.

The world means well, though it wander and stray

From the straight, short cut to duty ;

So go ahead in that path, I say,

For after a while it will come your way,
Bringing its pleasure and beauty.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

—We hope none of our friends will be alarmed when we say we are leaning a little towards orthodoxy. We are inclined towards the doctrines of total depravity and eternal damnation. The cause of our "change of heart" is not Talmage's or Moody's preaching, or the howlings of the Salvation Army, but our own delinquent subscribers. After we have written three or four times to a delinquent subscriber and received not a word in reply, the doctrine of total depravity seems proved ; and then when this dead-beat writes, "please discontinue the Magazine," without paying a cent, we say, "after all, an endless hell may be a necessity."

—An intelligent young lady from Cortland, N. Y., when subscribing for this Magazine, writes :

I do not know that I can get a club, however small, but have lent the Magazines, and if they bear any fruit I will let you know. My friends are mostly in the orthodox churches,—in fact, Cortland is an orthodox town. Experience has taught me that they are mistaken, but as I claim perfect freedom of thought for myself, so I accord it to others. I believe no mind should be restrained in the search for truth, even the mind of a child. If religion were not taught at all, the world would be better, for it is to my early lessons that I owe my long struggle before I dared believe what I *did* believe.

I have lived nearly all my life in this town, but have been for four years teaching in Brooklyn. I never undertake to teach religion. If I did I should only say : "Be merciful, truthful and *fearless*."

Years ago, before the war, we resided in Cortland. Then there was considerable Liberalism there. Our friend, Judge Stephen Brewer, who now resides in Ithaca, N. Y., was expelled from the Presbyterian church for leaving his church on Sunday to hear such men as Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips lecture against slavery. But the Church controls public sentiment there now, and probably claims that it was the Church that liberated the slaves. A few who formerly professed Liberalism, who still reside there, and whom we could

name, have decided that it is more *profitable* to become hypocrites, and discard their *real* opinions, and for the sake of pelf, seem to be what they are not. For a sincere, honest Christian, even of the bluest Presbyterian type, we have respect, but for these cringing sycophants, who sell their souls for a mess of pottage, we have the most supreme contempt.

—We are pleased to learn that a good friend of this Magazine has been selected for librarian at Wichita, Kansas. She will take no particular pains to feed the public with Sunday-school trash. The *Wichita Beacon* says:

"Another effort was made to elect a librarian and this time it was successful, it having been found that out of twenty-three candidates, each of whom had more or less political backing, that a selection could not be made, so the board elected a librarian *purely on her merit and fitness* for the position, when, on the third ballot, they selected Miss Blanche Martin. She received seven out of ten votes cast. Her bond was fixed at \$500, and she will enter upon her duties July 15."

We are glad Miss Martin was elected "purely on her merits and fitness." If all our officers could be elected in that way how much better it would be for our country.

—ANTONIA, Conn., June 9.—The lightning which accompanied the storm of Tuesday afternoon was no respecter of sacred things. In fact it seemed to have a hankering after the Church, and scattered "blue blazes" in two sacred edifices up in Simonsville. First it visited the Methodist Church. It took a bee line for the pulpit over the electric light wire, taking a section of the roof off on its way. After it got in it followed the main circuit to the cut-off switch in a closet and disarranged everything connected with the lighting apparatus. In the pulpit it tarried but an instant, but long enough to burn the gilt off the covers of the Bible and the pastor's hymn book. Then it went out at the front door. It was not a bigoted sort of lightning, however, for the

next bolt took a trip into the Second Baptist Church, entering the building by the light wire. It played the same tricks with the lighting apparatus in the Baptist as in the Methodist church, but after it got through with that it made a break for the outside through the underpinning. In the house of Charles Royce, near the church, fourteen ladies were holding a Baptist quilting bee in an upper room. The profane electricity visited the ladies and effectually broke up the party, frightening the quilters as thoroughly and earnestly as would half a dozen mice.—*A. F. Sun.*

—*The Mail and Express*, that godly journal recently edited by the late pious Shepard, sings peans of exultation over the closing of the Fair gates on Sunday, and is replied to editorially by the *New York World*, in the following conclusive refutation:

The Evening Pharisee derives much comfort from the fact that the World's Fair is to be closed on Sunday, because it doesn't pay to keep it open at full rates for half a Fair. It makes the sapient observation that "it has been demonstrated that the American people still believe in the preservation of the American Sabbath."

Oh! do they? Suppose you send one reporter to the churches of New York to-day, and another—if you think it won't imperil his soul—to Coney Island, and tell your readers how the people observe the institution which you call "the American Sabbath," meaning the obsolete Puritan Sunday.

Cast your eye on the shores and waters of the bay and the sound; visit Central Park at the hour for music; go to the summer gardens in the city, and the far finer and better free fields and woods of the country, and observe how American citizens seek and take needed rest and innocent recreation on the first day of the week.

If you fail to find here many signs of what you call "the American Sabbath," make an honest inspection of Chicago and its environs after the Fair shall be closed, and tell us if you think the cause of religion, or morality, or of education, has gained by the barring of the gates through a false economy.

—A young man, attending one of our colleges, writes :

In conversation among the students, I find that many indorse the sentiments by which you make your Magazine so necessary to one who holds to Liberal opinions, but as most of the students are poor and working their own way through college, they cannot afford to subscribe for the Magazine. Most of them declared they would like to subscribe if they could afford to take it. It was, however, pleasing to me to find so many avowed Freethinkers among the students, and it must be gratifying to you older workers to learn that your labors have not been in vain, and that the prospects are that in the future Freethought will be much more popular than heretofore. I hope to procure you a few subscribers before long.

And we learn from other colleges that a majority of the students are inclined to be Freethinkers. Now, why should not this Magazine be put into the hands of every college student who will read it? It would be a grand missionary work. To start the movement, we will agree to put the Magazine into the hands of some college student for one year, for every dollar we shall receive for that purpose. And we will publish the name of the donor, and also the name of the student whom we send it to. Can't we have a hundred such dollars during the next month?

—Mr. Myron H. Goodwin, of West Newberry, Mass., sends us the following:

A day will come in ages yet to be,
When all religions of the ancient world,
With those that are and those to come
henceforth
Will have been banished to the realm of
myths,
Pure ethics swaying human hearts instead.
Man in distress will to his brother man
Not cry in vain; for in the place of creeds
Will come desire to serve. A greater love
Will have been born within the souls of
men,
And all the time and wealth and energy
Now utilized in worshipping a God
Will have been turned to make a better
world.

—The Church Club in New York provided a bowl of punch on election night, as most clubs do, but as this is a church club the fact caused comment. When the *New York Times* asked the Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton about it he said: "Well, I don't know much about the Church Club, but its members are all laymen, and if they want punch, and use it in moderation, why should they not have it? I attribute my good health to the fact that before retiring I often take a little rum with sugar and lemon—you know what I mean—and I enjoy it too. I have often been to dinners where wine was served and the ministers present partook of it in moderation and with enjoyment, and why should they not? It is the abuse—not the use—of a good thing which spoils it." "Moderation" is a good word here. This was probably the same kind of wine that Jesus manufactured at the wedding in Cana of Galilee made out of water(?)

—*But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also* (St. Matthew v: 39). This was the teachings of Jesus that Christians profess to practice. But the following shows the difference between profession and practice. The good Baptists of the "Church at Jericho" seemed to be perfectly satisfied with a whack on one cheek, or between the eyes, and there was no turning of the other side of the face or head, as Christ commended. This is the account, as it appeared in the *New York Tribune*:

The little Baptist Church at Jericho, L. I., was the scene of a disturbance on Sunday which the members will long remember. In the course of the morning service, Charles Seaman, whose parents are devout members of the congregation, entered the church in an intoxicated condition. Upon reaching his parents' pew he began to sing and dance in the most rollicking manner. The members of the church were dumfounded. The sexton, Mr. Streeter, left his pew, intending to put the offender out of the building. Seaman at once assumed a pugilistic attitude,

and landed his right fist between the sexton's eyes, sending him to the floor. Seaman then jumped on his victim and danced about the center aisle. A moment later he entered the pulpit and gave a wild yell. Then seizing Pastor Thorne by the throat, he jammed his head against the wall and began to give him a sound drubbing. The parson screamed for help and begged for mercy. Deacon Titus went to the parson's rescue and grappled with Seaman. Seaman, however, dealt the deacon a blow in the face that turned the old man heels over head out of the pulpit. Seaman then threw the Bible, desk and chairs at the congregation. The wildest excitement prevailed. It was with great difficulty that the man was overpowered and ejected from the building. A warrant was sworn out for his arrest. He is about twenty-five years old, and the son of wealthy parents.

This young Mr. Seaman made things in this church about as lively as Christ did among the "money-changers," when he drove them out of the temple. According to the account, Seaman was the only real follower of Christ in the church at the time. He evidently obeyed the Scriptural injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Deacon Titus no doubt thought so as he went heels over head out of the pulpit.

—We were in hopes to be able to publish a good likeness of our old friend, the late James Parsons, in this number of the Magazine, but have failed to get a suitable photograph. Below we publish a very good sketch of him from a California journal:

Died, May 16th, 1893, at San Jose, Cal., James Parsons, in his 90th year. Mr. Parsons was born at Coldbrook, N. H., Feb. 14, 1804. In 1821 he moved with his parents to Ripley, Chautauqua Co., N. Y. That winter he taught school. The next summer he commenced work for Geo. W. Patterson, afterwards Lieut.-Governor and Congressman, at Wausau, Genesee Co., N. Y., at the business of fanning-mill making. Having learned this business, he, in 1825, in company with J. B. Densmore, carried on the manufacture of fanning mills at Ripley, and at Ashtabula, O. Having sold out to his partner, he moved to London, Canada, and engaged in business, carpenter work,

building, etc. In 1832 he married Sophronia Burt, at York, Livingston Co., N. Y., and took his wife to London. In 1836 he moved to Wisconsin, and for a time lived at Milwaukee. His eldest child, Maria, was the second white child born in Milwaukee; later he settled on a farm on Eagle Prairie, Waukesha Co. In 1857 he moved to Whitewater, Wis. May, 1874, having disposed of his property in Whitewater, he moved to California, making his home with his daughter Maria, Mrs. Scofield. Since going to California he has been back once. In 1876 he attended the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and had made all preparations to visit the great Columbian Exposition at Chicago the coming summer, and his old Whitewater home, but an attack in April of dizziness and confusion of mind admonished him that his physical powers were failing, and with reluctance he gave up the idea. On May 15th he suffered an apoplectic stroke and survived the stroke only 24 hours. His wife had died six months previously, and he was buried beside her in the cemetery at San Jose. They lived happily together sixty-one years, and death did not part them long. Mr. Parsons was a man of marked individuality of character; he had decided opinions and was not afraid to express them. He took particular interest in philosophical, religious and educational questions, and at one time was clerk of the school-board in Whitewater. He read a great deal, and had the faculty of putting nearly everything he wished to into rhyme. A good many will recollect his rhyming letters, advertisements, etc. He was very orderly, systematic and particular in his habits and business, strictly honest, conscientious and upright, a good, kind father, an obliging neighbor and a good citizen. If there were more such the world would be better for it. Of the family of five children all are in California except Dr. Jas. Parsons of this city.

—*The Chicago Herald* is entitled to great credit for the light it has made for "Sunday opening," but for certain reasons stated, concurs in the decision of the Local Directory in closing the gates for the present, and the *Herald* truthfully adds:

The great principle for which we contended from the beginning has been vindicated. The highest courts in the land have reaffirmed the fundamental principle of our institutions, that congress shall make no law respecting religion. The

fanaticism that sought to re-engraft ancient prescriptions upon our customs, and thereby to impinge upon a plain constitutional letter, has been rebuked and put out of court. Sunday belongs to the people. They are to use it for rest, for recreation, for reading, for pleasure, according to law, and in conformity with the broad spirit of individual liberty which is inherent in true Americanism. It was worth while to have the controversy over the Sunday opening of the fair to secure from the courts reassurance that this is a free country.

Yes, the decision of Chief Justice Fuller more than compensates the Liberals of the country for all their labors in behalf of Sunday liberty. The Christians have gained a temporary victory, but it is such a victory as the English gained at Bunker Hill, and as the Confederates achieved at the first Bull Run Battle.

—The New York *World* of June 18th says under the heading of "Bigotry Defeated":

The triumph of bigotry and bad law has been short-lived.

The World's Fair is to be open on Sundays. The multitudes who toil six days in the week are to have the pleasures and benefits of the great Exhibition on the seventh.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, with Chief-Justice Fuller presiding, has unanimously decided that the United States Government has no control or jurisdiction in the matter.

This settles the question and settles it right. It overthrows the extraordinary decision of Judge Woods—that the State of Illinois has in some mysterious way ceded to the National Government its jurisdiction over Jackson Park.

Now that the question is settled by the highest tribunal to which it can be referred, there is reason to hope that the excitement of the Sabbatarians will subside. They have already had demonstration that men, women and children can go to the Fair on Sundays without becoming criminals or debauchers. They have been assured by the court that they have no legal right to impose their conscientious scruples upon other people by Congressional enactment.

It only remains for them to stay at home on Sunday because they believe that to be right, and to make the most of their opportunities to see the show on other days like sensible men and women.

—Joseph York passed away July 6th at his home in Meadville, Pa. For thirty years he has been an active, earnest Liberal. He was a great friend of the kindergarten method of teaching children, and spent much labor and money in establishing such schools. He took great interest for a time in the town of Liberal, Missouri, and invested considerable money there in buildings. He was for many years a conductor on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad, and when he left the road, three years ago, he was the oldest conductor on the road. At his death he was seventy-four years of age. For the years we resided in Salamanca, he was our most intimate friend; few days passed for years but what he was a caller at our office or home. No stauncher Free-thinker ever lived, and by his daily life he was an honor to the cause he represented. He was a brave, earnest defender of the truth as he understood it, and in all the relations of life as true and honest a man as ever lived. It would be well for the world if there were more men like Joseph York. It is with sadness we bid him good-by.

—Hon. J. Bond, of Humboldt, Kas., when remitting his renewal, writes:

I knew you as the agent, or secretary, of the New York Liberal League, and championing the nine demands, *ante bellum*, and congratulate you for persistence and steadfastness in the faith. I, too, am a Liberal, a rebel from birth, claiming a full measure of personal freedom, and exact and impartial justice. From my teens have been an atheist, or atheistic. A personal God is an absurdity; a moral God, or God of providence, is a devil. No God no Bible, no Bible no religion. I therefore was early remitted to Nature, —facts and reason, or philosophy. Science, industriously cultivated and honestly used, tends to evolution and harmony in every direction. Scientific knowledge asks little of organization, reports and is verified; reason is pure logic; every lie has its dagger in truth. Religion is having its eyes opened; theology is having the dirt cut from under it as fast as I care to see it. Hence, I am not crying, lo! here, or lo! there, though I have always

been an outspoken atheist and annihilationist: but if I should wake up in eternity, I'd have no objection, but it would be the greatest surprise of my life. I am known as an Infidel and not handicapped thereby, have succeeded in business, have held office from town clerk to State legislator, from justice of the peace to judge; have a good library, and am on social terms with the clergy, who seldom care to compare notes in public. I am no egoist, and only say *grand sum* to show that the rationalist is not under ban.

—There is one thing evident: The Faith-cure people believe that Jesus told the truth when he said: "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." (Matt. xxi: 22.) They seem to be about the only people who do really believe in prayer. A Pittsfield, Mass., correspondent of the *New York World*, gives this instance of trying faith-cure on a horse:

Mr. and Mrs. David A. Easton are the first people who, as far as known, ever tried the faith-cure on a horse. Mr. Easton was formerly a broker in New York, and was at one time a preacher. Of late he and Mrs. Easton have been much interested in Christian Science and the faith-cure.

A valuable horse belonging to Mr. Easton while in pasture at his farm on the Middle Lenox road, seriously injured the fetlock of its right leg on a barbed-wire fence. Dr. Bracklin sewed up the wound and applied healing ointments.

After this had been done Mrs. Easton said to the man who had charge of the horse: "Fanny doesn't need medicine. All that is necessary is to wash the foot in cold water and pray. She will come out all right."

Accordingly water was applied and Mrs. Easton began to pray. The horse's foot, however, grew worse. Now it is in such a condition that the animal is in a fair way to lose its life.

Dr. Franklin told that he could cure the horse.

There is considerable excitement over the matter in Pittsfield, and it is thought that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should interfere. The bone of the horse's foot is exposed, and there is a festering sore. Mrs. Easton is now in Boston, where she is supposed to be still praying for the horse.

—The judges of the United States Circuit Court—some millions of the American people dissenting—have decided that we are a nation of Sunday closers. There is probably nothing to be gained by getting mad about it. Therefore, since we are once more under the good old blue laws, suppose we go the whole figure. Let us have "Sabbath" morning witch-burnings on the lake front, whereby we may be spiritually uplifted and refreshed. Let the Manufactures Building at the World's Fair be turned over to Rev. Barebones Poundtext and his pious colleagues of the Sunday-closing association, as a place wherein sermons four hours long may be delivered twice a day. Let the Columbian guards, habited in drab-colored cloaks and steeple-crowned hats, drive people to hear these sanctifying discourses. Let no man kiss his wife on Sunday. Let no man walk abroad on Sunday, save to attend public worship. Let no man speak save through his nose, and let his speech be yea or nay unless the spirit moves him to deliver a sermon. Let us, in short, be as sanctimonious, as snuffling, as hypocritical as we can. For are we not Sunday-closers?—*Chicago Herald*.

—The New York *Observer* seems to understand the situation. It says:

"Of all the problems which face the Church in our day, not one is more important or urgent than the problem of lapsing—how to prevent it in the case of the young and how to cure it in the case of the old. The enormous growth of lapsing must be patent to all who do not follow the ostrich policy of burying their head in the sand when face to face with unpleasant facts. Jubilant quotations of ecclesiastical statistics cannot blind the careful observer to the truth that no Church in Christendom is growing with anything like the rapidity of the churchless denomination which manifests open repugnance to organized Christianity in any form. The problem confronts us with strenuous persistence, and it would be the height of folly to minimize its magnitude."

And we can assure the *Observer* that this "lapsing" business has but just commenced.



James F. Felt
Henry M. Felt

THE
FREE THINKERS
SINGULARIST

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Source: *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 92, 1997, pp. 1039-1052.

1. $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

The New York Convention is a major step in the development of an international legal system for the resolution of international commercial disputes. It is a landmark in the history of international law, and it is a landmark in the history of the United Nations. The Convention is a landmark in the history of international law, and it is a landmark in the history of the United Nations. The Convention is a landmark in the history of international law, and it is a landmark in the history of the United Nations.



Prof.
Henry O. G. G. G.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

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COSMOLOGY AGAINST THEOLOGY.

By VINDEX.

WHEN we gaze upon the heavens at night through a modern telescope, this globe, with all the rest comprising our solar system, seem like a small cluster of isles and islets in the boundless waste of the ocean. Without hyperbole, they are mere specks, for space is infinite in extent, and all space is occupied. But we have good reason to believe, and none to doubt, that the totality of worlds, which, like a set of wheels, compose the clock-work of the universe, and millions of which are visible to the human eye, are composed of the same material, and are governed in their movements by the same laws which we see in force in our solar system. This is the reason why, for accomplishing the purpose in view, we will confine our thoughts to our own planetary family, and especially, to the one which is our dwelling-place. All our senses come in contact with it; we breathe its atmosphere; the materials which compose our bodies are all taken from it; and when we undergo the process of change called death, they will go back again into the laboratory of nature to be re-moulded into new forms of existence. The earth, then, being composed of matter, there are two ways that men have taken to account for its origin and character. First,

THE RELIGIOUS METHOD.

Less than 6,000 years ago, according to the Bible and Church chronology, a personal God, in the exercise of his almighty power, created the "heavens and the earth," by which phraseology is meant the whole universe of existing things, visible and invisible. I say a *personal* God, because all the virtues and their opposites, called attributes of character, are in themselves abstractions, mere ideal qualities, until they are embodied in persons and show themselves in acts. It took this almighty being six full days to do the work of creation; and on the seventh he rested; plainly implying that he was exhausted by his labor, and then set apart the Sabbath as a day of rest in perpetual remembrance of the fact. The measurement of time called a day, made by a revolution of the earth on its axis, exposing every part of its surface once in twenty-four hours to the light and heat of the sun, could only be possible after the sun was created, and the earth finished and set in motion on its orbit as a planet. Yet, the sun was not created until the fourth day, and then, for the sole purpose of lighting up the new-made world by day, while the moon was made to perform this service by night. And because this luminary might be obscured or neglect to shine, God "*made the stars also*" to assist the moon in the performance of her monthly duties. The canopy of heaven is studded with two kinds of stars, those which are fixed in their places relatively to the earth and shine by their own light, being, in all probability, suns to enlighten and warm their respective families of worlds, as we know our sun does his. The rest are the planets of our solar system, which are eight in number, together with two hundred asteroids, which revolve round the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and all of which have been discovered in this century. We do not guess, but we know the existence of all the planets, their diameters, their distances respectively from the center, the length of their days, and the time it takes for them to make their annual journeys round the sun. Four of these planets—Uranus, Neptune, Jupiter and Saturn—are larger than our earth, the last mentioned being more than seven hundred times larger; and it seems strange that when all of them were created, and Venus and Mercury besides, at the time this earth was made, we have no account of them at all, except the incidental remark in the narrative, that they were made, and

thrown in as mere accessories of convenience in the way of light by night to this, comparatively, grain of sand called the earth. As to the inhabitants of the earth, and the thousands of races of them now existing in the air, on the land, and in the sea, the genera and species of their ancestors, like the earth itself, were specially created out of the plastic material called "*nothing*."

Now suppose that in some distant and hitherto unexplored part of the world, there had been found a man highly educated in Astronomy and the other cognate sciences, but who had never heard mentioned the name of God, or of the Bible, or the Christian Church. And suppose he were asked by a missionary, who, in searching for souls to be saved, had found him, to read the Bible account of the creation of the universe, and then give his candid opinion of it, would he discard the Newtonian Philosophy, throw away his telescope and his mathematical demonstrations, and accept the account in Genesis as true? No. He would regard the story precisely as we grown people regard the tales we heard when children in the nursery, and when we naturally and implicitly believed everything that was told or read to us by our parents, our nurses, our preachers and Sunday-school teachers. To a man of the nineteenth century there could be no greater insult offered to his intellect than to demand of him, at the peril of his soul's salvation, that he should believe as true, and as a revelation from God, this ridiculous account of the creation of the globe and the rest of the universe. Yet, this is the popular and religious view. But there is a large and increasing number of people, who, on becoming educated, have changed their opinions; and as all men in this country have the natural right, guaranteed to them by the Constitution, to form and express their opinions, I proceed to exercise this right, and my sole object in doing so is to help the class of common people, to which I belong, in forming a judgment based upon the solid foundation of *facts*, and so give their minds that food for thought, and that rest for the soul which cannot be found in anything of religious dogmatism.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF SOLVING THE QUESTION.

In the domain of the intellect, where questions of truth or error are examined, there can be no process of reasoning without *axioms*, on which to build it, any more than in architecture there can be a superstructure erected without a foundation. An axiom

is a statement, or proposition, so obviously true that we can not construct an argument to prove it more true, or even to prove it true at all; as, for instance, the whole of a thing is greater than any one of its parts, or, the whole is the sum total of all its parts. Axioms being self-evident propositions, must, therefore, be accepted as a starting-point before we can take a single step towards the truth we are in search of, in any department of inquiry.

Now, if we cannot have any rational faith in the Bible way of solving the problem of the earth's origin, like a student in the exact science of geometry, we must begin our study of Cosmology, or the Science of the Earth, as a mass of matter, with an *axiom*. This axiom is, that the matter, not only of our globe but of the entire universe, is a fixed quantity, and that, in capability of infinite change and form, it has existed from all eternity, and will continue to exist absolutely indestructible in essence. To show that we are driven to this concession, and that it is more logical, and therefore, more satisfactory to the mind to accept, than the baseless assumption of the religionist, is the object of what follows.

A CRITICISM OF THOMAS PAINE'S ARGUMENT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD DERIVED FROM MOTION.

No man ever lived who was a more sincere believer in a God than Thomas Paine. He was also a sincere and outspoken admirer of the character of Jesus, as it is given in the first three gospels, and if living now, would stand high in the esteem of the Unitarian Church. He was a member of the National Convention, which, at that time, was the supreme political power in France. His moral character was without reproach, and his being a convict in the Luxembourg prison in Paris, awaiting death on the guillotine, was owing to the fact that, being by birth and education a Quaker, he was opposed to capital punishment, and, therefore, did all he could, by the most able and eloquent pleading, to prevent the execution of the king, and to make a more merciful disposition of his person. He wrote his "*Age of Reason*" for the triple purpose of proving the existence of God, of vindicating his character from what he deemed the blasphemous representations of the Bible and the Church, and thus to check the tendency of the French people, in their rebound from

the terrible superstitions and cruel outrages of the Church, to adopt atheism as a creed.

The argument he made was based upon the fact of *motion*, in which condition he found, not only the earth, but all the rest of the worlds which make up our solar system. Through his whole life, and in every sphere of action, Thomas Paine proved himself to be a courageous lover of truth, so far as he understood it. Yet, the argument he used on this point of theology was so specious and subtle, that he deceived, not only his own, but the intellects of thousands of others who have lived since his day. I state the case.

From the side of a mountain, a mass of rock weighing a million of tons, undermined by the melting of the snows at its top, and obedient to the law of gravitation, rolls down, and lodges on the plain below. This rock, by what is called *vis inertiae*—the resistance of matter to move out of a state of rest—Paine supposes to be *dead*, and will forever remain in that state unless moved by a power outside of itself. Our whole planetary system is composed of such "dead" matter, and he argued that, the fact of its being in motion proves it to have been created by the power of God, then set in motion, and has ever since continued in motion by the same power. Therefore, while he charged the Bible and the Church with slandering the Almighty in attributing to him the authorship of a book which he proved to be full of errors, contradictions and absurdities, he could have sung all those of the scripture psalms which glorify the wisdom, power and benevolence of God, with as much pious devotion as was ever manifested by a Christian.

The definition of God that he is the eternal energy, is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it seems incomplete till we add another idea, viz.: that this eternal energy, embracing in its existence all the worshipful divinity there is in the universe, is itself inherent and active in matter. For, while Paine argued that our imaginary million-ton mass of rock, by *vis inertiae*, would be motionless to all eternity where it was, at that very moment, as a constituent part of the earth, it was whirling along by two motions, one on the earth's axis every day, covering a space of 24,000 miles, and another on the earth's orbit round the sun, making our year, at the rate of 60,000 miles an hour. These are neither speculations, nor mere affirmatives, but *facts*, which we

not only believe, but know to be true, as certainly as that the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right angles.

It is not denied that in relation to the *earth*, this million-ton mass of matter has no independent motion; but in relation to all the other members of the solar system it has, for it is a fractional part of the whole body which has been in motion for countless thousands of years. A fly in a railway car may be at perfect rest in regard to the *car*, because, the car carries its own atmosphere with itself, but in regard to the country over which the car passes, the fly may be moving at the rate of forty miles an hour. It seems, then, that Paine's argument is not sound, because it has no *fact* to rest upon; but it is no disparagement of the man to say so; for it is glory enough for him to admit, as I most cheerfully do, that it is the only illogical utterance he ever made, either as a statesman, a philosopher, or a theological critic.

THE FLOOD OF LIGHT SHED ON THE SUBJECT BY NEWTON'S DISCOVERIES.

Sir Isaac Newton, in the 17th century, found out that the globes in our solar system were mutually attracted and balanced by forces that made their movements as accurate and harmonious as the wheels of a perfect clock. The earth he discovered to be a vast storehouse of forces, like the life forces in the human body. The first attraction is that of gravitation, the only one that we can *feel* in the shape of weight, which keeps loose things on the surface in their proper places by its powerful tendency to the center. The second is the mutual attraction between the planets and the sun, which keeps the planets on their orbits, in opposition to the centrifugal force that, otherwise, would cause them to leave their orbits, wrecking themselves and all the other globes in space with which they came into collision. The third is the mutual attraction between the planets which have satellites, and the satellites themselves; and lastly, the attraction between the planets themselves.

Kepler, who lived in the 16th century, though a giant in intellect, and a Hercules in his capacity for labor, was so obfuscated by his religion, that, on the assumption that the globes of our solar system were made out of dead matter, and therefore incapable of moving themselves, he imagined that God employed strong angels to push them around on their orbits, and bring

them up to time. But when Newton came, he made a new revelation to the world of science, not by devoutly dreaming, as Kepler did, but by *proving*, that the mighty forces controlling the machinery of the heavens, is the simple, but resistless attraction which one mass of matter has for another. Neptune, the newly discovered planet in our system, is nearly three thousand millions of miles from the sun, and has an orbit so vast in diameter, that one of his years is equal in length to a hundred and sixty-four of ours. Yet, a chain, with links of steel a thousand miles thick, would not be strong enough to hold him from flying off his orbit. But this silent, unfelt, and irresistible force called attraction, keeps him, and all the other globes in our system, on their respective routes of travel, so that we know the time-table of every one of them, and can foretell the very year, month, day, hour and minute when any eclipse of the sun and moon will occur, or when Mercury or Venus will make a transit across the disc of the sun.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

Whether the planets of our solar system were thrown off from the sun by its rotary motion on its axis, millions of years ago, like the drops of water from a rapidly revolving grindstone, and that, in process of time, they cooled and hardened; and whether our globe, after passing through its process of evolution, will return to its original source to be melted over again; and whether, with all the rest of its sister planets, it had not undergone this process of change a thousand times before, during the countless ages that preceded the unrolling of the present panorama, no one can tell. But if the nebular hypothesis be a true statement of the case, as it is now generally conceded to be, by all except churchmen, it is certain, from facts ascertained in geology, that this globe, at its beginning, was so hot that no sensitive being could have lived upon its surface. After it cooled sufficiently, and the necessary conditions became favorable, life in its simplest form appeared, as we still see it in its native habitat, the ocean. And as, if, when we take the two dry gases—oxygen and hydrogen—and after mixing them in proper proportions in a jar, send a current of electricity through them, we produce a new substance called water, so, may not life have originated on this planet, during the long war that raged between fire and water, by two or more sub-

stances fortuitously meeting, and thus emitting the spark of life, which, in course of time, divided itself up into the two kingdoms of plants and animals, by the process of evolution? It is said, by those who know much more than the rest of us, that there is no life on the moon; and the argument from analogy is the only one we have in favor of the theory that there is life in any part of the universe, except this earth. The presence of life, we know, is not necessary to the motion of a planet on its axis, or on its orbit, for, as already remarked, our globe performed its present revolutions through long periods of time before there was any life, either on the land or in the sea. The same concurrence of atoms forming the germ of life, which probably took place on this planet, may not have taken place on the moon, or on the other planets, although they are composed of the same material out of which the earth is made.

And as when you transfer a lion to the polar regions of the earth, and give him his liberty, he soon dies of cold and starvation; and if you take the polar bear away from his habitat among the icebergs of the North, into the equatorial regions where the thermometer keeps above 90°, he also perishes; is it not plain that when any species of plant or animal appeared upon the theater of life, it must conform to the surroundings, or die?

LAMARCK'S CREPUSCULAR IDEA.

Lamarck, a French naturalist of the last century, announced a theory of the development of animal functions, and probably of the origin of new species, based upon a law he had discovered, but which, because prematurely given to the world, was not discussed, but laid upon the shelf. It was his opinion that new organs could be produced in animals by the simple exercise of the will, constantly, forcibly, and for a long period of time kept in action; and that the organs they acquired could be transmitted by generation. This tendency in animals he called "*appetency*," from the Latin *ad peto*, to stretch out after, to constantly endeavor after.

(a.) Dr. Paley, an eminent English clergyman, and the author of the famous design argument to prove the existence of a God, was cotemporary with Lamarck. If I mistake not, I have seen in some of his writings, an admission, that, if the new ideas, as

he called them, meaning those broached by the French philosopher, and which had crossed the channel, and had a limited circulation in England, were true, they would destroy his argument entirely, by showing that nature, or matter, had within itself the power to produce all the phenomena in the animal world, which Paley attributed to a mechanical, personal God. On this account, these views of Lamarck hammered out into more distinct shape by his successors, are deeply interesting, and beautifully illustrate the fact that no man can live long enough to originate a grand, pregnant thought, and build upon it a complete system of truth, in any department of knowledge, but that the glory of it must be shared by those who come after as well. Truth owes for its progress a heavy debt of gratitude to *death*, which the Church teaches, is the greatest of evils, but which Lord Bacon, with more wisdom, teaches is the least. Great men, unintentionally, by the simple influence of their names, keep in bondage minds inferior to their own, silencing them by unclaimed authority, when unable to convince them by argument. It may be doubted whether Prof. Agassiz, if he had lived a hundred years longer, would have given up his special creation hypothesis, and accepted that of Darwin and the rest of the scientists. Being a deeply religious man, he felt that it would be an indignity to "Our Heavenly Father," and rob him of his glory as Creator of all things, to accept the new idea of evolution. But he died, and then, the minds of deferential men that had been cowed into silence by authority, recovered their native courage, and joined the column of scientific advance.

(b.) Lamarck found this "*appetency*" in living matter exemplified in the shell-fish called the *lobster*, which, when in battle, or by accident, it has lost a limb, retires into some obscure place among the rocks in the ocean, and there, the strong, persistent will, and the desire to get back the advantage it had lost, cause it first, to bud, and then to grow, until it becomes again a perfect limb, and available for use.

(c.) So the *Polyp*, another sea animal, which has built the foundations of innumerable islands in the tropical parts of the ocean, when cut into a dozen pieces, does not die, as a land animal would after such an operation, but the *vis vitæ*—the love and desire of mere life in those warm and luxurious regions of

the ocean where its home is, is so intense, that instead of dying, each piece of the twelve begins a struggle for a new and independent life, and in due time succeeds, and is happy.

(d.) Something remotely analagous to this, which, while it proves nothing for want of plenty of authenticated facts, sets our thoughts to work, is reported of those, who, having lost a limb, say that at times, they experience strange sensations, as if the lost member were struggling, like an unsatisfied fraction to be again a part of the body's unit, and thus give it back its original entirety.

(e.) The mammary glands, whose sole function is to secrete milk for the young of those animals which generate a living fœtus, are not confined to the females of the human race, but are found in *men*, and the males of other species too. In males, however, they are in a rudimentary state, but yet, are a real function. The benevolent and intense desire to save the life of a dumb, but loudly-pleading and starving babe, bereft of its natural mother, conjointly with its own efforts, prompted by hunger, have been known to develop the latent milk-producing faculty in a man. The same thing has occurred, and is on record, of virgins; and also of aged women, where a strong and persistent desire to furnish milk, has roused the slumbering organs into an abnormal activity.

By the powerful working of this active principle of "*appetency*," like leaven in a mass of meal, continued through immense periods of time, which geology gives for the theory, man appeared upon the theater of life as an actor; and after another long struggle of ages, climbing up the scale of being through all its gradations, he took his place at the head of the animal kingdom. That he thus progressed from the humble condition of a monad, onwards and upwards, from the simple to the complex, through a vast period of time, till he reached his present position, seems to be shown by the rudimentary organs, and other striking things still visible in his person.

A LOOP ON WHICH TO HANG A HOPE.

In this Lamarckian idea of the power of the will, may not the hope of humanity rest? Except in rare cases, man is not a perfect animal. He was not made out of whole cloth at the first. He gives evidence, in his body and disposition, that he is a being

of shreds and patches. The intellectual and moral parts of his nature, on the principle of natural selection, are constantly aspiring towards his ideal, but they are weighed down and kept in close contact with the real, by the environments of a false civilization. The distance between the lower classes of mankind and the brutes, in point of intellectual capacity and attainment in knowledge, is not so great as is the distance between the finest samples of mankind and the lowest. But the law of change and progress being universal and eternal, when, by its free working, the environment changes, each change produces a new want, and to gratify it, and get the advantage it will give in the struggle for life and happiness, the plant, or animal, intensely desires it, makes constant efforts to conform, and in due time succeeds, and ultimately converts the exception into the general rule.

(To be continued.)

TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

BY HENRY M. TABER.

THERE is no ranker injustice than that a portion of the community should be compelled, by law, to pay for the support of institutions in which it not only does not believe, but which it regards as a positive injury to the well-being of the community at large.

And yet such injustice is in constant practice among us by the system now prevailing in nearly every part of our country, and known as that of exempting Church property from taxation.

Why is this done? It is because an influential portion of the community *assumes* that the Churches exert a moral influence, and that *therefore*, the people at large should be compelled to support the Churches; this influential portion of the community also *impudently* claiming that there is no morality outside of Christianity!

There are other institutions, other agencies besides Christianity, which exert a moral influence on the community, but which are not exempt, and do not claim exemption, from taxation.

But *do* the Churches exert a moral influence? *Do* they encourage that enlightened desire for knowledge, that persistent, unbiased search for truth, which is the basis of true morality?

Do they discourage that injustice with the practice of which no morality can be genuine? *Do* they recognize the moral obligation demanded by the "golden rule?" *Do* they "render to Cæsar (or the State) the things that are Cæsar's," or, rather, do they not utterly repudiate the demands which Christ thus makes, by *refusing* to render to the State that which is its due, as tax on their Church property?

The superstitions which are encouraged in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches are, and have been for centuries, the chief obstacles to the advance of civilization, of intellectual and scientific and elevating thought. The immoral doctrine of the atonement, that the innocent could justly be punished for the crimes or sins of the guilty; that upright men and women are to suffer endless torment for no other reason than that they act upon the dictates of their consciences, which have been enlightened by the free exercise of their intellectual faculties, while murderers and others who have led the most reprobate of lives are to enjoy an eternity of bliss, if only at the last moment of their wretched existence they profess faith in the dogmas of the Christian Church; the teachings of the Bible, its untrustworthy statements and obscene recitals; all these inculcations of Christianity are of so objectionable a character as to impel those opposed to it to do what they can to lessen its influence and as far as possible to arrest its progress. As T. B. Wakeman, Esq., says: "Those opposed to the exemption of Church property have conscientious convictions against furnishing means to teach the doctrines of total depravity, hell, fall of man, atonement, forgiveness of sins by prayer, absolution by penance, baptism, infallibility of Pope, Church, Bible or revelation."

Statistics prove that, with rare exceptions, our criminal class have been brought under the influence of the Church, either Roman Catholic or Protestant. Dexter A. Hawkins, an eminent lawyer in the City of New York, who made such matters very largely the study of the closing years of his active and useful life, has shown by figures that attendants on the schools of the *Christian* Church became inmates of jails, in the proportion of *more than three to one* of those who were educated in our *public* schools.

And yet, notwithstanding the conscientious convictions of persons opposed to the influences of the Churches, notwithstand-

ing the *proven* demoralization of their teachings, notwithstanding that two-thirds of the inhabitants of the country are *not* church-goers, and have no interest whatever in the maintenance of the Church, these persons are *forced* to contribute to the support of the Church, *compelled* to pay for its maintenance.

The system known as exempting Church property from taxation is an *evasion* of the well-known principle which underlies the Constitution of the United States and of the several States with reference to the question of religion, there being express provisions against the donating of the public moneys for the support of religion, or indeed of even the recognition of any religion. We have the high authority of the late Judge Story of the Supreme Court of the United States for saying that it is unconstitutional for any one to "be compelled to . . . support any place of worship or to maintain any ministry against his consent."

What is this exemption of Church property from taxation but an "evasion"?

What difference does it make whether our legislators openly donate so much of the public money every year to the support of the Churches, or whether such Churches are exempted by legislative action from the operation of a general tax law? None whatever.

"Tax exemption is equivalent to direct appropriation." "An exemption is simply the presentation of a receipted bill for taxes."

In this country, where we are wont to indulge in the proud boast of freedom from any "entangling alliance" whatever with the Church, we are contributing to the support of the Church, practically, precisely the same as in those countries where a union of Church and State is recognized.

The exemption of Church property from taxation, in utter disregard of the rights of a minority, is an abuse of power which should be expected only from monarchical governments. It is opposed to every principle upon which a republican government is founded.

Let no one say that we have not a union of Church and State in this country so long as the practice of exempting Church property from taxation continues.

The attendants of these untaxed Churches talk of morality, of honesty, of justice! Can there be anything more unjust, more dishonest, and consequently more immoral than the acts of

Church members who countenance such an evasion of law, such a violation of principle, such gross wrong to other members of the community?

This is not a question in favor of—or against—any religion, but of *principle*, the principle that every member of the community is entitled to the same rights, precisely, as any other member of the community, and that no person shall be required to pay for the support of the Christian religion any more than a Christian should be required to pay for the support of Mohammedanism, of Agnosticism, or of (what is known among Christians as) Infidelity. Thomas Jefferson says, "It is wicked and tyrannical to compel any man to support a religion in which he does not believe."

The theory of our government is that all interests that are protected by the State should contribute equally to the support of the State. If the Churches do not contribute to the support of the State they are clearly not entitled to the protection of the State. Churches are protected by our police and fire departments, and when injured or destroyed by mob violence the city pays for the damages done; and yet they contribute not a dollar for the protection accorded them.

Every taxpayer is greatly interested in this question of exempting Church property from taxation; for every dollar that is exempted becomes so much additional burden upon the non-exempt; the non-exempt being compelled to pay whatever sum may be exempted. An illustration may give force to this fact. We suppose a community to exist where there are but two owners of real property, and where it is necessary to raise by tax, say \$5,000 for its support. Each owner consequently contributes \$2,500 in taxes. But if one of these owners is exempt from the payment of his tax, of course the burden of the whole \$5,000 falls upon the other. Here is seen the great injustice, the gross outrage, done to the non-exempt owner.

Samuel B. Duryea, of Brooklyn, very properly says: "All exemption of Church property, on the ground that it is a religious corporation, is a trespass upon the freedom, liberty and equality of the thought of the people . . . Any institution that is exclusive has no right to claim exemption, and if it is unable to exist without State support, it should be swept away."

Benjamin Franklin says: "A religion that depends on the State for support, is, for that reason, a bad religion."

The New York *Evening Post*, while conducted by William Cullen Bryant, said: "The separation of Church and State should include the total discontinuance of contributions of public moneys, direct or indirect, to the support any religious institution."

President Garfield said: "The divorce between Church and State should be so absolute that no Church property anywhere, in any State or in the Nation, should be exempt from equal taxation."

Professor A. L. Rawson says: "The votaries of the Bible, by the exemption of Church property from taxation, divert a considerable portion of the public revenue to sectarian purposes. This they do in a government whose fundamental law contains a protest against the methods of government by the Church. In that way they enjoy equal protection for their Church property and withhold the taxes by which that protection is secured."

The New York *Times* recently said: "Through the exemption of Church property the people have to pay towards the support of all Churches, without reference to their own belief in the teachings of any of them There is no reason why large plots of land and costly edifices should be free from taxes, while the humble home of the poor has, *on that account*, to pay an *increased* share to the public revenue."

James Parton says: "Whatever property the State protects ought to contribute its proportion to the State's support. If Church property is to be exempt from the charge of supporting the government, then should the government be exempt from the charge of protecting it the infinite wrong of taxing a workingman's home to its full value and letting a ten million dollar cathedral go tax free."

Rev. Franklin Wilson, before the Taxpayers' Association of Baltimore, said (in substance): "The Mohammedan, Mormon, Spiritualist, Agnostic, may demand exemption as well as the Christian. Again, injustice is shown when the rich, refined church-goers of the elegant cathedral receive a far larger exemption bonus than the hard-working, devoted members of the mission chapel."

Rev. Dr. Shipman, of Christ Church, New York City, says: "That which is protected by government, may justly be com-

pelled to maintain it. . . . I would like to see all Church property throughout this land taxed to the last dollar's worth."

The late Bishop Phillips Brooks says: "Every institution in which the doctrine of a particular Church is inculcated ought, for its own sake and for the State's sake, to be guarded most jealously from any connection with State support."

Protests against the great wrong of exempting Church property from taxation have been heard from a large majority of the secular press of this country, also from many religious publications, notably the *Independent* and *Christian Union*.

The Baptist Preachers Association of Baltimore recently voted in favor of taxing Church property.

The *Christian Statesman* says that "the Jarvis Street Baptist Church of Toronto recently adopted a resolution declaring its protest against the exemption of Church property from taxation, as being contrary to the principle which ought to regulate the relation of the State to all ecclesiastical bodies."

Encouragement may be gathered from the fact that the subject of taxing Church property is being agitated in all parts of our country, and as showing that some progress has already been made it may be mentioned that in the State of California, Washington and New Hampshire, Church property—under certain conditions—is now subject to taxation.

A careful examination of authorities on the subject of the value of Church property in the United States which is exempt from taxation, induces the selection of the figures of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in his "Ten Great Religions," as conservative estimates and which seem approximately correct. These are, in 1850, \$87,000,000; 1860, \$171,000,000; 1870, \$354,000,000.

Samuel Roberts, in the Illinois Social Science Club (July 25, 1891), estimated exempt Church property in 1880 at \$746,294,833.

These figures (about doubling each decade) justify Judge Westbrook in estimating exempt Church property in 1890 at \$1,500,000,000. And also justify General Grant's estimate for 1900 of \$3,000,000,000.

At two per cent. on this sum there are *sixty millions* of dollars of taxes unpaid by those whose property is protected by the State and who in all justice *should* pay them, but which taxes are forced by wrongful exemptions, from the pockets of those who have no direct interest in the property exempted.

At the above rate of increase in the value of church property we may expect to see it rise in 1930 to \$25,000,000,000, and to the impressive figures in 1950 of \$100,000,000,000.

In Thaddeus B. Wakeman's able address before the Legislature, on the subject of tax exemption he states that "in February, 1885, the New York City commissioners made a report to the Legislature of the State, in which it was shown that in said city property actually occupied by churches and exempted from all taxation amounted to \$42,137,500, miscellaneous exempted property (not public) \$33,394,930; nearly all of this (miscellaneous exempted) property is under the control and influence of the Churches." So that to the amount exempted from taxation for property "actually occupied by the Churches should be added, say 75 per cent. for *other* untaxed institutions under the control and influence of the Churches."

Assuming that in other parts of the country there is a similar exemption from taxation of property under control of the Churches, in addition to the exempted property actually occupied by the Churches,—say 75 per cent. additional—and we are forced to add to the figures, which we have stated as the amount which in 1950 we may expect to see the value of Church property rise to, the sum of \$75,000,000,000.

Nor is this all. If we consider the remitting to the Churches and to institutions controlled by them, of assessments for improvements, which *all others* are compelled to pay; also the amount *directly* appropriated to religious organizations *annually*, and the *occasional* gifts to churches, etc.; we are far under the mark (we think) when we add therefor 25 per cent. on the estimated amount of Church property exempted from taxation.

These estimates are confirmed by Mr. Wakeman, who says: "The property actually in use by Churches in this State and exempted will amount to \$150,000,000, while the institutions, etc., under their practical influence and control will doubtless more than *double* that amount."

Calling the population of New York State, about one-tenth of that of the United States, the figures of Mr. Wakeman—\$150,000,000, for exempted Church property in New York State,—corresponds with General Grant's estimate of \$1,500,000,000, for the exempted Church property of the United States in 1890 and (assuming that Church property doubles in value every decade)

it also corresponds with our expectation of \$100,000,000,000 as the value in the United States in 1950 of Church property alone ; and if we add to this double that sum for other exempt property under the control of the Church (further to correspond with Mr. Wakeman's figures), we have the startling figures of \$200,000,000,000, as the value of the property of Churches and in control of them in 1950 and in 1975—during the life-time of many now living—the appalling sum of \$1,000,000,000,000!!

What reflection do these figures suggest? Do they not turn the thoughts of meditative people to those periods in the history of the world when a remedy was sought for the injustice and wrong of government protection to Church property, by exempting it from taxation, and thus increase the holdings of property by the Church and the corresponding decrease of the holdings of other property?

In the contemplation of the above figures we cannot too earnestly or too speedily sound the note of warning of the consequences sure to befall our country, if the aphorism that "history repeats itself," prove true with us.

Col. Ingersoll says: "If Church property is allowed to go without taxation, it is only a question of time when the Churches will own a large percentage of the property of the civilized world and thus become dangerous to the liberties of mankind."

E. J. Donnell, Esq., of New York City, says: "Taxation and the private and corporate ownership of property have always been practically recognized as inseparable conditions of industrial society. The time always comes, when society recognizes as a truth that *property exempted from taxation becomes* in time, in equity, *the property of the whole community*. The frequent confiscations of Church property during the past three or four centuries, could not have taken place without that justification. The long exemption from taxation enjoyed by the Church and the nobility in France fully justified the confiscations that took place during the great revolution. In my opinion the revolutionary government stopped far short of its rights in that case."

In the New York *Tribune* of February 22, 1873, is a communication from a Roman Catholic clergyman, well known for his enlightened mind and public spirit. After speaking of the great wrong to the non-exempt by the exemption of Church property, he says: "The State will sell the property of its citizens for non-

payment of taxes. No one questions the right of the State to do so. Well, then, if one portion of the community pays the taxes of another portion (which is practically done where the latter portion is exempt from taxation) may not such (former) portion become of right the owner of the exempted property? May it not, in justice, demand it? This is a serious view to take, but is it not equity? Any how it *has often led to confiscation.*"

Mr. Wakeman says: "The question will have to be tried out, which is the real government of the people, the Republic or the Church?"

General Grant says: "Such vast amount of untaxed Church property, receiving all the protection and benefits of the government, without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay the taxes; and if permitted to continue will probably lead to great trouble in our land before the close of the nineteenth century; possibly to sequestration without constitutional authority *and through blood.*"

James Parton says: "In some countries of the old world one-fourth, in others one-half, of the property of the realm was exempt from taxation. . . . At the beginning of the French revolution two-fifths in quantity and more than one-half in value of the real property in France belonged to the Church.

. . . . What was the consequence? Bankruptcy, pauperism and finally revolution and confiscation. It is a philosophical truth that the same causes, under the same circumstances, will produce the same effects. Let us then learn wisdom from the folly of others and make *all* property bear its share of the common burdens; and thus escape injustice, dishonesty, pauperism, as well as revolution and confiscation. We commenced wrong by exempting *any* property from taxation. Let us take a new departure, before it is too late."

The unjust practice of exempting Church property from taxation was part of that abominable system by which the people were forced to contribute their efforts, their influence and their money in support of the "divine right" of priests and of kings, and it is to the great Christian (!) emperor that we are indebted for inaugurating the practice.

Says Mr. Duryea: "As early as the year 359, an attempt was made to have the lands belonging to the Church exempt from

all taxation. It was due to the demoralizing influence of the reign of Constantine, when the Church united in the political intrigues of a corrupt empire. Throughout all the conflicts among nations to the present day, the evil influence of the uniting of Church and State may be traced through every Christian nation on the face of the earth."

It is difficult to understand how any honorable Christian can defend such a wrong as that of compelling non-Christians to contribute to the support of the Christian religion, unless it be that Christians regard the dogmas of the Church of more importance than principle, than justice, than constitutional provisions of law. And it is also difficult to understand how any intelligent and patriotic Christian can shut his eyes to the calamitous consequence which, in time, is *sure* to result from the enormous and alarming growth of the Church, by reason of the system, against which this article is written as a most profoundly earnest and solemn protest.

L I F E.

By HUDOR GENONE.

ALTHOUGH I call this article "Life," it is an essay on the subject of immortality; life being simply an expression for the already always existent, the best illustration of my meaning being perhaps found in the electric light, which is made manifest by an imperfect conductor, but exists in all its potency in the wire. The principle of life is simply nature in its highest phase.

When the average person asserts a belief in a continuous existence after death, he is usually content to base his belief upon what he is pleased to consider "faith" in the supposed divine authority of some assumed "revelation." This average person at the present date is generally a "believer" in "the immortality of the soul," because he has been sedulously trained from his youth up in the doctrines of an organization holding as the first and greatest commandment, "Thou shalt not investigate." This is all the more curious because St. Paul, whom all believers regard as a "revealer," distinctly says, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

Another curious point concerning this sort of average person: he does not know what immortality means nor what soul means, and yet claims to believe in both and regards anyone who tries to tell him as a most unholy terror.

Again there is another class of "average persons," most of whom claim to be, and are, after a fashion, freethinkers, who, perceiving that "matter" seems to possess an attribute of eternity, and also perceiving that "mind" seems, under most circumstances, to dominate matter, declare for the immortality of the mind chiefly on the basis of the analogy.

Another class contends that as matter in its last analysis is unfindable, but seemingly material forever, so it is not unreasonable that there should be a sort of material, or substantial mind essence, which is, they argue, the soul, and which is immortal.

There are a multiplicity of other views on this subject, including those of so-called freethinkers who affirm denial of all positive assertions of opinion, and including also a certain number who call themselves Agnostics. The main point about this is that it is all guess-work, all views, and opinions.

Now my mind is so constituted as to be quite indifferent to an opinion, unless it comes from an expert. As it happens there appear to be no experts on this theme to whom we can apply with confidence. I presume that if a party for whose veracity I had entertained a respect in life, being unquestionably dead in the flesh, should visit me under circumstances forbidding thought of trickery, and he should assure me sacredly of his own reality, I should believe him. But how would it be an hour or so after he had left? Inevitably reason would assert itself, and even the best accredited of heavenly visions would be pronounced the morbid delusion of an unhealthy imagination.

If, then, revelation appears inconclusive, materialism illogical, and even reason avows itself unable to rely with confidence upon the report of its own servants, the senses, what remains for restless inquiry to procure that peace which passeth all understanding? Surely on all bases of opinion man disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up ideas, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

Let us then discard all opinion, and, relying solely upon the facts which are known, see if there be not something both positive and perpetual, of which we can truly say, This is true. Let us

see if there be not that which we can dignify within us, a certainty that shall enable a man to say of his soul, O king, live forever.

It is within the power of intellect to regard this sensible, warm motion as a mechanism. Even within the sphere of mechanics, intellect is often baffled, and beyond that sphere always and inevitably. Look, for a moment, upon a steam engine. You know it for what it is,—from history as the invention of the man race; from knowledge acquired by observation and experience as an assemblage of parts; its purpose to transmute, utilize, and convey energy. Reason, of itself, is conclusive that man is nothing more; he, too is an apparatus, an assemblage of parts; his purpose to transmute, utilize and convey. If the steam engine dies shall it live again? Surely if this question may properly be asked of one mechanism, it may of the other. And an answer which shall be conclusive as to the one ought to be convincing as to the other. The engine dies: the apparatus, after a career brief or long, after a period fulfilling its functions more or less well, is suffered to go to ruin or is taken apart, and in either case its opportunity ends, it virtually dies. The fuel is no longer supplied; the steam ceases to form; the energy ends. Is not that a death?

But the hulk remains, till after the lapse of years, slowly but surely, the iron corrodes, and at the last the firm fabric dissolves like a vision's baseless image. There is a clamorous philosophy which asserts that the component parts of the engine (aye, and of the man also) alone endure; they alone are immortal. I do not say they are not, because I do not know. Here we must all default in our debt to knowledge; here we are all agnostic. But there is a something connected with that dead mechanism which has inevitably some of the supposed attributes of immortality. The operation is ended; the work is done; but the effect of the machine, the character of its duty, through all combinations, remains.

Another illustration: I think, and somewhere, somehow in the brain machinery that thought takes conscious form. I speak, and another apparatus has fulfilled its purpose. I write, and again the material media are used. I print, and yet another. But the motions of the tongue, and teeth, and larynx, and lips cease from their functions. The pen rusts, the ink fades, the

paper decays. The type with which I have printed is distributed, the printed sheets in time decay also.

There is no immortality in any medium. But there may be life eternal abiding in it. If the thought be great it will endure. They who have heard me speak will repeat my words. They who have read my writings will perpetuate them, and new editions shall keep that part of me which is worthy alive.

We do not usually moralize, certainly we do not mourn over a worn-out steam engine; nor do we bewail the shutting of our lips, or the last stroke of the pen, or grieve that the type has returned to the font that gave it. But how is it when we stand wet-eyed by the beloved cadaver? Is there not then within the stoutest heart, the most logical mind, an eternal instinct ever and wholly unsatisfied with all that intellect can give?

Now comes that gibbering fiend of doubt to torment us with the futility of knowledge. Through all the ages shall we be conscious of that character, over which we have perhaps toiled so arduously? One thing I surely know: If the bare and barren performance of duty fixed forever his destiny, none that lives (so greatly does evil preponderate in man's best efforts) but would gladly forego his hope of an eternity, choosing rather, if he could choose, the beneficence of an eternal sleep.

Do you realize what a horror it would be to wake after this fitful fever, with all opportunity to redress and restore forever at an end? With an immortal memory, grown clear-visioned perhaps in the heavenly atmosphere, Paradise itself would be a perpetual curse.

There comes indeed an hour into every life, however steeled against illusions, when Despair itself awakens Hope. If a man die shall he live again? Alas! call we low or loud no answer comes to this supremest question. Knowledge, rich with the spoils of time, has never yet lifted the veil of Isis. Is the grave a treacherous reef whereon the barque of our treasure ship has been wrecked; or is this the port from which an adventurous spirit has sailed for the discovery of new and nobler worlds? Has the key been here turned in an eternal bastille; or has the imprisoned soul, free forever, scaled the walls of time? If we had not this hope; if our nature was destitute of this aspiration, when his hour came a mortal could perhaps lie down, calmly, as to a

night's repose, thankful for the brief gift of living, content to die eternally.

But we have this hope: it is, in some shape, a part of the constituent elements of our being, howsoever acquired. And by that hope, and by the presence within us of a conscious capacity, our mechanism differs from that whose immortality we have already found. We, too, have a character, scientifically eternal, in the quality of the duty we have done.

Like a weary caravan, our race is toiling on through deep and shifting sands of doubt. Lightnings and fevers, like the rain and sunshine, fall alike upon the evil and the good; the serpent stings; the rabid brute and man run amuk, and oftentimes it is the most innocent suffers first or worst. How ghastly a failure this world has been to a great multitude. If this be all, if somewhere there be no green pastures and still waters, then, in the name of Justice, divide! divide! Take from the miser's hoard to eke out a livelihood for the starving, and give half the pace of the swift to the sluggard, for surely then is Evil triumphant in the universe, and Wrong has baffled Justice.

Such is worldly wisdom's best. But let us remove ourselves from the atmosphere of the world. Stand for a moment upon a pinnacle of thought, the Chumalaree of the brain, and sweep with a bird's eye the horizon of time. History is but a clock's tick. In the twinkling of an eye we trace the long geologic periods. The monsters of the dawn disport and breed, each after his kind, and perish. Slide after slide slips through the magic lens, flits across the curtain of fancy, and is gone. The earth brings forth grass, the herb bearing seed, ever less and less complex, to the tiny cell that quivers with its wonderful potency. Then all is lifeless, and the mechanics of the universe work their mysterious will alone.

The glaciers whiten the globe; they disappear, the seas wrap it; they are lapped up by the thirst-clouds. Now the earth reddens with the glow of its internal fires. It is all fire,—a furious, seething mass, rolling billows of flame. Now the nucleus narrows, and greater and wider and more and more attenuated the fire foam stretches sunward. Now it has gone; the heavenly abyss has swallowed up its shape, and round about the central star it slowly whirls,—a ring of fiery mist dwindling, till absorbed in the corona of the sun.

Whence came that sun? History failed us first, then the sciences, one by one, till now, on the horizon's far verge, by the dull light of speculative physics, we scan the certain process which garnered the grain of light from the fields of darkness, and winnowed the world out of chaos.

And if in that light was stored the potency and promise of the life that now is, is it unreasonable or even out of accord with nature's marvelous ways to hope for immortality?

Hear the voice of Power from the burning bush, whence, wasteless and unconsumed, all potency of life flows in a continuous stream. What is it lives in that mysterious photosphere? What is the meaning of those wonderful faculæ? Perhaps they, like ourselves, are alive, and they too die, and dying, their souls, leaving the majestic swirl and vortex, are carried up into the bright corona, thence to be launched across the pathless space. Think what wondrous things reside in rays of sunlight! And what is a sun ray? Nothing, so science seems to say, but motion, and, as we may safely affirm, Influence.

So continuously speed forth these living things, some to fall by the wayside, to perish or to prosper,—who can tell?—in Hermes or Astarte. Others go, now falling, some at Ares, some at Jove, or where the frozen planets swing through their long, lonely years, even to far Ouranus. Perhaps,—for who can tell?—that ray silvering to-night the stark and sterile moon sinned in the sun's dominion.

Overhead hung the domed corona, glaring down like a brazen demon, so bright it blinded. What recked those citizens of an earlier world when, one by one, their comrades left them? They prayed to destiny and cursed at fate, and took for Nature's cruel, aimless course the incessant, heaving motion that was life, and called,—as we do,—dissolution death. They in their turn went thence, and Helios glowed and seethed, not taking note of their departure.

But for the sinless beams, the quick who seek by faith to find some fertile spot to make it pregnant, have they motive kin to mine? How fares it with the rays impinging on our earth? Can that be death when over a myriad leagues the rhythm of Action flashes?

Here in eight minutes, as mortals feebly reckon time, between the death and judgment, these guests of earth take their allotted

chambers for a night. One sleeps in bud to vivify a rose; one in the loins of beast; and one,—oh! favorite guest,—this groping hand that clutches at the truth; all carved out of nature's substance, lifeless till vivified by life of Power.

Long ago I abandoned all superstition. But I have found the hypotheses of science as absurd as those of dogma. I prefer the white science of Certainty,—the religion of Principle. What does it matter whether we say, with mechanics, "Action and reaction are ever equal, contrary, and simultaneous," or, with the scriptures "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"? The expression differs; the idea is one; or what does it matter whether we say with logic, "Cause and effect," or with Jesus, "Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"?

So live, not seeking fame, not caring for personality; grateful for opportunity, indifferent to blame or praise; trusting to nothing but the worthy lights; gladly willing that the unworthiness should perish. So live, knowing you have the choice to sink in slime of self, here to abate your godness, or to rise to a more grand corona crowning time.

So live, content to be the best you can. And go at the last (or see your loved one go) content to take as Power wills, eternal tranquil sleep, or some new station in the everlasting halls, through all the chances of continuous change.

IS THERE A GOD?

By DR. ROBERT GREER.

TO stimulate thought among Atheists and Materialists, I propose to advance some argument in proof of a Deity, or race of deities, somewhere in the inner circles of nature, and the possible builders of the universe—from a rational standpoint.

Although there is no science known among men, under heaven, whereby to disprove the existence of a Supreme Being, yet there are scientists and others who, in the face of reason and of universal sense, declare "There is no God."

To my mind there can be no doubt whatever of his existence, for, judging from reason and nature, I argue that there must exist somewhere, in the boundless realms of spirit or space, a

divine order, or one of a divine order of supernatural, intelligent beings, who is the infinite and eternal Deity—the Lord of the universe. Thus, the existence of God, in my opinion, is self-evident and apparent to all intelligent observers.

The question, however, is not where is God, or how many deities, or representative deities, there may be in the universe, or how many gods and goddesses, or female divinities, there may be in our solar system, or how many subordinate gods, or provincial deities, there may be in the divine administration of this planet? The question, too, is not, who is God—whether Buddha, Brahma, Christ, or Jehovah, the Indians' "Great Spirit" or the Christians' "Our Father"? But the question is—is there a God? What rational proof have we for his existence? Is God a person or a principle? The atheists declare that there is no God, that all nature is simply the result of chance or law of gravitation. But atheists fail to inform us where the ingredients or elementary principles in the formation of nature first came from; or, who invented the law of gravitation; or, who first originated life, light and intelligence. Some scientists say that they have discovered in certain deep waters the earliest type of physical life, in a faintly vital *minute* substance, called protoplasm. This protoplasm, they say, is the original, physical basis of life in the material foundation of all organic structure, and that man and all organic life is the outgrowth of this dainty little protoplasm. But these scientists, who are generally atheists, forgetting that every child of nature must have had a mother, and every mother a parent, and every parent an ancestor, they fail to inform us as to where the elementary activity in the protoplasm first came from. But, perhaps, like Topsy, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the first protoplasm never had a mother, never had a father, nor nothing, never was born, but only grew.

If the doctrine of evolution be true, how strange it is that protoplasms do not nowadays, as formerly, cut such figures as prime factors in creating men or peopling the globe. Or, if evolution be true, how strange it is that we do not witness the necessary transformations from the lower to the higher form of life, till merging into man.

I wish that scientists would give us facts in this direction instead of theories, for one fact well demonstrated would be worth ten thousand theories or hypotheses. Theories, remember,

are only opinions, and opinions are not authenticated facts, nor are they to be regarded as such. Therefore, do not mistake theories for facts. The greatest theorists are men having generally the fewest facts. There is a great deal of theory in the world which is nothing more than a bewildering puzzle to mankind. Therefore, O ye scientists, give us facts in this direction. It is facts the people want. Then we shall know who is master of the situation in man's creation, whether God or protoplasm. I wish, too, that these scientific celebrities, employed in speculative science, would be more particular, and confine their written thought to what they know and not what they imagine. For, after all, speculative science, like speculative theology, may prove a grand delusion. For instance, these scientists write and say there is no God, but they do not tell us how they happen to know it. For, as I have before stated, there is no science under heaven, known among men, whereby to disprove the existence of God. True, scientists recognize the great potentialities of nature, but scientists fail to see that these potentialities are simply the property of Deity or agencies of the Divine, tracing the thought of God—giving intelligent expression to all nature.

As force, then, is simply the servant of Deity, do not concede all to the servant and ignore the great master, for remember, there never was a stream which did not have a fountain, and there never was a child who did not have a father. So, when the great light of nature shines into your eyes, do not mistake that light of the sun's rays for the great body of light itself. Or, when you have discovered elemental force in nature, do not mistake that fractional or minor force for the great basic or fundamental force itself.

Remember, also, that there is a law, an established law, which governs that force, and there is also an intelligence which governs that law. The power or intelligence that governs anything is always superior to the things governed. Law governs force; law implies a law-giver; law is evidence of intelligence. Were there no intelligence there would be no law, nor law-making power.

If you want evidence of intelligence in law, behold the law and order of nature. Therefore, do not mistake the agencies of Deity for the Deity himself.

But, to the point: Were an atheist to come to me for arguments in proof of a Deity, I would simply try to reason with him

on the principles of cause and effect, showing that for every effect there must be a cause; that without a cause there could be no effect. To illustrate, I would refer him to the stupendous mechanism of the universe; the grandeur of this sublunary world and the dazzling glory of the visible heavens; or, in other words, I would refer him to the wonders of the natural world; the existence and motion of the sun, moon and comets, planets and stars. For, who, I ask, when he looks upon the heavens, studded with stars, can doubt that there is a God?

I would next refer him to the revolution of the earth, revolving, as it does, upon its axis, and traveling in space at the rate of one thousand miles an hour, causing the changes of day and night and the changes of the seasons, by sweeping around the sun at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour. I would next refer him to the marvellous growth of the vegetable world, and to the still more wonderful development of the animal creation, not forgetting to impress upon his mind that the endless variety of the earth's products was seemingly designed for the use and benefit of earth's children; for without the use and benefit of the earth's products, earth's children could not exist.

Referring to the wonders of creation in this relation, is it not strange that, notwithstanding man has effected wonders in the arts, science and industries, and is every day advancing in knowledge and power, yet what has man created or made to compare with the works of creation? Why, he is surpassed by nature in her humblest efforts. Man cannot put life into any of his works. He cannot so much as make one single blade of grass, nor does he even know how grass germinates or grows. Next, in order, I would refer the atheist to the immutable laws of the universe, and forces of nature which govern and control and sustain all things, and to which all things are subject and must obey. If all these arguments were not sufficient to convince the atheistic mind, I would next refer him to the wonderful phenomena of spiritual manifestations, such as the reappearance of the dead, giving unmistakable evidence of the spiritual side of nature, and otherwise demonstrating beyond a doubt the home of angels or the kingdom of the Gods.

All these, including conscious life in man, and human intelligence, are to me evidences of God, as plain as day. Besides, I have seen celestial beings, and have heard their voices many

times, for frequently they have come to me in answer to desire, in behalf of my patients, and their direction and advice have always proved infallible.

But to my mind it is not necessary to employ arguments to establish what is so very axiomatic or reasonable, namely, that there is a God; for it is plain and obvious to every man's sense and understanding, that there must be some first cause, some eternal being, or otherwise nothing could ever have been.

The existence of things universally proves the existence of God, for how can anything exist or come to pass without a cause? If not, then we are led up through a chain of subordinate causes to one great first cause. No chance could possibly have shaken creation into its beautiful order. We might as well suppose that the combinations of alphabetical chance would produce a volume of poems, a Webster's dictionary or a daily newspaper. I would rather believe in all the most absurd tales of fiction ever invented for the credulous; all the fables of the Talmud and the Alcoran, than I would believe that the universal nature is without a founder, a designer, a master mind, an architect, a builder.

Contrivance, mechanical contrivance, incontestably proves a contriver, prior to and out of itself. Just as the printing press, the camera, the electric telegraph, the steam engine or the electric light, are proof of human device and human existence, so the universe of nature is proof of the divine. As the inventor must in all cases precede the invention, so God, the Creator, must have existed prior to nature. Or, in other words, cause, in all cases, must exist before effect. Thus reason is the exponent of nature, and nature is the exponent of God.

Now, as to the origin of Deity, you ask, who existed before God if God existed before nature; or, in other words, you ask, how came God into existence? I answer that when I see God as he is, or behold him with my eyes as I do nature, than I shall possibly be better able to inform you. For then I shall be a God.

Of course, like certain scientists, or wiseacres, who theorize on the origin of nature, from what they term the "atomic theory," etc., so I might theorize on the origin of God. But as theories are only conjectures, I prefer to wait for facts. Those facts, however, I fear we shall never know, till permitted to learn them from Deity himself, and till then, it will, in my opinion, be pre-

sumptuous for man to speculate on the origin of God, for if man cannot comprehend the origin of man, how can man comprehend the origin of God?

The subject, I claim, is too vastly deep and too vastly incomprehensible for any human intelligence to grasp. No student of nature, however, in his right mind, in search after God, can fail to behold him in the glory of his handwriting, which may be seen upon every page of the universal book of nature. In that divine, indelible handwriting, too, are mirrored the wonderful thought and matchless wisdom of God.

The meanest insect we can see, or the most contemptible weed we can tread upon, is sufficient to confound atheism, and to baffle all its pretensions. But the atheist is more than confounded by the universal structure of things around him. They must be infatuated, imbecile or insane, or they must be depraved, indeed, who can say that there is no God; for such a saying is contrary to natural light and reason, and is in direct opposition to the common sentiments of all the wiser and more sober part of mankind.

A belief in the existence of God is the basis of all religions; a belief in the existence of God is as old as the beginning, and as universal as the race. No savage nation has ever yet been found destitute of a belief in a Supreme Being. Even savage nations, sunk in the greatest darkness imaginable, retain some sense and awe of a Deity. On review of the whole, whatever atheists may say, the necessary conclusion or fact is—a Deity, an eternal, self-existing, spiritual and intelligent being.

Therefore, O ye atheists! look again and consider; think deeply and intensely of the glories of the universe; look heavenward and behold the majestic orb of day which ministers to the comfort and happiness of the natural world. Think, too, of the great, invisible propelling power which propels the universe; and think of the still more wonderful intelligent power which must control the propelling power so as to keep it in perpetual motion. Surely, if potential energy or force must propel matter, then mind must govern force.

Behold, also, those countless millions of shining stars, or ponderable globes, sailing in silver seas, or floating in the boundless ethereal expanse. Listen, too, to the sighing of the winds; the warbling of the birds and the music of the rippling waters;

and listen, also, to the awful crashing sound of electric light and thunder, caused by uncongenial force seeking gravitation.

Behold, also, the boundless treasures of this green earth, and the gorgeous flowers which decorate it.

And while you breathe the perfumed vital air,
Gaze in wonder upon the landscape fair.

And ask yourself the question; who or what inventive genius originated all this truly grand and beautiful nature? Who, but the great omnipotent divine who governs all things, from the atom in the dewdrop to countless myriads of solar systems.

Galen, a celebrated ancient physician, who was scientific rather than religious, on viewing the mechanism of the human body, promptly declared in favor of a Deity. The marks of design in everything, both within and without us, are too real and too convincing to deny. Design must have had a designer; that designer must have been a person; that person, God.

Some people have an idea that God is not a person but a principle, or an inorganic something. But, how can this be? For you cannot conceive of God apart from intelligence, and you cannot conceive of intelligence apart from organic structure. There is no intelligence, whatever, outside of a living organism, or organic structure. An inorganic structure would be utterly devoid of life, and sense, and motion, and would not possess one single attribute of the divine. Such a God would be inert, and deaf, and dumb, and blind. Therefore, what nonsense, O man! to deny to God, the great spirit, what you claim for yourself and for all spirits, namely, personality.

There are others who have an idea that God is located everywhere in nature and nowhere in particular. But if God is a person and not a principle, this would be impossible, for no organic body could be on every planet, or in all parts of the universe, at one and the same time. The agencies of God, however, can be everywhere—and there is nowhere in nature where the agencies of God are not, to represent him. But the agencies of God are one thing and the personality of God is another.

Some argue against God because of the seeming malevolence in nature, and because of the evils and imperfections of life. True, there are incidents in nature, and accidents and incidents in life, which result in disaster, devastation and death, but what

of that, if death be the law and order of nature, and wisely designed for all?

In view of immortality, death, to us, should have no terrors, because if death is designed to one great end, namely, the population of the spiritual universes, then it matters not how we are transported to that better life. Death, I believe, has its important uses. It comes to set the spirit free from the prison-house in which nature has confined it, and it matters not how the wrap or casket of the soul is broken, whether by fire or water, murder or legal killing, malignant malady, poison or hydrophobia. "One adequate support for the calamities of mortal life exists, one only; an assured belief that the procession of our fate, however sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being of infinite benevolence and power, whose everlasting purposes embraces all accidents, converting them to good."

In conclusion, it is only necessary for me to add that God lives, and moves, and has a being. We know by reason and observation, by inward consciousness and latent conviction, that he exists. We also know that God, through the controlling action of his laws, is not malevolent—but benevolent in all his purposes toward humanity. Or, in other words, we know that God is a being of infinite perfections, for the perfections of God are clearly seen in all the works of his creation and providence.

And if one Deity exists, why may not many? The idea of one only Supreme, Creative Divinity, in all this vast universe, as some theologians claim, is simply ridiculous and utterly indefensible. Why may there not be as many deities in nature as there are twinkling stars or shining planets?

JAMES A. STEPHENS, of Brockville, Canada, when sending his subscription, writes:

Now a word or two about the Magazine. Conversant as I am with both printing and binding, and possibly not the worst judge in the world of the contents also, allow me therefore to speak a word of commendation for the outcome of your most earnest endeavor. Taken in its entirety it is a clean product. Keep it so. Let the motto of some Christians, "Holiness unto the Lord," be ours in a sense, or, say Consecration to the Truth. How will that do? The truth in love and the spirit of forbearance. Say scholarly

things, nay, strong things where necessary. Holyoake seems a master here, strong indeed, but inoffensive. The pledge, too, for the young is just what it should be. I desire very especially to feel that in calling the attention of parties to the Magazine, I am offering nothing low, vulgar, or, intellectually considered as well as morally, discreditable. Some time ago I sent a number by post with a view of getting a subscriber—must look it up. I have just had one returned from one of our town ministers—I gave it him to read Rev. R. E. Campbell on "Modern Doubt." The idea of doubters being in the "Apostolic succession," is as good as it is unique.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE TWAIN.

BY ZOA TOPSIS.

BRIGHT Genius, like the granite stratum deep,
To sunlight rose, but where convulsions raged :
Perhaps but twice across one continent ;
Whilst, 'neath the level plane of stagnant thought,
It lies unseen, " unhonored and unsung."
When one who gives life's torch to light a race
Doth pass, a solemn darkness veils the land ;
Yet, in his death, Truth is crowned conqueror.

Here looms a man the world will ever mourn :
His is a grave and melancholy face,
Laid o'er a soul of purest mother-wit ;
A joyous river 'neath a sombre shade ;
As ruler of our land, a Solon wise,
The native product of our virgin soil.
In oratory, trenchant, but sublime—
Sublime in unassumed simplicity,
To put, with rarest tact, the truths he felt.
In pathos, melting like May's spring-tide sun ;
In intellect, gigantic, massive, vast ;
In heart as tender as a sweet-souled child.
He is the firm, dry crust of Nature's loaf,
Steeped in the golden cream of Poetry.
So great, so grand, in purpose always high,
That Nature sends but one each hundred years.
She cannot well afford to have such killed,
Or, like Prometheus, let them suffer long.
Save Washington, our best, our greatest man,
Whose Emancipation Proclamation,
And that one speech, sublime as it is simple,
His name with immortality embalm.

The other no less great, in his charmed sphere ;
List sneering Dogmatism dub this man
" The Pagan "—silver-tongued, infilled with thought,
Which place him high in classic company,
Outside dark Superstition's narrow fold.

To him most modest Compliment pays this :
Black Bigotry still closer shuts her eyes,
Where'er the sunlight of his logic shines.
He is the platform Shakespeare of his age,
High priest of Truth, far higher than a Pope
Who emblems Darkness yoked with Ignorance.
Lense-like he gathers close the rays of Truth,
And holds them on the mind, creating warmth,
In honest hearts who fearless welcome Truth,
Or burns red blisters when bright Truth is shunned.

LOOKING BACKWARD AT THOMAS PAINE.

BY C. J. GREENLEAF.

DESCENDANT of the Puritans of the East, it was no wonder that my early impressions of "Tom" Paine (it was always Tom) partook of the gloom, hatred and bitterness with which they surrounded his memory. For a people that "left their country to avoid religious persecution, and came to this to enjoy it," they were adepts in blackening the character of any one who differed with them in the width of a hair as to the tweedledees and tweedledums of religious belief. I could see "Tom," old, drunken, utterly forsaken and friendless, staggering on the street, blaspheming the name of his maker and of everything good, pure and holy, possessed of a devil, yet still held strictly accountable as a free moral agent. A man who could have been a Christian had he wished to, but would not. Strange as it may seem to any student of history, many young people, even those of liberal tendencies, have somewhat similar mental photographs of this man, as reflected by the distorted lens of orthodoxy, and developed by the chemicals of vituperation, hatred and abuse.

At about the same time that my young mentality was presented, and clearly understood (?) that wonderful and awful Trinity of the "Father, Son and Holy Ghost," it also had to wrestle with that other combination of the "world, the devil and Tom Paine." In gambler parlance, orthodoxy seems to think "three of a kind a great hand to draw to," and expect to "fill a house" on the draw. But this last trinity excited my curiosity. I knew, or thought I did, something of the world. I had seen a picture of the devil in the family bible, hoofs, tail, horns and all, and I wished to know something more of Paine. But not until I began to read history did any idea of the true Paine present itself.

It is not the object of this short article to go into anything like a history of this patriot. Conway's Life of Paine, recently published, is well worthy of the careful perusal of every liberal. But in looking backward through the clearer and softer light of the present, if one grain of prejudice can be removed, a single ray of light added to the picture, then space and effort have not been fruitless.

Born in England in 1737, of Quaker parentage, in very lowly circumstances if not absolute poverty, we catch but a faint glimpse of his boyhood life. He was fortunate enough to miss the paring and filling process of the modern graded

school, and at about fourteen years of age was apprenticed to learn a trade. It would be a pleasure to know something more of Paine's immediate ancestry. There must have been some out-cropping not far in advance of the poetic and philosophic taste, even though largely suppressed, that seemed such a part of Paine's whole temperament and being. Unfortunate in business, unfortunate in matrimony, it seemed that nature removed all immediate obstacles, so that he might devote his whole energies, not to the few, but to the many. But not till his arrival in America in 1774, did his real life begin. There must have been quiet growth before this, but it is almost startling to see how suddenly he became imbued with an earnest, fearless and yet discriminating love of liberty, and a noble desire that every living thing should receive its natural heritage. He seemed the first to perceive that liberty was a *right*, not a *gift*. That this right belonged to all classes, conditions, colors and religions. It is not so surprising then, to find that the first work of his pen was a plea for liberty for enslaved Africans.

The dark clouds that prevent a clearer view in our task of looking backward at Paine's time, are the clouds of priestcraft, religious intolerance, and a blind instinct of king worship, a condition of things that the present generation can hardly imagine.

Some one has defined genius as the ability to do certain things better than others. It has always seemed to me the inability to keep from doing them. At least this seemed Paine's condition. Apparently knowing nothing of physical fear, having no fear of consequences or results, he brooded over the sad condition of the colonies. While Franklin, Jefferson, Patrick Henry and others wished for relief from the King's bondage, the people had hardly dared to dream of such a consummation. Various essays from Paine's pen had shown how intensely his mind was working in this direction. And he soon gave evidence that these stray leaves were only the promise of the stalwart oak, by boldly publishing his "Common Sense," advocating in no uncertain terms, Independence. This meant treason in those days. It meant social ostracism, loss of property, espionage, possibly death. Read to-day, it seems like the voice of the present, reaching backward to the past. Like the light of actual experience after the event has transpired, and all the details of its achievement made plain. It strengthened weak hearts and hastened the day of emancipation.

Just how much Paine had to do with forming the Declaration of Independence, will ever be a mooted question. Paine and Jefferson were much together, and if the "deadly parallel" of the modern newspaper writer should be applied to the case, it would be found that very many of the ideas contained in that noble effort had been previously set forth by Paine. But had he actually written it, and had it been adopted as written, it would have contained a clause making the African free. And the momentous effect that this would have had upon modern history, would lead us into speculation utterly beyond the powers of finite intellect.

Laying aside Quaker repugnance to becoming a murderer, even though justified, Paine shoulders his musket and joins the Continental Army. And here his pen was worth a thousand guns. Again and again did his wonderful brain send forth words of strength and encouragement, even when on the retreat and the

cause seemed almost hopeless. Unprejudiced writers declare that the effect of Paine's "Crisis" upon the army and people can scarcely be estimated, and admit that the torch of liberty might have been snuffed out in defeat had it not been for the inspiration of these wonderful productions.

We see Paine at this time the intimate friend and trusted confidant of Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and all the great history-makers of that day. Indeed he was not only the peer of these noble minds, but was the suggestor, and generally the chief instigator, of every plan likely to be of benefit to the country. He seemed equally at home in statesmanship, philosophy, all branches of diplomacy, finance, mechanics, unsurpassed in keen, pithy essays, and a poet of no mean ability. Bryant's History of the United States takes four large volumes to detail events down to a portion only of the war of the rebellion, and finds time to remark incidentally, "Paine was an Englishman with some literary tastes and ambitions," and mentions him as the author of "Common Sense." The paragraph seems flung in incidentally, as a sort of addition or afterthought, and reminds one of a short sentence in Genesis, "and he made the stars, also." Pray excuse; came near forgetting about Paine and the stars.

In 1787 Paine sailed for France, and later visited England. His chief aim seems to have been the introduction of a bridge of his own invention. The bridge was an undoubted success, and he was offered three thousand pounds for two models of it, but he became financially embarrassed too much to push such great projects. And this is no wonder. He had voluntarily surrendered the copyright of "Common Sense," all of his "Crisis" essays, and in fact, surrendered everything and all means of obtaining a livelihood when in America to aid the common cause.

Again the cause of liberty attracted all of Paine's powers, and proved a greater attraction than the loved bridge or the other mechanical inventions in which he was interested. The second part of "The Rights of Man" proved a firebrand to the king-worshippers, and they resolved not only to suppress his work, but the libeler as well. Paine was eager for a trial, and resolved not only to defend his cause personally, but because it was the cause of every man. But at this time he was elected a representative of the National Convention at Calais, and he sailed for France. The lover of liberty would fain linger over these dark and terrible days in France; of how Paine labored unceasingly to "slay the king but save the man;" of his splendid ability and logical arguments prevailing even amid the awful days of the Revolution, of how these grand efforts were ever put forth in the cause of humanity and right. Indeed Paine seemed entirely free from, and wholly ignorant of, any feeling of revenge or malice. He could and did write bitter, scathing things, words that burned like living coals, but it is a pleasure to note that they were ever directed against an error, and some infringement of human right and liberty.

It is evident that these were days of growth and evolution to even Paine's brilliant mind. His field widens. He sees the grand brotherhood of humanity as never before. He recognizes most clearly that he who places shackles upon the mind is worse than he who enslaves the body. And with the prison door open, he finishes his first part of the "Age of Reason," and enters the cell. And here amid sickness, pestilence, yea, in the very shadow of the guillotine, which

was reeking with the blood of others, and from which Paine only escaped by a "special act of Providence," Paine himself writes of this occurrence: "One hundred and sixty eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and one hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day, of which I knew I was to have been one, and the manner I escaped that fate is curious and has all the appearance of an accident." It was the custom to chalk the doors of the condemned, but the mark was put on when the door was open and flat against the wall, and so came on the inside when shut, and the destroyer passed by. Suppose that had happened to Moody or Joe Cook! The philosopher passed his time in writing poetry and prose, and a considerable of the second part of the "Age of Reason." Being released from prison in 1794, the second part of the "Age of Reason" was published the next year,

Paine had already accomplished more work than the average man in a lifetime, and had he ceased his labors without this last publication, he would probably have been entitled to the harp and crown. But not after this. It was a startling act in those days to attack the idea of revelation. Had it been a ranting, sarcastic sally, it might have been forgiven, and would have certainly died long ago. But not such clear, lucid summing up of the case as this: "Revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication. After this it is only an account of something which that person says was a revelation made to him, and though he may find himself obliged to believe it, it cannot be incumbent on me to believe it in the same manner, for it was not revelation made to me, and I have only his word for it that it was made to him." . . . "It is only in the CREATION that all our ideas and conceptions of a word of God can unite. . . . And this word of God (the creation) reveals to man all that is necessary for man to know of God."

If published to-day, the liberal element, if not the progressive, if I may use the term, orthodox, would pronounce it of a religious nature, and such was evidently the intent of the author. That is, he believed fully and firmly in a God. A God, too, of justice and wisdom. But he rebelled against the awful pictures of Jehovah as set forth in the Bible, and did not believe that he had published His laws by "inspiring" any individual or set of them. He therefore rallied to defend the unjustly attacked with all the ardor of the liberty-lover. He asserted that such an image of God could only be the result of gross ignorance on the part of the maker. Of Christ's character he speaks with the utmost respect: "He was a virtuous and amiable man. He was the son of God in like manner that every other person is, for the Creator is the Father of all. Jesus Christ founded no new system. He called men to the practice of moral virtues, and the belief of one God. The great trait in his character is philanthropy." Expecting death in a few hours, he wrote: "That seeing, as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practice the same toward each other, and consequently that everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty." It used to be asserted that Paine was drunk when he wrote these "rantings." If it be so, how many sweet, precious lives a few barrels of his kind of whisky would have saved, if administered to some of the early Christians and Puritans.

I doubt if any one person has the right to thrust his religious beliefs and opinions continually upon another, even though that other be his own child. Indeed, perhaps even less here than elsewhere. These plants should be the result of natural growth. I desire my boys to read everything to their liking that is decent and clean. I desire them to investigate religious beliefs for themselves. They are at perfect liberty to attend orthodox Sunday-schools and churches if they so desire. When of proper age, they could join an orthodox church without disrupting the bonds that bind "we boys" together. I also desire them to read carefully the "Age of Reason," "The Descent of Man," Draper's "Intellectual Development," and other great works. I wish them to see that these men have made no attack on religion; that they have simply been investigators in nature's great storehouse, and have published the facts as they found them; that they are in no way accountable for these facts and their logical conclusions, than the waters of the great river at our door that flow ever southward; but that it is the duty of every fair and just man and woman to defend the memory of these men when unjustly assailed. Let them pick flaws with their facts and theories if possible. Prove them false as Judas himself if so they can. But failing in this it is the lowest depth of meanness and moral depravity to slander and utter falsehoods about another, simply because his belief differed from ours.

But the more bitter the lie the easier and surer the vindication. Carlyle came nearer the truth than he knew when he said: "Common-sense was resolved to free this whole world, and perhaps the other." And the shackles that fell from the weary limbs of Africa's children, are as naught to the unseen bonds that have dropped from the minds of the people in the last half century.

How would liberals of the present day classify a writer that speaks of a historic event as "foretold by our Savior." "Show your faith by your works that God may bless you." "Divine providence intends this country to be the asylum of persecuted virtue from every quarter of the globe." These sound like an oration from Henry Ward Beecher or some other gifted minister—brainy and liberal—but religious.

There is something pathetic and slightly ludicrous in the way the "Age of Reason" was received. Many parts of it are intensely worshipful—not religious—and its reception must have chilled the author as much as a blow would where one had tendered a favor. But such things disturbed the philosopher but little, for the reason was too apparent and exists to-day. It is set forth most clearly in his own language: "No man ought to make a living by religion. It is dishonest to do so. Religion is not an act that can be performed by proxy. One person cannot act religion for another. All that a priest can do is to take from him; he wants nothing but his money, and then to riot in the spoil and laugh at his credulity."

Of Paine's return to this country, where he should have been welcomed as the foremost citizen, not only on account of the splendid and brilliant results achieved at home and abroad, as well as upon the grounds stated by Elihu Palmer: "Probably the most useful man that ever existed upon the face of the earth." Of the hatred and abuse of the clergy and religious fanatics; of the slanders as to his drunkenness, immorality, and his death-bed recantation, need not belong to this article. The slanders have been refuted and proven utterly

false, time and again, till now even the clergymen hesitate to repeat them. Suffice it to say, that if ever a man experienced the "ingratitude of republics," Paine knew the feeling. But for a man that cherished as lofty an ideal and purpose as Mr. Paine, these things pass away, and with a heart filled with noble aspirations and love of knowledge, there is no room for bitterness or revenge. He thus states his position: "My motive and object in all my political works, beginning with "Common Sense," the first work I ever published, have been to rescue man from tyranny and false systems of government, and enable him to be free, and establish government for himself, and I have borne my share of danger in Europe and America in every attempt I have made for this purpose. . . . I thank God that he gave me talents for the purpose and fortitude to do it."

Nearly four hundred years ago the turbid waters of the Arno carried the ashes of a martyr down to the sea. The persecutors rejoiced aloud, scattered the still blazing faggots, and told the world that Savonarola was dead. Within the last few days I have seen his name mentioned four times in publications of wholly dissimilar character and aims. So when bigots denied Paine a ride in the coach over the very road he had marched as a soldier; when they denied him a home and a country, here or hereafter; when they even denied him a grave; when they dug up his bones like hyenas of the desert, and scattered his dust so that no man knows its resting-place, they turned to the world and cried in a loud voice, "Tom Paine is dead." But this seems to be the only sure road to immortality. Not 'till these sentiments fail to appeal to reason and common sense will Paine be dead:

"One good schoolmaster is worth a hundred priests."

"I believe in one God and no more."

"Religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

"All are infidels who believe falsely of God."

"Belief in a cruel God makes a cruel man."

"Say a bold thing that will stagger them, and they will begin to think."

"Where knowledge is a duty, ignorance is a crime."

"The Christian religion begins with a dream and ends with a murder."

"It is blasphemy to call the Bible the word of God."

"The devil outwitted the Creator in the Garden of Eden, according to the absurd story in Genesis."

"I hope for happiness after this life."

Among the last things Paine wrote—true to his life's labor—was an eloquent plea for the negroes of St. Domingo, and for intelligent mediation between England and France that might lead to lasting peace.

"Don't you believe that Tom Paine died as the beast dies?" said a female, religious bigot to me not long ago. "I plead ignorance," I answered. "How does the beast die?" She hesitated, but at length answered, "Why, it just dies." And so death came to Thomas Paine—falling asleep at a ripe old age, to rest till the morning, if there be one.

First, last and always a liberty-lover; a man of tremendous intellectual activity; an inventor and mechanic who would have made a high mark in this line in more peaceful times; a poet who would have sung grand songs of Liberty,

Peace and Patriotism, had not the noble gift been sternly repressed for what he considered sterner and more necessary duties of the times in which he lived. And if each one of us try, as faithfully as he, to discharge the duties incumbent upon us, then indeed may we too "hope for happiness after this life," with some feeling that we have honestly earned it, not by the blood, agony and sweat of another, but because we have done our level best under the given circumstances.

Looking backward then, we see, written in letters of living light: The first true American; the first abolitionist; the first to write those grand words, "The United States of America;" the first to form a society in this country for liberal discussion; the first to found, in word and deed, the "Religion of Humanity" in America; the first to openly advocate Independence. If these are not sufficient to merit our deepest respect and gratitude, then indeed, people as well as republics, are ungrateful.

When Liberty's sun first flushed the bright ocean,
And the glow gave promise of glorious day,
It attracted thy heart's fondest and deepest devotion,
The star to be followed through all the dark way.

"The world is my country, to do good my religion,
Where Liberty is *not*, let my dwelling-place be;"
A Spartan creed, carried out to fruition,
From land unto land, and both sides of the sea.

The traitor may wear the crown of another,
And hatred and malice may live for a day.
But truth is eternal, for ever and ever.
And error and darkness at length pass away.

The River of Time is slow in its flowing,
But it holds the bright truths its sands have secreted,
And leaflet by leaflet the laurel is growing,
And in the slow years shall thy crown be completed.

PROGRESS.

[We are pleased to lay before our readers the following letter from one of the best writers and most indefatigable workers in the Liberal ranks.—EDITOR.]

NAPLES, July 16, 1893.

Dear Mr. Green: I think it must be about time to lubricate. I am not earning many dollars at the present time, but I must furnish a little oil to help reduce the friction, so that the machinery of the Magazine may be kept in running order. The Liberal papers are a great solace to me in my declining years. I wish that more might have been accomplished, but we must be content with such gains as we are able to secure, and try to hold what we get. In my day, a man was sent to prison from this village for what the good people of the town were pleased to call blasphemy. He prepared his own funeral discourse,

which was published in the *Investigator*, as you may remember. As in most cases of the kind, the Church lost by the persecution. In point of intellectual brightness, there was not a man in the Church at that time, nor has there been since, who would compare with him.

In the enlightened State of New York, years ago, men were appointed to keep order in the "meeting-house," and were armed with a heavy whip, generally cut from the woods, and this big whip they would let fall with the force of both hands upon the shoulders of any boy who did not conduct himself according to their idea of propriety in the house of God. And these men would perambulate the town on Sunday and lash children to their homes who were engaged in any kind of amusement. In the city of Albany, the children of one of the first families were whipped into the house for playing in the front yard on Sunday. So completely were the people under the influence of the Church, that such outrages upon common decency were borne without complaint. Indeed, at that day no man could withstand the power of the Church. So great was the influence of the minister over his flock, that he could hurl them in any direction, and for the vilest of purposes. And when he considered a man inimical to the interests of the Church, he could set the whole pack of Christian hounds baying on his track—destroy his influence—break up his business and drive him out.

I don't know but that the Christian religion has fitted a great many men for heaven, but generally, when they have been fitted for the kingdom of heaven, they have not been fit to live on the face of the earth. In shaping their lives to please an imaginary God in heaven, they have trampled under foot their most sacred obligations to men. In studying an old book full of brutal commands they have been transformed into savage fiends, and persecuted and tortured and butchered their kind. Instead of brotherly love, they have filled the earth with ignorance, hatred, contention and war. At the late naval display at Norfolk and in New York harbor, these great engines of slaughter showed what preparations each Christian nation had made to spread the love of God among other Christian nations. Let us never give over our efforts until there is peace on earth and good-will to men, and Christians have war no more. Although we have accomplished much there remains much more to do. And yet, after all, when we consider the progress which we have made, and survey the ground which we have wrested from the enemy, there is great cause for rejoicing. Day by day something is transpiring to encourage the true reformer. The Sunday opening of the World's Fair and the Briggs' trial will be hailed with delight by every one who prefers the life of progress to the dead weight of superstition. At the time Theodore Parker was astonishing Christians with his bold and truthful utterances, he was regarded as a heretic and denounced as an infidel. To-day I hear only words of commendation for the great iconoclast. All these years the Church has been losing and we have been gaining ground.

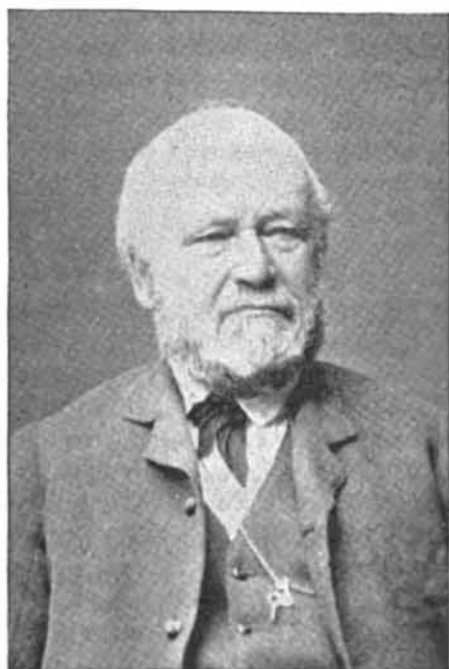
As the evening of life draws near, it affords me much comfort to think that I have done what I could to clear away the thorns of superstition from the path which others must tread who will come after me.

Respectfully,

JOHN PECK.

JOHN RAY.

MR. JOHN RAY of Welland, Canada, now in his eighty-eighth year, is a man who is an honor to the cause of Freethought. The Dominion of Canada does not contain a nobler, braver or more honest citizen than John Ray,



and yet he is a natural man, never having had a "change of heart" or "experienced religion." We take great pleasure in laying before our readers the following papers that will give some idea of the character of this veteran of Freethought. First we give a short sketch of his life written for the *Truth Seeker* a year ago.

LIFE SKETCH.

Mr. Editor: I have thought it right for me at this time to leave behind me a short sketch or outline of my life, as it may be of interest in years to come to my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren to know something of my history. I shall only give an outline, and more particularly as it relates to my religious experience than anything else.

I was born at Huby, a country village in Yorkshire, England, in the year A. D. 1806, on the 15th of February, of Christian parents, Thomas and Hannah Ray. I was trained or instructed in the religious creed of the Church of England. My mother, as I believe, was a good and Christian woman, and took great care to have us (six children) instructed in the principles of the Christian religion. In this respect my father was less particular. I remained at or about home until I was eighteen years of age. I had now become very sensible to religious impressions, but not without my doubts as to the correctness of some of the doctrines of the Church. Jewish wars, wonderful miracles, and many curious things which I read in the scriptures I found it difficult to reconcile with the attributes of a good and just God and with what little I then knew of the laws of nature. And here I must confess I was in trouble often, not being able fully to believe nor dare not disbelieve what an affectionate and loving mother had taught me. Sometimes I shed tears; sometimes I would pray that God would enable me to come to a right conclusion.

At this time, when eighteen years of age, I took a situation at the Friend's Retreat, York, England, an institution for the insane, and belonging to and under the management of the Society of Friends. The treatment I met with

during the twenty years I was there employed in various capacities gave me a liking for this people, and for about twenty years I was in the practice of attending their meetings for worship. In 1845, when about forty years of age, I removed to this country with my wife and five children, and purchased a farm of one hundred acres in the township of Pelham, where there was a Friends meeting-house and rather a large settlement of Friends, with whom I continued to meet for a few years, when some of my friends, as well as myself, thought I might be more useful if in membership in helping bear the burdens of society, when I applied for membership, and was received as a member, and continued so for over thirty years, and took my part in the management of the affairs of the society.

Some years ago some of our young Friends, and some of the older ones, also, began to think that old orthodox Quakers were lacking in religious zeal and life, and had become altogether too slow and did not keep up their end with the other Christian sects, and in order to do so began to let on a little more religious steam, and began to adopt the practices and forms of other religious societies; and instead of waiting for the moving of the holy spirit, as Friends had always professed to do, they had spirits of their own always ready; in fact, they had got the road to their heaven a short and sure way—only to believe in the atonement and your salvation was sure, etc.

One thing, perhaps more than anything else, set me to thinking, when I heard it preached, how very thankful we ought to be to our loving heavenly father for that blessed gift to us—the holy scriptures. I confess I came to the conclusion that I did not envy any one that could feel so thankful for a book that to me was so unintelligible, so full of inconsistencies and contradictions. The discordant views held by the slow and fast Friends led to much controversy, hard feeling, and appealing to the law (I am now speaking of Friends in Norwich, of which meeting I was then a member), in which some Christian charity was manifested, but of all the charities I know anything of, Christian charity is the least desirable. About this time my faith in the creed of the Church had become so much relaxed that I could not longer be making a profession of faith that was not in accordance with my own honest convictions of the truth, and although I still continued to love and esteem my old friends, I felt compelled, in order to be true to my own convictions of right, to resign my right of membership in the Society of Friends without giving a reason why I did so; and now as more than two years has passed since that time, I feel well satisfied with having done so. I now belong to the one-man church. My creed is to seek for the truth, to believe all that my senses tell me is believable, to do injury to no one, to be just in all my dealings, to do what good lies in my power to the whole human race. In looking back over my past life I cannot charge myself with being a wicked man. I may have done some things and left others undone that might have been better otherwise, but circumstances have much to do with our actions in this life, and the probability is that the same circumstances would produce the same results again. Then, by birth and circumstances, I am to-day just what I am. I did not make myself, nor did I make the circumstances; then how could I be different, and I think myself rather fortunate in being what I am. I think I have a pretty correct sense of what is really right, and I feel in conscience bound

to do what I know to be right, and to do no wrong to any living man or thing if I know it. And this being the case with me, I hope to carry out these views to the end; and if there is a hereafter, which I do not know—there may or may not be—but I cannot see any justice in being punished in another life for doing the best you can in this.

JOHN RAY.

PRIVATE LETTER TO DR. D. B. WIGGINS.

WELLAND, June 18, 1893.

Dr. Wiggins—My Esteemed Friend:

I have lately been thinking you would be interested in again hearing from me, as I am yet able to write, and that is about all I do, for I keep a diary and write more or less every day, and record my thoughts upon any subject that may come up before me. This helps to pass my time more pleasantly, as I have but little or no company of an advanced type. It is fortunate for me in my eighty-eighth year that I yet retain the ability to write and express myself on paper, though I find that ability is rather fast failing me, but as long as able I hope to use it. I am yet living with my daughter and son-in-law, George Chambers, in Pelham, six miles from Welland; have a room to myself, all convenient; take my meals in it alone, but my appetite is on the decline. I rarely leave my room, but did make out to put in two weeks with my sister Spencer, in Welland, in May. We two are all that is left of father's family; she is 83. My brother Ralph died in Welland the 10th of last November, aged 76 years, and by his desire was taken to Wisconsin, to be laid beside his first wife. He left, by will, \$300 to sister, and \$300 to a brother of his first wife, and the balance, about \$4,000, to his widow; he had no children. I write but few letters now; my old letter correspondents are nearly all gone the way I am expecting soon to follow, and old age is no time to make new ones, nor even to write very long letters. I am not in a condition to write all the time, as sometimes it is all I can do to hold up, and often have to lie down. I had lately thought of writing you, and feeling middling well this morning have made out to do so, as a token of kindly remembrance. My sight is very poor, so that I can scarcely see to read what I have written. I have had to give up reading, also many other things I am unable to keep. My prospects ahead are limited, but am pretty well reconciled to my condition, knowing that the law of nature must and will be obeyed. To die is as natural as to be born, and in my opinion no more to be dreaded, and as infirmities come upon us, attractions to life become less. In this, nature is kind. Should you meet with my friend H. L. Green, I wish to be kindly remembered. I am still interested in the battle with superstition, but have to retire to a corner. Mr. Green may possibly be sent for some of these days to tell the folks how bad I have been. We have two funerals near us to-day—funeral sermons. It does them good to have a change in the ceremony sometimes, though they may not know it.

I find that when a person fails in not being able to keep his end up in the business affairs of life, he becomes like a cipher on the left-hand side of a figure. Present use is what is wanted; past use counts for but little with the present

generation, and that appears to be a law of nature. The question of slavery was fought a long time, and cost the United States an immense sum. I hope the question of opening the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday will never lead to anything so disastrous, but it is a fight between Science and Superstition. The Church has had a long time to erect her fortifications, but they are beginning to crumble as the people become more intellectual, and it is reasonable to suppose that Truth and Right will come uppermost in the end. Science can afford to wait awhile, seeing she is making progress. We are not in a condition to have the whole thing flopped over at once. The mill of evolution grinds slow, but it is grinding. Well, Doctor, I have spun my yarn out a little longer than I had thought of, and perhaps have said enough, so will close, hoping you are well and happy. With kindest regards to yourself, I am sincerely your friend,

JOHN RAY.

P. S.—I will copy a few lines from my diary of April 11th, 1893, descriptive of myself. I make no pretensions to being a poet, but occasionally make a little jingle.

11 A. M. I have been out to walk—a few paces takes my breath. I am worn out—all there is left is an old wreck of the once John Ray, and the few fragments will soon be gathered up, put in a box and laid away, no more to see the rising sun or light of day,—

No more to hear a friendly call,
 For death has made it silence all.
 Then let us strive the end to reach,
 And leave no cause for self-impeach.
 Let those who take me to my grave,
 Remember there is naught can save
 Them, too, from coming to their end,
 The truth of that they may depend;
 But should they live to years four-score,
 When joys of life are nearly o'er,
 Then to lie down in quiet rest,
 Is mercy's kindness truly blest.
 No more in dreams you'll be disturbed
 Of ghosts and ghouls there's nothing heard,
 You've reached the port of calm retreat,
 And there in silence long and sweet,
 Be no more troubled in your mind,
 All worldly cares you've left behind,
 Your days of life and use are past,
 And reached your destined home at last.

And now, Doctor, should it come convenient, you might hand this letter to my friend H. L. Green. He will be pleased to hear of me for old acquaintance sake, so this will then do for you both, and that is making one stone kill two birds.

THE CULTURED POOR.

BY CHAUNCEY D. ALLYN.

IN the January FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE two different writers rise up from distant States to take exception to my article in the September number on "The Cultured Poor."

Notwithstanding the vigor of their onslaughts, and with the profoundest regard for their opinions, I am perverse enough to still hold, after several weeks of meditation upon the ideas advanced by my critics, the opinions which I sought to advance before.

The Kansas gentleman, Prof. Cook, evidently had faith in his ideas and was not ashamed of them, for he signed his communication. The other writer, although seemingly very much wrought up over my presumption in differing with Helen Gardener, and apparently very angry at my position, did not seem to have quite the confidence nor the pride in the views presented, as no name was signed.

As neither critic seemed to quite catch the idea I tried to present, I venture to try it again, hoping to make my position more clear.

Prof. Cook assumes that the Irishman I described represented my idea of manhood. Not so. I merely used him to illustrate a point—that a man may earn the right to the power which money gives by industry and self-sacrifice. I believe, with Prof. Cook, that the cultured poor may have "resources for enjoyment that most of the millionaires never aspire to and cannot appreciate." I honor the Professor for preferring to be "a rich poor man" than a "poor rich man," but I still maintain that what a man earns he is entitled to. If one man spends his life acquiring culture, philosophy, learning, he is entitled to the pleasures that emanate from a ripe and cultured mind.

Ergo, if a man spends the same years in toil, in self-sacrifice, if he deliberately gives up the enjoyment of his intellectual nature that he may acquire wealth, he is entitled to the independence and the power that the wealth gives him. We cannot eat our pie and have it. It is almost an ideal life to spend the years in developing the mind, enlarging the intellect and communing with the great minds of the past, uninterrupted by the sordid cares of money-getting.

If a man live thus, he reaps the harvest of a cultured mind, and in this he finds his reward and his pleasure. But few men can do this and grow rich at the same time. Perhaps others would enjoy as well as he the pleasures of intellectual pursuits, but have a stronger sense of material responsibility, and deliberately deny themselves this culture, spending their lives in the laborious duties of providing for their families and endeavoring to accumulate enough property to make themselves independent.

The latter cannot be called on, surely, to provide for the former. Society has certain responsibilities. It should protect the weak against the strong, enforce absolute justice between man and man and provide against any human being starving. But Prof. Cook is wrong when he says "A true government would supply labor to all." A *true* government would do nothing of the kind. Government is organized for no such purpose and has no such power. Government has no power which is not delegated to it by society, by the people. It

would be dangerous indeed to put into the hands of Government power to dictate the employment of people, or any power that would enable government to "supply labor to all." That would make the people slaves and the government despotic.

Much that Prof. Cook says regarding unjust laws, monopolies and unequal conditions is true, and there are serious problems in this direction for the people to grasp, but there is one point on which I believe he is wrong. When he says "the cultured and uncultured rich live on the cultured and uncultured poor," I believe he is wrong. Wealth is not necessarily booty. A man may be rich not by stealing from others, but by creating wealth. A number of years ago a man, in the city where I live, invented a machine by which the cost of knitting socks was reduced many per cent. With this machine socks could be made so cheap that they could be sold to the people *much* cheaper than ever before, and at the same time an immense profit could be made on them. This man became enormously rich; the capitalists who invested the money needed to use his invention reap large returns, and the people who purchase the socks get them for less than a quarter the sum they formerly paid for them. The inventor is dead. His family is rich. Their money is not wrung from the poor by unjust laws. The capital invested in the factory where these machines are used yields large returns and no man is made poorer nor no man is oppressed thereby. When the inventor invented his machine and the capitalists invested their money into putting it in use, they simply created wealth. The people who buy the product are benefited as well as the inventor and the capitalists.

A man rents a farm and works hard to raise crops. He hires as little help as possible and toils and struggles day and night. After a while he gets a little ahead and buys his farm, paying perhaps a small sum down and paying interest on the rest. He still toils and slaves and the years roll around. After years of work he clears his debt and owns his farm. He still works as hard as ever and the money he has spent in interest and in payment on his debt now accumulates. Another farmer starts in the same way and buys a farm, and has to borrow money to pay for part of it. The first farmer loans his surplus and besides the products of his farm receives his interest money. Once started, his wealth increases more rapidly and he owns more farms, loans more money until he is a capitalist and can live without work. Then if he is "lazy" no one can find fault with him, because he has earned the right to do as he pleases. During all these years he has been toiling and saving, denying himself every luxury, every moment of leisure, another has not chosen to do this but has preferred to cultivate his mind and acquire "resources of enjoyment" that "most millionaires never aspire to and cannot appreciate."

He now wakes up to the fact that while he has always despised the plodding slave who has spent his life in ignoble toil, this same plodding slave has acquired resources of enjoyment that *he* never aspired to. It is bad grace surely for a cultured philosopher to deny the toiler the reward of his labors, and especially through motives of envy. That were surely unphilosophical. Now our hero who has spent his life in developing his mind and acquiring "culture" becomes poor and forsooth the possession of riches becomes a sin in his eyes. No, no, Professor, the possession of riches is not proof that a man lives on the labor of

the poor. Wealth may be created, and honestly created, in many different ways, and the man who creates it is entitled to it by every law of common sense, common honesty and common justice.

As to the cultured poor, I still do not see how society can deal with them other than by charity, nor can I see how the culture line can be drawn in dealing with the poor. In the march of life the weaker become tired and fall by the wayside. Society's ambulance stops and takes them in. It cannot discriminate among them and send a hack for this one because he is cultured, and a chariot for that one because he is more cultured. That would involve the most delicate and embarrassing questions. The same ambulance must suffice to carry all those who cannot make their own way along. That there are cases of poverty among cultured people, rendered doubly sad because of their culture, I am well aware, but I fail to see what society, *as* society, can do. I do see what individuals who are able and willing can do in some of these cases, and I do see what individuals are doing in many cases, but how society can act through government is a problem that looks hopeless to me. If Prof. Cook, or anybody else, can present a plan which is wide enough in its scope and can be made practical in its operations, I will rejoice in common with all mankind.

ROCKFORD, ILL., March 1, 1893.

THE WORD "RELIGION."

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

Having taken great interest in reading the controversy which has been carried on in your Magazine on the question about the meaning of the word "Religion," I have inquired about it of religious people, and the general answer has been, "I do not know," with an air of knowing however. I have consulted Webster Unabridged and found that he rambles almost over the whole creation, and gets it to mean almost anything, but there is nothing positive about his definition.

Not getting any satisfaction from my inquiries nor from the controversy in your esteemed and ably-edited Magazine, I put on my thinking-cap, as I occasionally do, and hereby send you the result.

When religion was first established I do not know, neither have I come across man or book that does. But when started it certainly meant the same as to-day—it has only accumulated as it has gone along. Some writers guess at what it means, of course to their own satisfaction. But facts are not produced by guessing, and to prove the meaning of a word we must have facts for our faculty of reason.

The inquiring human mind which wonders how everything has been produced, how it is maintained, and where our mind or spirit comes from and where it goes, has always yearned for an answer.

Active minds of ages past tried to solve the mystery and to give an answer to the inquiring multitude, and according to their understanding at that time established a rudimentary belief and gave it out as truth. But as time has advanced and the mind of man has developed, the belief has changed so as to harmonize with our understanding, but under all conditions it has the same rela-

tion,—it professed to be absolute truth and as such an answer to the inquiring mind—something which it can rely on.

But as man has always been selfish and ambitious to conquer and acquire wealth and honor, it has suited his purpose to deform and falsify this belief and force the people to accept it as truth, hence rely on it. And the most available instrument for such a purpose has always been priestcraft.

Religion, we may say, rests on three pillars, the names of which are Rulers, Priestcraft and Ignorance. It is a codified instrument for the ignorant to *rely on*, have faith in and believe to be the truth, and for the ruling power (whatever that may be) it is an instrument to *rely* on, and change to suit circumstances and their selfish motives to perpetuate their own power and glory.

Hence the word "religion" has a double meaning and is a compromise between the words, *rely on* and *rely* on.

CARL NORDELL.

THE TRUE ORTHODOX SPIRIT.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

As Liberals are sometimes inclined to forget the real spirit of orthodoxy, and imagine the days of religious hatred and persecution are over, it is well for the cause of freedom that its foes can always be relied on to warn and disabuse them. A striking illustration of this point has recently been given in England, in connection with the tercentenary observance of the martyrdom of Barrowe, Greenwood and Penry, the Nonconformist preachers, put to death in 1593, in the reign of "Good Queen Bess." The crime of which these men were guilty, was insisting on their right to think for themselves in matters of religion. The truly orthodox have always considered that the greatest of crimes, consequently they were murdered by command of the Christian queen, whom the servile translators of King James' version mention as "That bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory." Protestants are ever ready to denounce the cruelties inflicted by the Romanists and assert their innocence of such acts, and this is one of many that can be easily cited in proof that their statements are false, and that intolerance is the same under whatever name. Though this deed was committed three hundred years ago, the spirit actuating it still lives in that same land. This celebration has caused much comment; this was to be expected; but few, I think, were prepared to hear the crime openly defended by a prominent English paper, but such was the case. The paper guilty of this infamy is the London *Standard*, which declared: "As Barrowe, Greenwood and Penry were very extreme men, they were served right in being put to death, since they ought to have had more respect for the interests of the State and the feelings of its rulers." This is not a quotation from the Dark Ages, but of the present, in a country which boasts of its Christian civilization. It is certainly due more to the Dissenters than the Churchmen that the English people enjoy their present measure of liberty; and yet they are virtually declared deserving of death because of their religious beliefs. Still we owe our thanks to the *Standard* for this frank declaration of its hellish sentiments, and wish all others holding them were equally outspoken. Says the *Christian Union*: "The English Dissenters feel that the battle for liberty is by no means won." And the friends of liberty here should feel likewise. So long as orthodoxy counts its followers by the millions, civil and religious liberty will be imperiled. There are thousands in our land to-day plotting for a virtual union of Church and State and the throttling of free discussion. Only by eternal vigilance, vigorous protest and constant battle shall we defeat them.

GEO. S. HIBBARD.

RUPERT, VT.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

HENRY M. TABER.

LETTER FROM COL. INGERSOLL.

HENRY M. TABER, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this number of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, ought, by this time, to be pretty well known to our readers, as he has been, for the last three years, one of our most valuable contributors, not only to the pages of the Magazine, but also to its treasury as well. Mr. Taber is a *Liberal*, in every sense of that word, and it is not surprising that many of our readers have recently requested us to publish his likeness in the Magazine with a short sketch of his life. No writer for this Magazine has been more successful in pleasing its readers than has Mr. Taber. The reason for this is evident. He writes on living theological questions, those that under the light of this scientific and freethought age are in a transition state, questions that are at issue between Orthodoxy and Liberalism and that are now being intelligently considered and investigated, not only outside but in many of the orthodox churches. The Briggs trial, that has convulsed the whole theological world, is one of the evidences of what we here state. What gives Mr. Taber's articles so much value to the reader is the fact that he so fully fortifies, whatever he undertakes to prove, with so many conclusive authorities from the best past and present writers and thinkers. He gives a full and complete digest of every question he discusses, and we hope at some future day to see published, in a beautiful volume, all the articles that he has written for this Magazine. They are entitled as follows, and may be found as here stated :

Volume VIII—Christian Civilization and Christian Morality, page 45 ; Thirty-six Infidels, page 265 ; Women in Christian and Heathen Countries, page 373 ; Orthodoxy Tapering off with Agnosticism, page 379 ; Inspiration, page 477 ; God's Chastisements, page 535 ; The Origin of Christianity, page 576.

Volume IX—With or Without Christianity, page 97; Doubt, page 221; Can Christians be Just? page 345; God, page 451; Religious Decadence, page 656.

Volume X—Faith, page 97; Religion not Morality, page 283; The Trinity, page 475; Civil Liberty, page 667.

Volume XI—Miracles, page 18; Sunday, page 141; Primitive Christianity, page 281; Christianity Incongruent, page 405; Taxation of Church Property, page 541.

LIFE SKETCH.

Henry M. Taber was born at Westport, Fairfield County, Conn., February 8, 1825, and was brought to New York City when but a few years old. His father came from New Bedford, Mass. He was not a professor of religion. His mother was a daughter of Stephen Morehouse, a Connecticut farmer; whose views on religion could be surmised from the fact that on his library table could be found such books as that of the "Age of Reason." The subject of this sketch was reared under the most thoroughly religious training; going to Sunday-school both as pupil and teacher, and was a constant attendant on church and week-day religious services. But he somewhat early developed a habit of doing his own thinking, and now remembers long conversations, forty-five years ago, with a pious sister, who thought her religion (that of the Presbyterian form of worship) the only true one. Henry endeavored to show her that religion was but a matter of education and environment, and that had she been brought up in an Episcopal family she would doubtless have been a "High Church Episcopalian"; or if brought up under Roman Catholic influences, she would have been a bigoted Romanist; or even if her lot had been cast in a Mohammedan country, surrounded by Mohammedan influences, she would, unquestionably, have been a good Mohammedan.

Mr. Taber has been engaged in the cotton business in New York City for the last forty-five years; from 1848 to 1869 with his brother, the late Mr. Charles C. Taber, and from 1879 to the present time with his son, Mr. William P. Taber.

Early in January, 1874, Mr. Taber discovered that five clerks in his office had been speculating in cotton for several months, and, by a system of false entries in the books, had succeeded in

abstracting about \$70,000 of the firm's money. Now, who were these thieves? One was a deacon of a Reformed (Dutch) church; another a vestryman in an Episcopal church; a third, a treasurer of another Episcopal church; the fourth, a son of an Episcopal clergyman—all four members "in good and regular standing" in their respective churches. The fifth made no pretensions to religion and was the only one of the five who expressed the slightest contrition for the wrong perpetrated.

In 1855 Mr. Taber married a daughter of Rev. William W. Phillips, D. D., Presbyterian clergyman; from 1825 to 1846 pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Wall street, New York City, and after 1846 to the year of his death in 1865, in Fifth Avenue, between 11th and 12th streets. He continued his church attendance up to the time of the death of his wife, five years ago, going, as he states, simply for the pleasure of her company.

In a private letter he writes:

"To hear Christian people claim that it was Christianity, and Christianity alone, which endowed her whose memory I revere with certain estimable traits of character, I regard as unjust, impertinent, pharisaical and insulting to her memory. She was the true and noble being that she was because *it was her nature to be so*, and Christianity had no more to do with it than it had to do with the virtues of Marcus Aurelius, the excellencies of Socrates or the accomplishments of Hypathia. Unselfishness, charitableness, gentleness, kindliness, generosity, justice, were characteristics possessed by her to a most remarkable degree, and which characteristics (I know from my own large experience with them) are rare among orthodox Christians."

Mr. Taber has two sons, William P. and Sydney R. (both married), the first associated with his father in business and the last practicing law in Chicago; and one daughter.

He has always been of an investigating turn of mind and has given much time to the study of the religious question, especially within the past twenty years. He writes:

"I have entertained at my house very many Presbyterian clergymen, and I attribute my present views more to contact with them than to any other cause, they being utterly unable to explain, on the basis of reason, a single one of the dogmas that they contend for with such intolerant zeal from the pulpit. I could both amaze and amuse you with replies to questions put to such guests—men of great learning. Such, for example, as the present President of Princeton College."

His early political affiliation was with the Whig party, while it lasted. He always was and still is a thorough believer in protecting American industries.

Mr. Taber was among the first in the ranks of the Republican party, and during the war assisted in the arrangements for very many of the meetings held to stimulate the patriotic sentiment of the people of the North. He was, for a brief period, a member of the Twenty-second Regiment of New York City. Also a member of the Union League Club during, and for many years succeeding, the war.

For many years he was a trustee of the First Presbyterian Church, holding the office of treasurer and president, respectively, of its board. He was never a church member.

In 1868 he became one of the corporators of the Presbyterian Hospital (New York City), and was one of its Board of Managers for sixteen years thereafter; then declined re-election; also for twenty years a member of the Board of Trustees of the Northern Dispensary of the City of New York and at one time its president. Mr. Taber is a member of the Nineteenth Century Club; of the Manhattan Liberal Club; of the Society for Ethical Culture.

He has been connected with a number of business and financial institutions. At the present time is a director of the Continental National Bank; of the Continental Trust Company and of the Home Insurance Company; a trustee of the Manhattan Savings Institution; one of the advisory committee of the United States Lloyds, all of the City of New York. A member of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York; vice-president of the Richmond County Gaslight Company; president of the Board of Trustees of the Utica Cotton Company, a manufacturing establishment four miles from Utica.

Mr. Taber has been quite a traveler, having visited every State in the Union. Has been to the Pacific coast twice, as far south as Santa Barbara, Cal., and as far north as Sitka, Alaska. Has also visited Canada and Mexico and spent half a year in Europe.

Mr. Taber has made this request of his friends, that at his death there be no religious services and that his body be cremated at Fresh Pond or some other cemetery, and he writes:

"If it be true that 'the most sincere tribute to the memory of our dead consists in obedience to their wishes,' and my children are disposed to pay such tribute to my memory, I may confidently expect the above expressed wishes to be complied with."

For two years he was the president of the New York Cremation Society.

Mr. Taber closes a private letter to us in these words :

"Thoroughly impressed with the absurdity of religious beliefs, especially of the dogmas of Christianity, and believing that prosperity, intelligence and happiness would be much more extensively diffused were the world rid of such beliefs and dogmas, I shall devote as much of the remaining years of my life as possible to do what I can towards lessening the influence of a religion which is founded in superstition and nurtured in bigotry and which holds so many millions of human beings in mental bondage."

Knowing that Col. Ingersoll and Mr. Taber were intimate friends, we wrote to the Colonel requesting a few words relating to his friend for this article, and received the following letter :

COL. INGERSOLL'S LETTER.

August 18, 1893.

H. L. GREEN, ESQ.:

My Dear Friend—You ask me to tell you about Henry M. Taber, and I answer as follows :

Henry M. Taber is one of the best of men. In business he is just, honorable, faithful, reliable. He keeps his word and does as he agrees. For integrity, no man's reputation is better than his.

He is an excellent citizen; loves his country and its institutions; taking an active part in matters of public importance—trying to make the people better and happier. He is on the right side and always has been so far as I know. He was a kind, faithful and loving husband; and he is a good, affectionate father and grandfather. In addition to this he is a free man—thinks for himself and gives to others the result of his thought.

He is an exceedingly modest man, remarkably careful of the feelings of others; gentle in speech and action. Long ago his brain was shocked by the absurdities and his heart by the cruelties of the Bible. He came to the conclusion that the "Scriptures" were written by uninspired men, and that man should be governed by experience, observation and reason, instead of faith, ignorance and superstition.

He became a free man. He is a close and clear thinker; a natural logician; a lover of truth; a friend of his race; a good, honest, intelligent, brave and successful man. Besides, he is my friend.

Yours truly,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

THE title of this article looks well, but it will be some time before it will be fully realized, unless our present subscribers go to work and do much better than they are doing at present. To be just to all, we will here give the names and post-office addresses of those who have sent in clubs this year :

A. Schell, Knight's Ferry, Cal.; J. H. A. Lasher, Winona, Minn.; E. D. Northrup, Ellicottville, N. Y.; James Lewis, Springfield, Mass.; J. Theo. Colwick, Norse, Texas; Mahlon Ross, Virnden, Ill.; W. H. Benton, National Mil. Home, Kansas; William Thomas, St. Charles, Minn.; Ransom Baker, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Joseph Plattsburgh, McKeesport, Pa.; Wm. S. Downing, Griffin, Ga.; Harry Hoover, Pittsburg, Pa.; Chas. J. Roder, Harrisburg, Pa.; Geo. A. Mathews, Litchfield, Ill.; J. J. McCabe, Albany, N. Y.; Dr. S. W. Wetmore, San Diego, Cal.; Geo. A. Kenyon, Frankfort, N. Y.; Wm. Shanson, Weedsport, N. Y.; F. J. Smith, Manhattan, Kan.; C. J. Curtis, Bradford, Pa.; Dr. S. J. Bumstead, Decatur, Ill.; J. W. Hurlbut, Baraboo, Wis.; J. S. Hardenburg, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Wm. W. Green, Prattsburgh, N. Y.; M. P. Broffet, Schofield, Utah; A. W. Dellquest, Fort Worth, Texas; W. G. Perkins, Newark, N. J.; John G. Fergate, Hudson, Mass.; R. Leycock, Danville, Iowa; Wm. Cughan, Constantia, N. Y.; M. B. Hulderson, Mountain, N. D.; Eli C. Maynard, Buckland, Mass.; Henry M. Taber, New York City; A. W. Dellquest, Carthage, Mo.; A. W. Dellquest, Oswego, Kan.; Isis B. Martin, Wichita, Kan.; A. M. Stevens, Missoula, Montana; P. C. Mosier, Homer, Ill.; W. B. Fleckinger, Erie, Pa.; Alex. Cochran, Franklin, Pa.; W. Bidwell, Albion, Mich.; J. Fritts, Liberal, Mo.; Abner Dickinson, Mineral Point, Ohio; John W. Roberts, Franklin, Ill.; E. M. Drury, Tulare, Cal.; Andrew McClelland, Pueblo, Cal.; Jasper J. Brown, Oswego, N. Y.; John Van Denburgh, Milwaukee, Wis.; Hiram Austin and W. J. Wright, Connellsville, Pa.; F. Larabee, Eddyville, N. Y.; James A. Greenhill, Clinton, Iowa; Jas. A. Smith, Norwalk, Cal.; Phil. S. Burkley, East Germantown, Ind.

We hope next month to report at least as many more clubs of five or over.

As many have written to us to allow their subscriptions to remain unpaid for a little time, we will not send any of our accounts out for collection just yet. If delinquents can not pay up all they owe they should pay part.

We would like the names of fifty young people who would like to canvass for this Magazine. We are sure we could so arrange with them that they could make living wages and have a good opportunity to visit the cities and large and small towns of this country.

The reduction in the price of this Magazine from \$2.00 to \$1.50 is an experiment, and we may think best to return to the old price with the next volume, but all who will *now* renew for next year can renew at \$1.50. As the times are so hard we would be very thankful to those who can afford to do so if they would *at once* send in their subscriptions for Volume XII. Remember we make this request *only* to those who are financially able.

The reader will remember that we stated last month that new trial subscribers would be taken for one year for *one dollar*. Now we wish to ask each one of our present subscribers to send us at least one such trial subscriber. Who can not do at least so much?

Friends, everywhere, if you deem this Magazine worthy of a large circulation, will you do all in your power to give it such a circulation?

BOOK REVIEW.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: WAS HE A CHRISTIAN? By JOHN E. REMSBURG. New York: Truth Seeker Company. Pp. 336. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

A thoughtful person who fully understands the kind of a man Abraham Lincoln was need not read this book to learn that he was not a Christian. With his great, honest, loving heart he could not have been one in the nature of things. How could Lincoln have believed in a God who brought into existence millions of human beings and then created a Devil and a burning brimstone hell to assist him in tormenting them eternally? Lincoln was by nature a Humanitarian, and a humanitarian can not be an orthodox Christian. Then no one can read a paper that Lincoln wrote or any speech that he ever delivered but will perceive that he was a *free* thinker, and a *free* thinker can never subscribe to an orthodox creed. Abraham Lincoln was one of the most natural men in this or any other country, and to be a good orthodox

Christian you must be exceedingly unnatural. To be a Christian we are told we must have a "change of heart," and without a change of heart there can be no Christianity. We think that is true in one sense. No natural man can believe in orthodoxy. He must first have such a "change of heart" that he will become an unnatural person. But as the Church has claimed that Lincoln was a Christian, it is well that Mr. Remsburg has put that question at rest forever, by publishing in this book unimpeachable, uncontrovertible and conclusive evidence that Lincoln *was not a Christian*. We do not believe there is an intelligent Christian living, after having carefully read this volume, will dare take issue with Mr. Remsburg. Every friend of Lincoln should thank the author of this book for the grand work he has so well done in the vindication of the great War President from the charge or insinuation that he indorsed that most unreasonable, cruel and absurd document known as the Orthodox Creed—a creed that would lower the character of the inhabitants of

the Cannibal islands. Mr. Lincoln's religious views agreed very nearly with those held by Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Paine, and as the orthodox creed, by its provisions, consigns all those worthies to hell, it is no wonder that locality is getting to be a most attractive place as so well described by Satan in his noted interview with our special reporter on page 442 of the late July number of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. For a further notice of this most valuable work the reader is requested to peruse the advertisement on the second page of the cover of this number of the Magazine.

"CHILDHOOD," the magazine for parents, is now on our exchange list, and we consider it one of the most valuable publications in this country. It is a monthly magazine of some fifty large pages, beautifully printed and bound, devoted to the welfare of the children. It is published at 78 Maiden Lane, New York City, at the low price of \$1.00 a year, or ten cents a single number. It is free from religious cant or orthodox nonsense, and is just the magazine every person who has the charge of children should read. Send ten cents for a sample copy.

ALL SORTS.

—Read with care "Twenty Thousand Subscribers" on page 586.

—Reader, how much have you done towards obtaining the "twenty thousand subscribers?"

—"Please tu gimme one stamp, sah."
"What denomination, Auntie?" "Baptis, sah! Baptis'."—*Judge*.

—A little boy was asked what the Sunday-school text was. He gave answer: "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

—These "hard times" make it especially necessary for each friend of this Magazine to do their whole duty towards its support.

—We are sure our readers will be interested in the life-sketch and portrait of our able contributor, Henry M. Taber, that appears in this number.

—Do not forget to order "Woman, Church and State," by Mrs. Gage. It is just the book you want. See advertisement on third page of cover.

—Good Minister—I observe with pleasure that your family Bible is not covered with dust.

Little Girl—It's always nice and clean now, ever since the piano stool broke.

—History repeats itself. A distant relative of Adam awoke in Chicago to find that his corner in ribs had been tampered with.

—When Father Adam bathing went,
Whate'er his other woes,
He had no cause to fear a thief
Would come and sneak his clothes,

—If you desire your letters replied to, give your address full and plain. We get many letters that it is impossible to make out from whom or from where they came.

—The weak point in Bishop Turner's theory that Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve were negroes is the fact that it was an apple and not a watermelon which caused the rumpus.—*Chicago Mail*.

—A son of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has a good bit of age in his brains. The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six-year-old spoke up:

"Why don't you say it aloud, pa?"

"You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father; and bowing his head solemnly, the little fellow originated this unique grace:

"God have mercy on these victuals."

—"Johnny, would you like to be a missionary to the savages?" "Sometimes I'd like to be a missionary and sometimes I'd like to be a savage," replied the boy. "Why?" was the astonished query. "Well, you see, a missionary has to wear clothes in summer."

—We here again repeat that we *will not* return rejected articles or communications if stamps are inclosed for that purpose. So keep your stamps and also a copy of every communication you send, if you desire to retain it. We shall not repeat this notice again for two or three months.

—"Cosmology against Theology," that appears as the leading article in this number of the Magazine, will run through the October and November numbers, and then be published in pamphlet form. It is written by one of the ablest writers in the Liberal ranks, and we bespeak for it a careful reading by all into whose hands it falls.

—A Brooklyn pastor wants young ladies to act as ushers in his church. "in order to encourage the attendance of young men on church worship." It is hardly worth while discussing the value of the Brooklyn divine's idea until it is known whether he expects his ushers to wear tights.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—The following letter explains itself:
315 WOOD ST., PITTSBURG, PA.,
August 12, 293.

H. L. GREEN:

Dear Sir—I see by the August number of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE that Hon. T. B. Wakeman has availed himself of your pages to have the "last word" on "Religion," etc. I am satisfied. He has a national, if not international, name and prestige to sustain. I have not, and do not care to make your Magazine the vehicle of any personal controversy. What I said was in defense of truth and justice, but I deem the subject exhausted and am willing to abide by the verdict of your readers, in whose impartiality I trust.

Yours fraternally,

HARRY HOOVER.

—An International Congress of Free-thinkers will be held at a public hall at 517 West Madison St., Chicago, for the eight days commencing Sunday, October 1st. It will be under the supervision of The American Secular Union, The Free-thought Federation of America and The Canada Freethinkers Association. The program can be seen in the Weekly Free-thought Journals.

—A female contributor to this Magazine in a private letter writes:

What a luxury it is to have a medium through which to free one's mind. I have been well-nigh bursting for years with thoughts to which I dared not give utterance. When I tell you I was "brought up" a Methodist and connected with that sect for ten years, you will have some faint idea of the "experience meeting" I have passed through in arising to my present state—from bondage to freedom.

—*Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:*

In the August number of your Magazine I find, in an article written by S. M. Ingalls, this passage: "I am a firm believer in an overruling Intelligence, that the universe is governed by law is a strong argument in favor of the existence of a Law Maker." Will Mr. Ingalls tell us what Law is, and what Laws govern the universe? By doing so he will confer a great favor upon your humble servant,

A. SCHELL.

Knight's Ferry, Aug. 27, 1893.

—We have no doubt but that Brother Roam, hereafter named, is shocked when he hears of Col. Ingersoll's infidelity, and in his morning and evening devotions prays for the conversion of the poor heathen:

WAYNESVILLE, MO., Aug. 2.—Several persons were injured during a riot at a church trial at the Flew Hollow meeting-house last night. The pastor, Rev. Henry Roam, had been accused of cruelty to his wife. Roam's sons startled him by telling the truth about the matter. He called them liars and was knocked down by Ed. Booher, an elder in the church. A general row followed. Roam's oldest son was hit with a club, the two Kissinger boys were struck with clubs and cut with knives and several ribs were broken.

—We are gratified to learn that there is one genuine Freethought church in this country that wholly discards the name Christian. It has taken the name of the "First Free Church" of Tacoma, Wash. Alfred W. Martin is the minister of the church. This church publishes a bi-monthly magazine, entitled *The Free Church Record*. The contributors for the August number are Rev. O. B. Frothingham, William H. Johnson, Rev. Alfred W. Martin, Francis E. Abbott and F. M. Holland. The price of this magazine is \$1.00 a year.

—Rev. A. C. Spencer will preach at 11 A. M. next Sunday on "Infant Baptism." All parents should hear the discourse.—*Cattaraugus Republican*.

Such announcements in this age of science, progress and freethought reminds us that we still have the fossils of a past age with us—"ministers of the gospel" who have strictly conformed to that passage of Scripture which says, "We are fools for Christ's sake" (1 Cor. iv: 10).

—J. Madison Cosad, the well-known Freethinker of Wolcott, N. Y., passed away August 15th at his home at the ripe age of eighty-three years. We were permitted to speak to a large audience of his kinsmen, neighbors and friends at his funeral. We propose to publish in the November magazine a portrait and life-sketch of our departed friend and the earnest friend of Humanity. Mr. Cosad was one of nature's noblemen.

—Hon. A. B. Bradford of Enon Valley, Pa., in a private letter writes:

I have just finished reading the July number of the Magazine. All its articles are excellent; but the one which is twenty-three carats fine out of the twenty-four, which expresses the value of pure gold and gems, is Mr. Taber's article entitled "Christianity Incongruent." From beginning to end it carries conviction to the intellect; for it assails the *fortress* of superstition, which is *bibliolatry*, or the worship of the Bible as a fetich; and does it in such a way as makes it convincing and unanswerable, no matter who the reader may be.

—Senator Voorhees tells the following Lincoln story:

Once when I was up to the White House to see him about something, he turned to me with a pathetic look of anxious pain and said, "Voorhees, doesn't it seem strange that I should be here—I, a man who couldn't cut a chicken's head off, with blood running all around me?"

This story of itself proves conclusively that Lincoln was not an orthodox Christian. It is not necessary to read Remsburg's admirable volume to convince any sensible person of this fact after he has read this anecdote. If Lincoln could have been convinced of the truth of orthodoxy, that ninety-nine out of every one hundred would spend an eternity in hell, he would have died in a mad-house. No, Lincoln was no Christian.

—*Unity*, of Chicago, the exponent of Liberal religious views—Radical Unitarian—is as near out of the woods of superstition as any religious paper that we know of. To our surprise the other day *Unity* contained this notice:

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is doing a good work in *discussing* the points at issue in the minds of those who affirm and those who deny religious doctrines,—not indiscriminately ridiculing form and substance, as some so-called *free-thinkers'* organs do. In evidence of its fair-mindedness we note that the leading article in the July number, "Reason and Dogma," is by one to whose name "Rev." is prefixed, and that there are two other clerical contributors,—the three being Messrs. J. C. F. Grumbine, E. P. Powell and E. P. Adams.

It may have surprised some people to see three of the names of the writers of one number of the Magazine with the prefix "Rev." but with us it meant nothing more than "Dr." for Doctor, or "Esq." for an attorney-at-law, and then we were glad to let our "Infidel," readers know that some "Reverends" who sometimes stand in pulpits have advanced ideas. It does not matter so much from what source ideas come as whether they accord with the *Truth*. We welcome truth wherever found, on Christian or on heathen ground.

—There are many political frauds, but none to compare with that religious humbug known as "Foreign Missions." It is an insult to every nation that a missionary is sent to. What would a man think to have one of his neighbors send some one into his house to reform his manners? He would use the toe of his boot before he stopped to think much. Every foreign nation who is thus insulted by the religious missionary cranks of this country would be more than justified in forbidding these lazy religious dudes to enter their country.

—J. C. Geer, of Modesto, writes :

I am much pleased to note that the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is growing in size and improving in matter. It should be in the hands of every man and woman on this continent. It is strange it is so difficult to induce professed Liberals to subscribe for it—as for Christians, they are such abject slaves to the little popes (preachers) that they are afraid to even look at the outside, let alone reading it.

With an orthodox Christian there is no virtue in the advocacy of facts and opinions that can be verified. They glory in believing things that are unreasonable "for Christ's sake."

—One of our earnest friends in the West writes in a private letter :

We are now engaged in converting about twenty more of the best people of this town. Confirmation is the next step after conversion. Our method of confirming a convert is to influence him to subscribe for one of the Freethought publications, and especially the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, for that, more than any other publication, gives tone and glory to our cause. The July numbers of the Magazine you sent me are now being extensively circulated in this city, chiefly on account of the "Interview with Satan."

—The Rev. Dr. Fray, of the Duryea Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, having observed that good-looking girls drew well at the theaters, thought he would try them as ushers at his church to draw in the young men. But Pastor Fray's plan did not succeed. If he had dressed the good-looking girls as they are dressed on

the stage in the Black Crook play, the move might have proved a success. Bro. Fray will no doubt learn his mistake and correct it in the future. The great question with Christians now is how to get people into the churches. One minister, we see, recommends opening a beer saloon in connection with the church, and probably give a free lunch. The plain "gospel of Christ" seems to be played out as a drawing card. Talmage's monkey performances in Brooklyn drew well for a short time, but is getting rather stale, and he has been passing the plate all over the country to keep his "tabernacle" from going into bankruptcy.

—Brother R. M. Casey of Bruno, S. C., writes :

Do you remember the dying words of my lamented wife? "Take these Magazines and give them to our grandchildren, Walter, Lola and Ada, for every Magazine is a little school-house." How truly and beautifully are her words verified in the case of young Koken, as it appears in the July number.

I am all alive to the 20,000-subscriber proposition, but abject poverty, old age and feeble health has got me fettered. I fear I can do nothing to help you, I would, with great satisfaction, if I could. I inclose stamps for three copies of "Jehovah Interviewed." Want one for a Rev. "Sky Pilot" of the M. E. C. persuasion.

We are glad to know that our old veteran friend proposes to do a little missionary work, and hope the "Interview" will strike the Methodist "Sky Pilot" favorably.

P. S.—As we go to press we learn our old friend Casey has passed away.

—Samuel P. Putnam proposes to publish soon a book entitled "Four Hundred Years of Freethought." He says :

The plan of putting the grand history of Freethought from 1492 to 1892 into a permanent book form, together with the International Congress of the World's Fair, meets with prompt and generous response. No doubt it will be a success, but we need to know at the earliest possible moment all who will join in the work. I want it understood that this will be no

catch-penny affair. The book in every respect will be worth the money paid. I have counted up the number of portraits of Freethinkers for the book, and the number is nearly one hundred. This in itself will be worth the price, for it will be a picture gallery of the greatest reformers of the world, nowhere else to be obtained. Besides this there will be over five hundred pages of printed matter. The wealth of material is simply exhaustless, and my chief labor is to condense and give the main currents of progress in these four magnificent centuries. Besides, I intend, as far as possible, to have a list of all the Freethought organizations in the world and the work they are doing. The fact of it is, that no Freethinker can afford to do without this work. By securing a large number of subscribers before the Congress, we can so arrange as to publish the book in splendid fashion, and at the same time have quite a sum of money for the benefit of the Congress. It is a method of co-operation by which the subscriber gets a valuable return, and greatly aids the International Congress.

Then comes a number of letters from Col. Ingersoll, Dr. E. B. Foote, John E. Remsburg and other well-known Liberals, indorsing the publication and subscribing for a copy. The price of the volume is \$5.00, and subscriptions can be sent to Samuel P. Putnam, 345 W. Randolph St., Chicago Ill.

—Rev. Frank E. Mason, of the First Church of Christ of Brooklyn, seems to understand the situation. He closes his last sermon before his vacation in these words:

"So depleted has the Church become of late that stringent measures are devised to improve her condition and numerically retrieve her previous prestige. Men are weary of going to church to listen to the old-time dogma of the total depravity of the human race and to be told that they are groveling worms of the dust. There is something in man that resents this insult to true manhood. Such things are no longer entertaining, but enervating, and man protests against this outrage upon his dignity. Conscious of the gravity of the situation, the churches are striving to regain their lost prestige and are making innovations in the way of entertainments, musical and kindred things. 'The Outlook,' the new series of the

Christian Union, has commenced a series of articles on 'How to Reach Men,' and one of the popular churches in this City of Churches has adopted the unique measure of retaining prepossessing young ladies as ushers, with the view of inducing young men to attend services. Does it not seem as though the Church was in a precarious condition when it has to bend its dignity to such secular enticements to promote that which the pulpit fails to inspire."

—Emily P. Collins, of Hartford, Conn., writes:

Accept my best wishes for the success of your Magazine in its efforts to free the human mind from the fetters of theological dogma, which, through fixed creeds, tends to perpetuate the savagery, ignorance and tyranny of by-gone ages. Religious intolerance is still dominant in this so-called free country, as witness its successful boycott of the World's Fair to force its pagan Sunday upon the people. Thanks to you and your fellow-laborers in the field of Freethought; and in spite of religious bigotry the human race is growing better, for as the kind of god a people constructs and worships is a true index of their moral condition, we find the character of their deity has improved. His hatred, jealousy and never-ending vengeance, once such prominent features, if not now quite eliminated, are kept in the background, are not blazoned from pulpits as in former days. Until the true glory of Humanity, rather than that of an unknown Divinity, shall be "the chief end of man," may your Magazine live and prosper.

—There is an old adage that says, "There is honor among thieves," but it would seem from the following that the rule will not apply to Christian thieves:

Take another form of Christian larceny. I have been the sole music committeeman of this parish for many years, during which time I have received several anonymous letters of abuse, but never one of approbation unsigned or signed. I have hired a great many singers at moderate salaries, and had them trained until they became skillful, and then some other parish would steal them away by the bait of a small advance of wages. This is an extremely demoralizing practice. It has even corrupted me, so that I no longer scruple to poach on my neighbors' musical preserves. I was never more ashamed of

myself than once when I went to a church in this city, at the solicitation of the soprano, to hear her sing, in the hope that I would carry her away, and in the vestibule I was accosted by the pastor's wife, who said, "So glad to see you, but so sorry you won't hear the Doctor—he's away; come and sit with me." And so I sat in the minister's pew, and listened to his singers with that nefarious design. It will be a solace to my dying hour that his soprano sang so badly that I didn't want her! I can even endure her cutting me on the street afterwards. But the meanest form of Christian larceny is where churches steal away one another's clergymen. One would suppose that the churchy way of getting a clergyman from another society would be to go openly and say to that other church: "We feel that we need your pastor; that ours is a larger and more useful field; that we can help you to another who will answer your wants just as well," etc. But no; nothing of the sort. The predatory church appoints a committee of three to go and hear sundry preachers on the sly—I know their tricks and their manners—I have been on "smelling committees" myself. They pretend not to know one another at the hotel. They sneak into church separately next morning, and get separate seats. But all these are vain ostrich precautions. Everybody "spots" them. Even the minister in the pulpit recognizes them, and startles his people with an unwonted display of eloquence and fervor. A loud "call" follows—or doesn't follow—and in either event hard feelings are engendered.—IRVING BROWNE, in the *Outlook*.

—Our good friend W. J. Wright sends us the following private letter, which we think will interest our readers:

CONNELLSVILLE, PA., Aug. 16, 1893.

Friend Green: It has been some time since I have written to you, but each copy of the Magazine makes me feel so good (an old Methodist expression) that I have now to say something or—"bust." I want to thank you and all the good Liberals who have helped you to make the Magazine what it is—the best Freethought Magazine that I know of in this country. I feel that each and every man who I have secured as a subscriber is getting the worth of his money and much more. My friend Weiman of this place told me he looked forward anxiously to the time each month's issue of the Magazine reached

him. "I get," said he, "a great many publications, but I think more of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE than any of them." You see he was a hard man to get, but I see he thought enough of the Magazine to contribute five dollars, and when I saw that I knew we had him. All the rest of the Liberals here who are taking the Magazine are more than pleased with it, and those who can are working for it. I want to see it in 20,000 homes—yes, 60,000, and more when we reach that; but you must remember that we have a fearful hard field to work in (it is so hot). Yes, Friend Green, the good Christians down in this neck of woods actually have a hell, yet they don't know that the Freethinkers have put the fire out. You see they are away behind, but we still keep inching up on them, and one by one they get their eyes open, and then talk about a man being converted in a Methodist ghost dance—why, they never saw anything like it. True he does not shout or take spasms, but he wants to tell everybody how the thing is, and then we have this advantage, our converts never backslide, so we are gaining slowly but surely. Education will do it, and I know of no better educator than the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. So you see all these things have a tendency to make me feel good, as I feel a sort of father to the Magazine here. My friends Austin and McDaniel were the only Freethinkers in this town when I came here, and my friend Weihe, you have heard from him; he was a good paying and praying member of the witch-burning Presbyterians, as was also two of his brothers. They have all left the church, and one of them at least is a subscriber to the Magazine. Weihe says Wright has driven God out of Connellsville; only for him, says he, God would still be doing business at the old stand. Here are five dollars and three names to which you will send the Magazine for one year.

—Susan H. Wixon, one of the most intelligent and energetic Freethought women in America, sends the following which we gladly publish and fully indorse:

It is particularly appropriate that the management of the Freethought Congress to be held in Chicago in October should set apart one day especially for women.

Had woman stood side by side with man all the way along, there would have been no need of this observance of one specific day for the hearing of woman's voice, for her sentiments would alternate

with man's as naturally as rippling music follows the flowing river. But we, who know the history of the past—of woman's past—how she has been restrained, bound by fetters forged by canon law, held in check, relegated to an inferior position on account of her sex, can understand in full the significance of "Woman's Day" at the forthcoming Congress.

The tyrannical metes and measures of ecclesiastical authority have trampled upon womanhood as nothing else in this world has done or could have done. Ecclesiasticism made her a slave, an underling, and fastened the finger of silence upon her lips.

The drudgery appointed as her portion kept her in submission until she came to feel, if not to say:

My very chains and I grew friends—
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are.

But a wonderful change has taken place in these later times. In the light of the new dawn, man sees that he has been unjust to the mothers of men. He has been in error regarding woman and the limit of her powers. He realizes as he never realized before that he had no business to put a chain upon the neck of woman that he would scorn to wear himself. He sees that the knowledge he possesses, extended to woman, makes her not a worse, but a better helpmate. He observes that with equal opportunities, equal advantages, woman holds her own and loses not her self-respect; and if she is no longer willing to crouch at his feet, he is more than glad to welcome her to a place beside himself.

Now, all that progressive womanhood is to-day, and it is much compared to the past, is due to the dissemination of broad and liberal ideas.

Freethought has been the best friend woman ever had—her best and truest ally. It early sent her forth as a teacher, and it has always encouraged her to press on to nobler heights. It has ever welcomed and lauded her best efforts. It has made the rough places smooth for the unaccustomed feet. It has urged for her the crown of equality before the law. It has striven to remove from her onward path the barriers placed there by ignorance and superstition. It has sought to place her in her own true light as a woman, intellectual and capable, a true guide, counselor, and friend; queen, not only of home and household, but of every domain where her work is needed, and

equal sharer in life's pursuits, duties, and emoluments—the undwarfed, unstunted, the real complement of man.

Every woman who knows the value of an independent mind should be present at the Freethought Congress in October. Every woman who has felt the thralldom put upon her sex by theological dogma should make it a point to be at the Congress, that the world may see how many women there are who are superior to superstition and priestly influence.

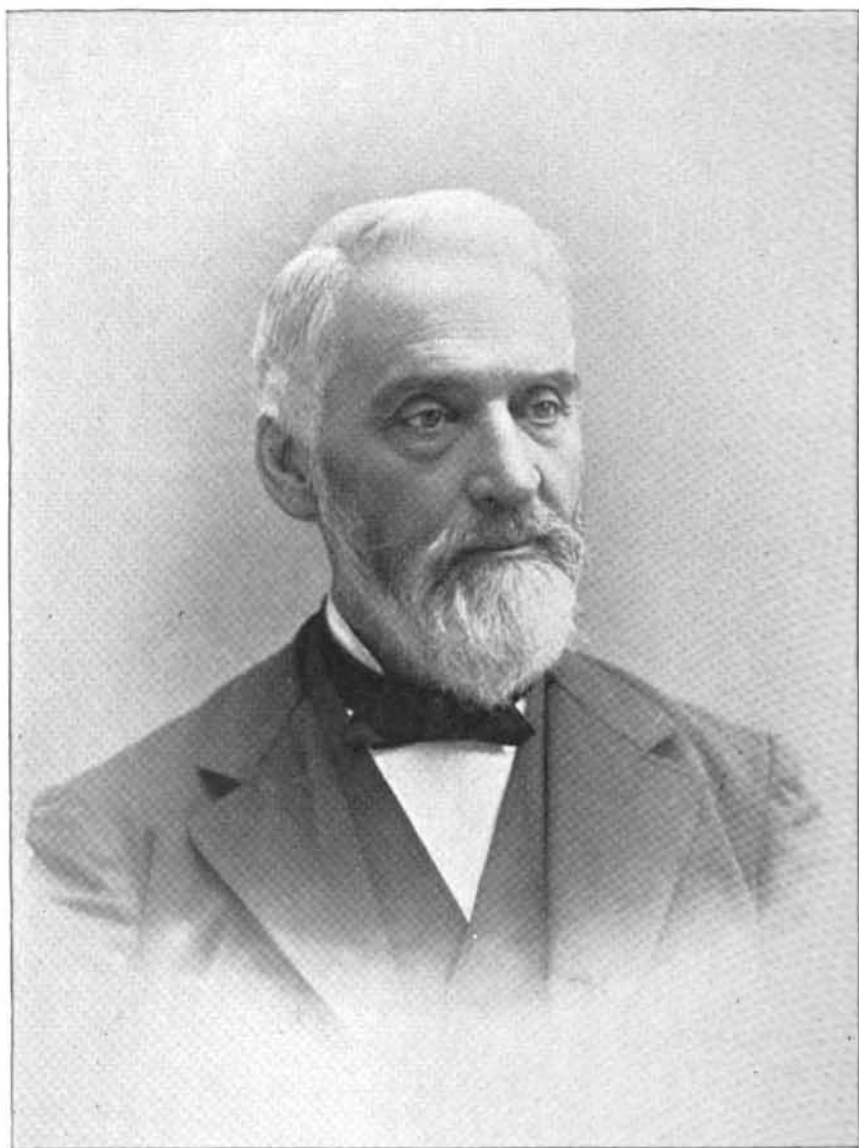
The Congress has honored woman by the appointment of a day essentially her own. Let women honor the Congress by their presence.

—We clip the following from the *American Sentinel*:

"Mr. Edgar Price, elder of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in this place, was arrested yesterday for working on Sunday. Mr. Price is acknowledged by all to be one of the best, most peaceable and law-abiding citizens of Millington. Mr. Price was working in his barn, which is half a mile from the home of the informant and more than a fourth of a mile from any house. The informer is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and had heretofore been the recipient of many favors from the man he betrayed. Judas-like he came to the home of Mr. Price as a friend, sat at his table, partook of his hospitality, and then, according to his own statement, had him arrested to satisfy his church."

All right. As Wendell Phillips said when they were returning slaves to their masters, "Let them set on their hell-hounds; it will sooner bring the question to an issue." We hope Christian bigotry will not have to die as slavery did, but no one can foretell the future. The motto of Christianity has always been "rule or ruin."

—"Romanism was worse to Mexico, morally, financially, and intellectually, than was slavery to the Republic of the United States. Romanism had eaten out the life of the nation. The people saw it. When the uprising for liberty came, the Roman Catholic Church stood across the track, and went down because of the triumph of Freethought."—*Rev. Justin D. Fulton, in "Why Priests Should Wed."*



Yours Truly
D. B. Higgins

THE
FREETHINKERS'
MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER (E. A.) 1993

CHRISTIANITY AND LIBERALISM

P. J. VIKI S W CORP ET AL

1. Let the reader not be deceived by the calling of this article
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 3. striking the dagger of Christianity as the source of the
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 5. a curable disease. It is true that to attack Christianity is
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 15. as an ally ready to defend
 16. in his creed. Rigor is
 17. in Himself. He is 'Gentle
 18. another's life, we realize
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 21. is terrible. 'We have



Yours Truly
L. B. Higgins

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER (E. M.) 293.

CHRISTIANITY AND LIBERALISM.

By CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

LET the reader not be deceived by the heading of this article; let him not think that my purpose is to flatter the Liberals by attacking the dogmas of Christianity as the source of every evil and by lauding the teachings of liberalism as a remedy for every possible disease. It is true that to attack Christianity is now considered a sacred duty by almost every one who rejects the superstitions of the Christian churches, but I have no inclination to follow the custom. My opinion is that instead of smiling at the deformity of others, we ought to take a glance at our own faces. If we examine ourselves carefully, we may discover that many members of the Liberal family are in a certain respect no better than those who call themselves Christians. The average Christian is so bigoted as to send to perdition every one who does not accept his scheme of salvation, and the average Free-thinker is equally ready to denounce every man who does not believe in his "creed." Bigotry is not confined to Christians alone. In Heinrich Heine's "Confessions," written at the close of the author's life, we read the following: "Alas! what then sounded so strange is now being preached from all the house-tops in Germany, and the fanatic zeal of many of these propagandists is terrible. We have now bigoted monks of

atheism, grand inquisitors of infidelity, who would have bound Voltaire to the stake because he was at heart an obstinate deist." Forty years have passed since these words were penned, but in the main they are true and hold good even to-day. We deplore the bigotry of the Christian whose mental vision is so dim that he can see nothing beyond his narrow creed. We who have burst asunder the chains of superstition, can only pity the man who would send John Calvin to heaven and Charles Darwin to hell. But how much more we ought to deplore the bigotry of the "liberal" who in his zeal ridicules and denounces Christianity, Christ and the Bible as a heap of rubbish !

The average Christian believes that Jesus died for the sins of mankind ; he is satisfied that a belief in the divinity of Jesus will open him the gates of heaven. The average Freethinker tells his Christian brother that only fools believe in such nonsense ; he is proud to know that the monsters of superstition don't crawl in his brain ; but is he really more liberal than the Christian ? It is very well to deny the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of Jesus, but there is no reason why we should denounce Jesus and make him responsible for the follies and crimes of the Christians, as some of our free-thinking friends are in the habit of doing.

A writer in one of our liberal journals recently said that we should denounce the superstitions of the Christian religion, but not the Christians. If by this he means that in our discussions we should deal with principles, not with personalities, I agree with him. But there is another side to the question. Is it worth while to denounce the foolishness of the Christian creeds and at the same time leave untouched the attitude of the Christian toward the ethical teachings attributed to Jesus ? Have we no right to condemn the Christian who does not regulate his conduct by the precepts of Jesus ? The man who claims to be a follower of Jesus must necessarily accept his teachings, and so instead of denouncing him for being a Christian, let us condemn him for *not* being one. It makes no difference to us whether Jesus was a real person or only a myth. If his teachings have any value at all, why should we care for his personality ?

The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* will live as long as the human language. But who was the author of these grand poems ? They are commonly attributed to Homer. How much do we know of Homer ? Almost nothing. Some go as far as to question his

very existence. But should the name of Homer be blotted out of the world, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* will lose nothing of their value. The same is true of Shakespeare. Some are of the opinion that Shakespeare was a man of straw, and should they succeed in proving to the satisfaction of all thinking men that they are right, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *The Tempest*, and other Shakespearean dramas will still remain an unperishable monument to human genius. Why cannot the same measure be applied to Jesus? If the man Jesus really lived and suffered and died, if he really uttered the many good, wise sayings which the writers of the New Testament attributed to him, let us be thankful to him. If, on the other hand, the life of Jesus as recorded in the New Testament is pure fiction, his ethical teachings still remain. They may be not entirely faultless, not entirely original—some of them are, in my opinion, impractical—but we cannot deny their value.

Now, when a man comes and tells us that he is a Christian, let us ask him what he means by being a Christian. If he answers that he believes that Jesus was the son of God and born of a virgin mother, and adds that unless we believe as he does, we shall be eternally damned, let us tell him something like this: My dear friend! You believe a thing which to us seems improbable. Your brain seems to be different from ours. However, if your belief gives you happiness and makes the burden of life easier, we find no fault with you so long as you are honest about it. As to being damned for disbelieving your fable, if an all-merciful God can afford to damn us for not having credulity enough to believe the impossible, we can afford to be damned. So let us not quarrel about such matters. We will settle our business with God ourselves. But whether you are right or wrong, whether God can or cannot do something for our souls, we can do nothing for God, but while we are here on earth we can do something for ourselves and our fellow-men. Now, if you really believe that Jesus was of no earthly origin, it is your duty to follow his teachings.

Jesus put the love of man above the love of God. He said: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift!" Have you ever obeyed this commandment? Have you or any of your fellow-Christians, who as

employers have robbed your workingmen of their just wages, ever left your Bibles and prayer books in the churches on Sunday and went to make peace with your workingmen?

Jesus preached against riches; he was the friend of the poor, the oppressed, the fallen; he was grand enough to say to a woman taken in adultery: "Neither do I condemn thee." Walt Whitman, who did not claim to be a Christian, had the Christ-like spirit to address the following lines to a common prostitute: "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you; not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves to rustle for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you." But how far do you Christians follow Jesus in this respect? Do you not use all your efforts to get rich at the expense of your fellow-man? Are not our millionaires as a rule regular church attendants? Do not the preachers receive large salaries? Is not every rich church an insult to Jesus? Do you pity your fallen sisters? Do you take them to your houses, to your Fifth Avenue mansions, and treat them with such kindness that they become virtuous again? Think of man's inhumanity to woman! Think of all the women who become outcasts from lack of sympathy!

Jesus said: "When thou doest thy alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have the glory of men." In the light of this saying what shall we say of the great Christian philanthropists who amass millions by robbing their fellow-men and then build colleges, hospitals, etc., with their names always attached to them?

Another saying of Jesus is as follows: "If you love them which love you, what reward have you? do not even the publicans the same?" You are commanded to love your enemies, but how many Christians can you show us whose hearts are free from hatred? How many Christians can honestly say that they love every man in the universe?

We might go on and multiply the sayings of Jesus in contrast with the conduct of the Christians, but the foregoing are enough for our purpose. What kind of a Christian are you, then? Is your belief in the divinity of Jesus sufficient to entitle you to an eternity of happiness, even if you disregard all the commands of your master? Is it possible that the whole essence of Christianity consists of outward forms and beliefs? The Christianity of Jesus

was a religion of deeds, but *your* Christianity is a religion which has nothing to do with this world; it is a religion which Jesus would have indignantly rejected, had he lived on earth to-day."

Such is, in my opinion, the right way of attacking the Christian. Laugh at his follies and superstitions, if you please, though I consider it a useless task, like the threshing of old straw; but your main effort should be to impress upon his mind that he has no right to call himself a Christian, unless he follows the footsteps of his master. To accept Jesus as a savior and to ignore at the same time his ethics, is like playing *Hamlet* with the role of Hamlet left out. I don't mean to say that the ethics of Jesus should be accepted unconditionally by all men. Far from it, but we should not throw the wheat away because it is not entirely free from chaff. Freethinkers, above all, should have the courage to accept truth wherever it is found. Denounce the mistakes of Moses as much as you please; condemn him for his many barbarous acts, call him a savage leader of a savage people. It is not my business to defend him; I have no great admiration for him myself. His character as portrayed in the Bible is not lovable. Let us still admit that he said a few good things. He said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself,"—let us be grateful to him for it. While I don't believe in worshiping any one, I am willing to admire every great deed, every good saying, no matter by whom done or said.

The so-called Christians worship Jesus and reject all other men, and among the Freethinkers some make a fetich of Auguste Comte, others of Herbert Spencer and others of Robert Ingersoll. All this is wrong. We should be charitable enough to give hospitality to the good teachings of all sages, ancient and modern, remembering at the same time that no man is or was absolutely faultless. Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, Jesus, Bruno, Spinoza, Goethe, Comte, Spencer, Emerson,—all of them have uttered some great truths, but none of them had monopolized the whole truth. Let us gratefully remember the good things they have done and said, and let us forget and forgive their faults.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., N. Y., July 29, 1903.

CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF FREETHINKING.

By JOHN W. SHULL.

FREETHOUGHT in ethical and religious questions is, in truth, no more destructive than constructive. Freethought requires a mind which accepts all demonstrated truth, rejects all demonstrated falsehood, credits or discredits the undemonstrable according to the known facts, studies all things, and remains open to conviction through new studies of the unknown or keener analyses of the known. Freethought is the attitude of a mind in search of all truth, and loyal to it when found. It may be as much constructive as destructive, for truth is not universal negation, but a constructive affirmation of what is.

The attitude of orthodoxy is more responsible for the iconoclastic position of freethinking than the character of freethought itself, for when thought first leaped the narrow limits of creed and dogma, and asked for a broader, surer basis of truth, the partisans of orthodoxy pertinaciously defended their creeds and articles. This was to have been expected, for evolution of world-thought is slow. If thought were destined to be free, and all minds might be open to the truth, the whole fabric of creedism as such, with its limitations upon progressive, critical inquiry, must first be swept away. This put the stigma of iconoclasm upon freethought, but the debris of falling systems must be cleared away before the new and more vital can be reared.

To-day, when dogma is broadening out to express the truth, when creed is merging into broader brotherhood of faith, when synods are reconstructing the confessions, when the first battles for freedom and truth are all but won, this stigma still remains. Many good men earnestly ask: When you have swept away Bibles, traditions, creeds, articles, rites and orders, what have you left us? When you have separated the dross, where is the gold? When you have demolished all those things which have been held as the sanctions of virtue and good citizenship, the basis of all that is good and imperishable in this life and that which is to come, on what must the whole social fabric rest, and how stable is that basis?

Constructive freethinking owes the world an answer.

We must think clearly. Two questions are involved. Is a

belief in the plenary inspiration of the Hebrew Bible, with an acceptance of those creeds, articles and rites which have been built upon it, an essential basis of all or any part of morals and religion? The second question depends upon the answer to the first. If it is an essential basis, it cannot safely be destroyed. If it is not an essential basis, it may and must be abandoned. Then, what is the essential basis?

It is notorious that many who can not be impeached with free-thinking, who are extremists in defending the church creeds and traditions, are not even virtuous men and good citizens, while many of our noblest men, with broadest charities, most just and upright in all things, are among the agnostics.

The expectation of heaven and the fear of hell may incite some to goodness and restrain some from evil, but it is a purchased or a cringing virtue at the best. The man who does a good act or refrains from an evil, solely because the civil law *commands it under penalty*, is a criminal at heart, and no possible interpretation of his purpose can make his act a virtue. Ask any good citizen of this Republic why he respects the property and person of his neighbor, and so refrains from cheating, forging, theft, arson, lying, slander, assault and murder; is it because the law hangs over these crimes its threatenings of fines, imprisonment, death, and their attendant disgrace of family and kindred? No, he has not even thought of the civil law. He has followed the law of his own conscience and judgment, which is paramount. So it is in religious bodies. Those who live the noblest, truest lives, in the fullest consecration to some blessed purpose, never think of heaven or hell as a motive, but are actuated by the strong impulse of love which springs up within them, and is its own ever-present reward and perpetuator. Common virtue and common humanity, as well as the most exalted, never did and never will rest upon anything else than the impulse and judgment of the human mind.

Creeds may be needed to fix the faith of a few, and penalties may still serve to restrain those who, by their unfortunate constitution, are not a law unto themselves; but, as men grow out of creeds by a natural progress of elevation, the "law within themselves" assumes a paramount influence, and becomes a basis for as much nobility of purpose, and richness of moral and spiritual life, as the old Biblical basis ever could support. It

might be disastrous to those who have known no other basis of life than the Bible to sweep that away, but few, *very few* if any, absolutely reject the authority of Bible, church and creed, until they have grown out of and beyond the need of that authority.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Most heterodox churchmen, ethical-culturists, advanced free-thinkers, rationalists and agnostics have outgrown the creeds by this progressive growth. If all men should attain to such a state, the mission of creeds and inspired books would be closed forever.

The religious creeds are not the real basis, and rarely, if ever, have been the real basis of moral conduct, though they formed a seeming (yet, in truth, unreal) center of the religious aspirations. These, including faith and worship, are as legitimate expressions of the human mind as the conscience, and are a part of the "law within."

Many thinking men have learned these lessons, and are courageously changing bases, while the rest distrustfully await the inevitable result of progress.

It is now evident that our answer to the second question must be an enlarged definition of the "law within," for growth of thought always has made this the real basis.

This Conscience, the "God within the mind," the "Law written in the heart," the "Light within," which we must define, is a double function, or combination of functions, of the mind. It is, emotionally, an impulse and desire to do all good ; it is also intellectual judgment of what the good is.

This impulse is a *sine qua non* of Christian character. If any man is found wanting in this, no creed, no articles, no confession, no profession, or solemn lip-service, can make him an exemplary Christian. This is the shame of the churches, that they insist upon faith as the one essential of salvation, and accept within their body many whose looseness of moral principle is a reproach before the world. The melancholy evidence comes from all the churches, that without this impulse toward righteousness, the creed, the Bible, the faith, even God, can not make them

exemplary Christians. If any man have this impulse, he may cast aside all other sanctions of righteousness, for he is a "law unto himself," and could not be richer in faith, hope and good works, as an orthodox churchman. Such need only enlightenment. He need only to learn what is duty. The judgment must discern the true moral basis and its development into practical ethics and religion. This done, all is done.

Here is the true and immutable basis of ethics and religion, the center of constructive freethought. This we offer in lieu of the Bible and its authority, believing that the created facts of God, revealed to our own intelligence, are of more binding authority than any assumed revelation, coming from the lips of priests and prophets centuries ago.

This is the basis which shall enlighten the judgment. Man is a part of the cosmic order, and past or present sinning cannot have affected his position in it. Degradation of his nature by an Edenic fall cannot be admitted. Then, *wherever man sustains a relation to the Universal Order, therein lies a duty*, an obligation which cannot be violated without evil. We might have taken the teleological argument, but, for brevity, we assume its logical consequence as our ethical first principle.

These relations are easily determined, and the duties which inhere in them may be grouped as follows. He owes:

To the Universe or God, the creator and preserver, a reverent and willing submission to all laws, physical, mental and moral, and an active, not merely passive, existence.

To himself, self-preservation, culture, happiness, and self-perpetuation.

To wife, chaste, exclusive love, personal liberty, and equal opportunities of life and development.

To children, pure, healthy bodies and minds, proper care and development in infancy, fullest preparation for entrance upon all the rights and privileges of mature life, and wise counsel in all things.

To fellow-men, unabridged rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and co-operation in securing mutual benefits.

To the State, good citizenship, active effort in forming and executing just and equal laws, and conformity to every law, until by reformatory education public thought shall alter it.

To the Past, a cherishing of all that is good in the social fabric, in philosophical, ethical, religious, political and economic thought, and a rejection of all that is useless or evil.

To the Future, all the progress of which he is capable. He should bequeath more than the legacy of the Past.

To the race, all that he owes to his God but submission. He owes self-culture, a full active life, a strong, pure manhood, and a broad catholic spirit in all things, that he may be a factor in the evolution of a crowning order of life.

These thoughts might be expanded into volumes. They rest upon the "law within," and are an ever-present, authoritative code to the developed man.

But what of faith, worship, prayer? They are but attitudes of the human spirit toward the great Unknown, the Infinite, the Universe, God.

And what of immortality? If there is to be no future of reward and retribution, what force will the "law within" have over us? "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." This is but another form of the old question of sanctions. Belief in immortality has nothing to do with the moral acts of men. If there is a future state, it must be a complement to the present. A full, complete earth-life must insure a fitting entrance upon the spirit-life. Our duties and opportunities all lie here. Our motives and sanctions all are here. And our rewards are all here. If immortality is true (and most of us believe it in some form), we shall enter upon it prepared for all its opportunities and enjoyments. If it is but a beautiful dream of the ages, we shall go down to the dust, our bodies dissolving into the elements, our lives breathing into nothing. We shall go to nothing dreadful. The mission of our life will be ended.

NOTE.—Please do not forget to notify us by postal card how many copies of "Cosmology against Christianity" you desire if we put it in pamphlet form.—ED.

COSMOLOGY AGAINST THEOLOGY.

BY VINDEX.

(Continued.)

HUMANITY HAS NEVER YET HAD A FAIR CHANCE.

The human race has never yet had the opportunity to develop its possibilities in point of personal symmetry, mind and morals, as some of the domesticated animals have had to develop theirs. We know how to produce the fine racers and trotters among horses, and the admirable proportions, amiable dispositions, and other good qualities in the different breeds of cattle. But, although man is an animal too, and the laws of heredity apply in both cases, we don't know—yet—how to produce children whose character, as a rule, is an improvement on that of their parents. All the great men and women we read of in history owed their endowments, not to intention, but to the fortunate concurrence of circumstances attending the beginning of their existence. If we only knew these circumstances in the cases of the parents of women like Hypatia and Aspasia, we could probably account for the production of such magnificent offspring.

The human passions are a fierce and numerous crowd, but dangerous as they are, they are all necessary in the make-up of a real man. Not one, probably, in ten thousand of the children born, come into the world as they have a right to come, with passions, which, at maturity, are in such beautiful equipoise, that it would be impossible for any one of them to usurp the mastery over the others, and make the man a slave. The safe man, to himself and others, is he who has learned to control his passions and use them, as in this age we are learning how to control and utilize the mighty forces of nature. But we have only to read the daily papers to see instances constantly occurring, where one passion plays the despot over all the rest, and leads its owner into crime and misery. The property instinct, for instance, without the judicious development of which a man bids fair to become a spendthrift of other people's earnings, we see cultivated by its owner, to the neglect of all the rest, so that it becomes as great a deformity in his moral character as a

ten-pound wen on his face would be to his physical character. The sentiment of love, intended by nature to bind the sexes together in a common interest, and build up mankind into families, we see "revolting from true birth, and stumbling into the abuse" of licentiousness. And the grand virtue of self-respect, we see abnormally growing by indulgence, until it towers into ambition, and is willing to wade through a sea of baseness, or of blood, in order to reach its goal. It is only when the forces in man, which are his sentiments and passions, are well-balanced and counter-balanced, that we have a character which is symmetrical in its proportions, and safe in such a world as this; just as by the centripetal and centrifugal forces in our solar system all the planets move safely on their orbits. Such persons need no compulsion from civil laws to make them do their duty. They are a law unto themselves.

WOMAN AS A DIVINITY.

It might sound like the voice of one crying in the wilderness to make the suggestion, but in this age, when so many people of intellect are becoming ashamed of their hereditary Gods, may I not suggest to those who have the *animus* of worship, that they transfer their sentiments of homage—not to *women* who, for the most part are unworthy of worship, because they are deformed and enfeebled by their double bondage to religious superstition and fashion—but to WOMAN, the mother, and home-maker of the human family, the center of loving authority and attraction, making the place where she presides as queen the dearest spot on all the earth to her household. There she stands in the glory of her character, immaculate, and endowed with almost infinite capabilities. We are told that a stream cannot rise higher than the fountain from which it springs. But the wonderful peculiarity in *woman*, is that, in all ages, she has given sons and daughters to the world who were greater than herself:—statesmen, who, understanding the deep causes and effects of things, by wise policies, promote the welfare of future generations as well as their own; philosophers, who teach us how we, as individuals, stand related to the rest of the universe; scientists, who impart to us the treasures of actual knowledge concerning the world we live in, and give us a glimpse of other worlds besides; democratizing inventors, who abolish adventitious distinctions, and fill all our

houses with the comforts and conveniences of life, and go far to equalize the condition of man by making knowledge and locomotion cheap; poets, orators, painters, sculptors and musicians, who refine our taste, and teach us how to admire and enjoy the beautiful.

Surely, if the character of a man is modeled after that of the being he adores and serves, the unselfish homage of *woman* would exalt those who offered it. Would such a divinity have accepted human sacrifices in her worship, as the Old Testament Jehovah did in his? Would she have inspired the Pauline theology, which, eighteen hundred years ago, fixed the brand of infamy, and consequently, of inferiority and subjection, upon one-half the human family, which remains in its iniquitous influence to this day, in the ridiculous charge that it was woman, who, in the garden of Eden, introduced sin into the world, with all its terrible consequences of sufferings and of death? Would she have originated a hell of fire and brimstone as a place of punishment for her own children, and then work a perpetual miracle by depriving the fire of its power to consume, so as to make the agony eternal?

COSMOLOGY PROMOTES THE SENTIMENT OF BROTHERHOOD TOWARDS ALL LIVING BEINGS.

The science of the earth not only draws forth the fine sentiment of reverence and admiration for its totality of wonderful things, but even a finer sentiment still, that of brotherhood with the immense families of plants and animals which are our fellow-occupants of this planet. They are on the great theatre of life, and are a part of the *dramatis personæ* as well as ourselves. Who can go into an orchard or forest in the summer-time and contemplate a tree without a feeling of reverence for it, as the offspring of the same mother that gave us our existence? If the religious reader should curl his lip in scorn at this idea, it is because the church has filled him with spiritual pride and selfishness, and taught him to look down upon the plant and animal worlds as beneath his notice, except as having been specially created for his sole use and behoof. But look at that tree: it eats, it drinks, it sleeps, it wakes, it grows, it digests its food, it has a circulation of white blood coming up from its mother, the earth, and after visiting every twig and leaf with its life and growth, imparting

energy, returns by another route to the general store-house for a new supply. It propagates its kind, and finally it dies. It can do, and actually does, everything a human being does, except one—it has no power of locomotion. It cannot leave its living and loving mother for a single day, else it withers and dies. To live at all, it throws out its anchors upon her bosom, North, South, East and West, and holds there with such tenacious grasp, as though it could defy the winds of heaven to uproot it. If I dare not positively affirm intelligence and the capability of feeling both pleasure and pain of this tree, will the reader dare to deny it?

The study of the whole plant family, together with our speechless fellow-beings, the animals below us, is calculated to produce a profound reverence for the life-giving forces of our common mother, the earth, and at the resulting fact that these two worlds of living and sensitive things, with man at their head, constitute a *brotherhood*. It is one of the many grounds of quarrel we have with religion, that it cuts us off from a loving sympathy and fellowship with these two worlds, because, being things and not persons, they never were capable of sinning, as the human family did, and therefore had no interest in the atoning blood of Christ, and cannot join with the saints in singing, through eternal ages, the song of redeeming love.

WHATEVER EXISTS AT ALL IS MATTER, IN SOME OF ITS
INFINITE FORMS.

We have been taught by the priesthood that no two things in nature are more unlike and opposite to each other in substance and function, than the human body on the one hand, and the human soul, or intellect, or thinking faculty, on the other; and that this soul resides in the body, precisely as a tenant occupies a house, until death orders it to vacate the premises. This view had its origin in those ages when the ignorance of mankind was like the darkness of Egypt, that could be felt, and when everything visible to the human eye was considered as a part of coarse, earthly matter, in opposition to what they called soul, or spirit. But as the telescope revealed a comparative atom in every world, so the microscope reveals a comparative world in every atom, and we have discovered that on and in our globe there are more things in existence than were ever seen by the human eye alone.

The microscope, in the hands of the chemist, has done vastly more for the welfare of mankind in the diffusion of useful knowledge than the telescope. To this instrument we are indebted, among hundreds of other things, for such knowledge as that the odor of flowers, so subtle, and invisible to the naked eye, is as much matter as the pyramids of Egypt; and the organs of smell, which detect these odors, and the difference between their respective qualities, are constructed out of the same flesh, blood and nerves that compose all the other parts of the body. As the finest piece of mechanism, say a watch, is made out of pig-iron by the skill of the workman, so Nature, out of the food on which the body lives, constructs and operates not only the comparatively rough pumping-machine called the heart, but the much more wonderful complex machinery called the mental faculty.

A mass of iron can be changed by heat into a liquid. Increase the heat and the liquid is converted into a vapor. Add more heat, and the vapor becomes, at the end of the process, so sublimated that, in its substance, it approaches the fine tenacity of ether. But the ether, which fills the regions of space through which the planets roll, is itself matter, and is a substantial medium, without which the sun could not send down his light and heat to gladden the earth and its inhabitants. It is not, therefore, a hyperbole, or any other figure of speech, to say that the possibilities of matter, in the form of existence, are infinite.

Sitting in his chair, or lying in his bed, alone and perfectly free from all excitement, a man can, perceptibly at the pulse, simply by thinking; hasten up, or slow down, the engine in his body which pumps the oxygenated blood out of the lungs into the arteries. Or, if his intellect is suddenly informed, through the ear or the eye, of a case of human suffering which rouses his sympathies, or, if he only imagines it, he experiences a strong sensation in some particular part of his body.

Now, when a brick in the wall, or chimney of his dwelling, is smartly struck with a hammer, the tenant within does not know, or feel it, because he is no part of that building; but when his *body*, which his soul is said to inhabit, is touched anywhere, from crown to sole, by a mere needle-point, he feels it immediately, because he is a constituent part of the house itself. If the soul and body are not two forms and functions of the same material substance, how can we account for such facts as these? Can any-

thing be more sublimated than thought? It speeds like the lightning, leaping from one subject to another, a million of miles, or fifty years away from it, in a moment of time, but yet touching in its flight upon every one of the links in the long chain that connects the one with the other. That this subtle thing in a man, when it takes the form of volition, can act as a force, and produce physical results, such as we see and experience every day in our bodies, ought to teach us that what, in the old ages of ignorance, was called soul or spirit, is nothing but a particle of matter taken from the eternal mass, and organized by nature into a machinery for manufacturing thought, and all the other phenomena in the world of mind. 'It is in the human body what the rudder is in an ocean steamer, controlling all its movements; and life is the helmsman.

If I am asked what bearing such views have upon the question of the immortality of the soul, I reply that this does not depend on the existence of a God. If we live at all after death it will be as natural to do so as it was to live before birth; or, as it is now for the world of plants in a northern climate to revive in the spring, and put on their beautiful garments after the death of the winter months of the year.

IRREVERENCE.

In suggesting that the eternal energy is immanent in matter; that it neither hears nor answers prayers, and accepts no worship; that the human mind is a thought machine, an automaton, constructed out of matter sublimated to the highest degree; and that, whatever in the universe is not matter, in some of its infinite forms, is nothing at all; it may be charged that this theory dethrones God as the Creator and Governor of all things, divests the individual man of his soul, and destroys the sentiment of reverence in the human character.

But let us not be alarmed, for we are entirely safe from all harm so long as we keep ourselves under the guidance of the *truth*. Reverence, admiration, awe, are only rightly exercised towards things which are *real*, and not towards abstractions, or speculations of the fancy, which have no existence whatever outside the brain which originates them. The emotions are all good, in their respective places, and for their proper purposes; but in the search after the eternal truth of things, we cannot invite their

assistance. Cosmology, which we are now considering, is a grand system of sciences, which, having the earth for their study, each is devoted to its specialty, but all are in close sisterhood with one another. Every science is a multiped. It stands on many feet, each foot being an undisputed fact or truth, arrived at by an inductive and deductive process of reasoning; and as it is a purely intellectual process everything but *facts*, and reasoning upon them alone, must be shut out of the discussion. When the claims of both sides of the question are fairly examined, the examination finished, and the truth becomes visible, then is the time to indulge the feeling of reverence; for the intellect has found that which alone is worthy of reverence, because it is a portion of the eternal and harmonious system of truth.

When we take time to contemplate the world we live in we are filled with wonder, and even with awe, especially at the omnipresence and iron character of its laws. Although, as human beings, we are comparatively of no more importance than the motes which dance upon a sunbeam, we are not overwhelmed in despair at our own insignificance; for these laws make no distinction between great and small, but look after and care for us individually. If we study them, respect and obey them, we enjoy the greatest of blessings—perfect health of body and mind, long and happy lives, die a natural, welcome and painless death, and then meet our destiny, whether it be complete extinction of our being, or, a continual existence. If we be ignorant of these laws of life and health, or are disobedient and defy them, we come within the sweep of their inevitable penalties, and must take the consequences.

There is no class of men whose spirit is so really reverential, and whose standard of honor and morals is so high as that of the Scientists. The reason is, they live, move, and have their being, in an atmosphere of *facts*, where no impudent or hypocritical lie dare show its face. The scientist is not an attorney-at-law in a criminal court, bribed by a fee to defend his client, guilty or not guilty, but a juror in the box, bound by his conscience and his promise to listen impartially to the testimony given on both sides of the question at issue, and to bring in his verdict according to the testimony, and not according to his prejudice or his ignorance. The laboratory of the chemist is his Holy of Holies, where he comes into close communion with his mother, the Earth, and all

her real things. Every test he uses in his work means an affectionate and respectful request that she would reveal to him more of her profound secrets, with the promise on his part that he will utilize them for promoting the happiness of the rest of the family. To the chemist, with his microscope, we are indebted for the knowledge that the earth, which our ancestors, in their profound ignorance, considered inert and dead, is a teeming mass of life—life issuing in death, and death in life, in one eternal round. In this realm of realities the free men of science have no reverence for the doll babies of superstition; no expectation or desire to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem city after they die, and no fears of a lake of fire and brimstone. Feeling that they are free moral agents on the theater of this world's affairs, they are willing to meet the responsibilities of their acts, and scorn to throw the burden on the shoulders of an innocent substitute.

LOVE, AS A PRIME FACTOR IN PROMOTING CIVILIZATION.

In closing what I had to say on Cosmology, and before touching on the subject of Theology, it seems proper to offer an answer to the question put by many whose religious faith is shaken by doubt: "What will the skeptic give the world in the place of religion?" I answer: While we cannot admit the New Testament writings to be either authentic or infallible, we gather enough from this source to convince us that the striking peculiarity in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth was their freedom from dogmas and creed, and the great prominence he gave to the sentiment of *love* as one of tremendous force and usefulness in human affairs. When categorically asked what a man should do to inherit *eternal life*, by which was meant everything that would make a human being happy, here and hereafter, he promptly replied: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself. This do, and thou shalt live. This is all that is required by the Law and the Prophets; no baptism, no Lord's Supper, no faith in a creed.* I take it for granted that so gentle a person as Jesus was could not have loved with all his heart the Old Testament Jehovah, or the New Testament God described in the Epistle to the Romans, if he had ever heard of him; but, like so many of his followers of to-day, worshipped an imaginary God whom he had invested with the attractive attributes of a "*Heavenly Father.*" "The neighbor," however, who

was to be loved equally with one's self, was a noun of multitude, by his own definition of the term, and meant the masses of human beings scattered around and all over the world. These people were all, more or less, in a condition of *suffering*, arising from ignorance, from poverty and from oppression; and there was no need for Love to make a ladder and scale the heavens to find an object on which or whom to bestow itself.

This love was not that kind which leads to marriage, and which is a blind instinct that nature has implanted in every living thing in order to preserve life upon the earth, and which the poets and novelists have reduced to a mere namby-pamby, by making it the perpetual theme of their lucubrations. It was that sentiment which is the corner-stone of a perfect system of moral philosophy, covering the whole of human life and duty—the *love of all our fellow-beings on the earth in general, and of our fellow-men in particular*. This love, when mutual, creates mutual interests, and these are the conservators of peace, and form the bond of union and fellowship in the family, the neighborhood, the State, and all the nations of the earth. We are all conscious of deeply feeling this love towards men and women whom we have never seen and never expect to see. It is called "*platonic*," to distinguish it from the other kind, and is more lasting than that, because it is founded on a perception of those fine intellectual and moral qualities of character which age cannot wither, but which shine brighter by the lapse of years. If the parties to a contract of marriage find these characteristics in each other the marriage will never end in a divorce, for this love will never die, as that based upon mere personal attractions so often does.

Now, an organization—such as I think Jesus at first contemplated when he sent out his apostles, on their mission—with branches all over the country, meeting regularly once a week for public instruction and counsel, and manned by qualified persons, would, among its first duties, point out the different ways in which this pregnant sentiment of love would work in a *suffering* world, so as to abolish evils, not so much by attacking them in their embodiments, as by drying them up at their sources, and thus ultimately fill the world with happy beings. Knowing the evils of war and of standing armies, which, like the locusts of Egypt, feed upon the unpaid labor of the husbandman, the diffusion of such a philanthropic principle would soon show itself in

efforts to establish international courts of arbitration for the settlement of national differences. The nations of Europe, for 1,800 years, although under the religio-political government of the Church, have been in a chronic condition of jealousy, selfishness and hate, breaking out almost constantly into bloody wars. Indeed, the Church, to serve her ambitious purposes, has encouraged such wars, even between Christian nations. The evil consequences of this ecclesiastical domination is seen to-day in the Old World, in the standing armies of the "Great Powers," and their allies, kept up at the expense of the laboring classes, and ready to march to the field of slaughter on the first pretext. There could be no severer condemnation of the Church, not only as a useless, but as an evil institution, than the condition of Europe to-day; for having had almost supreme power for so many centuries it could have molded the institutions of those nations in the interests of the people. But the Church never was Christian. It was Pauline; and hence, the altar has always been in league with the throne. This secular government of ours is the only one on earth, which, on the birthday of its nationality, preceded the war for its independence by a declaration and appeal to the world for the general rights of human nature, as well as its own in particular. The forty-four States, or nations, under one flag, and the Territories, which are inchoate States, all subscribing to one written constitution as a bond of union, settle all questions of boundaries and States rights, not by the arbitrament of the sword, but by an appeal to the tribunal which they themselves instituted—the Supreme Court of the United States, whose decisions are always acquiesced in as final. So much for the political influence of love.

Then, when in process of time, in *such* a Christian church as I am now contemplating, the people had advanced far enough, love, taking the form of a *desiderium*, for the attainment of knowledge in general, would demand another class of teachers, who, in halls dedicated to the diffusion of knowledge among men, would devote themselves to the discussion of the various branches of the physical sciences which show what kind of a world it is we live in. The hunger for knowledge, in a healthy mind, is as natural to man as the craving of food is to the human body; and to gratify this desire Cosmology, which, in its scope, embraces all the sciences that relate to the earth, would offer its services.

Jesus never organized a permanent association, nor wrote one line of theology; but had he lived long enough to found a church upon this grand sentiment of love, no tongue nor pen could adequately describe the happiness of the world's condition to-day, after 1,800 years of the benign influence it would have exerted in human affairs. But this ideal of a world-wide organization, based upon love as a principle, was never realized, and that for two reasons. First, Jesus himself was hallucinated with the expectation that, as there was no sign of immediate success in setting up his kingdom in his life-time, he would, after his death, but before that generation had passed away, return to the earth in the clouds of heaven, and, surrounded by angels as the executors of his will, consume the world by fire, and *then* set up his kingdom, making the City of Jerusalem his capital. The first three of the four Evangelists all testify that Jesus declared publicly, and in the most assuring manner, that these momentous events would all take place before that generation would pass away. But his second coming has never yet occurred; and the *fact* proves that either the words attributed to him by the Evangelists were never spoken, or, if they were, that Jesus was entirely mistaken in a plain matter of fact, and so proved himself to be fallible like other men.

The second reason that blasted the hope of a beneficent and successful church was that after the premature death of Jesus, Paul, who was the only man of commanding intellect among the Christians, began to teach *religion*, and made it to consist mainly in the belief of a system of dogmas, hatched in his own brain, and as different in all respects from the teachings of Christ as night is from day. But the hallucination that defeated the mission of Jesus as a teacher and founder of a church, took possession of Paul, and all the rest of the apostles and private Christians, as any one can see who reads the New Testament writings; and therefore, the religion and system of morals they inculcated, while adapted, as it was intended, for a people living in a world which they daily and even hourly expected would be burnt up, on the arrival of Jesus in the clouds of heaven, was not intended or adapted for a world like this. Instead of accepting Christ's original idea of love in its various methods of promoting the happiness of mankind, and the grand object of the Church's organization and bond of union, Paul made belief in a creed of dogmas to be the bond and the test of a man's fitness for heaven.

After a lapse of about thirty years the expectation of the second coming of Jesus *proved* itself to be a delusion. The world was not burnt up; the visible Kingdom of Christ was not set up at Jerusalem; but the religion of the apostles, which, as already observed, was suitable enough, in its severe ascetism, to the saints who expected, as Paul himself did, not to die at all, but to "*meet the Lord in the air,*" and witness the great conflagration of all things; I say, this religion was not modified in the least iota, but has come down to our times with all its condemnation and prohibition of innocent things, and all its requirements of things utterly impossible in a real world like this.

Religion is no bond of union except between the members of a sect who all agree upon a dogmatic creed and form of worship. Between the sects themselves, each one of which considers itself to be the only wide door into the Kingdom of Heaven, it creates and keeps up a state of the bitterest envy, jealousy and spiritual pride, showing themselves in the policy of "*proselyting,*" which means the habit of one shepherd entering into the fold of another shepherd by night and stealing his sheep. Religion is essentially and necessarily such a selfish and cowardly sentiment that, although when embodied in a saint, it professes to have accepted the terms of salvation from the furnace of eternal fire, and thus to have made its calling and election sure, cannot trust the honor of God, but is continually plying him with confessions, prayers, praises and other humiliating services, to keep his divine mind placated, lest the sinner, when he comes to die, may find that his name, after all, has been blotted out of the book of life. For his suspicious soul never forgets that once before, after the work of creation had been finished, and God made man in his own divine image and likeness, "*it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart*" to such an extent that he sent a deluge of waters and drowned the whole race, except eight persons! In religion every duty is prompted and performed from a mercenary motive—the hope of a heaven of happiness, which the sinner is taught to feel he does not deserve, and the fear of hell, which he is taught to feel he does deserve. A church on Sunday is an assembly of self-acknowledged convicts, met for the purpose of being reminded by the preacher, as they were on the preceding Sunday, of the *original* sin they committed in the Garden of Eden when they were in the loins of their father

Adam; of the innumerable *actual* sins they have committed since they were born into this world, and which extorts from them the humiliating confession that they are still miserable, hell-deserving sinners.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD—A UNITARIAN'S REPLY TO AN AGNOSTIC.

BY FREDERIC W. SANDERS.

IN reply to your question—"What do you think of a society organized to propagate such doctrine of life as this: We do not actually or poetically, by implication or mental reservation, by hope or fear, or by any other mental or instinctive process, believe in a future life, a god, personal or impersonal, or any of the other forms or beliefs of men from the year one to the present day. Neither do we, by ditto, ditto, disbelieve therein. We have no evidence on either side. We, therefore, disregard the whole question. We exist. We shall, in all likelihood, continue to exist. Therefore let us make ourselves and those about us happy?" I must reply that I could not join your society, because it calls for too rash and general a statement. Some of the "other forms or beliefs of men from the year one to the present day," I doubtless do believe in, and others I as doubtless have a strong disbelief in. And as to the two matters you specify, my opinion as to the one is not the same as my conviction as to the other. I am not in a state of mental equilibrium as to the doctrine of the future life, as it is ordinarily held. Of course, believing myself to be a part of an eternal Universe, there is a sense in which it may be said that I expect to live forever, but not as this individual person, Frederic William Sanders. As to that, I am an agnostic only because I do not positively *know*. My agnosticism does not go so far that I have no belief. I have a very decided opinion, an adverse one. I have the strongest conviction, short of absolute certainty, that at death I cease to exist as an individual person, distinct from all others, conscious of identity with my present, finite self.

But on the other hand, while I disbelieve in the future life, I just as positively believe in God. And yet that seems to me

an unsatisfactory, an almost absurd, statement, because it seems to imply doubt. I should rather say, I take God for granted. Because the majority of men still cling to the primitive conception of God as a *person* existing outside of and over against the Universe, instead of an immanent force, power, or spirit, expressing itself in and through the Universe and ever expressing itself in a more and more perfect form, *that* is no reason why I should abandon the term. The Spirit of Perfection (perfecting), that of which Evolution is the expression, the explanation of the ascending order of the Universe, or, to quote the language of others, that which Herbert Spencer calls the Unknowable (with a capital U), that which Matthew Arnold names "the Power not Ourselves that Makes for Righteousness" (meaning, I suppose, that *power* at the heart of all that is, the soul of the Universe, *of which the power manifest in your personality* or mine is *but a small and partial manifestation*)—that I call *God*. And I deem it a better, because a simpler and more modest, designation than that by which many modern philosophers call this great central fact of existence, the Life of the Universe. I am too much of an agnostic as to what *may* be, to call God the "Unknowable"; I should prefer to say the "Unknown," but neither term commends itself to me. I know you in part; that is, in and through some of the phenomena in which your existence expresses itself. And so I know God, the Spirit of the Universe, in part.

If there is one thing that art, science and philosophy—reason, instinct and experience—unite to teach, it is that we live not in a chaos, but in a Universe of order; and this, upon analysis, means that there is *one* life, spirit, or power, of which all the phenomena of the Universe are but *partial* manifestations; that no one part of the Universe is complete in and of itself, but that the value of everything in the Universe is dependent upon its relation to all else that is. This is the heart of religion. It is not an empty abstraction; it is a pregnant truth; and only as we begin to apprehend a relation to something greater than—above, beyond and within—our individual selves, can we guide our lives aright. Herein lies the reconciliation between egoism and altruism. We sometimes say that a wise, an intelligent egoism is altruistic. The man who appreciates the largeness of his self, the wideness of his interests, will not be "selfish," in the common acceptance of the word. The "selfish" man is the little-minded

man, who cannot see that anything outside his flesh and bones concerns himself. The magnanimous man is he who in greater or less degree, consciously or unconsciously, comes to himself in all that is. The true self is the *large* self, the Universe. "Unitarian" is coming to express this large sense of the oneness of all that is, of the identity of the true self with the Universe. This is the sense in which I hold the word "Unitarian"; in no narrower.

My personal belief is not only that God *is*, but that God is *good*; that is, that the more we study the Universe the more evident it becomes not only that there is a constant tendency manifesting itself in all that is, but that that tendency is an upward one, that in the long run all is for the best, that the good predominates over the evil and predominates more and more as time goes on. Admitting all the evil and misery in the world,—which I do not profess to understand,—still I see reason to believe that there is an evolution toward goodness and beauty. This constitutes my trust in God; in other words, my confidence in the ultimate beneficence of the law of nature. Mind, I say *beneficence*; I say nothing of the *benevolence* of God. The personality of God does not appeal to me in the least. I disbelieve, or rather, I do not believe in it. I have not yet been able to settle the questions pertaining to my own individual volition. I shall not attempt to discuss Divine volition.

Now, as to the value of religion. If, as I hold, subjective religion is the sense of, and objective religion the expression of, our relation to the controlling spirit of the Universe, then religion is of supreme importance. It gives us a principle of conduct, more or less indefinite, it may be, and difficult of application, but still far better than none. Our lives will be happy and good and beautiful just in so far as they are in harmony with the trend of things, *the order of the Universe*, or, as the old-fashioned theologian would put it, with the will of God. Whether or not a man uses the *word* God, I do not care, but whether or not he seeks to live in harmony with God (the Life of the Universe, the spirit of perfection, of progress), I consider of the greatest importance. The criterion thus given by religion is not a definite inch-rule, by which we may measure a thing to-day for all time. From age to age, as we learn more of the Universe—which is the expression of God—we shall have to modify our judgments. So much the better! Nevertheless, this religious conception of life I regard as essential to the highest progress and happiness. Without it life seems empty and meaningless, or merely feverish, because chaotic. Let me repeat, it is not the *word* "God" I care about, but the *fact*, the existence of a progressive order in the development of the Universe. "God" seems to me the most acceptable word to express this Progressive Life-Principle of the Universe!

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

TO A TRACT DISPENSER.

BY WARNER WILLIS FRIES.

SO you want me to read that thare little trac' !
Wall, I haint much religion, now that's a fac'.
You say you belong to th' Y. M. C. A. ?
I'll walk along with ye, 'f yer goin' my way.
I'm a pretty ole man, as my white hairs 'll show ;
I've learnt some things, mebbe, that you'd orter know .
An' some of my idees I'd jest as lives tell,
Fur my tongue aint tied by no visions of hell.
I once had religion ; so all-fired bad
That I lost about all the sense that I had.
I prayed, an' egsortid, an' shouted—I swan—
On th' reg'lar, old-fashioned, orthodox plan !

But somethin' ur ruther—what 't was I can't say—
Sort uv sut me to kinder thinkin' one day ;
An' I thought, an' thought, till my head fairly swum,
An' I couldn't fetch up whare I started frum.
I tackled th' scripters, an' got stuck in doubt
So deep that it seems like I'll never git out ;
Frum the Bible's A, B, to its X, Y, Z,
Kept comin' up questions bewild'rin' to me.
Then I went to thinkin' uv ole Deacon Brown—
Th' most piousist, richest, skinflint in town—
An' how Jesus perclained, when down here below,
That niggards fur heaven don't stan' no great show.

I thought how Christ cured up th' sick an' th' lame,
An' said all believers could do jest th' same ;
Ef Christ wasn't wrong, then our church wasn't right ;
No membur could help my rheumatics a mite.
Then I thought how Christ preached up th' Golden Rule,
An' I cussed myself fur a tarnation fool,

Fur our church woin's sewin sersiety—
Which my woman set out fur so regyerly—
Was, from all her ackounts, a sort uv a place
Whare th' village gossips could all run a race
Seein' which could show—with most pains-takin' care—
Th' failin's uv all them as couldn't be thare !

Then Jesus was never supposed to much care
'Bout what kind uv raimunt he happened to wear ;
But wife, a prufesser, would git quite distressed,
Ur kind uv worked up like 'bout our Sunday best ;
An' lots, who ware Christians—so I had supposed—
Give the heft uv their thoughts, an' earnin's, to cloze ;
While some had backslid an' staid home in dispair,
'Cause God didn't send 'um fine garmunts to wear !
Christ teachd : jedge not others, but jest look to home ;
So I looked, an' found I'd got faults uv my own ;
I loved not my neighbor, as sure as yer born,
When his fence-breakin' stock got inter my corn !

An' so these new notions jest kept croppin' out—
That before this I hadn't thought much about—
Till I ketched myself thinkin', at fam'ly prayers :
" Who knows, arter all, if the Lord really cares
Ef I don't go to church on the Sabbuth day ?
Prehaps he ain't hearin' a word when I pray !"
Wall, I axed sum questions expressive uv doubt,
An' th' fust thing I knowed it got noised about
That I was a leadin' poor sinners ustray,
An' th' church hauled me over th' coals one day !
I laid out my case, as I've told it to you,
An' th' broth'rin prayed, an' th' sisterin, too.

We tusseled, an' argued, a mighty long spell,
Until they allowed I was destined for hell !
An' said—with no viserble symptoms of woe—
I was destined fur hell, an' might as well go !
But somehow, young man of the Y. M. C. A. !
I sort uv enjoy lookin' back on th' day
When I shed off th' clamps that fettered my mind,
An' took up my chanciz with all human kind ;
Th' earth an' th' sky, an' all natur' 't I see,
Seems broader, an' clearer, an' dearer to me ;
Th' air up in heaven must have a clost smell,
Ef heated by sufferin' sinners in hell !

IF I WERE DEAD.

BY ARTHUR EDGERTON.

IF I were dead, and death were sleep,
How softly would the years go round !
My slumbers would be calm and deep,
Without a stir, without a sound.
Beneath the starless dome of rest,
Upon a soft and downy bed
I'd lie, till on earth's withered breast
The ashes of the ages fled
Should heap above me, and should keep
My slumbers ever sound and sweet ;
No more to long, no more to weep,
No more in pain my heart to beat ;
In rest and silence comforted,
Forever dead.

If I were dead, and death is change,
How bright would be the break of dawn !
I'd greet a wonder, sweet and strange ;
I'd meet the loved ones that have gone ;
I'd find the simple minds of old,
Of better heart, of larger brain ;
And all the ages that have rolled
Would open up their store again ;
I'd reach—but this I cannot tell,
For these are thoughts were never said ;
They are but feelings ; but the spell
That rises from the shore, the bed,
Of our deep beings, groping out
To land beyond the sea of doubt—
A hope that glimmers on ahead
For all the dead.

THE BIBLE GOD AND THE ELEMENT OF CRUELTY.*

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine :

How can the reflective mind fail to note the element of cruelty which began with the fabled Garden of Eden and has run continuously down the Bible story and among the Church creeds to the present time? The most awful doctrines have been promulgated by the Church of God, not even exceeded by those of the Church of Rome. The tenderest ties have been riven in the endeavor to appease a cruel God whose essential characteristics are selfishness, injustice, jealousy, revenge and all the elements which promote human sorrow and degradation.

But especially does the quality of cruelty stand out from the beginning of history. The lesson which this exacting and pitiless God taught men in his dealings with them has been thoroughly learned by a large portion of them and exercised by them in their dealings with others of their own kind and the helpless dumb creatures of earth in their power. The more innocent the creature, the more helpless, the more tyranny and suffering was allotted it.

The first spectacle we have of this remorseless cruelty is in our first parents being driven from the garden for a sin which, if this God knew all things, as his devotees claim he did and does, he must have known they would commit. He had placed around them carefully all the conveniences and temptations for them to commit it, and he would not forgive them after they had done it. Therein was he more cruel than the justices, judges and people of to-day, who will almost invariably forgive the not habitual criminal and allow him a chance for reformation and retrieval.

Next we see the cruelty to the innocent in the bloody sacrifices of lambs, kids, doves, and others of the most inoffensive of the animal kingdom. They were brought into the world evidently simply to suffer and die to appease the wrath of a jealous God (who, in the commandments, declared he was so), who apprehended his people were going to do something to which he would object and thus took his revenge and payment in advance. With all this solemn foolery, carried on for ages, it is astonishing that mankind has arisen even to his present position.

But there are millions to-day still bound under this chain of fanatical, religious despotism. They shut their eyes to the awful visage of The Cruel, and, with trembling knees and faltering tongue, make excuses that the reason for it is beyond their frail wisdom, but they will know it "some day." And with the example of The Cruel before them, they sanction and commit cruelties worthy of those following such leadership.

What are these cruelties they sanction and commit? Well, in these modern days, after the witch-burning and the holding of human beings in miserable and ignorant slavery, they effect mostly now the oppression of the helpless and innocent animals. With churches within almost a stone's throw of the great

* If any of our readers are inclined to learn more of the subject of "scientific animal torture," they can do so by application to the American Anti-Vivisection Society, Philadelphia; or its Illinois Branch at Aurora, Ill.—EDITOR.

stock yards, in probably every state, the cattle, in transportation, suffer the agonies of thirst, hunger and weariness, are beaten, bruised and bleeding from long journeys through days and nights, and fall exhausted with fatigue and pain. Do you call the attention of the people of the Churches to this crime, the preacher, in nine cases out of ten, pounds his Bible all the louder so as to drown your voice, and points to the heathen of Africa whom "we must save." Do you beg of him to preach to his people of the suffering beasts of burden, who turn imploring eyes to man for pity and release, he dives deeper into his commentary and concordance and proceeds to air his learning by digging up some Greek and Latin root of nonsense and endeavors to extract from it that rare article—sense. *Why* are preachers and people so deaf to the call of mercy—except as applied to themselves? So they only get into the kingdom, what matter how other creatures suffer and die? The concentrated essence of selfishness is exhibited nowhere so strikingly as in the "Church of God." And we cannot deny that it is fitting, too.

There is one phase of cruelty in the world which, it is evident, must be corrected by Freethinkers—and it is the most awful one, to my mind, of any in all the ages; and this is vivisection—the cutting up of live animals by self-styled medical "scientists." The term also includes poisoning, baking, burning, boiling, suffocating and all the inconceivable agonies which a demoniacal mind can invent. It is not a thing of the past as some claim to believe. It is being done NOW in the universities of Europe and America. We obtain the facts mostly from the published records of the "experimenters." And the writer is in communication with an eye witness of vivisection recently done in its most awful form and without anæsthetics. There are classes of experiments in which anæsthetics are never used, and these, too, of the most terrible description, prolonged for days, weeks and even months.

All the preachers know this, and so do hundreds, probably thousands, of their people. Can you get preachers or people, as a rule, to open their mouths in a word of protest? very seldom. The vivisectionists tell them maybe they (the vivisectionists) can find out something by which to alleviate human suffering and prolong human life. The preacher and his flock are cowards—afraid of pain and afraid of death; and so, looking over the general character of their God, they conclude that, as he has always loved bloodshed and suffering, so he has made the innocent animals to be cut up alive and subjected to satanic tortures for their benefit.

I know this statement will seem shocking to some, but it is, nevertheless, true. I was shocked when it was made to me and did not believe it, but it was verified to me within a few weeks, and I can produce the proof to **any who desire it**, that a female—I will not say woman—**got** up in a public (Christian) meeting and said in effect that "vivisection was noble; that God approved it and had given the animals to be thus used."

Vivisection and its sanction by the Christian Church is to-day making scores of infidels. The anti-vivisectionists appeal to pastor and people in vain; then they turn to the wicked atheist, whose heart is more prone to sympathy with suffering of all kinds, and frequently receive substantial help and encouragement.

I call upon all good Infidels and Freethinkers to investigate this subject of

cruelty in all its forms, and especially in the form of vivisection. It is a practice engendering and propagating the vilest and most debasing passions. Just so long as men are taught to look unmoved upon cruelty and bloodshed, just so long will there be crime in the world of deepest dye. Just so long as the pains of the mortal body are set up as of more consequence than the demoralization and brutalization of the soul, just so long will reign the demon of cruelty, who thrust forth his head between the roses of Eden and closed the gate against a pair who knew not sin, until they had received a lesson from the baptism of cruelty in the fabled form of the first God.

MIAL AUSTEN.

ONLY A SUGGESTION.

BY J. C. WATKINS.

THERE are scattered throughout the United States a considerable number (we cannot say even approximately how many) of people who are, to put it mildly, unorthodox as regards Christianity. These people do not all believe alike. In fact there is great diversity of opinion among them in reference to what is regarded as the cardinal principles of religion. Some of them are Deists and others Atheists; some are Rationalists and others Spiritualists, or Agnostics; some are Unitarians and others are Fatalists; but in one thing they agree, and that is, the right of the individual to think and to express his own thoughts, to form his own conclusions, and not be under any obligation to accept the conclusions of some one else, or to believe contrary to his convictions. In a word, these people are Freethinkers. There are a few principles upon which they are in accord, and to which they would readily subscribe, and for the establishment of which they would be willing to make some concessions of their time and means. Now, why may not these people be formed into an organized body for their mutual benefit, and in order that there may be greater unity of action. It can be done, and it ought to be done. How? Let the Editor of the *FREE-THINKERS' MAGAZINE* draw up a constitution, or declaration of principles, on a line with one of his editorials published in the Magazine last year. I do not remember now in what particular number of the periodical it was printed—but he will probably remember the one that I have in mind—or, if he thinks better, let him associate with him several prominent liberal Freethinkers to assist him in drafting such a constitution. Or let him extend through the Magazine a general invitation to Freethinkers to send in specimen drafts of such a declaration of principles, and from these let the editor and his associates draw up a brief declaration, platform or constitution, in accordance with the predominating sentiment as indicated by the several specimen drafts sent in. Let copies of this constitution be sent to Freethinkers for ratification. The work of enrolling members could then begin. Everyone would be willing to pay a small initiation fee and a small sum in yearly dues. In this way a sufficient fund could be raised to defray the contingent expenses. A record of the names of members, their place of residence, and any other necessary particulars should be kept. An annual in pamphlet form should be issued, containing the constitution, the finan-

cial statement, names and addresses of all members, a copy of which should be sent to each member.

It may be urged that this would be rather a loose-jointed organization, but it would at least enable us to approximately estimate our numerical strength. It would give us the names and addresses of a great many Freethinkers, who could be communicated with from the head-quarters of the organization at any time if necessary. In time, this organization could be made of great use and benefit, not only to the cause, but to the members themselves. Most people have an inclination to belong to something or other, but Freethinkers are debarred from the Church, and from many other organizations, on account of their inability to conscientiously subscribe to the doctrine and creeds of these bodies. Let us form a society of our own, with a platform so broad that we can all stand on it without treading on one another's toes, and having in it no plank that any can reasonably refuse to stand on. It may be claimed that the American Secular Union is all the organization that is needed, and that it has all the necessary and desirable features already enumerated. It is indeed a great organization, still there are thousands of Freethinkers who cannot assent to every one of the Nine Demands. The organization of Freethinkers, on some broad fundamental principles, would not interfere with the existence and work of the Secular Union; on the contrary, that organization would be likely to benefit by it, for many, who at first would not join the Secular Union, might do so after belonging to the Freethinkers' Union for awhile. At any rate, there need be no antagonism between the two organizations. The organization suggested would embrace all who were in favor of freethought and the right of individuals to believe and to act in accordance with their convictions. Is it not a possibility? Is it not needed? If so, let the initiative be taken at once.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

BY F. H. HEALD.

"DON'T kill the poor little fly, Frankie, dear," said Frankie's grandmother, in her loving, patronizing way, just as he had, after much difficulty, succeeded in impaling one of these troublesome insects on the point of a knitting-needle. "They purify the air, and if it were not for the little flies, which God makes to take the poison out of the air, Frankie and grandmother, and grandfather," she added, looking in his direction with some misgivings, "might all get sick and die."

The aforesaid Frankie was something of a philosopher himself, but he had implicit faith in the scientific knowledge of his grandmother, when she asserted it in this way, backed up by argument as it was and not repudiated by his grandfather, who was not so pious as he might have been, but whose knowledge of things to be seen and understood, was usually accepted as final in the community. He recognized that his grandmother was his superior in experience, although his own experiments were countless and endless, and he had often been told that they would yet be the death of him; so, after plying questions to her

as long as her knowledge and patience held out, as to the way in which flies dispose of poisoned air, why they are not poisoned by it themselves, what proportion of the human family die from a scarcity of flies, and how many she had known personally to die from the deadly effect of their absence, he turned his attention and instrument of torture upon a big fat spider, who had his home in the vine just outside of the window, and in whose extensive net were numerous carcasses of these useful little flies, whom he had wantonly murdered and devoured in direct violation of the law governing flies and poisoned air. Frankie had just brought this culprit to the bar of justice, and would in another instant have administered capital punishment, had not his grandmother, in all the goodness of her heart, come to the rescue with more than ordinary earnestness.

"Oh, Frankie, Frankie! you must not kill the poor spider; he does 'no harm to any one. Why, he catches the nasty flies. The house would be filled with flies if it were not for the spiders who catch them."

Frankie's blue eyes opened wide in wonder, and Frankie's grandfather smiled almost to the extent of a chuckle, behind his newspaper. By the time she had finished her explanation, which was more to grandfather than to Frankie, that "God intended spiders, instead of little boys, to kill flies," she was out of hearing in the kitchen.

The subject of poisoned air and the dire consequences of a promised fly-famine, ground each other about in his inquiring mind, while he watched for a favorable opportunity to put some questions to his grandfather.

No such favorable opening seemed to present itself, and he soon became interested in the aggressive movements of a highly-colored wasp, whose red wings and long, double, black body, held together by a slender black thread, offered a very tempting and shining mark for his itching palm.

He hesitated for a time lest his grandmother might make objections, but, after watching his waspship's antics for a few moments, it became very apparent that his object of attack was the identical spider which his grandmother's prompt interference had just saved from instant death. Determined now to defend the spider, for the sake of his grandmother and her God, at all hazards, he made an assault upon the enemy which speedily drove him to the rear; but only for a moment.

He soon rallied his force and came forward with renewed vigor. Time and again he was beaten back, but as often he recovered, came to the front and seemed determined to capture and carry off his legal prey. At last Frankie's left hand made a dextrous flank movement to draw the enemy's attention, while his spacious right opened and quickly surrounded him from the rear.

There was a season of painful silence for about the space of the quarter part of a second, and then the walls of the old stone mansion, which had scarcely known the joyous voice of childhood for a decade, were literally drowned in a series of war-whoops, such as they had scarcely known in their most palmy days, but which left no doubt as to who had the worst of it.

Frankie's grandmother appeared instantly upon the scene of action, as an active ally. After releasing the wasp and administering soothing potions, she said to him, very kindly, as she put him to bed, "Frankie must never try to catch the pretty wasps. God made the wasps to kill spiders."

Grandfather fell off his chair in a paroxysm of audible smiles, but Frankie's understanding of practical philosophy was so badly wrecked, that he sobbed himself to sleep without venturing to ask a single question.

A PUBLIC DISCUSSION.

A VERY interesting debate between Rev. James De Buchananne, M. D., PH. D. Freethinker, and Rev. P. W. Schick, Christian, has just been held at Monmouth, Kan., upon the following propositions :—

First. Science and Philosophy proves the Bible to be utterly misleading and erroneous, and its teachings are immoral and degrading.

Second. Jesus Christ, the so-called founder of Christianity, never existed, but is a mythical character, created in the minds of Eusebius and the Church fathers.

Third. The Church of Jesus Christ was founded upon fraud ; by men noted for evil ; its teachings have always tended to enslave the masses to a privileged few.

Fourth. To free the people from the domination and influence of the Church of Christ and its teachings is one of the great needs of the day.

The above propositions were canvassed by Dr. De Buchananne, affirming, and Rev. P. W. Schick, denying. Four thirty-minute speeches were devoted to the consideration of each question by each speaker—each alternating with the other. The moderators selected were Prof. J. M. Allen and Rev. T. H. Popperwell. A spirit of mutual respect between the speakers, as well as general good-feeling among the people, characterized the entire discussion, the Rev. P. W. Schick declaring repeatedly that Dr. De Buchananne was, almost without exception, the most gentlemanly and scholarly debater he had ever met in the fifty-three debates he had held upon religious subjects,—that he was proud to be called in debate against so worthy and scholarly a gentleman.

The Doctor brought as evidence of this assertions and in support of his position, quotations from the most eminent scholars of Europe and America, which evidence his opponent in each instance conceded ; and, although he labored hard to disprove the Doctor's arguments on the proposition, it was plain to all impartial and fair-minded critics that not one of the affirmations were successfully refuted, and that in each attempt at the same the statements were only more forcibly confirmed in the mind of the people.

The Doctor eulogized the system of ethics upon which the Christian religion was based ; but showed that it was the same as the ethics of Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster and Manu. He attacked the general orthodox teachings on the inspiration of the Bible—that it was the only and original word of God, and therefore binding upon the minds of the people, and fortified his position by quotations from the Bible itself and from the theologians and historians of all ages. He also proved the Bible erroneous by copious extracts therefrom, and showed it to be scientifically, philosophically and morally incorrect, inharmonious and morally debasing.

In the second proposition,—that Christ never really existed, but was a mythical character,—the claim was, seemingly, abundantly proven by quotations from standard orthodox authorities and by showing the absence of all contemporaneous historical mention of him. It was also shown that Apollonius of Tyana was the real person upon whose life and teachings was built the ideal character of Christ, and the moral teachings ascribed to Christ were, in fact, taught by Buddha six hundred years before. The last two propositions were merged into one and were easily proven true by the Doctor by the general history of the Church and of civilization, and need no extended notice. The debate was listened to throughout by large and attentive audiences; and many of the misty problems of history and religion were elucidated and made plain to the listeners. The friends of freethought all rejoice that Dr. De Buchananne was secured to defend them in this debate and confidently predict that many will come out of the darkness of religious bigotry in consequence of his masterful presentation of the side of truth and reason.

A LISTENER.

WIND FROM TALMAGE.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

The following is from "Our New York Letter Column" in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of September 18th:

Dr. Talmage, in his sermon to-day, made a most remarkable statement concerning the tenacity of his faith in the Bible and Christianity. He said: "After believing the Bible all my life, I can see a plain way by which, in six weeks, I could enlist my voice and pen and heart and head, and entire nature in the bombardment of the Scriptures and the Church, and all I now hold sacred. That it is easy to banish soon and forever all respect for the Bible I prove by the fact that so many have done it." He also gave the following recipe for the destruction of faith: "It is easy enough to have our faith destroyed. I can give you a recipe for its obliteration. Read infidel books, have long and frequent conversation with sceptics, attend the lectures of those antagonistic to religion, give full swing to some bad habit, and your faith will be so completely gone that you will laugh at the idea that you ever had any." Then, having shown how faith may be lost, he paid his respects to the infidels, who, he said, fished in the Bible for inconsistencies, but did not honestly and carefully read it through. "I do not believe," he continued, "there is an infidel now alive who has read the Bible through. But as so important a document needs to be read at least twice through in order that it may be thoroughly understood, and read in course, I now offer \$100 reward to any infidel who has read the Bible through twice, and read it in course." He qualified his offer by saying that he would not take the word of an infidel, and that he must be corroborated by a witness who saw him do the reading.

Herein is good meat for the Atheists to digest. I am inclined to believe that the Rev. D. W. Talmage is very much disposed toward Infidelity, and is an Atheist in reality. These words of his speak grandly and loudly for the truth of Infidelity. I will guarantee that in six weeks you could not make a Christian, by the same process, who would be as lasting as the Atheist made of a Christian. You could not make an Atheist a Christian by six weeks' reading of Christian literature; but a Christian who had read for twenty years, as Talmage says, could be made an Infidel in six weeks. What better proof would you need of the truth

of Infidelity? A Christian dare not read Infidel literature, because if he does he will doubt, but an Infidel (Atheist) can read all the Christian literature in existence and never believe, but will be convinced of its weakness and want of foundation the more he reads.

And now listen to the hypocrite who knows so well the weakness of the cause he preaches by the expressions of the strength of Infidel truth; he offers a hundred dollars reward and then throws guards around it that he might not part with it. Well he knows he is a liar in the belief he expresses of there being no "Infidel who has read the Bible through twice and read it in course." He knows well that he would be compelled to part with his money if he would make his offer fair; but he specifies that he would not take the word of an Infidel. Are there no church members whose word he would require to be qualified? Day after day, and every day, as we all know who have been enlightened by the knowledge of Atheism, these people show their insincerity and dishonesty, are tried in the courts, convicted and sent to jail. I will tell you sometime of my experience in the Y. M. C. A., and how a bank president who condemned my character was in jail four months after.

S. W. H.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—As Talmage is not paying but 33 per cent. on his debts, if it were possible for an "Infidel" to comply with his terms he would not get a large sum. The hypocrite knows that the people whom he designates as "Infidels" are great readers of the Bible, and nine out of ten of them were made Infidels by reading it.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HORACE GREELEY.

BY JOHN VAN DENSBURGH.

"A thousand years hence War and Theology will be dead—twins we have inherited from the brutality of the past."—HELEN H. GARDENER.

THE only unkind wish we will make for the gifted prophetess will be, that she may live long enough to see cause that will warrant a reduction in time at least one-half. It is too long altogether to wait.

Could all the tears that theology, and war, which is the more expressive way of putting it, be collected, which those twins have caused to flow in the past one thousand years, it would make an ocean in extent equal to the Atlantic. And the blood which the earth has drank, caused by the same combination, would make a river in size greater than the Amazon, and its flow would crimson all the waters of the globe.

But for that one force, theology, which was the prime mover of the late civil war, would not have been, which caused a sacrifice of life on the part of Northern armies, of those who died in battle, those from wounds, those in Southern prisons, and disease, a total of more than three hundred thousand men. And from the same causes, in Southern armies, a total of one hundred and sixty thousand; making a grand total of little less than half a million of lives.

The average strength of Northern armies being about double that of the Southern, so in actual service and conflict, the Southern armies were expected to resist the assaults, drive back and conquer, the armies of the North, which in numbers were nearly double those of their own. Another element of supposed strength, which both sides counted much upon, in numbers many hundreds, in army phrase called chaplains, whose principal business was to petition and plead with the God of battles, that he would favor their side. In other words, help them destroy, kill, and annihilate their opponents, and return thanks for all especial and particular favors, which they imagined their side had received through such interposition. And this is but an *epitome* and chronicle of all the past.

The impelling force being the theological one, the motive power swaying, directing and controlling the masses of humanity. It would be difficult to name, among the so-called agitators, an individual, North or South, whose persistency and influence, always aggressive and violent, did as much to hasten and bring about that terrible conflict, costing such enormous sacrifice of life and treasure, and ending in defeat, as that of Jefferson Davis. By education, profession, and practice, he was emphatically a Christian warrior, as well as a modern knight of chivalry. The one bright particular star, in the Southern constellation, divinely commissioned to save the souls of colored people, by extending and perpetuating Slavery.

From youth to age, his was an eventful and distinguished life. And for a time preceding, and during the war, it is not easy to find another name that filled so large a place in the public press, at home and abroad, as his. Exceeding that of Lincoln, Grant, and Gen. Lee, who was by far the ablest military leader that the war produced, and on whom the fortune and the fate of the Confederacy rested with double the weight it did on him; and in all essential qualities that go to make true greatness, was so much his superior that hardly a comparison can be made; having none of that vain egotism that was so conspicuous in Davis. "Save in defense of his native State," were the words in which he sought to find justification for raising his arm in rebellion, which meant that the Government had no right to land its armies on the consecrated soil of Virginia, without permission from the sovereignty of the State. But that he was born, and lived in the South, he could hardly have made so great a mistake. The fatal results, which he met with a dignity and reserve that befitted and honored him as a man, and a citizen.

He was not the only one among the distinguished men of the South. A. H. Stephens was another, who tried to make what they called the rights of states a shield and a blind, to cover the enormity of that which I will call a mistake. Doubtless others will call it a crime. He said after the unpleasantness had passed, resting in his quiet Southern home, that "slavery was not the cause of the Rebellion, but the rights of states." That was being interfered with. He was then on record as saying the South had *no* just cause for rebelling. Had he changed his mind, or was it because of a treacherous memory?

When Davis was buried, thirty thousand people were present, including governors of Southern States, bishops, surpliced Episcopal clergymen, a half score or more, and among the eulogistic things said by the Bishop of Louisiana, was

this: "This man, as a Christian and churchman, was a lover of all high and righteous things." Had there ever been doubt as to his professed Christianity, this must remove it.

And now another grand pageant, like that of the removal of the first Napoleon from St. Helena, is announced, when his remains will be removed and re-entombed in Richmond, that holy city of the Confederacy. Whether it is designed simply to honor his name, or to keep alive the memory of that gigantic struggle, is best known to the projectors of the pageant. This is only a fair presumption—the hope is that Richmond, in time, will become another Mecca, where pilgrims will come to see the sacred shrine, and find consolation while mourning the lost cause.

The announcement of the coming pageant suggested most of the above reflections, and what follows from reading a summary of a book not long from the press, wherein the author and compiler claims to be able to prove that Davis not only had knowledge of, but was to an extent instrumental in, bringing about the assassination of President Lincoln. He was a member of the court and commission that found Mrs. Surratt guilty. The basis for founding such stupendous charges were developed during the trial. He writes his name T. M. Harris, with a prefix of General, and a home in Virginia.

It is safe to say the days of chivalry are past, and a surprise that the so-called profession—occupation—has fallen so low, that one wearing the same title, equal in rank, will wait till the other has passed beyond the possibility of denying so tremendous a charge. It would not have injured Mr. Harris' reputation for veracity, or lessened the respect of community, which is always accorded to manly honor and fair dealing, to have shown the world the proofs during the life of Mr. Davis; and the same is true now that he is gone. All whose memory reaches back a quarter of a century, will not have forgotten a remarkable incident in our country's history, and the two distinguished individuals, whose names, acts, and personality, will always be linked together, when the coming historian writes the chapter about which as much interest will center as any other in history.

It will be hard to find one, denying that distinction, and that in an eminent degree, should not justly be accorded to Davis. And so long as generous and unstinted endeavor in behalf of humanity is not forgotten, no name will be written higher on the roll of fame than that of Horace Greeley.

The government, through the then acting President, and Secretary of War, had offered, for the capture and delivery of Davis, to pay \$1,000, which subsequently was done, on the presumption that he was to some extent implicated in the removal of Lincoln. This proved to be a great mistake, and placed the government in a very perplexing and serious difficulty. Unable to prove those things, the person of Davis was worth no more than a common Confederate soldier.

A precedent had already been established by granting parole and pardon to Confederate generals, when they, with their armies, had surrendered. Here was a dilemma which time and delay only increased. Remove precedents in the policy of war, civil law and theology, little would remain worth keeping. Fortunately, a way out was found, in the patriotic volunteering of Horace Greeley,

Gerritt Smith, and others, who signed the bail-bonds for the release of Davis. And providentially for him; had he been tried by military tribunal, his fate would have been that of Mrs. Surratt and others.

Many competent to judge have said, had she been tried under civil law, no evidence was produced that would justify awarding to her such a fate. That was clearly the opinion of Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, who was in Washington at the time, and present, I think, at the trial. There are few whose opinion is entitled to more weight than hers,

But we have seen civil courts recklessly annul precedents, and there is no telling what assumed law will do, given the power, right or wrong. A good law will not shield the wanton destruction of life, or property, neither should it stop the freedom of speech by choking men to death. In no other land but this has such barbarism been put in practice. Not in Russia do they hang for thinking or speaking.

The Chicago hanging was the most alarming and remarkable example on record. No direct crime was charged or proven, but simply the utterance of what was called dangerous language. In other words, seditious, anarchistic. In the Senate chamber, in the House of Representatives, from the pulpit, political platforms, and the press, we often find language more expressive in vindictiveness and murder, than said by those unbalanced and misguided men in Chicago. And after a little while, a generation or two, the people there will think, as many others now do, that the great fire was a less calamity, would sooner be forgotten, than the hanging,—not in conformity to, but in violation of, law. That tribunal was on a level with those that burned witches, and hanged Quakers, centuries ago. Of the whole proceeding it is not extravagant to say, as that grandest, brightest martyr of modern times, who was sacrificed on the altar, and in behalf of individual rights and human progress, Robert Emmett, said to the court that tried and convicted him: "The whole ceremony of the trial might have been dispensed with, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle, before your jury was empannelled."

And this in the nineteenth century, the most brilliant age the world has ever seen; and not in the dark ages, or their shadow, either. Better Lexington and Bunker Hill had not been than a single Quaker hung. Referring to the barbarisms of Puritan times, Whittier gave his opinion of such laws in this emphatic way:

"And law, an unloosed maniac strong,
Blood-drunken through the blackness trod,
Havoc shouting in the ear of God."

War is the same in practice, when used by a Christian people, savages, or beasts of prey. All understand the way to make success sure is to kill. Much has been said and commended, on the use and necessity of strategy in war, by Christian warriors. And when under cover of the darkness an Indian village is surprised, set on fire, and in the vain attempt to escape all are slaughtered, like wild beasts in the jungle, neither age, sex or condition is spared, it is lauded as a marked example of skillful strategy. And this has occurred more than once, in the Government's dealings with the Indians, and been called legitimate Christian warfare. But when that gallant and brave officer, Gen. Custer, in open day, met the same fate, they shriek out, "a massacre."

Jefferson Davis believed in Moses and holy wars. A professed Christian, he must have accepted the command as right and obligatory to own, to sell, bondmen and bondwomen. And especially that in relation to captive women, which Moses said he had direct, and in person, from the Lord. All the details can be found in the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, fifteenth to the nineteenth verses. If that in relation to captive women could be translated and adapted to the capacity and understanding of a chimpanzee, and his facial outlines would admit of a blush, his face would be crimson. Did the Lord give such commands to Moses, or did he lie? I think he lied, as some of the prophets did, and claimed the Lord told them to. See fifth chapter and thirty-first verse of Jeremiah.

Davis, in sympathy, and in common with every altar and hearth-stone in the Confederacy, daily and hourly implored their God to destroy the enemy, to bring famine in their cities, and remove the despot and his hireling armies from the earth, that success would reward them in building from the ruins of a government they wished to destroy, another, in conformity with his divine will and commands, whose corner-stone would be Slavery. In so doing he acted in conformity with the so-called Christian code, there is presumptive, but not positive, evidence. Believing in the sacredness of his cause, there is nothing inconsistent with his theory and belief, to wish Providence would remove Lincoln, or cause him to be removed out of the way. It would have been accepted as an omen of success.

Leaving Davis, we will put on the mantle of charity—it covers so much—and judge him as we would be judged, and say he acted in harmony and accord with his convictions.

Lincoln had made and registered a vow that he would save the Union, as he found it with Slavery, if he could. He sometimes said funny things,—this was one of them,—and said such with a purpose and design. But it was hard to understand what he meant when he wrote those few words. As well attempt to stop the force of a hundred-pound cannon shot with tissue paper. Besides, not a single individual in all the South wanted it saved in that way. It would not have been worth saving for them,—they were fighting for dissolution. Having broader ideas of the forces that control events, not only here but throughout the universe, he would not ask, could not expect, Omnipotence to change the laws of Nature to fit his side. It is not probable he often prayed, in the formal or prescribed way. But he must many times have wished that the ground beneath the rebel armies, by some mysterious agency, could be charged with dynamite, and blow them, one and all, into eternity, thereby saving the necessity of killing them.

Horace Greeley: "The world is my country, mankind are my brethren, to do good is my religion."—THOMAS PAINE. Greeley's creed could all be expressed in these two lines.

To Davis, if written in letters of fire, reaching across the firmament, they would have been only a dark line, without meaning or significance.

The lines of Whittier have a terrible significance, because of the truths contained therein. The words of Paine, in their simple, unadorned grandeur and sublimity, have hardly an equal,—never surpassed,—written on marble, placed in the public marts and schools, those ever-to-be-dreaded "Twins," Theology

and War, relics of a past barbarism, would soon find a final rest, and be forgotten in the oblivion of the past. When asked to be one of the bondsmen in behalf of Davis, he saw in its acceptance a line of duty he could not ignore in the service he could render to his country, to humanity, and the obligations, as he understood those things, to God and Nature.

It was attended with great sacrifice. Immediately following, scores of letters came ordering the *Tribune* stopped, others charging him with abandoning the cherished principles of his life. The answer to the first was, the paper was never forwarded but to fill prepaid orders, and honorable dealing required the fulfillment of the contract. The other did not need an answer. He could not help hating slavery, but pitied the slaveholder. Believing in the universal brotherhood of man and women, that notwithstanding it claimed divine protection and authority, it demoralized and sunk the slave-owner to a level with the savage. So thought Jefferson, O'Connell, Whittier, John Bright, La Fayette, Lydia Maria Childs, Harriet Martineau, Lucretia Mott, and many others. There is not in history a finer illustration of disinterested patriotism than that of Horace Greeley's signing the bail bonds of Jefferson Davis.

The saying that it takes greatness to see greatness, is old, but the individual that is impelled to do a generous and noble act, sees himself, and thinks the compensation ample, because of the good he is doing.

George D. Prentice, poet, patriot and philanthropist, paid this glowing and beautiful tribute to the man :

" I send thee, Greeley, words of cheer,
Thou bravest, truest, best of men ;
For I have marked thy strong career,
As traced by thy own sturdy pen ;
I've seen thy struggles with the foes
That dared thee to the desperate fight,
And loved to watch thy goodly blows
Dealt for the cause thou deem'st the right."

And his own pathetic lines on the death of William Wirt, are a fitting tribute to his memory :

" Rouse not the muffled drum,
Wake not the martial trumpet's mournful sound,
For him whose mighty voice in death is dumb ;
Who, in the zenith of his high renown.
To the grave went down.

" Invoke no cannon's breath,
To swell the requiem o'er his ashes poured—
Silently bear him to the house of death :
The aching hearts by whom he was adored,
He won not with the sword."

CLERICAL OBJECTORS.

BY GEORGE S. HIBBARD.

TO the proposed Parliament of Religions there comes objections—perhaps many—but to one form and some making it I desire to call attention. The objection is that it will be placing Christianity on an equality with other religions, and thereby degrading it. This is, no doubt, a sound objection judged from the orthodox standpoint. The orthodox Christian considers himself very much better than the balance of mankind, and as having received a religion as much superior to other religions as he is better than the heathen. In this spirit the missionaries have gone forth, and the results have been accordingly, there being now tens of millions more of the so-called heathen than in the time of Christ. When a Christian dares to question this, and intimate that there are good qualities among the heathen and essential truths in their beliefs, his orthodoxy is instantly questioned, and he is told his room is better than his company. So this objection might have been expected, and now for the objectors. We will first notice the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is right in the line of the apostolic succession, the first clerical of a Church presided over by such virtuous, Godly men as Henry VIII., Charles II. and the Georges. On moral grounds alone he must object to the company of Buddha and Confucius. Then, again, the poor man is trying to live in conformity with the teachings of the Master when he said, "Take no thought for the morrow." His regular salary is only about \$75,000 a year; but by practicing strict economy and occasionally taking a bribe to make some dunce a doctor of music, medicine, law or divinity, he manages to get along. Sometimes there is a royal marriage, when some reprobate like the Prince of Wales or Prince George imposes himself on an unfortunate woman; then this meek and lowly follower of the Nazarene receives a few shillings for pronouncing the blessings of Heaven upon the adulterous farce. Clearly, in the interests of morality and economy, the archbishop could not consent to meet other religionists on an equal footing. The other objector to be noticed is Bishop Haygood of the M. E. Church, South. Here, also, is a splendid record to fall back upon. His Church was founded not exactly upon a rock, but upon flesh and blood, the former of a dark hue. African slavery was the corner-stone; and, though knocked out by the sledge-hammer of civilization, the Church remains a witness to its own wickedness and shame. Bishop Haygood is a high dignitary in a Church founded to advocate the practice of buying, selling, blood-hounding, beating, raping and murdering a class of his fellow-creatures, whose crime was the possession of a darker skin than the Saxon type. The effrontery of such a man, even thinking he could get into company beneath him, is beyond comparison. But thus it is, and ever must be, with any system that makes creed instead of deed the measure of manhood. False standards of life cannot be expected to produce desirable specimens of humanity. Christianity—and I mean always Orthodox, not Liberal, which is about as different from the former as any two of the great world religions are different—can never be injured by a free comparison with all the other great

world systems, but might be immensely benefited. It can only be injured by its own acts, and these all Liberals know are legion. It has adopted, sanctioned and practiced nearly every crime or system of wrong, of which man, in his struggle upward from a low estate, has been guilty of. And when the Spirit of Progress within us, the real savior of the race, has obliged it to move on or be left far in the rear, it has started up, saying, "Why, really, I beg your pardon; but do you know we have always advocated this very measure; in fact, but for our preaching and practice this step in human progress never would have been taken." But such talk deceives none but the dupes of priestcraft. Let them all attend the Parliament, even Canterbury and Haygood; and possibly some may come away with the thoughts so beautifully expressed by Edward Clodd, in "The Childhood of the World": "We do not make our own religion more true by calling other religions false, nor do we make it worth less to us by admitting the good that may be in them. And the lesson which even a slight knowledge of the sacred books of other faiths, some older than our own, and still believed in by hundreds of millions of mankind, teaches, is that God has never been without a witness among them."

RUPERT, VT.

THE GREAT DELUGE.

BY C. P. MORTIMORE.

THE myth of the Deluge is undoubtedly one of the most ridiculous and preposterous stories in that "book of books," the Bible.

We are told that God created man, "he fell," and theologians, notwithstanding the scientific evidence to the contrary, still maintain that man is a "depraved being, who fell from grace because he ate an apple.

Now, when this righteous, all-knowing God discovered that he had made a mistake, he determined to rectify it by destroying his beloved, though disobedient, children, and fixed upon a flood as the most convenient instrument to accomplish his purpose.

There was, however, one man who "found grace in the eyes of the Lord." This man was Noah.

In order to preserve this favorite, the Lord commanded him to build an ark of the following dimensions: Its length was to be three hundred cubits, which is about 476 feet. Fifty cubits, or about 80 feet, wide, and thirty cubits, or forty-seven and a half feet high.

The ark, then, was not even as large as our great ocean steamships. In it, we are told, were, for a period of somewhat over a year, Noah and his family, together with representatives of all the animals, birds and insects, then inhabiting the earth. In the ark were put *seven* of each species of "clean animals," and two of each species of "unclean animals."

Noah was also commanded to take seven of each kind of birds.

Now, I ask the question: How can any intelligent man or woman believe that a vessel of those dimensions could accommodate even a single representa-

tive from each 40,000 distinct species of mammalia, which inhabit this earth? Again, even if it were possible for this vessel to contain such a vast number of creatures, how was it possible for the ornithorhynchus of Australia, or the polar bear of the frozen North, to "come and be saved?" Particularly when, according to Genesis vii: 4, they had but one week's notice. Further, we must draw on our imagination very heavily to explain where Noah obtained the particular food with which each creature was nourished.

We all know how important it is to secure proper ventilation in every structure, but the Bible tells us that the ark had but one window, and Noah shut that down, and only one door, and God shut that up.

Don't you think that that ark must have had a decided odor of circus, or zoological garden? Especially as it wasn't aired for over a year.

Let us leave Noah and his sons to tend to the host of animals, while we calculate how much rain must have fallen per day:

The height of the highest mountain is over twenty-nine thousand feet above the sea-level. Now, the rain lasted but forty days, therefore, to cover this mountain, the rain must have fallen to a depth of at least seven hundred and twenty-five feet every day.

Such a story is ridiculous, to say the least. Where could such a vast, almost infinite, quantity of water have come from; where, but from the diseased imagination of the writer of Genesis?

Not satisfied with his already incredible yarn, this writer goes on to tell us that in less than a year, "the waters were dried up from off the face of the earth." Think of it! That water disappeared at the rate of eighty feet per day!

It could not have filtered into the earth; if it had, every drop of water which we see to-day would long ago have disappeared in the same manner, and our earth would have become a bleak, lifeless planet, like our satellite the moon.

It could not have evaporated, because that would have required such intense heat that Noah and his family would have perished long before they ever saw dry land.

We must either conclude, therefore, that God sent his angels down with pumps and buckets to get the water back into heaven (which is rather a damp place, if this supposition is correct), or that the aforesaid writer of Genesis had a bad case of water on the brain.

A PROGRESSIVE AGE.

A progressive age this must be when the leading Congregational clergyman in this country, Dr. Abbott, can say, as he does in the *Outlook*, of that noted heretic, Professor Tyndall:

. . . If every modern theologian could receive, by a sudden inspiration, Professor Tyndall's openness of mind to all disclosures of truth, his earnestness of purpose in quest of truth, and his candor of statement in teaching truth, there would be an end to heresy trials; and the Church universal would enjoy an illumination like that which used to make St. Peter's dome on Easter night a blaze of glory.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

TWO PROPHECIES; OR, WAKEMAN vs. ALLEN.

[THOMAS DARLEY ALLEN has not as yet a national reputation, but he proposes to make himself one, by converting all the Freethinkers of this country to the Christian religion. He is no doubting Thomas, but has faith even to a bushel of mustard-seed. The undertaking is a great one, and forcibly reminds us of Mrs. Partington, with her little broom, struggling against the waves of the Atlantic, or the boy trying to put the little chick back into the egg-shell after it had been fully hatched; nevertheless, the said Thomas shows great courage in undertaking the task. He does not propose to shoot at long range, but to enter the fortresses of "Infidelity" and carry on the fight through the pages of the Liberal journals. The first broadside of his appeared in the late July number of this Magazine, on page 434. When he sends the next communication we politely ask him to give us the name of some orthodox journal that will permit Freethinkers to express their views through its pages. The other day he sent us the following communication, which we turned over to the tender mercies of our friend Wakeman. It was rather cruel in us to do so, we must admit.—ED.]

TWO PROPHECIES.

BY T. DARLEY ALLEN.

It was declared by Voltaire that Christianity could not survive the nineteenth century. But what has the present century not done for Christianity? It has sent the Gospel anew into every country in Europe and America; and has given it to lands of which Voltaire never heard. Its missionaries from America have preached the old faith in Judea, where the Christian name originated. It has even employed the very presses with which Voltaire's works were first printed, to publish in new languages the Christian Scriptures. More Bibles have been printed in a single year of the present century, than there have been copies of Voltaire's works since their first publication.

By way of contrast, let us take a prophecy of the Founder of Christianity, and see how accurate has been the accomplishment of his words. I quote from "Israel's Greatest Prophet," one of the "Anti-Infidel" pamphlets of H. L. Hastings, of Boston:

"Christ declared that the Jews would fall by the edge of the sword, and be led captive into all nations, and that Jerusalem would be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled. These words of Christ have come to pass. His prediction was uttered when Jerusalem was in her glory, crowned with peace and prosperity; but, oh, how terribly has his word been accomplished! The magnificent temple has been swept away, and the mosque of the Mohammedan crowns the hill on which it stood. For eighteen centuries

the Jewish people have been led 'captive into all nations,' and the city and home of Israel has been 'trodden under foot of the Gentiles.' Nation after nation has possessed that city; it has been in the hands of Romans, Turks, and Crusaders; almost any nation could have it for the asking, except those who loved that city as they loved their lives; they alone have been forbidden to possess it. Has not this ancient prophecy, uttered by a Jew sitting over against Jerusalem, and recorded by his Jewish disciples, been most wonderfully fulfilled? Here is a prediction, which we know was uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago; and here is its fulfillment which is seen before our eyes to-day. Still the Jews are scattered among all the nations of the earth; still Jerusalem is 'trodden under foot of the Gentiles,' who yet claim and control it until their times shall be fulfilled."

WAKEMAN'S REPLY TO ALLEN.

Mr. Allen has, in the foregoing article, simply reversed the truth. Voltaire, like Thomas Paine, was a Deist, who "believed in God, and hoped for a future life." The *Orthodoxy*, Catholic and Protestant, which he really opposed, will not survive the nineteenth century, for the best of reasons,—it is practically dead already. Of course Voltaire did not mean that all of the fools, or knaves, would be dead at 12 M., Dec. 31, 1899, but that such orthodoxy would not survive as the dominant interest of the world, or of its leaders, who control that interest. The large majority of the world are Fetichists and Pagans, to-day as then, and may be such for several centuries, and like them "the orthodox" must fade and die, and drop out by degrees. Their increased missionary and church efforts and expenses, seem greater in contrast with their past, but in proportion to the greater growth of the world, they are less, and now a manifest failure. Since Voltaire's day, millions on millions have been expended on foreign missions, with practically no result, except the destruction of the Sandwich Islanders. At home only a small fraction—not a third of the people, have now anything to do with orthodox churches, and then only as with a kind of social or political club-house. The *New York Sun* states the result thus: "Unbelief prevails in the ministry itself, and heresy trials awaken more interest than efforts for the propagation of Faith. The revolt against the doctrine of hell is widespread, and it is freezing an impulse necessary to religious awakening. Protestantism is preaching the doctrine no longer. Clerical biblical scholars are telling the people that the Bible is of human and not of divine authorship, and consequently is liable to err, and does err pro-

portionately to the limitations of human knowledge. Many people having lost faith in the authority upon which their whole belief depended, are now doubting all the dogmas of religion, the personality of God, the immortality of the soul, redemption and damnation." * * * "The looking for relief is not to supernatural agencies, but to natural. It is a change which indicates a religious revolution of tremendous importance. Instead of crying out to God for help, the sinking crew have no other hope than that they may be able to save themselves *by their own exertions*."—*New York Sun Editorial, August 5, 1893.*

This impartial secular authority is conclusive. No intelligent person now really believes in orthodoxy, nor trusts to God for help. When Voltaire used to say in every letter, *Ecrasez l' Infame!*—"Crush the Infamous!" and allowed the nineteenth century to be sufficient to do it in, he was right—with seven years yet to spare! This world has already become the reality, the other the shadow—a shadow vanishing as the sun of science and free thought arises over our heads.

Mr. Allen is equally wrong about the prophecy he attributes to Christ, to the effect that the Jews would be, as he says they have been, "led captive into all nations," etc. Now, with all deference to Mr. Allen, this is all nonsense. Since the Christian era, the Jews have not been led away captive. All that the Romans or Mahomedans or Christians ever wanted of them, was that they would stay in Palestine and pay their taxes and behave themselves like other peoples. But just as soon as the Jews found out how much better *every* other country was than their own, they betook themselves by a frightful emigration to every place in which they could get a living, and make money; and there they are to-day. The difficulty was and is, not that they are "captives," but to keep them from *capturing* every city, country and people in or among which they have settled. Of course they are not to blame for this emigration. Aside from the Sahara Desert, no more "God-forsaken" region than Palestine exists. Mr. D. M. Bennett, who was a close observer, and very little afflicted with "religion," ancient or modern, and, *therefore*, impartial, went over it pretty thoroughly, and records that it was mighty hard to find the acres that could be cultivated with anything but a crow-bar, and that neither God nor Jews were to be blamed for "forsaking" it as soon as they could. No one but a pilgrim, a beggar or a

"captive," would stay there. There are millions of Jews who could buy and occupy Palestine any year, but they have forsaken it, and found the United States to be the true Palestine; and their God has forsaken it, too, and emigrated to—no one knows where,—but we hope not to U. S.

But Mr. Allen is again all wrong in supposing that Christ ever thought of, or prophesied this emigration. On the contrary, he prophesied (*if he ever said or did anything?*), that he would come and prevent it, and make an end of Palestine, of the Jews, and of "this world," before the close of the generation he was then talking to. There is no possible mistake about this. His words are: "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till *all* these things shall be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away;" to wit: "The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all tribes of the earth mourn, and they *shall see* the Son of Man *coming in the clouds* of heaven, with power and great glory. And he shall send his angels *with a great sound of a trumpet*, and they shall gather together *his elect* from one end of heaven to the other," etc. Matt. xxiv: 34, 35, 29, 30, 31; also, 3-30, 36-51, and chap. 25. So, also, chap. xxiii: 36, etc.; chap. xvi: 28: "Verily I say unto you, There *be some standing here*, who shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." So Mark ix: 1. Luke ix: 27; Mark xiii: 30; Luke xxi: 31. So, Cor. i: 15, 51, 52; 1 Thess., and Rev. xxii: 7, 12, etc., etc.

These quotations and references are enough, but they could be extended over the whole of the New Testament. They are not only Christ's prophecy and *pledge*, but they are also the sum and substance, the purpose and object, the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the end, the business and the bottom, of all there ever was, or is, or ever will be, of Christianity. It is now known *absolutely*, that not one word of this prophecy of Christ ever *has* been, and also that it never *can* be, fulfilled. It was just simply one *baseless hallucination* from beginning to end. The first glance through the telescope of Gallileo knocked this whole heaven, ascension, angels, advent and judgment business into the category of the utterly impossible. The Millerites and Adventists who sit around

in their night-shirts waiting for the Angel Gabriel to blow "a great sound of a trumpet," should reconstruct the universe with "the heaven" of the Ptolemaic Astronomy, or go to a lunatic asylum. Christianity at bottom was just a craze, like their craze,—nothing more. It appealed for its proofs to miracles and prophecy. Science, by its laws of uniformity and correlation, has made "miracles" conclusive against it. History shows that not a single one of the boasted "prophecies" applies to Christ; and modern astronomy leaves every prophecy of Christ himself in a state worse than a bursted soap-bubble. As Voltaire prophesied, the more intelligent Apologists of Christianity have dropped both "miracles and prophecy,"—like hell, as the *Sun* says. No sensible person now talks of believing in either of the three, except those who wish to be deceived—and for them what is not sufficient?

The real question is, did Christ do or say anything? Did *such* a person really exist? If Mr. Allen can find any evidence on this question it would be welcome to Freethinkers. But there is no use in throwing up to us "Revelation," or Paul, or "The Gospels," or the forgeries of Josephus, or the posthumous Tacitus, or Suetonius, or Pliny. Give us the evidence of some *thing*, or of some *one* who did know this man—or let us say no more about him as such, and betake ourselves to *Ideals*; where, as it seems to me, this "Messiah" belongs, and where the conception may still be of great value, if rightly used, as a symbol of Humanity.

D. B. WIGGINS, M. D.

DR. WIGGINS, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this Magazine, has not a national reputation as a Free-thinker, but, nevertheless, we are pleased to introduce him to our readers for the reason that he is, in fact, a most model Free-thinker not only on theology, but also on medicine and all other questions as well. He is a brave, upright, honest man, who has the respect and esteem of all who know him, and that is a great many persons, for he has had a long and extensive practice as a physician. Since we came to Buffalo he has been one of our special friends, one of the best friends of this Magazine. The Doctor has a clear, logical mind, and it does not contain one spark

of superstition. He has a large practice as a physician, but it is not for making money, but to benefit humanity. He doctors thousands of people from whom he receives nothing but their heartfelt thanks.

LIFE SKETCH.

Dr. D. B. Wiggins was born at Essex, Vermont, on the seventh day of December, 1821. His early education was obtained at a common district school. After he became old enough to work on the farm he only attended school during the winter months. Afterwards he took an academical course of studies, teaching school in the winter, attending the academy spring and fall, and working on the farm during haying and harvesting. During these years he improved every opportunity to acquire knowledge. In June, 1843, he commenced the study of medicine, and attended medical lectures in the P. M. College of Medicine, at Cincinnati, Ohio. He graduated in the spring of 1846, and commenced the practice of his profession in Adams County, Ohio. In 1849 he removed to Buffalo, N. Y., and opened an office in that city. During the cholera epidemic thereafter he worked day and night in the hospitals and among cholera patients, and was compelled often to hide away to get a little rest.

In 1857 Dr. Wiggins was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Cincinnati college above mentioned, and filled the chair for several years, but, preferring the practice of medicine to lecturing, he resigned and returned to Buffalo, where he has ever since practiced his profession.

In his practice he has always used only the simple vegetable remedies, that he claims are scattered broadcast over the whole earth for the medical use of mankind, and he says he never could quite understand how a poison could be a good remedy to cure a disease, both a bane and an antidote—both kill and cure at the same time. The doctor declares that although he will admit he never cured all the patients he has had, he knows he never killed any of them. That, he says, is a great consolation to him. The Doctor has very little faith in Christian Science—is sure the two words do not belong together—that the one contradicts the other; that *Christian Science* is an absurdity, for Science and Christianity are opposed to each other—always have been, and in the nature of things always must be. The Doctor says all there is of faith

cure is this: That if a person can be made to think that he is going to get well, he is more likely to get well than if he is sure he is going to die. So far there is something in the mind cure.

As to the Doctor's religious training. His grandfather on his mother's side was a Presbyterian deacon, kept a hotel, sold liquor, and the Doctor says that in those days the ministers used to take a "nip," before they went to church, at the deacon's bar. They thought they could better preach the Gospel under its influence. All of his grandparents and his father and mother believed in Calvinistic Presbyterianism, and with them Sunday began with Saturday evening at sundown, and that evening and the next day until sundown was a solemn time with him. Dr. Wiggins says that Col. Ingersoll, in his lecture on "Man, Woman and Child," well describes those days, when he says:

In the olden time, they thought some days were too good for a child to enjoy himself. When I was a boy Sunday was considered altogether too holy to be happy in. Sunday used to commence then when the sun went down on Saturday night. We commenced at that time for the purpose of getting a good ready, and when the sun fell below the horizon on Saturday evening a darkness fell upon the house ten thousand times deeper than that of night. Nobody said a pleasant word; nobody laughed; nobody smiled; the child that looked the sickest was regarded as the most pious. That night you could not even crack hickory nuts. If you were caught chewing gum it was only another evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. It was an exceedingly solemn night. Dyspepsia was in the very air you breathed. Everybody looked sad and mournful. On Sunday morning the solemnity had simply increased. Then we went to church. The minister was in the pulpit, about twenty feet high, with a little sounding-board above him, and he commenced at "firstly" and went on and on to about "twenty-thirdly." Then he made a few remarks by way of application, and then took a general view of the subject, and in about two hours reached the last chapter of Revelations. When we got home, if we had been good boys, and the weather was warm, sometimes they would take us out in the graveyard to cheer us up a little. But at last the Sunday wore away, and the moment the sun went down we were free. And when the last rim of light sank below the horizon, off would go our caps, and we would give three cheers for liberty once more.

The Doctor says that Col. Ingersoll gives a good picture of the situation in those "good old religious days."

HOW DR. WIGGINS DESCRIBES IT.

Sunday was the worst day in the week. Just as little work was done on that day as possible, and as soon as the morning work was done the children were obliged to get their Sunday-school lesson, beginning with the first chapter of John, and commit to memory seven verses corresponding with the seven days of the

week ; then go to church at ten o'clock, and sit on hard benches with our backs to the minister, with our feet about eight inches from the floor, in pen-pews, and our father and mother opposite, with one eye on us children and the other on the minister. And there we sat through those long-winded sermons, describing the creation, the fish story, the rib story, the fiery furnace, the children of Israel and the Red Sea, of eternal damnation, salvation, foreordination, which, of course, was all Greek to us. At noon-time we went from our pew to my grandfather's, to repeat our Sunday-school lesson ; then we were let out for about ten minutes, before time to begin the afternoon service, and that continued from "firstly" to "twenty-fourthly ;" and, oh, how hungry we were when we arrived at home. After supper we must read our Sunday-school books—all about the flood, Daniel in the lions' den, and those fellows that went through the fiery furnace and came out without even the smell of fire on their garments.

This had been the intellectual food for my good old father and mother before me. Conscientious and honest to a fault, whose word was as good as their note, honest, industrious New England people, who taught me habits of industry and economy, the true sources of health, wealth and longevity, and what they believed to be the true Christianity. I honor their memory, and am glad that I was able to do for them to the last. I was not very old before I began to look at some of my Sunday-school lessons in their true light, as we would look at other things around us, and asked my good old father and mother how it was : If it was fore-ordained from the foundation of the world that I should be saved, what good would it do for me to experience religion and join the Church ? If it was fore-ordained that I should be damned, what good would it do ? "Oh, well, young man, you do not know what you are talking about ; when you experience religion and meet with a change of heart you will see things differently."

Dr. Wiggins has divested his mind of all those early superstitious teachings, from which he suffered so much in his young days, and now is doing all he can to obliterate them from the earth. He rejoices in his old age at the march of Science and Freethought, and said to us the other day : "How much I would like to return to earth in a hundred years from now to witness the great change that will have taken place in the religious world by that time." It is such noble men as Dr. Wiggins, now to be found in nearly every community, who are bringing about this glorious evolution from Darkness to Light. It would be well for the world if there were more like them.

PLEASE RENEW.

Readers, you will be helping the magazine materially by sending in your subscription for next year. We need all the aid we can get to carry us through this financial panic.—PUBLISHER.

THIS MAGAZINE.

WE feel, in furnishing this Magazine to the Liberal public, that we are merely the agent of its subscribers, to do the work of giving them, each month, the best thought of this age, rather than the editor and publisher; and all we ask for this service is merely enough to supply the necessities of life. Every dollar we receive over that amount goes into the Magazine. As we have always been poor, we have learned to enjoy life in that condition; therefore, at our advanced age, it would be a hazardous undertaking to try the experiment of living in affluence, if it were possible to do so. But we earnestly desire to get the Magazine on a living basis, where it will be safe from financial embarrassment, which is a constant perplexity to our mind, and unfits us for doing our duty as editor. For the last month that question has been uppermost in our thoughts, and we believe, with the help of our good friends, that we shall soon be able to solve it.

As to the price of subscription: We hardly know just what that should be. When we recently changed it from \$2.00 to \$1.50, a number of our good friends informed us that they thought we had made a mistake. But on reflection we are inclined to think that the low price is the best, for a very large majority of the Liberals are poor people, and they cannot afford to take a high-priced journal, and then, if the price is only \$1.50, that does not preclude those who are able from paying more. If there were any way to arrange it, we would like to have the Magazine supported in this way: Each subscriber pay just what he or she is able to pay. Some persons can pay \$10.00, easier than others can pay 50 cents.

We hardly think it is possible, as yet, for any non-christian paper to live entirely on its subscription list, without contributions from its friends. How many have died within the last fifteen years, for the want of support. Evidence: The *Index*, *Man*, *Freethought*, *Fair-Play*, all first-class journals, edited by the ablest Liberals in the land, And there is not a pronounced Freethought journal published to-day, but what is in need of financial assistance. So that the fact is very evident, that if we are to have Liberal journals, they must be maintained quite largely by con-

tributions from those Liberals who are blessed with property. It has always been so with radical journals not going with the current of popular thought. We well remember that the anti-slavery papers were largely supported in that way.

But we have decided hereafter to make this Magazine conform, to a certain extent, with its financial receipts, or, in other words, we will give the readers just such a Magazine as the receipts will warrant. Brother McCabe, of Albany, who was formerly a Catholic, informs us that the rule as to mass in that Church, is this: Big money, high mass; small money, low mass; no money, no mass. Hereafter, we will adopt that plan, so far as we can, with this journal. We think that is a new rule in journalism. We commence complying with that rule in this number by leaving out sixteen pages of advertisements. There is no use publishing these ads.—that is, the book ads. every month, and that will save us quite an item with every issue.

From the first we have been constantly saying we were going to adopt, strictly, the pay in advance system, but have kept putting it off, for the reason we so disliked to erase from our books the names of those we considered good Liberals. But hereafter that rule will be strictly enforced. We have just erased some five hundred names, and those five hundred will not see this number of the Magazine, unless they purchase it or re-subscribe. That saves us quite a large item this month. Of course we lose by this act some seven hundred dollars that we ought to have, but after we have spent \$20.00 on postal cards, writing to each of the five hundred four times, and days of hard work, we are very glad to get rid of that perplexity. Hereafter each subscriber will be notified by postal card when his subscription expires, and if not renewed, his name will be erased at once. Not a Magazine will go out of this office hereafter, excepting those we give away, that is not paid for. To use a slang phrase, *We have got there at last.* There is much more we would like to say, but space will not admit.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Since our last issue the following persons have obtained clubs of five or more, at one dollar each: John P. Thurnquest, Watertown, Minn.; Henry Shelby, Van Buren, Ark.; G. H. Nepernd, Pigeon Falls, Wis.; J. B. Husted, Vergennes, Vt.; H. A. Ash-

ton, Knoxville, Pa.; Charles W. Rudell, Rochester, N. Y.; Henry M. Taber, New York; Ira H. Wilson, Santa Cruz, Cal.; J. E. Kelsey, Gibson, Neb.; H. Watson, Whitewall, Ill. We shall continue this low rate for clubs for the next sixty days, and hope we may receive many hundred of them.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Within the last month the following contributions have been sent us to aid the Magazine: Henry M. Taber, \$25.00; Charles B. Rouss, \$10.00; Philip Bruck, \$1.00; Dr. D. B. Wiggins, \$5.00; Ole Granburg, \$5.00; Orra L. Tipple, 50 cents; Jasper Page, \$1.00; Henry Sharp, \$2.00; L. De Witt Griswold, 50 cents; Thomas Balkwill, \$1.00; Cash, \$2.00; Dr. E. F. Butterfield, \$5.00; Hon. Stephen Brewer, \$2.00; Mrs. Wm. Redfield, \$1.00; Warren Penwell, \$5.00; Cap. C. D. de Rudio, \$3.00; Dr. H. Messenger, \$5.00; Alfred Davis, \$1.00; Wm. Cughan, \$1.00; J. M. Hawkins, \$0.50; C. A. Hadsell, \$0.50; Richard Ashworth, \$1.50; J. T. Whitmore, 75 cents; Chas H. Jones, \$1.00; G. A. Kenyon, \$1.00; J. E. Jones, 50 cents; John Hooker, \$2.00; Myron H. Goodwin, \$1.00; Timothy Miles, 75 cents; Cash, \$2.00; G. H. Look, \$1.00; Elmira Drake Slenker, 40 cents; Louis Levine, \$3.00; John Wolf, \$5.00; C. Putnam, \$1.00; Maligus Boehmee, 50 cents; C. Fred Thompson, \$1.00; A. W. Thompson, \$1.00; G. J. Shurtz, 50 cents; Edward Panton, \$2.00; Richard Haselton, \$2.50. This list will be continued in next number.

The great need of this Magazine is a much larger circulation. We hope each one of its friends will do all in their power to help that need.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS—THE
RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

THE world has been cursed with creed religions. What it now most needs is a universal Religion of Humanity,—a religion that will influence its votaries, not so much to labor to get into some far-off, imaginary heaven, as to try and make a heaven of this little globe upon which we now exist. We have carefully watched the proceedings of the late Congress of Religions, and we plainly perceive that it has taken a very long step in the direction of

the humanitarian religion above mentioned. It would have been grand if it could have risen to that height that it would have invited that eloquent heathen of *this* country, Col. Ingersoll, to address the Congress, and present the religion that he holds to, as did the heathen of other countries. But that would not have done. No, come to think of it, as they had a rule that none but those who believe in a God should be invited, that rule, they may have thought, barred out Col. Ingersoll. They thus virtually admit that the heathen Joss God is better than no God—that it is better to “bow down to wood and stone,” than not to get down on your marrow-bones at all. But let this pass. We will excuse our Christian friends this time. They have done well, and we are willing to give them a long credit-mark.

And this can be said of all the religions represented. They did not send each other to hades,—they did not say right out that “our road is the only route that leads to the New Jerusalem.” They tacitly admitted there was a possibility of the other fellow’s getting into port with their outlandish heathen vessels, and no Christian quoted that familiar text, that was so often preached from in our youthful days, that “he who climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber.” And we did not notice that any of our Christian brothers preached from this text: “There is none other name (but that of Christ) under heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved.” (Acts iv: 12.)

The Congress was in fact a great religious Freethought Convention, and was an evidence of great religious progress. The Ingersoll living at the next Columbus Religious Congress one hundred years from now, will be invited, and probably requested to preside over the deliberations, and the test of admission will then be, “All who believe in the Golden Rule.” That is what the world is coming to, and to use an orthodox expression, “All hell” (another name for orthodoxy) “can’t prevent it.”

P. S. Since writing the above we have been thinking what a good opportunity it would have been at this Congress to have learned from these intelligent representatives of the various heathen religions of the success of the Christian missionaries in their respective countries. Why did not our Christian friends ask for such reports? There is no doubt but that the heathen delegates would gladly have supplied the desired information.

BOOK REVIEW.

All books here noticed are for sale at this office.—EDITOR.

THE CYCLOPÆDIC REVIEW OF CURRENT HISTORY for the second quarter of 1893 is now ready. It is a wonderful compendium of the prominent events of the last three months, while its subjects are, of necessity, briefly treated, nothing of importance appears to have been omitted. Under the general titles of "Leading Topics," "International Affairs," "Affairs in Europe," "Affairs in Asia," "Affairs in Africa," "Science, Literature and Miscellany," it details the world's most recent happenings with singular minuteness, perspicacity and fidelity, telling all that really needs to be known about any one subject, and referring to all subjects of consequence in a most intelligent and practical way. A work like this is a necessity in these busy, bustling times of ours, and this work seems to be the best of its species. While there are similar publications the *Cyclopædic Review* holds an original and exclusive position. Its peculiar merits entitle it to general recognition. Garretson, Cox & Co., pub., Buffalo, N. Y.; \$1.50 per year; single copies 40 cents.

"PEN PICTURES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR," by Samuel P. Putnam, and published by the Truth Seeker Co., of New York, is a book that every American should purchase and preserve, as it will grow more valuable as the future years pass. It is numerously illustrated and gives a very full "pen picture" of the great "White City"—more grand than the fabled "New Jerusalem," of which our Christian friends tell us is to be the eternal home of the blest. Price, 25 cents.

"MONEY FOUND," by Thomas E. Hill, and published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., is a work on the present financial crisis. "and," the author says, "is respectfully

dedicated to those persons who observe the disappearance of money and the resulting panic at certain times and seasons, but do not know why such conditions exist." If all of that numerous class here described purchase the book it will have an extensive sale. Price, 25 cents.

"THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES," by F. Max Muller, and just published by the Open Court Publishing Company, is a beautiful pamphlet of twenty-eight pages that all thoughtful persons will desire to read. Price, 25 cents.

"PLEASURE AND PROGRESS," by Albert M. Lorentz, L. L. B., and published by the Truth Seeker Co., is a paper-bound volume of three hundred and ninety-eight pages. "This book," the author says, "is written for the people by one of them," and "its purpose is to promote the highest happiness of humanity." Price, 50 cents.

"THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE," by Dr. Paul Carus, is another one of the beautiful and valuable books that the Open Court Publishing Company is constantly bringing out. If the title is a true index of its contents it is just what the world needs. We see at the World's Congress of Religions a great number of the religions of superstition, but not one religion of science. Ninety-six pages. Price, 25 cents.

"FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE," published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, is Miss Helen H. Gardener's latest work. The volume is beautifully bound in paper, with a fine frontispiece of the author, and contains two hundred and sixty-nine pages. Price, 50 cents.

"CIVILIZATION INFERNO," by B. O. Flower, editor *The Arena*, and published by The Arena Publishing Co., Boston, is an attractive paper-covered book of two

hundred and thirty-seven pages that shows up the dark side of our present (Christian) civilization, and surely it is a very dark picture. We commend the book to the attention of our Christian friends whose

religion, after a trial of eighteen hundred centuries, can show no better results. Now, suppose we let Science have the field for the next nineteen hundred years and see what the result will be.

ALL SORTS.

—"Evolution," by B. F. Underwood, will be the leading article of next number.

—Customer (in book store): "I would like to get some good book on Faith."

Clerk: "Sorry, sir, but our rule is to sell nothing to strangers except for cash."

—To Constant Reader: "No, riding a bicycle on Sunday is not particularly sinful if all exclamatory remarks concerning tumbles taken are postponed until the next day."

—Pretty Teacher: "Now, Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?"

Johnny: "Yes, 'm. Mother says ef yew don't catch the new parson it will be a miracle."

—A new subscriber from the New York Cotton Exchange writes: "There are a good many who think as we do, and I will try and get subscribers. Mr. Taber's article on 'Church Taxation,' in the September number, is unanswerable."

—Not being able to keep a bookkeeper we are liable, in sending out letters and postal-cards to our subscribers in relation to our subscription accounts, to make mistakes. But we are always more than glad to correct these errors as soon as we are notified of them.

—Please read the second part of Cosmology against Theology, in this number, and then notify us by postal-card how many copies you will take if we put the article in pamphlet form. The price, 15 cents a single copy, 60 cents for five copies, \$1.00 for ten copies.

—The New York Recorder says that: "Forty-one families without bibles have

been discovered in Topeka." But it doesn't say a word about the other fifteen or twenty thousand families there that have bibles and never open them from one year's end to the other, except, perhaps, to press autumn leaves in them.—*The Moslem World*.

—The "Heathen" journal recently started in New York bids fair to make it warm for some of its Christian contemporaries. Our Christian friends seem to have in the person of Mr. Russell Webb, the heathen editor, a very lively heathen, right at their doors to convert. It will be cheaper to work the conversion "racket" on him than to go to foreign countries.

—Goodness! Chauncey M. Depew has taken to writing tracts for a down-town mission. We have read his first effort in this direction, and would advise him to stick to after-dinner speeches and not undertake unfamiliar work, where he reaches so near the border-line of the ridiculous that he may sometime fall over.—*Moslem World*.

—There is already cropping out among those Christians who have the management of the Religious Congress at the World's Fair, a disposition to set up their creed as a perfect one, and to treat the representatives of the Eastern faiths as their inferiors. This is the usual Christian method, and it will make the Congress a dismal failure so far as accomplishing any real and permanent good is concerned.—*Moslem World*.

—The spectacle of Sam Jones and a Baptist preacher chasing each other, with drawn revolvers, around a Georgia town,

is not calculated to inspire the "heathen" with great reverence for the Church-Christianity of to-day. If "a tree is to be judged by its fruits," as some of the missionaries say when criticizing Moham-medanism, we are justified in believing that there is something wrong with the tree in this case.—*Moslem World*.

—Often good friends send us reports of immoral conduct by ministers and church members for these pages. We prefer not to attack the Church in that way. There are good and bad men in the churches, as there are among professed Freethinkers. Our warfare is more particularly on the cruel and unreasonable theology preached in the pulpits, that, in our opinion is productive of great evil, especially to the young, in closing their minds to free investigation.

—Deacon Woolerton (sneeringly): "I s'pose yo' t'ink it's de Lord's will fo' yo' to leave dis charge an' take de one wid de biggah salary?"

Parson Shouter: "Look 'ere, Bre'r Woolerton; ef one man offers yo' ten dollars fo' dat mule, an' another offers yo' twenty, would dere be any question in yo' mind which offer it wuz de Lord's will fo' you to accept?"—*Puck*.

—We learn that the librarian of the Milwaukee City Library, after a careful and prayerful consideration of the question, decided that this Magazine is not a proper publication to be placed in the Library reading room. We hope there is some mistake about this report, but if it be true, all we have got to say is that Balaam's ass was a wise beast compared with the one that has control of the Milwaukee Library.

—The Parliament of Religions now drawing to a close will have done a world of good if it injects into the mind of the Rev. Joseph Cook the idea that there is possibly a field of truth beyond his own private fence. At present the Buddhists are taking great delight in quoting Mr.

Cook's scheme for a universal religion, which is as follows: "I am in favor of a universal religion if you adopt my religion."—*Buffalo Express*.

—*The Moslem World*, the "Heathen" journal started in New York to convert Christians, talks quite sensible when it says:

Almost every man who has any religion at all is always ready to resent vigorously any attack made upon it, although he may not be able to give a single rational reason why he follows it, except that his father and mother followed it and that what was good enough for them is good enough for him. As a rule the masses of American church-followers know little or nothing of the history or principles of their religion, except what the clergy tell them from the pulpit and what they find in the religious and secular journals.

—When some Liberal dies who is a subscriber to this Magazine, and leaves an orthodox wife, with what pious indignation we are notified that this publication is no longer needed. The fact is that many a Christian wife holds her minister or priest in much higher estimation than her husband. No wonder that religion is the great family destroyer. Christ says: "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children and brothers and sisters, he can not be my disciple" (St. Luke xiv. 26). But Ingersoll says: "Nevertheless, I shall stand by the folks." So say all good Freethinkers!

—Joseph Cook in a lecture at Chautauqua gave utterance to the following just statement, for which we thank him:

"I believe that no Church has the right to establish a school in the United States that teaches that a ruler in some foreign land is greater in authority than the President of the United States, or the Governor of a sovereign State. The Church and the State must be kept forever separate, and, for my part, I want no rule raised against Catholics that cannot with equal force, if occasion demands, be raised against Protestants."

—Mr. H. P. Marsh, of Brighton, informs us that he is about to start out on a

lecture trip. His principal lecture is entitled "The Grip." He claims it gives all the Christian bigots the mental grip when they hear it, and that is the reason he has thus named it. He read it to us, and we can assure our liberal friends it is full of well-digested thoughts, the kind of a lecture that will set people to thinking. Mr. Marsh is also agent for this Magazine, and authorized to take subscriptions and collect money for the same.

—Liberal thinkers in the churches are having a much pleasanter time now than in the time of Bishop Colenso thirty years ago. After the bishop published his book, showing that certain statements and figures in the Pentateuch were untrue, he found himself almost universally ostracised. Men and women whom he had known intimately from childhood refused to speak to him. And so general was the detestation of him that his laundress in London refused any longer to wash his clothes, because she lost customers by coming into such close contact with him.
—*Chicago Herald.*

—A great sensation was caused in the Parliament of Religions when a Shinto priest stated as follows:

"Christianity was widely spread in Japan, when in 1837, the Christian missionaries combined with their converts, causing a tragic and bloody rebellion against the country. It was understood at the time that these missionaries intended to subjugate Japan to their own country. It was this which caused the prohibition of Christianity in Japan. Christianity had brought riot, bloodshed and rebellion in its train. Verily, it had brought instead of peace a sword. The government was forced to drive out the missionaries in self-defense."

The priest was enthusiastically cheered by the vast audience present when he made this statement.

—John L. Moore, of Quincy, Ill., is a model Freethinker. His whole heart is in the cause. In a private letter he writes:

BRO. GREEN—I have taken your Magazine for several years, and I must say, with a clear conscience, that its contents

have always been clean and to the point, which is more than can be said of that indecent and outrageous book called *the Bible*, as if there were no other bible, when every man of any intelligence knows that there are many books—other bibles. The Religious Congress in Chicago has been a great eye-opener, giving the information that Christianity is an offshoot, or rather a rotten limb, of religions that had their rise in the East. I enclose express order for \$5. Put me ahead that amount.

—The following communication, from Mr. Frederick Dahlstrom, of Alton, Ill., is worthy of consideration:

"I would like to see the Magazine get its coveted twenty thousand subscribers. It certainly deserves it, but it is questionable whether this can be done by the individual efforts of subscribers. My belief is that the best results can be obtained by liberal advertising in the principal journals of the country. This, of course, would be costly, but, with the united efforts of the friends of the Magazine enough money might be raised to give it a trial. Why not establish an advertising fund? Friends of the Magazine could give according to their desire or means. One dollar a-piece would insure a successful trial. There are, I believe, thousands of Freethinkers who know nothing of Free-thought literature. There is only one way to reach them—the secular dailies or weeklies. An article like, for instance, 'Our Other World,' by Rev. E. P. Powell, ought, when judiciously advertised, to bring hundreds of subscribers. The advertising columns of Spiritualistic, Liberal, Christian and Labor journals ought also to be cultivated. This method, I believe, would make the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE independent, and, in doing so, render a great service to Freethought. With kind regards and hopes that the twenty thousand will soon materialize, I remain."

—Dr. Briggs, in his address before the World's Parliament of Religions, says:

"We are living in a scientific age, which demands that every traditional statement shall be tested. Science explores the earth in its height and breadth in search of truth; it explores the heavens in order to solve the mysteries of the universe; it investigates all the monuments of history, whether of stone or of metal, and that man must be lacking in intelligence, or in observation at least, who

imagines that the sacred books of the Christian religion or the institutions of the Christian church shall escape the criticism of this age. It will not do to oppose science with religion, or criticism with faith.

Criticism makes it evident that the faith which shrinks from criticism is a faith so weak and uncertain that it excites suspicion as to its life and reality. Science goes on confident that every form of religion which resists this criticism will ere long crumble into dust. All departments of human investigation sooner or later come in contact with the Christian scriptures; all find something that accords with them or conflicts with them, and the question forces itself upon us, can we maintain the truthfulness of the Holy Scriptures in the face of modern science? We are obliged to admit that there are scientific errors in the Bible, errors of astronomy, geology, zoology, botany and anthropology. In all these respects there is no evidence that the authors of the Scriptures had any other knowledge than that possessed by their contemporaries. Their statements are such as indicate ordinary observation of the phenomena of life. They had not that insight, that grasp of conception and power of expression in these matters such as they exhibited when writing concerning matters of religion.

—The following comes to us from an unknown writer. It is post-marked Washington, D. C., but it is not President Cleveland's handwriting:

"Prof. Frederick Guthrie says in the Cantor lectures on science teaching: Japan takes our science teachings at once, and as a whole, for it finds in science the one universal language—the language of Nature itself.

"We English consider ourselves as forming about the average of the European races. The Japanese, on the other hand, have had for centuries little or no intellectual intercourse with the world, except China. Yet at once Japan accepts our science. It is as when some crystal has grown slowly in the darkest bosom of the earth and is then suddenly brought to light, reflects, refracts, absorbs and polarizes as faithfully as the oldest specimen in a physical cabinet. In a couple of hundred years floods of scientific truth will be poured upon the Western world from China and Japan, unless those countries fall victims to some so-called higher civilization in the same sense as did Peru and Mexico.

"How shall these countries be protected from this 'so-called higher civilization,' which will put theological fetters upon the reason of their people, and check their divine search for the laws governing and controlling matter in all of its forms? Prof. Guthrie says, 'Truth alone is cosmopolitan, and in science alone can truth be found.'

"Some light was thrown upon this question of the protection of the people of the East, by a speech made in the House of Representatives yesterday, in which occurs the following:

"'I am as willing to vote for a bill requiring the American missionaries in China to return to this country within a year—I would do this just as I would vote to expel every Anarchist from the United States within a year—their cases are exactly parallel.'

"Would not a bill recalling the American missionaries be a good thing for China and Japan? As was said by a Japanese, they are satisfied with their own superstitions and do not want those of America."

—Under the title of "The Seven-Year Siege," W. F. Jamison, the well-known Freethought lecturer, sends us the following:

Mr. Editor: Nearly seven years ago I first set foot in the San Luis Valley. I have had my experience in "pioneering"; lived in this country when it was a howling wilderness (literally "howling" if we count the coyotes) and I now see it transformed, as if by magic; but it is the modern magic of almost omnipotent labor. Away for miles in every direction (this valley is a vast, level plain, and is larger than the State of Massachusetts including Boston) can be seen cultivated farms. I thought I saw its future as plainly as I think I can see that of the orthodox religions; and I see that it will take a great deal longer to subdue Christianity than to cultivate the wildest parts of the globe. But what a lovely picture the change makes! Look over this immense San Luis. Now a thickly populated farming community.

My pioneering has indeed been a novelty, blended with severity. Who is it that has said a lecturer is good for nothing—except to talk. In these seven years I have succeeded in subduing 270 acres out of 325. Bronzed, toughened, healthy by physical toil, I am now ready again to strike for mental liberty everywhere I can get a hearing, on every platform free

enough for free speech, all along the Pacific coast. The rest of my days I am anxious to spend among Freethinkers, doing our Freethought work. I hereby notify my Ukiah, Cal., friends who have kindly extended me a call to deliver them a course of lectures, that I will be with them shortly after my arrival in Elsinore, where I may be addressed in future. Change the address, please, of my copy of your journal from Mosca, Colo., to Elsinore, Cal., let me hear from Liberals of California, Oregon and Washington. I hope to meet many old friends in those States, people that I used to greet in Michigan, Minnesota, Massachusetts and elsewhere.

—R. M. Casey's death occurred August 12th at his home in Bruno, S. C. We merely mentioned it in the September magazine, as we were going to press. The following letter from his granddaughter gives some account of his last hours:

BRUNO, S. C., Aug. 23, 293.

MR. H. L. GREEN:

Dear Friend—This chronicles to you the death of my dear grandfather, which occurred at his house the 12th inst. He had been in feeble health for some time, but was able to attend to business until a short time before his death. On Wednesday, the 9th inst., he, with his wife, started out to our house, a distance of half-a-mile, to spend the afternoon, appearing as well as usual when he left home, but before he reached the house he was taken sick very suddenly, which soon proved to be paralysis of the bowels. His family physician was immediately summoned, and everything that could be done for his sufferings was done, but on Saturday morn at two o'clock he passed away. He seemed to suffer a great deal at first but bore his afflictions with more than Christian fortitude. He was perfectly reconciled to death, and believing from the first that it was his last illness, my dear grandfather died as he had lived, unfaltering in his religious convictions. He was conscious almost to the very last, and expired as peacefully as a child going to sleep. He requested us to write to all his friends, naming each one separately, and give them his tender, loving farewell, and

tell them how thankful he was to all those who aided him in his old days. His last request was not to carry him into a church or have a gospel hymn sung over his remains. We buried him six miles from his home by the side of his first wife. Nothing was said at the grave except the reading of a few verses from Miss Susan H. Wixon's pen entitled "Rest." They were very appropriate and were his own selection. Some of grandfather's Christian friends have secured the appointment of a postmaster at this place, left vacant by his death, and are now trying to have the name changed, but my father and brother are doing all in their power to retain the present name. I do hope they will succeed, for I do not think we will get one more suggestive than Bruno.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

LOLA M. CASEY.

—It was the work of the early abolitionists, such lovers of humanity as Garrison, Phillips, Lucretia Mott, Parker Pillsbury, Lucy N. Colman, Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and their co-workers that made it possible for the Fremont Republican party to be formed, and, likewise, it has been the work of the despised Infidels, like Voltaire, Paine, Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer, Holyoke and Ingersoll and their co-workers, that has made it possible for such a society of the "Brotherhood of Christian Unity," as hereafter described to be formed. The Republicans did not acknowledge to any great extent the parents of their movement, nor do these liberal Christians recognize their progenitors. Nevertheless, the truth is that by discarding their creeds and putting good deeds in their place they are taking a very long stride towards what has heretofore been known as *Infidelity*. Freethinkers everywhere ought to rejoice to see their Christian neighbors making such progress. The World's Parliament of Religions is bringing forth some good fruit. In proof of this read

the following that we clip from the Buffalo *Courier's* report of the Congress :

"For the purpose of uniting with all those who desire to serve God and their fellow-men under the inspiration of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, I hereby enroll myself a member of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity." Thus reads the pledge, and these are the initial signers and the founders of the movement : Dr. John Henry Barrows, Presbyterian ; Dr. George Dana Boardman, Baptist ; Dr. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist ; Dr. Alfred W. M. Momerie, London, Church of England ; Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Unitarian ; Charles C. Bonney, New Church ; J. W. Plummer, Friend ; Bishop J. H. Vincent, Methodist ; Miss Francis E. Willard, President W. C. T. U. ; Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Independent ; Miss Jean Sorabji, Bombay, Church of England ; Minas Teheraz, Kings College, London, Armenia ; Bishop J. S. Mills, United Brethren ; Dr. W. F. Black, Christian ; Mrs. Laura Ormiston, Chant, London, Independent ; Dr. Charles H. Eaton, Universalist ; Dr. Paulus Moort, Monrovia, Liberia, Episcopal ; Captain Allen Allensworth, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, United States Army Chaplain ; Prince Momolu Massaqueoi, Vey Territory, Liberia, Episcopal ; Dr. Karl von Bergen, Stockholm, Sweden, Independent Lutheran ; Bishop B. W. Arnett, African Methodist Episcopal ; Dr. Tompkins, St. James, Episcopal.

To a full-fledged Liberal this may appear like a small advance, but if we look back to the days of Calvin and Edwards, when all the various sects were warring with each other over their creeds and sending each other to hell, we will see that the Christian world is not entirely stationary, but is moving along in the current of Freethought.

—Prof. A. L. Rawson sends us the following from the New York *Sun* on "War and Religion" :

The other day a woman speaker at the Peace Congress at Chicago took the ground that the newly established religious associations of young people are frequently and dangerously stimulating the taste and passion for war by being organized on a military system, and by using battle-cries to arouse youthful enthusiasm.

If there is anything in what she said, it applies to the whole history of Christianity

and not to those organizations specifically. The use of military metaphors prevails in the Bible and in the religious discourses and exhortations of all periods of Christianity. The Christian is described as a soldier, and the body of Christians as the army of the Lord. God is pictured as the God of battles. The spiritual contest is likened to material warfare. Satan is to be overcome in a great and final fight. The Bible in both the Old and the New Testaments is crowded with military images.

Hence, in adopting such terms and utilizing the military organization, these associations of which the good woman at Chicago spoke are simply following a course to which they are directed by the highest religious precept and example. Thus, too, they appeal to the instinct for fighting which is in the human race and has tended to the preservation of its vigor. The Salvation Army, with its military organization and discipline, is the type of these associations, and its successful progress indicates that it touches a prevailing human sentiment. It goes forth with drums and the insignia of war, to fight under the Captain of our Salvation for the subjugation of the devil, and the people understand what it means in so doing. The metaphors it uses need no explanation in any part of the world. Blood and fire are its watch-words and battle is its occupation, as they have been the watch-words and the occupations of all mankind in material war, from the days of savagery until now. The members of the Church, too, are said to be enlisted in the service of the Lord, and its ministers take vows of allegiance corresponding to those imposed on the soldiers of the State. Its cardinal principle is obedience to the Great Captain as Commander-in-Chief. It requires faith and forbids criticism in the ranks. It punishes heresy as mutiny or rebellion is punished in an army of a State.

Every child who is brought up under religious instruction is made familiar with these military metaphors. In songs he is roused to spiritual battle. Evil is described to him as an enemy against which he must make ceaseless war. His mind is filled with military images, so that even if war ceased as a barbarous method of settling differences between nations, the memory of it would be preserved by the methods and nomenclature of religion.

If, then, this Chicago suggestion has any force, and if the coming of an era of peace is retarded or actually prevented by the religious use of military terms, meta-

phors, discipline, and organization, the Church will have to undergo a radical change in both spirit and expression. The associations against which the Chicago speaker inveighed as provocative of the passion for material war have not introduced the military tone. They are marching to the music which has accompanied the whole progress of Christianity.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, aged seventy-eight, was strong from childhood, and when a girl was on horseback daily, both winter and summer. She inherited from both parents a happy temperament, a "level head," and a purpose in life. She ascribes her good health in her old age to noble parentage, good habits and a deep and life-long interest in the questions that most vitally affect the welfare of humanity.

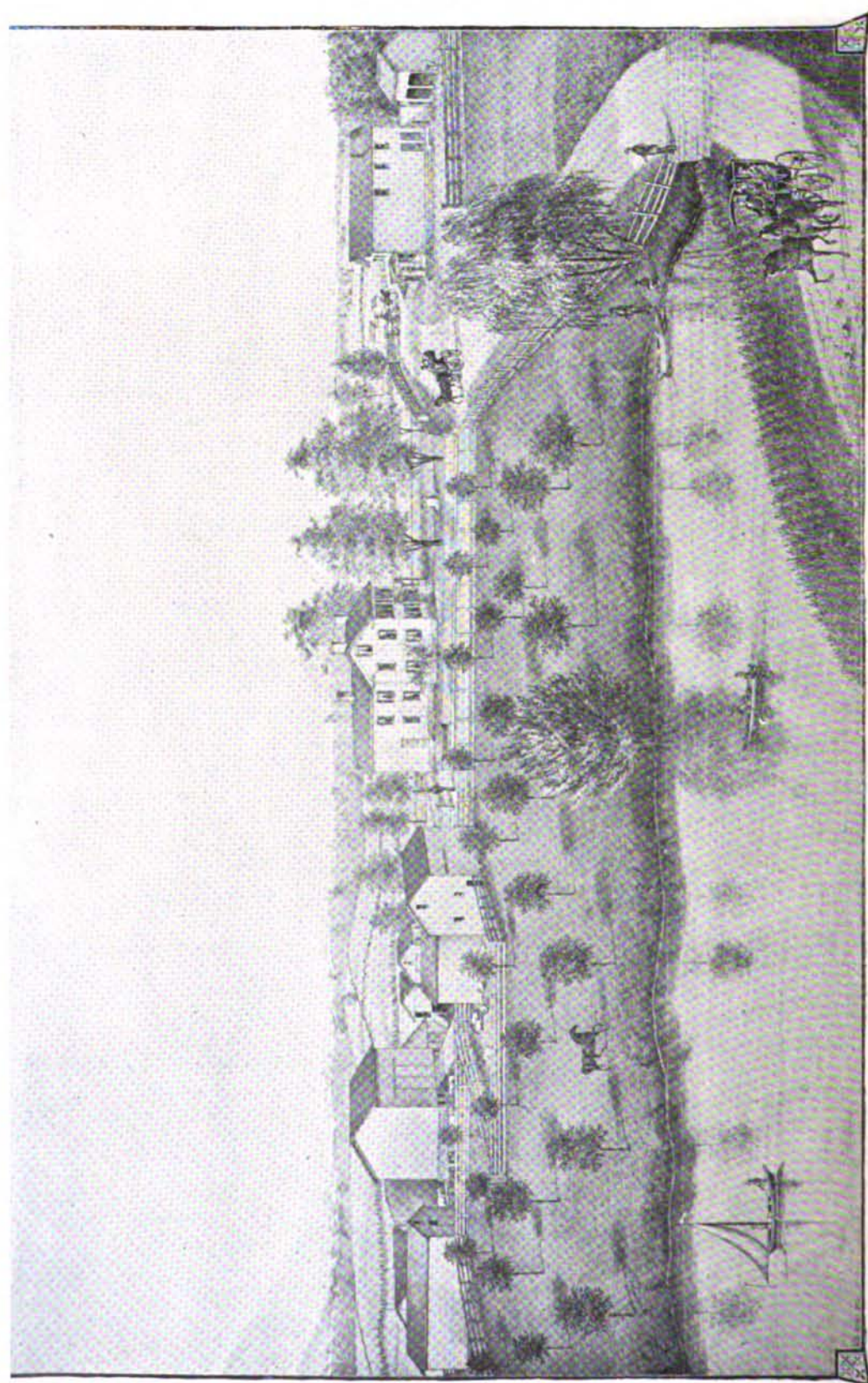
—Elmina Drake Slenker writes :

I must congratulate thee on another good issue of the Magazine. The "Interview with Satan" is excellent. It will do more to kill off the hell idea than an ocean of essays against its rationality. It is well told too, and that tail of Satan sets it off beautifully. I'll bet the most solemn and blue old orthodox deacon would read it with an inward smile, and chuckle at its good hits at the old theological myth. I hope thee will get the 20,000 subscribers. What a boom they would give the Magazine and the good cause !

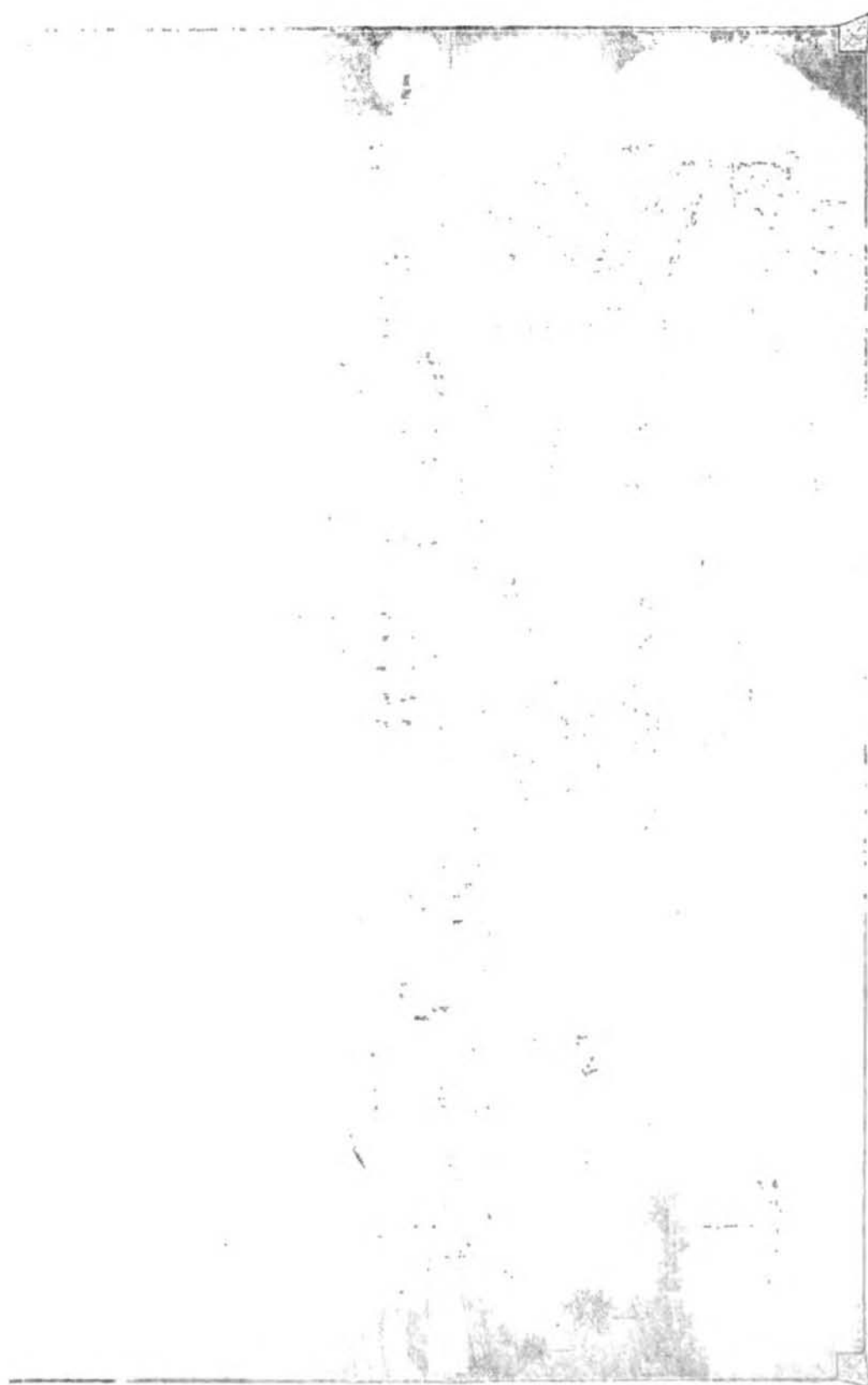
—The Congress of Evolutionists held in the Memorial Art Palace, Chicago, was a decided success and in every way a most satisfactory series of meetings. The Congress extended through three days—three sessions each day. The hall assigned to this Congress was well filled during all the sessions and crowded during some of them. After the opening address by B. F. Underwood, the chairman, in which was sketched the progress of evolutionary thought, a paper on

"Social Evolution and Social Duty," contributed by Herbert Spencer, was read, after which Edward P. Powell gave an address on "Constructive Evolution." During the Congress questions in "Biology" were treated by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Dr. Edmund Montgomery and Rev. John C. Kimball. Edwin Hayden, Dr. Duren, J. H. Ward, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, Prof. T. J. Burrill, and Miss Mary Proctor (daughter of the great astronomer) paid tributes to "The Heroes of Evolution." "Psychology as Related to Evolution" was the subject of addresses by B. F. Underwood, Dr. Herman Gasser, Dr. John E. Purdon and Harvey C. Alford. "Sociology" was considered by Rev. A. N. Somers, Bayard Holmes, M. D., Mrs. Florence Griswold Buckstaff and Miss Mary A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton). "Religion as Affected by Evolution" was the subject of papers and addresses by Dr. Charles T. Stockwell, Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, Rev. Howard MacQueary, E. P. Powell and others. Rev. M. J. Savage, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, C. Staniland Wake, Revs. Jenckin L. Jones and H. M. Simmons presented papers on "The Morals of Evolution." "Economics as Related to Evolution" was considered by James A. Skelton and others. An interesting feature was a symposium on this subject in the form of brief papers from Mr. John Fiske, Dr. Edmund Montgomery, Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, Benj. B. Kingsbury, F. M. Holland and others. There was not a note of discord during the entire Congress. A committee was appointed to arrange for another Evolution Congress in 1894.

—George W. Childs is entitled to much praise for providing so fine a tomb for the late Prof. Proctor, but he made a great mistake inviting the "Rev." Mountebank Talmage to deliver the address at the final interment of the remains of the distinguished Agnostic and Scientist



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE J. MADISON COSAD, WHERE THE FIRST GREAT FREETHOUGHT CONVENTION WAS HELD. (SEE PAGE 717).



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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NOVEMBER (E. M.) 293.

PROGRESS OF EVOLUTIONARY THOUGHT.

(The Opening Address before the Congress of Evolutionists, held in Chicago, September 28th, 29th and 30th.)

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, THE CHAIRMAN.

THE doctrine of Evolution, of which Charles Darwin is popularly regarded as the discoverer and founder, is very ancient. Belief in natural causation, in a common cause of all phenomena and in a genetic relationship between diverse forms of life, can be traced back to classical antiquity twenty-six or twenty-seven centuries ago. Anaximander, one of the Ionian philosophers, anticipated the natural development of the world 2,400 years before Kant (in 1755) published his "Universal History of Nature," and the same philosopher prefigured Lamarck and Darwin in the field of biology; for Anaximander conceived life as having originated in the water, and he maintained that from low aquatic creatures were developed the land animals which left the water and gradually adapted themselves to the land, man himself having come from lower animal forms. A little later Heraclitus of Ephesus and Empedocles of Agrigent advanced the idea that out of a struggle of contracting forces came such organisms as were best fitted to live. In opposition to the conception of the unity of nature as taught by the philosophers mentioned, and by Thales, Anaximander, Democritus, Aristotle and Lucretius among others, was the dualistic conception of the Platonic school, which in later

ages attained ascendancy, and has been for centuries the general belief throughout Christendom. But with ancient thinkers evolutionary conceptions were somewhat general, and can hardly be considered as more than daring speculations; for there had been no careful observations of nature and the views were held without any scientific foundation.

It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that plants and animals, their external form and internal structure, vital characteristics, modifications and development, became a subject of marked interest and careful investigation. The theory of the derivation of organisms from simpler forms by changes in pre-existent organisms was revived, and there soon began, with the general awakening of the human intellect, a new era of independent investigation by naturalists.

In Germany, philosophers and poets, Goethe, Kant, Lessing, Herder, Schelling, Oken and others were profoundly influenced by the idea. Goethe referred all the variety of vegetable forms to one original common type, and he pointed out several places in the human skull showing remains of the animal skull, "which," he wrote, "are found in stronger proportions in such a low organization, but have not quite disappeared in man in spite of his elevation."

Kant had quite a definite idea of organic as well as of cosmical evolution, and inclined strongly to the view that there had been a gradual development of animals from man down to the zoophyte, from this even to the mosses and lichens, and even to the lowest conceivable conditions, wherefrom life was derived. Yet the great philosopher of Königsberg called this theory "a daring adventure of reason."

In France, Buffon, in his "Natural History," published in successive volumes between 1749 and 1788, suggests that species may have arisen by the modification of ancestral forms, but he was a popular writer, and he wrote when such heresy as denial of fixity of species would have greatly offended the priesthood, and he saved himself from their condemnation by conceding that "it is certain from revelation that every species was directly created by a separate fiat."

In England, in 1794, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, a poet as well as a man of science, published his "Zoonomia," in which he defended the view that species came

by evolution, assigning among the causes their changing habits and their adjusting themselves to new actions and conditions.

The treatise is full of brilliant suggestions, as is the author's later writings. Unfortunately, though his works contain, with some fanciful views, the leading ideas of evolution, as held to-day, yet he was not able to sustain his positions by inductive reasoning. He himself apologized for "many conjectures not supported by accurate investigations or conclusive experiments." The works of Erasmus Darwin had but little direct influence in England, but they deeply impressed Lamarck in France, and through Lamarck and others helped to prepare for a more appreciative consideration in later years of the leading thought advanced.

Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire, in France, in 1795 arrived at the conception that all forms of life were derived by modification from one or more types. Referring to the memorable discussion between Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire and Cuvier, whose name and influence were on the side of the prevailing conception, Goethe, at the age of 81, wrote:

"This event is to me one of altogether incredible importance and I have a right to jubilate over the unusual victory at last witnessed, of a cause to which I have devoted my whole life, and which, too, is mine in quite an especial manner."

In 1801 Lamarck maintained with great ability and boldness that all organisms, man included, were descended by modification from one or more primordial forms. In the words of Darwin, "Lamarck seems to have been chiefly led to his conclusions on the gradual change of species by the difficulty of distinguishing species and varieties by the almost perfect gradation of forms in certain groups and by the analogy of domestic productions." Lamarck's "*Philosophie Zoologique*," published in 1809, is a great work, and though, during the reactionary influences of the First Empire, it caused but little stir when it appeared, and received no great amount of attention for years after its publication, the author himself, in his last years, being blind, in poverty and almost forgotten; yet, as Grant Allen says, "the seed it sowed sank deep, and, lying fallow long in men's mind, bore fruit at last in the next generation with the marvelous fecundity of the germs of genius."

During the first half of the present century a number of

treatises appeared which opposed the old view of the fixity of species and advocated evolution. Modern geology found strong supporters of the conception of slow evolutionary changes as against the old idea of constant cataclysms and fresh creations. Lyell demonstrated that past changes in the earth's development were due to the agency of causes now in operation. He laid stress on the silent and continuous, though, to ordinary observations, imperceptible changes going on, the result of which only becomes apparent in long periods of time.

The discovery of a succession of organic forms nearly related, and of geological formations, evidently the result of slow secular changes, prepared the scientific mind to reject the notion of catastrophe and miraculous creations, and to consider favorably the alternative idea of natural and orderly processes.

A number of treatises appeared in favor of evolution of species under natural law as opposed to the old view of fixity or immutability. Among the works which were most widely read was "The Natural History of the Vestiges of Creation." The work, though deficient in accurate scientific knowledge, and containing some fanciful theories, took the ground that species were not immutable, and, as Darwin remarks, it did "excellent service in this country (England) in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudices and in thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views."

In 1831 Prof. Sedgwick, in an anniversary address to the London Geological Society, said: "We have a series of proofs the most emphatic and convincing that the approach to the present system of things has been gradual, and that there has been a progressive development of organic structures subservient to the purposes of life."

In this country, at this time, here and there, a writer wrote a pamphlet or contributed an article to an unpopular paper in defense of the development theory, but such writings commanded very little attention and were hardly regarded as worthy of notice by the scientific and religious orthodoxy of the times. Emerson was among those who, half a century ago, accepted and advocated evolution. The New England Transcendental School of Philosophy gave adhesion to it in a general way, though the School, by its leaders, was rather committed against the experiential philosophy.

The early teachers of modern Spiritualism put emphasis on the doctrines of development in their writings.

Herbert Spencer's essay on the Development Hypothesis, published in 1852, attracted the attention of many thinkers. His great and brilliant work, published only three years later (1885), "The Principles of Psychology," assumed the truth of organic evolution, applied the doctrine to mental phenomena, and endeavored to show how faculties and intuitions of the mind had been evolved. In 1857 Mr. Spencer published "Progress, its Law and Cause," in which was discussed that conception of Universal Evolution, which Mr. Spencer has since elaborated and worked into a wonderful system. "The only complete and systematic statement with which I am acquainted," wrote Prof. Huxley some years ago, "is that contained in Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'System of Philosophy.'"

But, as the *Westminster Review* said: "Mr. Spencer was ahead of his generation, and paid the penalty of his prescience in twenty years of neglect."

Prof. E. L. Youmans said: "The same ethical canons of research, which gave to Copernicus the glory of the helioncentric astronomy; to Newton that of the law of gravitation; to Harvey that of the circulation of the blood; to Priestly that of the discovery of oxygen; to Dr. Young that of the undulatory theory of light, and to Darwin that of natural selection, will also give to Herbert Spencer the honor of having first elucidated and established the law of Universal Evolution."

Charles Darwin, whose "Origin of Species" was published in 1859, exerted an influence on the study of natural history by reason of his vast scientific attainments and vigorous inductive method, more profound and far-reaching than has been exerted by any other man since the days of Aristotle. He lived to see the views, with which his name was identified, accepted by the great body of scientific men, and he had the satisfaction, before he died, in 1882, of seeing that his discoveries and his untiring labors had created an important epoch in human thought. "Proud as England may be," says Haeckel, "to be called the fatherland of Newton, who, with his law of gravitation, brought inorganic nature under the dominion of natural laws of cause and effect, yet may she with even greater pride reckon Charles Darwin among her sons,—he who solved the yet harder problem of organic nature under the sway of the same natural laws."

Darwin's magnanimity, his judicial spirit, his absolute fairness, his inflexible love of truth and uncompromising adherence to his own convictions, none can help admiring. His moderation in the statement of his views, the singular honesty with which he presented in their full strength objections to his theory, the readiness and candor with which he acknowledged an error when discovered by himself, or pointed out by another, his desire to give to all persons credit for their discoveries and labors, the undisturbed serenity with which he pursued his studies in spite of misrepresentation, opprobrium and ridicule, the precision and comprehensiveness with which he observed the phenomena of nature, the extent and variety of his knowledge, the fertility and originality of his intellect, and the vastness and value of his contribution to the thought of the world, fairly entitle him to rank among the greatest and noblest of mankind.

While Darwin did not first enunciate the theory of evolution, he presented a comprehensive and systematic combination of phenomena which before had stood comparatively isolated, and an intelligible and rational method by which evolutionary changes in the organic world have occurred. While others, without doubt, had glimpses of "natural selection," and while Wallace discovered it by his own observations, yet Darwin's discovery was made independently of others as far back as 1844, and he alone possessed the knowledge of natural history, and had the full understanding of the import and implications of the theory necessary to present it in a manner that would command the attention of scientific men.

Hooker, Huxley, Lubbock and others defended Darwinism from the first with great ability. In his "Principles of Biology," Spencer adopted the principles of Natural Selection. He had already argued in favor of "The Survival of the Fittest—Spencer's own expression. Lyell at first opposed, but soon accepted the theory. His "Antiquity of Man" and Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," prepared the way for Darwin's second important work, "The Descent of Man." Wallace, Tyndall, Lewes, Tyler, Bagehot and other brilliant minds came to the support of Darwin's views. France was critical and cautious. Germany's scientific minds—Fritz and Herman Mueller, Ruetimeyer, and Haeckel, Vogt, Buechner and others enthusiastically sustained Darwin. In the United States, Prof. Asa Gray, the strong but

almost forgotten genius, Chauncey Wright, John Fiske and Prof. E. L. Youmans, with many others, espoused the doctrine of Evolution.

The "Origin of Species" was translated into all the languages of civilization, provoked earnest and often angry controversy far and wide, and "has been," says a cyclopedia, "the subject of more reviews, pamphlets and separate books than any other volume of the age." The result of all this discussion is a profound conviction among men who have given careful attention to the subject that the main positions of Mr. Darwin in regard to the origin of species are reasonable and sound, are supported by a multitude of undeniable facts, and by reasonings based thereupon which no future advances in knowledge are likely to invalidate. "Missing links" have been discovered almost every year since Darwin put forth his celebrated work. The series of transitional forms between birds and reptiles has been pretty well completed by the discovery of birds with teeth, in this country, by Prof. Marsh. The dividing line once alleged to exist between animals and plants has been shown to have no existence in the "border land" of organic life. A study of the remains of the tertiary mammalia has shown "that, if the doctrine of Evolution had not existed, palæontology must have invented it." Men like Lyell and Huxley, Gray and Marsh, found the facts in their provinces of investigation so overwhelmingly strong in support of Evolution that they were compelled to accept it. Hence "Darwin was able to convert the world, when Lamarck had only been able to stir up inquiry among the picked spirits of the scientific and philosophic coterie. Therein lies the true secret of his rapid, his brilliant and his triumphant progress. He has found out not only *that* it was so, but *how* it was so, too."

But for years after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," Evolution was furiously denounced by the clergy, misrepresented and ridiculed by the press and treated with supercilious contempt by the *litterateurs* in Europe and this country. But Darwin, Spencer and others, in their chosen provinces of investigation, have made discovery after discovery, and meanwhile the people have become familiar with the general conception of Evolution, and in a mood more favorable to a consideration of its claims.

Evolution has received, until recently, strong opposition on

the ground that it involved hostility to religion, but the truth is, Evolution, recognizing religion as a fact in the world and as a factor in human progress, shows that it has been, whether considered as an emotional manifestation or as a conception of origin, duty and destiny, subject to the law of Evolution, that it has been a growth, improving with the progressive development of man from the condition in which fear is its predominant element to that in which religion is "morality touched with emotion"—lofty character and high moral and spiritual aspiration. Religion, according to this view, is the recognition of the Power manifested in all phenomena, the Power in which we move and live and have our being, and it is therefore an expression of man's relation to the All of Being. The special elements of religion are transient; the general element persists, for it has its foundation in the constitution of man and in those general relations which he sustains to the universal life of the universe.

No doubt the doctrine of Evolution is destructive of unscientific and prescientific cosmogonies, and the myths and miracles of theology. If these are religion, then Darwin's "Origin of Species" revolutionized not only zoology, but religion. But these are not any part of the essential elements of religion.

Prof. Haeckel, whose criticisms of theological dogmas have been very direct and frank, and, in his earlier works, even many evolutionists think too sweeping and severe, says (I quote from an address given before German naturalists and physicians): "Such grievous charges, so far as they really rest on conviction and not merely on sophistic fallacies, can be explained only by the fact of a mischievous misunderstanding of what forms the genuine kernel of true religion. This kernel does not consist in the special form of one's confession of faith, but rather in the critical conviction of an unknowable, common ultimate ground of all things, and in practical ethics, springing immediately from the purified theory of nature. In this confession, that with the present organization of our brain, the last ultimate ground of all phenomena, is unknowable, the critical philosophy of nature comes athwart dogmatic religion. This faith in God, however, of course assumes endlessly different degrees of the knowledge of nature. The farther advances we make in the latter, the more we approach that unattainable ultimate ground, the fewer will be our ideas of God."

In the many excellent papers read before the Parliament of Religions, the fact has been emphasized that in all the great ethnic and historic religions there is with superficial diversity fundamental unity. According to Evolution this unity is due to the fundamental unity of mankind, the essential sameness of human nature everywhere, and the superficial diversity is due to the superficial differences of climate, circumstances, and environment generally.

Ethical codes, as well as religious systems, instead of being original revelations, are deemed to be the results of ages of human experience, and even the moral institutions, *a priori* to the man of to-day, are viewed by thinkers as the results of ancestral experience ingrained in the race, a legacy at birth, but the accumulated results of what men felt and thought and did through the recorded and unrecorded periods of the past. Systems of morality—essentially the same everywhere—are seen to have grown from simple ideas of duty, as naturally as the tree, with all its foliage and fruit, has grown from the seed. Buddha and Confucius were great moral teachers, but they did not come into existence *de novo*—without antecedents. They were products of centuries of moral culture and aspiration, which in them bloomed and flowered in surpassing richness and beauty. Newton and Shakespeare rise above the mass of their fellows, as a few great trees in a forest tower above all the others, but the explanation is in the conditions and antecedents of such phenomenal genius and not in an obtrusion in the sequent order of natural events.

Science, considered as classified knowledge, a circle of which the special sciences are but so many segments, is conceived as an evolution. Language, once believed to be the result of a supernatural revelation or of a conventional agreement, is now recognized by the most eminent philological scholars as an evolution. The English language, for instance, came from pre-existent languages, and additions to it are continually being made. We trace existing languages back to the Aryan, Semitic and Turanian languages, but they were evolved from previous languages, and probably a few guttural sounds were the beginning of human speech.

And so of every department of thought and activity. The whole system of jurisprudence and the history of legal practice furnish incontestible proof of evolution as due to the art and science

of medicine. Physiology, Anatomy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, Anthropology—indeed any physical science can now be intelligently studied except in the light of evolution. The same is true of Psychology and of all systems of philosophy, all ethical, educational, social and political reforms. Our whole industrial system is an evolution. Every art, every discovery, manufacture and mechanical invention, is illustrative of the conception of evolution—the conception that the ideas and realizations of any given time are the results of the modifications of pre-existent ideas and achievements. The conception of Evolution itself has undergone progressive changes conformably to the law of evolution. It was in early times a nebulous, indistinct speculation. Gradually it became more definite, more differentiated, more complex and more extended in its applications to groups of phenomena, and based on a wider and wider induction. To-day it is seen to be true of worlds, of organic forms, of social life, of government, of marriage, of industrial conditions, of language, art, science, ethics, religion, etc. Every specialist recognizes it in his department of thought. As Prof. Whitney, our American philologist, observes:

“Modern science is proving . . . that all the elements of culture, as the arts of life, art, science, language, religion, philosophy, have been wrought out by slow and painful efforts in the conflict between the soul of man on the one hand and external nature on the other—a conflict in which man has, in favored races and under exceptional conditions of environment and circumstances, been triumphantly the victor, and is still going on to new conquests.”

The principles and facts of Evolution permeate literature; they are given prominence in the discussion of all social, moral economic and industrial questions. Evolutionary thought has been diffused and it has percolated down through the various intellectual strata until it has reached the masses in an attenuated form, so that it has modified popular conception in regard to the cause and the sequent order of phenomena.

The theory is still very incomplete. It leaves a multitude of things unexplained. Darwin has been called the Joshua of Evolution, who led the hosts of thinkers into the promised land, of which they had caught glimpses from the Pisgah heights of speculative thought. Beyond us to-day are other Canaans, fairer and

richer still, that will yet be reached by bridging chasms and tunnelling mountains and overcoming difficulties, which, however, only the greatest genius and courage can surmount.

The realm of Evolution is the region of natural law, and that is all the domain of science. Scientific men, as Huxley says, have "the majesty of Fact on their side, and the eternal forces of Nature are working for them. Not a star comes to the meridian at its calculated time but testifies to the justice of their method—their beliefs are one with the falling rain and with the growing corn. By doubt they are established and open inquiry is their bosom friend."

Thus speaks one of her most illustrious votaries, and his words indicate the confidence and moral enthusiasm of her sons in every land.

"Upward and onward" is the watchword of Evolutionists. They will accept no unproved propositions as finalities; they refuse to be enslaved by the mere authority of names or creeds; they cannot "go back" to anybody except for instruction, and will not be stretched upon any Procrustean bed of dogmatic assertion. We live in a mental as well as in a physical medium or environment, and in this the chief changes are now occurring with a rapidity which taxes the capacity of the average mind to adjust itself to changing conditions, to new methods, to new conceptions, to new discoveries, following one another in quick succession in every field of research, to newly-acquired knowledge in every department of thought.

Fortunate are they who, avoiding the tendency to intellectual rigidity—which is the real "sin against the Holy Ghost"—retain their mental flexibility and the power to accept and assimilate new thought; they who have profited by the wisdom of the past, but are untrammelled by its dogmas and creeds, and who from the serene heights of unbiased, philosophic thought see the dawn of the coming day, when the truths of all systems will be united in a grand synthetic philosophy and a rational religion having the power to unite all men in a common fellowship and fraternity.

The preceding article has been put into pamphlet form, and is for sale for 6 cents a copy, or ten copies for fifty cents.

COSMOLOGY AGAINST THEOLOGY.

BY VINDEX.

(Concluded.)

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Many persons who read of the literature of the ancients, and the cultivation of learning in the old universities of Europe, wonder at the amazing progress towards civilization made in this century, and suppose it is because the people of this age are of a superior type of intellect. But they are mistaken. All through the centuries since our era, men were born of colossal intellects, but the theatre of their action was limited, and their powers were wasted on trifles. We are astonished at the feats of ground and lofty tumbling which the school-men of the Dark Ages displayed, in attempts to solve questions not worth one moment's thought; and at the inventive genius of those who, from mere curiosity, endeavored to prove and illustrate perpetual motion. We wonder that men of such mental acumen and skill never produced any machinery of usefulness to mankind that could be compared to the steam engine, or even to the sewing-machine, much less the telegraph and the telephone. The reason was, that the Church, as the representative of God on earth, claimed as her prerogative, and considered herself to be, the miraculous mother of every conceivable thing needed for the happiness of mankind; and the only blessing she thought worth anything at all, was *religion*; which, with its interminable mummeries, occupied all the people's time that could be spared from war, and the barbarous sport of hunting.

A gifted and studious monk of the thirteenth century invented a way of grinding glass, so as to give it a magnifying power. A philosopher in the sixteenth century used the invention in the making of the telescope, wherewith he found out that the sun, instead of the earth, was the center of the solar system. Both these inventors were sent to prison. What *would* have been the fate, at the hands of the "Holy Inquisition," of such men as Fulton, of Morse, of Howe, and of Edison, had they lived in the Middle Ages, and applied their abilities to the invention of such useful machines as they have given to the world? In those days

there was no practical science, the Church considering, and rightly, too, that it belonged to this world alone, and that its cultivation tended to make men skeptical, and should, therefore, be discouraged. It is easy to see the reason for this judgment, for, in the study of the various sciences, the grand prerequisite to success in the discovery of truth, is the absolute freedom of the soul to use all its powers of research. But *faith*, which is the synonym of religion, glorifies itself in that it can believe, for the honor of God, and the good of the Church, the most absolute impossibilities and absurdities.

We have heard a little of the plaintiff's plea in this case; let us now examine the claims of the defendant.

THEOLOGY IS NO SCIENCE.

The grand distinction between Cosmology and Theology, is that, in the department of the first we positively *know*, while in that of the second we only *believe*. We may believe, without a doubt, and the world has actually believed a thousand things that had no existence at all; as, for instance, the Ptolemaic theory of the solar system, and witchcraft; but we cannot have *knowledge* of anything except what really exists. Theology claims to be the science, or knowledge of God as the creator of all things, and an object of worship, as he is revealed in the Bible. But on the very threshold of the subject the religionist is paralyzed into silence by the question: *Which* God of the Bible do you mean? The Jehovah of the Old Testament, whom the Jews worship as *one* person, or the tri-personal God of the New Testament, consisting of *three* persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost? A revelation from God, concerning himself mainly, in order to command the respect and confidence of man, must be as perfect in all respects as the author himself; and must be so plain in its teachings as to be susceptible of but one interpretation; otherwise, it makes *manifest* nothing valuable to those it addresses.

The composite volume called the "Bible," consisting of sixty-six different books, gathered together out of a much larger number, by a body of churchmen, about four hundred years after the death of Christ, is claimed to be the only trustworthy revelation which God has made to the children of men. This claim was disputed by the great Arabian prophet, Mohammed, who, in the

sixth century of our era, professed to have had a revelation from God, dictated personally to himself alone, and in one language, and which he called the "Koran." Upon this he founded a religion, which, with all those who profess it, he called Islam, or Islamism, prescribing as the formula of faith: "*There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.*" As a propelling motive in propagating his form of religion, he took the ground that every child is naturally born in Islamism, and would continue in the true faith as a Moslem, or true believer, if, on coming towards adult years, he was not led astray into Judaism, Christianity, or some other false religion. It was this that led him to propagate his religion by the sword.

THE CRUSADES.

In the war begun and waged by the Church, and Christian nations of Europe in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to rescue the city of Jerusalem, and the sepulchre of Christ from the possession of the Mohammedans, then called Saracens, in order to build again the throne of David, and prepare it for the occupancy of David's Son, when he should come in the clouds of heaven, according to his promise, many a pious Crusader had his head cloven from crown to chaps by the cimeter of a devoted Moslem, for the atrocious blasphemy, as he considered it, of *affirming* as an article of faith, that the eternal Creator of the heavens and the earth had a Son, born to him in Judea, either by a wife, a concubine, or a common harlot; and many a Moslem soldier had to bite the dust for *denying* that Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary, whose second advent, surrounded by legions of glorious angels, they were daily expecting, was the eternal God manifest in the flesh. It is an open question still; for Mohammed has more followers to-day, and there are more believers in the Koran, as an inspired book, than there are Protestant followers of Christ, and believers in the New Testament.

But confining ourselves to the three religions of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam,—for there is blood relationship between them all,—I am warranted in saying that Theology is no science. It has not a single undisputed *fact* to rest its claims upon. Its teachings are all assumptions, supported by hearsay evidence alone, and the *ipse dixit* of a priesthood whose interest it has always been to deceive the people. By the last census of the

United States (1890), we are informed that, by actual count, there are in this country 143 distinct churches, each claiming to be the only true one, and basing its creed upon what it considers to be the plain teachings of the Bible.

I frankly admit that all these sects can, and do, find in that book sufficient authority for their respective creeds. But, in what other book under heaven can 143 radically opposite sets of doctrines be found? When a man of intelligence writes a book, if he employ ever so many amanuenses, it is marked by the author's unity of purpose, and of style. The Bible,—as is admitted,—having been written in different ages and countries of the world, in different languages, and by different persons, no wonder it is a mass of all sorts of contradictory ideas, utterly unfitting it to be a *standard*, either of faith or practice. I owe it, however, to the sacredness of truth, to say that the Bible *itself* makes no claim to, and offers no proof of, plenary inspiration and infallibility. This claim was palmed upon it by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, who, when they rebelled against the authority of the Pope and Councils of the Catholic Church, in regard to the *rule* of religious belief, and duty, did not dare to assume this prerogative for themselves, but foisted it upon the Bible, and made every individual his own interpreter and judge. But soon it came to pass that each originator of a creed, and founder of a sect upon it, constituted himself a pope, and required all others to accept his creed, or take the terrible alternative of everlasting punishment hereafter.

FURTHER EXAMINATION OF THE CLAIMS OF THEOLOGY.

But we have not finished our examination of the claims of the Bible theology. The Bible, like the sacred books of all other religions, has many excellent and beautiful things in it. As, however, it is set up as an infallible revelation from heaven to us as individuals, we have an unquestionable right, and it is our duty to exercise it, to examine what is claimed for it, not only in the light of the external, but especially, of its *internal* evidence. Then, to resume the argument: If the matter composing the globe is under self-regulating laws; if all phenomena are the natural, and necessary results of their antecedent causes, and in their turn lose their character as effects, and become new causes themselves, thus binding its complicated machinery together, and

making it work harmoniously; if the Earth is the mother of life, and cares for all her offspring,—the plants, and animals that live upon her bosom; if the Earth, like the human body, is an automaton; even if there *were* a personal God, as the Bible alleges, what does he *do*? What is his *function*? He is only an honorary God, a God *quasi*. Admitting, for a moment, that he created the globe, nearly 6,000 years ago, out of nothing, has he ever *done* a single thing since to improve its condition, and make it fit for human beings to live upon and be happy?

Lord Bacon says: "*It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely.*" Standing upon this admission, I charge the whole Christian Church with treating God contumeliously, even to the degree of blasphemy, in attributing to him the authorship of the Bible. The specifications under this charge are innumerable, but as this writing is an essay, and not a book, I will confine myself to a few, saying, by way of preface to the grand charge, that, if a painter would delineate on canvas the personal form, or appearance of God, as he is described in the Bible, giving chapter and verse for every feature, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, he would immediately expose himself to a prosecution for blasphemy, and be subjected to fine and imprisonment. Or, if another, in a dissertation on ethics, or morals, would enumerate, without quotation marks, all the contumelious things which the Bible relates of God, so great is the ignorance of what the Bible contains, that he, too, would suffer the same penalties. Let us see if facts do not substantiate this charge.

(a.) In Gen., chap. 18, God is represented as having once appeared to Abraham, as he sat in his tent door on the plains of Mamre, in the shape of a wayfaring man, and upon invitation, washed his feet and sat down under a tree, and ate veal and cakes with the patriarch. Is not this contumely?

(b.) On another occasion (Gen., chap. 22), he commanded Abraham to offer up to him his only son as a burnt-offering; and when Abraham was in the very act of obedience, for reasons satisfactory to himself, God changed his mind and purpose, and accepted a ram as a substitute!

(c.) But when, on another occasion still (Judges, chap. 11), Jephtha, under the influence of the "*Spirit of the Lord*," made a

conditional vow, and the Lord keeping his part of the contract, Jephtha actually offered up his only child, and that a daughter, as a burnt-offering; and it was accepted!

(d.) And what is more astonishing than all, Paul, under the inspiration of God (Heb., chap. 11), glorifies those two men by name for these very two acts, and holds them up to the Christian Church as examples, model saints, who gave evidence that they had the *faith* necessary to salvation! The word contumely is not strong enough; is this not *blasphemy*?

(e.) Both the Catholic and Protestant Churches have declared it a fundamental article of faith, that the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Eternal Godhead, *proceeded from*, or was begotten by, the Eternal Father, and the Eternal Son. Yet, 1893 years ago, this very Holy Ghost, after the fashion of the pagan deities, metamorphosed himself into a heavenly dove, and overshadowing a Jewish maid under promise of marriage, begat the very person called Jesus of Nazareth, the second person in the Trinity,—thus showing that, at least in religion, a child can take part in begetting his own father! If we had not been used to this idea from our infancy up, we would not wonder that the black eye of Mohammed flashed fire, and he instinctively drew his sword in vengeance, when he heard the Christians utter such blasphemy against the character of the "Eternal." And no less indignant was Thomas Paine, a hundred years ago, when he read, page after page in the Bible, those gross caricatures, as he regarded them, of the God he so devoutly worshipped!

(f.) The Bible represents God as infinite in *benevolence*—"Our Father in heaven," who pities his poor children, groveling in ignorance, crime and misery, here upon the earth—his footstool. His benevolence, however, would be as inefficacious in relieving distress, as that of a bed-ridden patient, if he had no *power*; and therefore, to qualify him for his office as a pitying father, he is said to be infinite in *power*; and since the sentiment of benevolence, and the strength of power, may be unavailing, because they are not *wisely* exercised, God is said to be infinite in *wisdom*, which shows itself in adapting means to ends. These three attributes—benevolence, power, and wisdom, all infinite,—qualify God to act as a father. Now, it is the power to prevent, or relieve distress, which loads down him who possesses it with *responsibility*. If, when the cholera was raging last summer in Hamburg, sweep-

ing its victims into the grave by hundreds, and scaring all the nations of the earth lest the deadly plague, flying on the wings of every wind, according to its nature, should visit them, too, a physician who resided there had a sure preventive and cure for the disease, and who never offered his services in a single case, but looked with dry eyes upon the harvest of death, what, I ask, would the world think of his character? Would he not be execrated, and justly, too, as a monster of cruelty?

(g.) Glance, now, again at the character of God, as it is pictured in the Bible by the pencil of the Holy Ghost. This infinitely merciful God and Father, possessed of infinite wisdom and power, allowed sin to enter the Garden of Eden, where the whole human family, to the end of time, stood, represented in the person of Adam; so that his sin, if he committed any, would be imputed to them with all its direful consequences! Had he continued obedient, his descendants would all have been, and remained, happy,—never experiencing the decrepitude of age, never tasting of death, but rejuvenating, during the lapse of ages, as the plant world does, in those regions of the earth where there is perpetual summer.

The will that produces action in every human being, is governed, not by what is really the strongest motive, but by the strongest as it appears, and proves itself to be, at the moment. The accountability of man for his actions consists in this, that when tempted to do what is wrong, he has the power to stop, and reflect, and to summon, one after another, all the opposing motives which are sure to outweigh the one that is misleading its victims to evil. Now God, at the awful moment of decision in Eden, being infinite in wisdom, had a boundless store-house of motives, out of which he could have drawn enough combined to have outweighed the contemptible one presented to Adam by the serpent and Eve, and thus to have prevented the catastrophe of the "fall." If the good angels had been then created, and stood in the presence of God, at that crisis of the world's destiny, adoring him for the perfections of his character, the arches of heaven would have resounded with higher notes of praise than those which greeted the finishing of the work of creation, if God, by an act of his sovereign will, had influenced the mind of Adam to obedience. But he did nothing of the kind. The fountain of evil, opened that day in Eden, sends forth its streams still to del-

uge the world with sorrow and suffering! Through all the rolling centuries of years things have taken their course, without any beneficent interposition on the part of God! It was this terrible and indisputable fact that drove Thomas Carlyle, when he contemplated it, to grate his teeth in agony of soul, and exclaim of Almighty God that, in the way of relief, "*he does nothing!*"

Ah! reader, the reason why God never *did* anything to prevent, or to remove, or even to mitigate, this wretchedness on earth, is because there is no such being as the Bible God in existence. A good *man*, with plenty of means at his disposal, is forced, by the impulsive nature of true benevolence, to do all in his power to prevent, or relieve suffering; and if there *were* a personal God of infinite benevolence, power and wisdom, at all, he could not contemplate the ignorance, the crime, and the suffering of the family he brought into existence, without flying, with the speed of lightning, to their relief; for benevolence, or good-willing, to be worth anything, must be actualized in well-doing. Yet, such a God as this we are asked, nay, commanded, to worship, at the price of our souls' salvation!

The religious poets, to make us fall in love with heaven, tell us that the throne of God is surrounded by angels who never sinned, but kept their first estate of holiness and happiness, and spend their time in singing anthems of praise and adoration of the divine character. But if they knew the condition of this suffering world, and the Bible account of how it came to pass, not one of them would bow the knee, and worship such a being. How could they, when the music of heaven would be drowned by the groanings, the cursings, and the shriekings of agony, arising from the inhabitants of the earth, and from the millions of the damned in hell, in consequence of the sin of Adam; which sin God could have prevented, but did not, and the effects of which, even now, by his almightiness, he could relieve, but does not?

This God, "*Our Heavenly Father*," has continued to wreak his vengeance upon the helpless posterity of Adam, by letting loose upon them, through all the ages of the past, a train of evils which afflict *their* bodies, but from which the bodies of the rest of our fellow-creatures are exempted. He calls out from their breeding-places in the cities, and other hell-holes of filth, loathsome epidemic diseases—small-pox, typhus fever, cholera, diph-

theria, yellow fever; and what is a heavier curse than all of them combined, he allows *ignorance* to prevail, which, in its blind stubbornness, will not allow heavenly *knowledge* to appear upon the scene of suffering, and point out the true causes of all disease, and how to prevent its existence.

Now, in contrast with the absolute *nothing* that God has done in this world by way of improvement, take only a glance at what man has done—*poor, cursed man!* He has cleared away the forests by his labor, and uncovered the bosom of the earth, so that the human family may feed upon the endless varieties of food, and even luxuries, which it produces. He has, by questioning nature in his laboratory, found out secrets for mitigating the terrible diseases which "*Our Heavenly Father*" has inflicted on his children. He has discovered anæsthetics, which not only try to, but actually do, save us from suffering the agony of bodily pain. He has cultivated the arts which adorn, and the practical sciences which create the different industries that fill our houses with substantial blessings. He plows the ocean with steamships, defying wind and wave, to carry on commerce, or the interchange of commodities between the peoples inhabiting the different climates of the earth, thus promoting the interests of the whole human family as a brotherhood. He has utilized the tremendous force of nature called electricity, and has brought distant nations into close proximity with each other, thus doing away, in a measure, with time and space. He has found out that *ignorance*, and not any God at all, is the prolific mother of all the evils that curse the human family, and that knowledge is the only cure for them; and, therefore, he establishes schools of instruction everywhere, so as not only to hold, but to strengthen, the mastery he has achieved over the forces of nature, and thus hasten our progress towards a state of perfect civilization.

THE UPSHOT OF THE CASE.

"*The Institutions of the Christian Religion*," written by John Calvin, who lived in the first half of the sixteenth century, is the ablest and most faithful setting forth of the system of theology taught by the Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Romans ever given to the world. But so great is the ignorance of the Church people themselves, of the writings of this Apostle, in consequence of the clergy ignoring them in their pulpit discussions, that the

Pauline theology now goes by the name of "*Calvinism*;" whereas no one, and least of all Calvin, the great expounder himself, claims the least inspiration for his utterances. In the twenty-third chapter of the third Book of the Institutions, where he treats of Paul's doctrine of reprobation and the damnation of infants, he says, "*It is truly a horrible decree, I confess*," but, like our own Jonathan Edwards, he settles all scruples by arguing that it so pleased the Creator to order things. The heretical clergy of our day, knowing that to denounce Paul in their pulpits or writings as the author of these ideas, would expose them to the charge of *open* infidelity, in a cowardly manner unload the odium of this dogma upon the shoulders of Calvin, who they well know professed to be, and really was, only the mere echo of Paul. With this explanation I am prepared to say, without the least hesitation, that, in regard to the origin and destiny of this globe, and its human inhabitants, we are compelled to the alternative of accepting, either the system of *Calvinism*, or *Pantheism*. Of all the Gods that now are, or ever have been, worshipped, the only one worthy of reverential fear is Paul's God. He is a God of *power*, and commands the respect of all intelligent beings, even if he be an absolute despot, ruling the universe he created out of nothing, according to the counsel of his own will. He is not a contemptible, short-sighted experimenter, who is afraid to foresee evil because it would involve him in responsibility for its existence, and thus expose him to the criticism of his own creatures. Evil is as much a part of the plan of his universe as good, for there could be no *redemption* if there were no *fall*; and, therefore, he asks neither man nor angel, with their limited intellects, to make an apology for what he has done, or will do, in his capacity as ruler of all things. If, from eternity, and as an essential part of his plan, he decreed the damnation of infants, saying of Rebecca's twin sons, before they were born, or had done any good or evil, "*Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated*," he had, as their creator, an absolute right to do so. If, as a potter, he has made of the same lump of clay, on the one hand, vessels of mercy prepared unto glory; and on the other, countless millions of vessels of wrath fitted for the very purpose of destruction, who will be illogical enough to deny that, as a sovereign creator, he had an unquestionable right to do so?

If, however, Paul's God has no real existence, but was a mere

figment of his imagination, as the world of thinking men are fast coming to believe, then this globe of matter is an eternal *automaton*, teeming with life, constantly undergoing the process of change for the better, and abundantly able to manage its own affairs, and shape its own destiny, without any help outside of itself. Moreover, if it be an impudent and cowardly insult to reason and the truth, to maintain that a proposition may be scientifically true, yet theologically false; but if it be always safe to believe and act upon whatever is true, would we not gain much, and lose nothing at all of value, to accept this theory, and make it the basis of all our plans for the good of mankind?

I know that the priesthood, in their struggle against the deadly environment which all the sciences are unintentionally throwing around them and their creeds, would affect to be shocked at the utterance of these radical ideas, and would denounce them as blasphemous. But their former boldness of attack has degenerated into the Parthian mode of warfare, which shot its arrows, not in advancing against their enemy, but in retreating. The cool courage of the human intellect in every department of inquiry, now that the Church has no longer the legal right to persecute, will not continue to be brow-beaten into silence by the *argumentum ad invidiam*, and compelled in sheer modesty to admit as true what it knows to be false. Truth, eternal truth, which all free souls accept and love, is to-day the object of tireless research, not only for its own sake, but for the practical purpose of bettering the condition of man's estate. The real, visible and tangible affairs of this world loom up into importance to the exclusion of those imaginary ones of the next, round which, for long ages, superstition has thrown the sackcloth of doubt and fear. The Supreme Court of the Human Understanding, which is the court of the last resort, is now organized, and in permanent session; and its chief business is to review the opinions formed, and enforced, during those centuries of ignorance when the Church was in the glory of its strength. The radical and pregnant question whether everything that exists at all is not matter in some of its infinite forms, and never was created, but has existed from all eternity, and will never cease to exist, thus superseding the necessity, and disproving the fact, of a personal creator and governor, and all the religious notions that grow out of the assumption; this question, though by no means a new one, is now before the Court for argument, and in due time will be decided; and the decision will take its place in the category of settled cases. This essay is the humble contribution of its author to that end.

"THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE."

BY DANIEL K TENNEY.

EVERY intelligent person, and nearly all ignorant people, believe that there has existed from eternity an all-wise and powerful being, man-like in form, who brought the universe into existence, and sustains it in its career. Many others, far more intelligent, believe that the elements of the universe, themselves embodying their own potential energy and intelligence, have existed from eternity, had no creator, and have no supervisor. In either case, whether an individual being or an all-embracing power, we, for want of a better word, unite in calling it "God."

A clever writer in the September Magazine makes some harsh remarks concerning atheists. He will travel a long distance before he finds one in these days. I have not in my long life seen one intelligent person who does not recognize the existence of God, either as an individual or as an energizing principle of nature. An atheist is a creature of the pulpit. If one does not believe in the God of the Bible—sitting on a great white throne and having the books of account with mankind open before him—then he is an atheist. He may believe in any of the heathen gods, or that all nature constitutes God, still he is an atheist,—a word in popular understanding which assures deep damnation. I shall not argue with your readers that the God of the Bible is neither more nor less than a sacred myth. They already know that. It need only be said that to the philosopher and the thinker, who reflects upon the assumed origin of the universe, it makes no material difference whether we trace it back to a system of energizing force, as self-existing, and stop there, or whether we go farther and assume a self-existent individual who created and sustains that force, and stop there. In either event the question is equally pertinent, "From what did that force emanate?" "Where did that powerful individual come from?" To both questions the human mind is equally abashed for an answer. It is idle to say, "where there is an effect, there must be a cause," "where there is a law, there is a law-giver," "design must have a designer," or any other of the thousand like expressions, which we have all heard. These apply well enough to

finite affairs. When applied to the infinite, they beg the question altogether, and are wholly irrelevant to the inquiry. Is it not manifest, that if we must always look for a creator, we will find as much difficulty in accounting for the existence of an original individual having the power and wisdom to create a universe and the laws which control it, as we will if we assume the eternity of the universe and its laws themselves? There is no difference, nor is the inquiry material.

It is true that the majority of mankind have hitherto preferred the individual God idea, because they can understand it better. The idea is, however, entirely without basis, save in the imagination of men, and in the supposed sacred books of the ancient and modern religions. These unite in publishing as true what they know nothing whatever about. The phantasmagora of a personal God originated and is sustained by the clergy, so that mankind may fancy that they have a powerful ally to resort to, through prayer, when in trouble. Prayer is probably a useful self-instructor to the ignorant devout, but my experience and observation is, that God, howsoever constituted, helps only those who help themselves. It makes no difference to me whether he is a big man or a big force. I believe in him all the same, so does everybody. In this view there are no atheists. "Be thou, O God, exalted high"!

It is most natural for the human mind to inquire, longingly, "whence comes this vast universe?" As to that, the inquiry will never cease. It is unanswerable. We do know that the universe now exists, because we see some of it, and the light of science has disclosed to our minds far more. If we undertake to contemplate a condition, in the remote past, when any element of the universe now existing did not in some form exist, our minds are utterly appalled. They can grasp no such idea. Try it and see for yourselves. As such a universe of vacuum cannot be conceived by the mind, we can conceive nothing else but the eternity of the universe, and must assume it accordingly. It may be said that this eternity cannot be grasped either, and so it is; but knowing that the present existence is real, its eternity is certainly plausible. Nothing else can make itself apparent to the mind. To assume a universe of vacuum, is both absurd and impossible. So is the assumption of a God, as the sole occupant of that vacuum.

So it appears plainly that "The Great First Cause" is a mere visionary vagary of the brain. There is no such thing in fact. We cannot comprehend the idea at all, that the elemental universe did not always exist as completely in quantity and force as to-day, every atom and particle of it, or that it will have other than an eternal existence in the future.

If this be so, the immortality of the soul is as well assured as the immortality of the matter constituting the body. Both have elementally existed, and will exist forever. But our souls, after disembodiment, are not going to see God or walk with him in eternal bliss, as thought by many good people. Such a God has no existence, and if he had would probably not particularly enjoy our company. What presumption to fancy that an infinite God would enjoy the society of an earthly worm! Nor are we destined to the torrid realm of his satanic majesty. He is another myth, and so is his abode. By common consent his fires are well-nigh quenched.

These considerations, however, do not justify the license of an ill-spent life, as the clergymen sometimes assert, but should, on the contrary, constitute the highest incentive to virtue and rectitude. Our spirits, when released, will enter a future existence of greater or less happiness, just in proportion as they have in this life been cultivated and improved by education, the practice of virtue, benevolence, brotherly love, and as we have made ourselves useful in our special social environment. A soul, it would seem, would be useless without an embodiment of flesh. There must have been an eternal succession of such embodiments in the past, and so must be in the future. Virtue and individual improvement in the past, or vice and its ruinous consequences, have made themselves felt very plainly in the children of this world. Some are born good, others bad. There are all grades of virtue and vice, intelligence and stupidity, born in them. So there will be in the next world, and all the others to follow. Should we not, therefore, so conduct ourselves here, and so improve our minds and thoughts, as to be adapted to a higher and pleasanter embodiment hereafter? This will be our future reward. There will be no other. A contrary course will insure a correspondent retardation in the next life, and will surely constitute a punishment. Under the scheme here outlined, our opinion of any of the gods is not important. Faith in one or all of them

will not save. Behavior is everything, belief nothing. "Be just, and fear not."

Such, briefly, is my idea of the universal origin and destiny. It must be remembered that the time was when there was not a human being, or other animal life, on the earth. There are millions of mankind here now. Whence did they originate? The Adam and Eve story is exploded. There has been no special human creation. Manifestly, the components of what have developed into man and woman, both soul and body, were in actual existence then, as much as now, either on the earth, in some one of the stars or planets, or in some other vast realm of nature, whence, mayhap, they were imported here. The combination occurred when the laws of nature, under favoring conditions on the globe, required it. Evolution, under like laws, has been a potent factor. Education has done much.

There are a great many thousand clergymen in this country and throughout christendom, who are required by their creeds and their Bibles to teach that the universe was made in six days out of nothing, by a pre-existing God, about six thousand years ago; that mankind was started by a single pair, made full size, and that nature has since taken its course in their propagation, save as disturbed by Noah's Flood, and other matters of that character. I will not refer to other equally ridiculous tenets of the churches. Dr. Briggs, our brother Infidel, and an eminent professor of biblical criticism in a Presbyterian Theological Seminary, says, in substance, that the Bible is entirely unreliable in all particulars, save when it touches on religious matters. On those it is the word of God. That is a complete give-away of the book, for who is to decide, but each reader for himself, which verse is true, and which false? Surely, no two readers will reach the same conclusion on that or any other subject. The New York Presbytery says that Briggs is right, by a large majority. The General Assembly, by a small majority, says he is wrong. The intelligent reader knows that Briggs is a hundred-fold better qualified to pass upon the matter involved, than any or all the members of the Presbytery or Assembly combined, simply because he has made it a candid life-study, and they have not.

Now, if so pious a Christian and able a man as he, dared speak what he believed, at the risk of a trial for heresy, why may

not the clergy generally conclude to tell the truth as they discern it through the light of science? I have a good opinion of the clergy, and always have had. They mean well. Their superstition and devotion have obtained mastery over their cool judgment. It is a sort of mild insanity. Up to date most of them have been as honest as they could be, and keep their places. Bread and butter is as necessary to them as to laymen. They have, of late years, exercised a strong moral influence in their communities. Many of them think that in order to do this successfully, they may justly humbug people on their spiritual or emotional side, and that it does no harm. Many also believe the whole thing, just as they preach it, because they have been educated that way, and have neither the courage nor desire to ascertain their mistake. It should not be forgotten by these people that the great public has a large claim upon them. It pays for their advantage annually about \$50,000,000 in this country, in excessive taxes, by reason of the \$1,500,000,000 of church property which is exempt from taxation. Not more than one-fourth, if so many, of the tax-payers of this country, are Christians, or even church attendants. The majority even of these are rather swallows, than believers.

A very large majority of all male adults in this country, are either infidels or agnostics. Now is it not due to this vast body of involuntary church-supporters, that the clergy should supply some rational or instructive entertainment for them? Why continue to ejaculate the pious and meaningless twaddle so customary in our pulpits? Why persist in proclaiming a revengeful and impossible God, a more impossible Son, and a still more impossible Ghost? Why insist that another has suffered and bled for us, when we know that it is by our own suffering and blood alone that we must be exalted? Give us something reasonable and believable, in an earnest and impressive way. We will fill up the vacant pews, and gladly make voluntary, as well as involuntary, contributions to the exchequer of intelligent spiritual exposition. Why cannot the clergy drop theology, as to which they have no knowledge,—nor has anyone else,—and give us the light of the universe, as shown by demonstration and the deductions therefrom, as to natural immortality and the necessity for good conduct here, for prudential reasons connected with the hereafter? Scientific immortality no man need be ashamed of. It is demon-

strable. The clergy need no instruction as to the deductions they can eloquently draw from it. The world has had quite enough of those dogmatic utterances which say to the congregation, in substance: "Boys and girls, be good, but if you do not, look out; repent and believe before you die, and you will get to heaven all the same. Conduct is good, but faith is the only thing that counts."

CHICAGO, November, 1893.

INTOLERANCE.

By HENRY M. TABER.

"There is no religious person who, according to his temperament, does not hate, despise, or pity, the adherents of a sect different from his own."

"There does not yet exist upon the earth a true tolerance."

"The dominant religion always makes its superiority felt in a very cruel and injurious manner towards the weaker sects."

"Everywhere a jealous God is worshipped."

"Each nation believes itself his friend, to the exclusion of all others."

"The founders of religions, and the priests who maintain them, have persuaded their votaries that the religions of others were ungodly and abominable."

"This is the way religion succeeded in closing the heart." (Jean Meslier.)

THERE is nothing more true of religion in general, than is stated in the above lines, but more especially is it true of the Christian religion. Christians assume a superiority of intelligence, which displays itself either in pitying, or in disdaining, or in hating, any one who does not think as they do; while the fact is that there cannot be found, the world over, a class of persons who are so utterly ignorant as to why they believe as they do, as are Christians. They never pretend to inquire for themselves into the truth of the remarkable doctrines which they cherish; on the contrary, *pride* themselves that their belief is *not* in accordance with the teachings of reason, but that they *believe by faith*. This "belief by faith" is carried to the extent that the more ignorant a Christian is, the more "faith" he has in his Christianity. Ignorance is said to be the mother of devotion; so it is of intolerance. Moncure D. Conway says of intolerance, that it is "the least pardonable form of ignorance." So it need not be wondered that, of all intolerant people, Christians are the most intolerant; as is evidenced by the fact that their persecutions have been more

bitter than have been those of the adherents of any other religion. Christianity is responsible for the shedding of more blood than any other religion that ever existed. To the honor of the Buddhist religion, it may be said that it has never persecuted for opinions' sake, or shed one drop of human blood. The inhuman persecutions for witchcraft, which have so disgraced the name of Christianity, are utterly unknown in the religions of Brahma, or Zoroaster.

"All the heathen persecutions of Christians put together, are nothing in comparison with the horrors of the crusade against witches, set on foot by members of the Christian Church." (J. H. Long, in *Popular Science Monthly* for July, 1893.)

The Moors in the middle ages gave protection to the Jews from Christian persecution.

It is an historical fact that, after Christianity became ascendant in the fourth century, for more than a thousand years the light of literature became almost extinct. Its intolerance of new thought, of scientific discoveries, seriously retarded the progress of intelligence. Had it not been for the Christian bigots of those times, the great truths recently developed might have been known many centuries earlier. Europe is indebted to a rival religion (the Mohammedan) for the rescue of what intelligence Christianity permitted to remain.

And so through the history of the Christian Church, from the days of Constantine till even now, may be found a record of greater intolerance, more bitterness of feeling, more extensive and cruel persecutions, than can be found in the history of any other system that ever existed.

"The domestic unhappiness arising from difference of belief, was probably almost, or altogether, unknown in the world before the introduction of Christianity." (Lecky.)

Protestants denounce the exhibition of intolerance displayed by the Catholic Church, but precisely the same spirit is manifested by the Protestant Church. There is little to choose between them.

"We mock at the Catholic bigots at Rome,
Who strive, with their dogmas, man's reason to fetter;
We then turn to the Protestant bigots at home,
To find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better."

The Emperor Julian said: "The savage beasts are not more formidable to men than the Christians are to each other, when they are divided by creed and opinion."

"Alike Papist and Protestant vote death and attainder to their conquered foes. The Churchman persecutes the Puritan; the Puritan imprisons the Quaker; and to-day, had he the power, the bigot would muzzle every voice and printing press that utters tenets different from his own." (F. Blanchard.)

Torquemada, in his bigotry and cruelty, in bringing so many to the rack and the stake, was not a whit worse than John Calvin in his fiendish treatment of Servetus, Castellio, Philipp, Ameautt, Dubois, Gruet, Rolser, and hundreds of others, whose sole crime was that of differing in opinion from Calvin.

Brooke Adams, in his "Emancipation of Massachusetts," gives a record of intolerance, of bigotry, of persecution, of cruelty and of death, inflicted on innocent persons in the seventeenth century by the Puritans, only equaled by similar records in the days of the Inquisition.

Cardinal Newman speaks of the "corrosive influence of reason."

Rev. Dr. D. J. Burrill (Protestant) says: "The false beacon of these days is progress."

Bishop Spottswood (R. C.) says: "I would that half the people of this nation should be brought to the stake and burnt, than that one man should read the Bible and form his own judgment from its contents."

Spurgeon (Protestant) says: "Could ye roll into one mass all sins; could ye take murder, and everything that is vile, and unite them into one vast globe of black corruption, they would not equal the sin of unbelief. This is the monarch sin; the quintessence of all guilt; the mixture of the venom of all crimes."

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis says: "Heresy and unbelief are crimes, and are punished like other crimes in Catholic countries."

Rev. Dr. Dowling (Protestant) in the *Christian Intelligencer* of May 8, 1889, broadly intimates that he who differs in opinion from him is an "intellectual and moral monstrosity."

The *Catholic Banner* says: "What a day of pleasure will that be for us, when we see anti-clericals writhing in the flames of the Inquisition."

The *St. Andrew's Cross* says: "You must not blame some of us if we sometimes think that a cool cell in a comfortable jail, with a very abstemious diet, would be a well-earned reward for some of this loud-mouthed antichristian writing and teaching."

The *Catholic Mirror* says: "Impudent sects of heretics, infidels, atheists, claim to be treated by States on an equal footing with the one true Church! How shall we view this deplorable and perplexing problem?"

Rev. Dr. Alfred Niven, of Philadelphia, says: "People are led to believe that the doctrines of Christianity are open questions, which admit of discussion."

"That pest of all others, most to be avoided, in a State, unbridled liberty of opinion." (Pius IX.)

"I have an absolute hatred of advanced thought." (Spurgeon.)

Father Ignatius says: "Virtue is safe only when it rests on religion; religion is safe only when it rests on dogma; dogma is safe only when it rests on the authority of the Church."

The *Chicago Evening Journal* says: "An immoral and lawless man, even a criminal, if he has a theoretical belief in God, is a good man and a valuable member of society, as compared with the Infidel, however pure his life."

The *Western Watchman* (R. C.) says: "Protestantism! we would draw and quarter it; we would impale it and hang it up for crows' nests; we would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons; we would fill it with molten lead, and sink it in hell-fire a hundred fathoms deep."

The *Methodist Recorder* says: "Agnosticism! it is as ignominious as the atheism of Democritus; more harmful than the idolatry of the Israelites, and more self-deteriorating than the profane impulses of the loathed profligate."

Cardinal Baronius says: "God has made political government subject to the dominion of the spiritual Roman Catholic Church."

At one time, in Vermont and in some other of the New England States, under Protestant control, no person was allowed to vote unless a member of the Protestant Church.

In 1700 a law was passed in this State condemning any popish priest to perpetual imprisonment, if found in the province; while, if he escaped from jail, he was to be put to death.

"We ought to hold as a fixed principle, that what I see white, I believe to be black, if the superior authorities define it to be so." (Ignatius de Loyola.)

"It is lawful to punish to the death such as labor to subvert the true religion." (John Knox.)

Romanists and Protestants equally insist upon religious teachings in the public schools, notwithstanding that the majority of the parents of school-children are opposed to such teachings. President Seelye, of Amherst college, voices the sentiments of both sects, in saying that "the State must teach religion—if its subjects approve, well; if not, the State must not falter."

The intolerant spirit which has shown itself in our Sunday laws, has resulted in denying to those who do not believe in Sunday observance the rights which every citizen should participate in. In Tennessee, in Maryland, and in other States, estimable people have been imprisoned, some of them for weeks, for simply attending to their own necessary duties on Sunday.

There is a (comparative) consistency in the utterances of the Romish Church, which boldly denies the right of private judgment, and we need not, therefore, be surprised when we read such sayings as the following:

"The Church is certainly not tolerant in matters of doctrine. True, and we glory in it. . . . The freedom of thinking is simply nonsense." (Mgr. Segur.)

"We are not advocates of religious freedom, and we repeat we are not." (*The Shepherd of the Valley*.)

"Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect without peril to the Roman Catholic Church." (Bishop O'Connor.)

"The Protestant is bound to be liberal to Catholics; but Catholics cannot be liberal to any party that rejects the Church." (*Tablet*.)

But a Church which came into being with the declaration of the right of private judgment, but which equally with the Romish Church denies it, is certainly inconsistent.

The Protestant President (Oakes) of Harvard College, in 1673, said: "I look upon toleration as the first-born of all abominations."

The Episcopal Bishop (Seymour) of Illinois, says: "Men repudiate strict adherence to truth; they explain away their

pledges and promises; evade their oaths by sophistry, and are thoroughly crafty and deceitful." One might suppose this language addressed to what Christians call Infidels, but no, it is addressed to those of the same communion with the Bishop, but who happen to differ from him on some doctrinal point.

A Church of England clergyman, Rev. F. A. Grace, of Great Barling, Essex, has written a catechism in which is taught that "dissent is a great sin," and that dissenters "worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and therefore their worship is idolatrous."

The *Christian Advocate* recently said: "It is impossible to teach morals properly, without accepting and recognizing the Christian religion as the only sufficient source and foundation of morality."

This might be called a sufficiency of intolerant impudence. But probably the most extreme exhibition of bigotry, the most sublime instance of unadulterated insolence, is to be found in the *North American Review* for January, 1893, in an article written by Rev. Leighton Colman, the Episcopal Bishop of Delaware. Two quotations may suffice, viz.: "He who denies the divinity of Christ, reduces Christianity to a system of willful deceit and shameless wickedness." (How are Christians of the Unitarian belief pleased with this?) "A man who is not a Christian cannot be accounted a moral man." (Listen to this, ye millions of upright, virtuous men and women of Hebrew, Agnostic, and other beliefs!)

Constantine suppressed the medical schools of the Saracens, because of the difference in religious belief.

Hon. Andrew D. White tells us that the Dominican Father Caccini insisted that "geometry is of the devil," and that "mathematics should be banished as the author of all heresies." The Church authorities gave Caccini promotion.

Father Inchofer declared that "argument against the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, the incarnation, should be tolerated, sooner than argument to prove that the earth moves."

Men of learning and character, two or three centuries ago, were driven from educational institutions, because of the then existing intolerance towards the Copernican system of astronomy. Precisely the same spirit is abroad to-day. Eminent men are

now being driven from our universities, because of intolerance of the theory of evolution (a fact as well established as is the Copernican theory), and other scientific discoveries. The expulsion of Prof. Winchell from the Chair of Geology at the Vanderbilt University, because he believed that man existed on the earth before the period assigned to Adam; of Prof. Woodrow from the Chair of Natural Science in a theological seminary at Columbia, S. C., because he believed in evolution; of Prof. Alexander from the State University of South Carolina, because he was unable to comprehend how three persons made one person, or one God; of Prof. Tay, from a Kentucky college, for accepting as facts the latest demonstrations of science; of several professors at the College of Beyrout, for, also, believing in the latest scientific discoveries; are some of the recent instances of Protestant intolerance, which is worthy of the bigotry of the fifteenth century.

In the case of Prof. Woodrow, the persecution which he endured is a disgrace to the age in which we live. The Presbytery at Charleston adopted a resolution prohibiting any one in the Church from writing upon or criticising the decision of the General Assembly, which condemned Dr. Woodrow's teachings. In addition to this, Dr. W., who had become a professor in the University of South Carolina, was boycotted by the faculty; the students being kept away from his lectures by being told that their support would be cut off if they attended the Professor's lectures.

Recently six ministers were expelled from the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Petersburg, Va., for insisting upon the exercise of their right to vote at state and national elections.

Three teachers in the Wilson Industrial School in New York City were recently discharged for holding what the managers regarded as heretical views on the question of Theosophy.

Two highly respectable and intelligent persons in Stockholm, Sweden, a short time since, were imprisoned, one for one month, and the other for three months, for expressing disbelief in the dogmas of orthodox Christianity.

In England, at the present time, legacies for diffusing Free-thought ideas can be confiscated.

In this country it is doubtful if any will making bequests for similar purposes could stand, if the decision rests with a judge who is a church-member. In the Girard will case, Judge Story,

while rendering no decision on the point, broadly intimates that funds could not be legally left for the dissemination of any opinion in opposition to those of Christianity. He says: "It is unnecessary to consider what would be the legal effect of a decision for the establishment of a school for the propagation of *Judaism*, or Deism, or *any other* form of *Infidelity*."

The spirit of three centuries ago, which persecuted, tortured, and murdered that greatest scholar of his day, Bruno, still lives in the "Vicar of Christ" (!) at Rome, as appears in the allocution of the present Pope, defending that inhuman act.

There is to-day the same spirit among Christians which forced Roger Williams to seek the protection of the supposed savage, but humane, Massasoit, from the persecutions of a Christian sect; which lodged in jail in Culpepper County, Va., Baptist ministers for preaching immersion; which brought the charge of blasphemy against Chevalier de la Barre, in 1766, for not having removed his hat on the passing of a religious procession, resulting in the most inhuman and excruciating torture and death; which, in 1812, sent Daniel Isaac Eaton to prison for eighteen months for publishing the "Age of Reason"; which imprisoned the venerable Abner Kneeland, in 1835, for differing from the orthodox on the question of Universalism.

Human nature has been very much the same in all ages of the world, and there is scarcely a doubt that the intolerance of a few hundred years ago would again be rampant in our midst, if only the religious zealots had the power they formerly had. Is it unlikely that such bigots as the President of Amherst College, as the Bishop of Delaware, as the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, would add to their intolerant utterances acts of persecution, of cruelty and of murder, similar to those which so long stained the pages of Christian history, if only they were sustained by the same public sentiment by which the atrocities of the Church in the centuries that are past were made possible? By no means. President Seelye and the rest are no more human, or humane, than were the bigots of former times.

It was public sentiment which sustained prominent and gifted men, like Sir Matthew Hale and Cotton Mather and John Wesley, in encouraging the torture and death of innocent women, because in the Christian's Bible the command is given, "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live."

"In the name of God every possible crime has been committed, every conceivable outrage perpetrated. Brave men, loving women, beautiful girls and prattling babes, have been exterminated in the name of Jesus Christ. For more than fifty generations the Church has carried the black flag. Her vengeance has been measured only by her power. With the heart of a fiend she has hated. With the clutch of avarice she has grasped. Pitiless as famine, merciless as fire. Such is the history of the Church of God."

Fiendish as have been the acts which Col. Ingersoll, as above, has portrayed, they would be re-enacted to-day by the adherents of Christianity—Protestant and Catholic alike—under circumstances similar to those which hitherto existed; for religion not only enslaves the mind, but it makes captive the heart as well.

An instance in my own experience may illustrate this. I recently met a lady, a Christian, a person of unusual natural graces of character; gentle, kindly, intelligent; whose acquaintance I first made about forty years ago. It gave me great pleasure to meet again this friend of former years. The conversation which followed was most agreeable, until it turned upon religion, and almost instantly she assumed an entirely new character; becoming harsh, bitter, censorious, uncharitable, intolerant, unreasoning, unjust; revealing a most complete *change of nature*.

Had I defended vice and denounced virtue, she could not have animadverted more severely on my opinions; had I been guilty of every known crime, she could scarcely have been more acrimonious. In vain I claimed what seemed to me the reasonable right to do my own thinking (and accorded, of course, the same right to her), and insisted that no good reason existed why I should accept the conclusions of others (who had no more *knowledge* on the subject of religion than I had, no matter how much they *claimed* to know). In vain I pleaded that I was actuated by as high and as pure motives as anyone could possibly be, and that as she acted on what she regarded as her conscientious duty, so I was but following the dictates of my own conscience in asserting and acting upon the views I had expressed, and that it was an utter impossibility for me—as an honest person, as true to conviction—to do otherwise. But all to no purpose. Her natural kindness of heart, her amiable qualities, as well as her good

sense, were all sunk—deeply sunk—in her unyielding intolerance. How true, I thought then, were the lines quoted at the beginning of this article: "This is the way religion succeeded in closing the heart."

There is no objection whatever to Christian people believing in a place of eternal punishment, in a blissful heaven, in a personal Devil, in a God (even of such imperfections as the Bible represents), in angels who have not fallen, as well as in those who have, in the story of creation, in miracles, in an infallible Church, a divinely ordained ministry, in an inspired book, or in aught else that is unprovable or improbable; these are mere matters of opinion, and any one who *can* so believe, is unquestionably entitled to such belief; but where the intolerance shows itself is in asserting that such belief is necessarily meritorious, and that those who do not so believe are necessarily immoral and criminal; utterly ignoring the fact that belief is involuntary, that it is impossible for any one to believe unless convinced, by reason, of the truth of such belief.

But as orthodox Christianity is never likely to relinquish its dogmatic, pharisaical, unreasoning, unjust and intolerant position, every indication of the disintegration or decay of the Christian religion should be hailed with delight by all who believe in the fullest tolerance of opinion, by all lovers of mental liberty.

CHAS. WATTS AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mr. D. A. BLODGETT took advantage of Charles Watts' presence in this country, to have him lecture again in Grand Rapids, Mich. This is what the *Eagle*, of that city, says of the lecture:

"The immense audience which packed Powers' Grand Opera House, which has a seating capacity of nearly two thousand people, both morning and evening of Sunday, to hear the great debater, Secularist and Agnostic, Mr. Charles Watts, now of Birmingham, England, must have been gratifying in the extreme to the speaker, testifying as it did to the hold which he, either on account of his genial good nature, or the religion he

teaches—for he said in the evening that he appeared before them as a religious man, as he defined the term—has upon the people of Grand Rapids. And still the speaker could not have been more pleased than was Mr. D. A. Blodgett, through whose generosity these lectures were given to the public free of charge, as was his custom in years past, such audiences being a compliment well merited by the donor, who provided the instructive entertainment and judging from the intense interest and attention accorded the speaker, it is not too much to say that Mr. Watts fully met every expectation of his large and intellectual audiences."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE CHANT OF THE WIND.

(Written on the Kansas Prairie.)

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

LOST! Lost! Lost!
'Mid the dry, brown foam uptossed
Wildly as thine own hands
From the waves of the desolate grass;
Wildly as wings that pass
In shadowy drifts o'er the lands
When the day-shine of summer dies;
Wild as thine agonized eyes,
And the white of thy face upturned
To the waste of God's pitiless skies,
Where the chaff of the clouds is churned
In a whirl of scorn for thy cries,
In a scowl of scorn for thy weakness,
In a stern, dark frown for thy pain,
In a glare at the world-wide bleakness
Laid bare for the on-coming rain;
In a glare that glitters the desert
Alike of the world and thy heart,
In a gleam that together has measured
Rock-rift, charred grass, and scarred smart.

And into thine ears I chant
The tone of thy desolation,
The echoing tones that haunt
Thy soul in its desecration;
Into thine ears I pour
The burden of weary blowing,
Shell-sung on the far-off shore
Where the surf of the Sea is flowing;

Where the Soul of the Sea is singing
Its dirge of love and death,
High up on the bare sands flinging
The salt of its bitter breath.

Over there on the bare sands shifting,
With the fragments of broken shells,
A body is tossing, drifting,
Floating up on the curling swells ;
Crushed are the limbs, and broken,
Like sea-moss drifting there ;
Of the once proud life no token
Save the sheen on the shining hair ;
The gold of the sun-kissed locks
That the strong Sea cannot drown,
Nor the might of the merciless rocks
Break on their jagged brown,
Over there, over there, over there,
The Sea sings the dirge of the dead !
And over the wastes I bear
Its song to thy desolate bed.

Dead ! Dead ! Dead !
As the grass that whirls round thy head,
In the sigh of my sorrowful breath ;
Dead as the hearts he crushed,
Eyes, lips, voice, hushed, all hushed,
All sealed with the silence of death !
World-weary, moan on ; mix thy pain
With the pain of the World. And the rain
Rushing down with its trampling feet
Will drown down thy broken refrain,
As it drowns down the grass in its beat,
As it soddens the chaff of the plain.
Still shall the Sea go singing,
And lapping him over with foam ;
Still shall the Wind come winging
Its sounds from thy memory's home.
Still shall the salt strike deeper,
And thy wild hands rise and fall,
Till over the grass comes the Reaper
That smiles by the black Sea-wall.

"OUR BOB."

BY T. D. EFNER.

"There are brave men in every land,
 Who worship Nature, grand and nude,
 And who, with swift, indignant hand,
 Tear off the fig-leaf of the prude."—*Anon.*

IT has been truthfully said that the proverbial characteristics of the world-famous Infidels in ancient and modern times, stand out in marked distinction to the narrow-mindedness and selfish manifestations of pseudo-religionists.

The writer has no desire to vilify the ideas of our ancestors, who conceived a transmundane and anthropomorphic God, who entertained tenets devoid of altruism, and offered up human sacrifices on the altar of superstition. He has no desire to make invidious comparisons. The writer's wish is to write down a few words eulogistic of the wit, wisdom and eloquence of a man who loves his fellow-beings and his native land, who strikes at error clad in the vestments of the ecclesiastic, or in the rags of the tatterdemalion.

This man Ingersoll has always championed the cause of the weak and the oppressed. He points the finger of scorn at those who, clothing pride, ignorance, folly and sloth, in the sanctity which belongs only to the everlasting truth, sit like an incubus on the shoulders of humanity.

He realizes the fact that the idea of a transcendent or supernatural God, has been relegated to the lumber-room in the brains of enlightened men; but, for the edification of those who are fettered by the chains of superstition in the dungeon of despair, he strives to teach them that these chains of thralldom are cunning contrivances of demoniacal miscreants, who have dethroned the reason and repleted the mad-houses with their victims.

This grand man plucks from the quivering flesh of humanity the venomous thorns of predestination and eternal hell. Is there a nobler field for human endeavor?

He loves the good, the true and the beautiful. His wonderful works teem with truth: they have not reached their full fruition. In another century, when the smoke of battle will have been dissipated, and the resplendent science-sun shoots his beams into the mellow earth, treasure-tomes will stand out perspicuously illumined. In the sanctity of the home the child will learn to lisp the name of Ingersoll. The school-boy will see his name among the great and good on the pages of history. Why? Because Robert G. Ingersoll has done more for the home than any other man of our day. "I tell you I had rather make somebody happy; I would rather have the love of somebody; I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin,—build it myself, and daub it with mud, and live there with my wife and children; I had rather go there and live by myself—our little family—and have a little path that led down to the spring, where the water bubbled out day and night, like a little poem from the heart of the earth; a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and with the thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning; I would rather live there and have some lattice-work across the win-

dow, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle; I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free, than to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power, and know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy."

God has much use for such a noble man. He could not afford to clutch and throw his soul into an eternal hell.

Ingersoll's name has been calumniated; opprobrious epithets have been applied to him, and aspersions have been thrown at him by the votaries of the theology he has attacked. The young are forbidden the reading of his books, which are represented to them as being full of ribaldry.

I defy any person to find an obscene word, or trace of billingsgate, in his works.

He is one of the most brilliant rhetoricians of our day. His figures are for the most part Oriental. To indulge in a little grandiloquence, "Bob" Ingersoll is a *magico prodigioso*, who grasps and shapes the wandering thought, vivifies the dead form of words with subtle fire, and elicits from them pearls and perfumes, where others conjure up only smoke and soot.

Col. Ingersoll has a very broad and comprehensive mind. It has been said that he is not original; that his prototypes were Spinoza the pantheist, and Paine the deist; that he has iterated and reiterated the tenets of these great men. It is true that Mr. Ingersoll has popularized much that his predecessors expounded; but notwithstanding the fact that in his lectures before the masses he has not expatiated upon the propendentics of philosophy, he knows much more than he has ever discoursed before miscellaneous assemblages. Indubitably, this man of pronounced versatility has drunk deep draughts from the limpid and perennial spring of knowledge.

Ingersoll is a masterful expositor of natural religion. He has been relegated to the category of Agnostics; but his soulful homilies indicate that he is something more than a man who has set up certain metes and bounds to circumscribe the knowable and form an impossible barrier between the Relative as now conceived, and the homogeneous Absolute. He realizes that superstition has to do with an infuriate God of vengeance, a transmundane and anthropomorphic God, but do you not think that he knows that science demonstrates the existence of an *immanent* God of mercy and munificence? Robert Ingersoll is conversant with the fact that the aggregation of abstract metaphysical truths—the eternal verities—into a concrete subjective form, symbolizes God—the "God of Nature," or "Nature's God."

The man is to be judged by his feelings. Deeper than the sentiency of pompous priests or simulating ecclesiastics, have the potent surges of his sympathetic soul stirred the sea of humanity.

Where on the pages of history in the archives of the past, can we find record of a speech so grand, a discourse so noble, as this man's oration at the grave of his brother, and his extemporaneous utterances at the death-cradle of a child? Search the civic records of the past, and nowhere will you find the sublime utterances of a man more patriotic. Scan the chronicles of the Nation. among them you will find no loftier flights of language sublime, no more charming crystallizations of thought, than those grasped and shaped by Ingersoll.

ALBANY, ILL.

THE PREACHERS AND ANTI-CRUELTY.*

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

I read in the April number of the Magazine, an interesting article, by Abner Plain, on "The Preachers and Anti-Cruelty." As this is a rather important subject, and as I can, I think, throw a little light on it, I send you this contribution for publication, if you see fit.

Mr. Plain speaks of the fact that, practically, no aid has been given to any movement against cruelty, and especially mentions the anti-vivisection movement. As one who has, for the last fifteen years, taken an active interest in this movement, I am in a position to corroborate his statement, and to add a few details.

The selfishness, the lack of interest in true reform, of the vast majority of clergymen, is a matter that is absolutely incomprehensible to me, and I certainly have never had a very high ideal. Not long ago, a charitable lady in Philadelphia, sent to, I believe, three thousand eight hundred clergymen of the Episcopal Church, a pamphlet describing vivisection, together with a personal letter calling their attention to the subject, and begging at least their influence. To the disgrace of these men this appeal fell flat, practically; except, perhaps, a few abusive, impertinent or offensive replies, the result of these three thousand eight hundred appeals was—*nothing*.

An English writer, Judge Mark Thornhill, a devout believer, by the way, in the Church of England, and a gentleman whom I have the honor of knowing, has had a very similar experience, as detailed in his admirable book, "The Clergy and Vivisection."

As an experienced worker against the crime of vivisection, I give it as my opinion that such a demonstration of mingled stupidity and cruelty as the clergy of the Episcopal Church has given us, would not be equaled by the same number of convicts in any part of this world. I am of the opinion that three thousand eight hundred letters of appeal, together with descriptive pamphlets, addressed to three thousand eight hundred convicts, would elicit more evidence of interest and good feeling and sympathy, than was manifested by these contemptible clergymen, for whose cowardly hypocrisy I have no words sufficiently indicative of hearty contempt.

After all, is there aught that is surprising in this? Is it not to be expected that the men who, a hundred or two years ago, took especial delight in themselves murdering, racking, burning, their fellow-men, for love of Jesus, should now at least show an indifference to seeing others do the same with any object in view? Would they not expose themselves to the charge of inconsistency if they did attempt to prevent any real suffering?

PHILIP G. PEARODY.

* We cannot see why any person should expect preachers who believe and preach an endless hell, to favor "anti-cruelty."—Ed.

"THE DIVINE SCIENCE; OR, GOD AMONG THE STARS."

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

Mr. Crain's article in reference to Dr. Talmage's sermon, in your Magazine, suggests a few additional criticisms on that remarkable production. The Doctor seems to ever aim at something sensational, and to accept as true sensational statements, if in the line of his thought, no matter how absurd or unreasonable, and deem them worthy of a place in his sermons. He calls his sermon "The Divine Science; or, God among the Stars." Now, the astronomical science in which I have always felt a deep interest, was simply natural, human science, and I naturally felt interested to know the difference between it and the divine article. This assumed ambassador and mouth-piece of Divinity, tells us that the sun is twelve thousand times larger than the earth, and three thousand times heavier! Human science has demonstrated that the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger, and three hundred and fifty thousand times heavier, so that, in these two important statements, divine science proves itself to be a false teacher, and, of course, unreliable. There must be something radically wrong with the divine's measuring-tape and "steelyards."

The Doctor next tells us that, in following the history of the heavenly bodies, we find that two of them stop, and, worse still, he says: "Infidels must be hard up for ground of complaint against the scriptures, when they find fault with that cessation of *stellar* and lunar travel." So, then, not only did the sun and moon stop, but the stars, also! After all, then, Brother Jasper is right, and, according to divine science, "the sun do move," and sun, moon, and all the stars revolve around this little globe every twenty-four hours! How so intelligent a man as the Doctor is, could bring himself to deliberately write in his sermon, and call it divine science, such false and infinitely preposterous nonsense, is beyond my ken.

He informs us that all the other nations believed the earth to be flat, while the Jewish writers taught that it was a sphere. Exactly the reverse of this is the truth. The learned Greeks, Phœnicians, Egyptians, etc., knew and taught that the earth was a globe. Eratosthenes, of Alexandria, two hundred years before Christ, measured the length of a degree, and demonstrated that the earth was a sphere, about eight thousand miles in diameter. Job is the only Bible writer who seemed to have any correct ideas on the subject, and he was not a Jew, but a heathen deist; probably one of the ancient Cushites, who were, according to Baldwin's "Prehistoric Nations," great and successful navigators, and familiar with this continent, and the spherical form of the earth. The story of Job was probably found by the Jews, in their captivity, and copied into their scriptures by Ezra and his scribes, as were the account of the creation, the flood, and other marvelous events, copied from the tablets on which they were inscribed in the cuneiform writings of the Chaldeans, tablets containing these stories having been recently found buried in the ruins of Babylon, and which were known to the Assyrians and other nations, long before the birth of Moses; and having been thus copied and appropriated, they became part of the "Sacred Oracles," and thus it is that these pagan myths and fables, which have absolutely no authority, and which defy rational belief, become part of the Christian scriptures. And it is a sad, humiliating and horrible fact,

that the great effort of the Church, during the long centuries of its power, was to crush out of existence, by torture, fire and massacre, all who dared to doubt the divine truth and origin of these absurd pagan fables. And to this day it seems to be the chief concern of many of the leading orthodox clergy, to misrepresent and defame the character of unbelievers, both living and dead.

This popular expounder of divine science next tells us that, "on the Tower of Pharos, Egypt, a metallic mirror was raised, which reflected all that occurred on land and sea, for a distance of three hundred miles." Now, the Tower of Pharos was said to be 450 feet high, and from its summit, in consequence of the curvature of the earth's surface, objects upon it could neither be seen nor reflected that were more than about twenty-six miles distant. It would require a tower to be about twelve miles high to bring objects within the line of vision, so as to be either seen or reflected, at a distance of three hundred miles. I am a little surprised that the Doctor believes this pagan fable, as the Jews had not inserted it in their "sacred scriptures"!

He finds his next illustration of "Divine Science," in the meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. He says it was brighter than noonday! Now, the brightest meteor, or electric light, that ever blazed, makes a dark spot on the disk of the sun, when seen between it and the eye. I knew several parties in Western Pennsylvania, who, though up before day, did not notice the phenomena at all, which was very strange if it was lighter than noonday. The fact, however, is, that this statement of divine science is a mistake. He proves it false himself, when he says they continued till they paled in the light of the rising sun. Why did not the more than noonday brightness of the meteors cause the rising sun to pale? Then he tells us that there is a day coming when the stars shall fall to the earth,—"not fidgety meteors, but solid stars"! As the stars are, generally, a million or more times larger than the earth, and as it is generally supposed that the smaller and lighter body does the falling, I don't see how the stars can fall to the earth, especially when, as he says, gravitation had let "loose its grip on worlds." That being true, why should they fall?

But enough. Divine science is a failure; only the human article is reliable. As a teacher of scientific truths, the Doctor is not a success. His forte lies in expounding theism and ancient "sacred" myths and fables, which neither he nor anyone else, knows anything about. Here he is a success.

W. W. WALKER.

Rev. M. J. SAVAGE, of Boston, in a sermon on the Parliament of Religions, says:

I wish to note another fact. I do it with regret. I think I am correct in saying that, if there was during the entire progress of this meeting any departure from perfect brotherliness and courtesy, it was always on the part of those who pride themselves on being exclusively Christian, extremely evangelical. That which we

are accustomed to refer to as Christian courtesy was manifested in the gentlest and most delicate way by the "heathen" from first to last.

If Mr. Savage tells the truth, and we have no doubt he does, would it not be well to turn the missionary business in the other direction? That is, let the heathen send them here in place of our sending them to the heathen.

WHY HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

BY F. H. HEALD.

CIVILIZATION has its origin in a consideration for the weak. It is the result of a partial victory of mind over matter, perhaps. The savage makes slaves of his women, because he is the strongest. The stronger savage is the master of the weak one, but when we come to civilization, where the weak are protected from the strong by laws and customs, we find money, or the circulating medium, is the master. The savage purchases what he desires with his muscle, but when he meets one with more muscle than he has, he has met his master. The savage's muscle is, in that respect, his money.

To acquire and amass money under the customs of civilization, does not require great intellect, but it does require a selfish disposition; a nature which does not scruple to boldly take every advantage of weakness which presents itself under the governing law. Selfishness is the lowest type in civilization; therefore, to amass wealth, a man must not be of high moral character; he must have no delicate sense of consideration for the weak and afflicted; he must take every advantage of them possible, without making himself an outright criminal under the law; he must be devoid of feeling, so that he may withstand the plea of the poor laborer, the tears of the helpless widow and the sufferings of the hungry orphans. The man who is enveloped in a mail of selfishness which will enable him to see these suffer without assistance from him, will in due time acquire large wealth, with which he can buy power, while his neighbor, who is of a higher type of humanity and the bulwark of civilization, remains poor, being too humane to see suffering around him without assisting, and being of such moral character and having such consideration for the weak, that his conscience will not permit him to oppress and wrong them. The consequence is, that the circulating medium, be it gold, silver, copper, paper, or beaver skins, accumulates, and is power in the hands of—not the intelligent and moral—but in the hands of those who are unintelligent, uncivilized, and selfish enough to oppress the weak; the class who are "sharp," to be sure, but who are not withheld by a high sense of morality and humanity, from taking advantage of those who, being less grasping and selfish, are more highly civilized.

This can have but one ending. "History repeats itself," because there is nothing else it can do. So long as men of the lower type of civilization can acquire the power in a civilization by securing control of its circulating medium, so long will history continue to repeat itself. So long as the money of civilization gives the power to its owners, so long will the owners of that money and that power be the men who are the inferior portion of civilization. They get possession of the power by taking selfish advantage of their less selfish fellows, and keep it, because they are not highly enough civilized to pity and relieve the weak, the oppressed and the hungry. Having money and great power, they oppress still more. They combine to make oppression more general, and when this method of combined oppression has reached a point where it can no longer be tolerated, then it is that the oppressed rise up in a great body, and history repeats itself.

All war is brought on by oppression; oppression is caused by power coming into the hands of the class of selfish men who know no limit to their selfishness,

and the repetition of history is only a step in the evolution of civilization ; a shaking off of its master by resorting to the original power of arms and numbers. Whenever and wherever " history repeats itself " in the strife and smoke of battle, and the dust and smoke settles or clears away, we find the beginning of an improved civilization. The masters who held their power by the brisk exercise of avarice, are for a time put down, and another cycle in the evolution of man is begun. Loath as we may be to believe it, yet we have no alternative but to believe what we see. We know that civilizations, being governed by the compromise of rules which the highest and lowest members can agree upon, are not and cannot be perfect. If they were, they would not be accepted by the less intelligent, who are the masses. Being less than perfect, they give the chance for avarice and selfishness, to secure the power by securing the money ; hence it will always be so, and history will continue to repeat itself in war, unless in the course of human events some plan may be devised whereby the ambition of money-getting, for the power it gives, be removed.

If ambition could be turned towards the acquiring of wisdom, and governments would supply all the other wants of their subjects, money might possibly be dispensed with, but history will probably repeat itself many times before that millenium takes place, and avarice is under such control that it cannot accumulate power and oppress a higher form of civilization. Certain learned men contend that to take away the individual right to amass the circulating medium, takes away individuality. So it does, for selfishness. It would simply take away the premium on selfishness, which would certainly be desirable. Reward would then depend upon real worth.

When the time is come—if it ever comes—when the most worthy quality of humanity is the most rewarded, and selfishness is not permitted to reward itself, then ambition will turn the human mind into higher intellectual fields, and the great discoveries of the nineteenth century will be but the A, B, C's of the learning which will rapidly follow.

That will indeed be a happy age when, after we have contributed our share of labor to the support of the nation, the nation will care for us, and at the same time give us an ambition to amass learning, instead of money ; when learning is the only riches we can accumulate.

All humanity must live, and in order to live, a certain amount of labor must be performed. It is not much, if each would do his share, but when it is represented by a circulating medium, and can be acquired by the exercise of bad qualities, a few who are not selfish and mean must do that labor, that the selfish ones may live in ease and luxury. It being the case that good people are compelled to labor, that bad people may rest, is it not proper and right that history should repeat itself in war ?

It is not possible for the world to go on another thousand years, with the learning we have and the means now at hand for acquiring more, without a plan being devised by which the good in humanity can be rewarded in this life, and the bad punished. Let history repeat itself, until the man who would rather work than live upon the toil of a poor little child or a half-clad sorrowing woman, may be rewarded by civilization, at least equally with the brute who, for the sake of acquiring money, power and idleness, will see such suffering without a blush of shame.

SHORT LETTERS AND EXTRACTS.

Mr. ———, Chicago, Ill.:

I inclose check for \$101.50 to renew my subscription for one year to the Magazine—balance for the propagation of the faith.

Timothy Miles, Chicago, Ill.:

I was just having a short talk with a young man from college, who advised me to burn all my books, and get "Butler's Analogy," and he is sure it will cure me of Infidelity. "In the presence of human stupidity, even gods stand helpless." On parting, I said to him: "Good night; may God give you more health and sense."

Fred Irish, Deering, Maine:

I can imagine the mental care which has been yours, and extend my sympathy. You may, however, find some solace in the thought that this struggle on your part has been productive of much good, with the prospect of still more being accomplished in the near future. Times being hard, I am unable to help you very much, but inclosed money order will help a little.

Henry Baer, York, Neb.:

I am sorry that the outlook of our Magazine is not as bright as it might be, and I would be glad indeed to contribute more towards it if times were not too hard to do so; besides, we have had a complete failure in crops in our vicinity, making it still more gloomy for the next twelvemonth. Nevertheless, I shall always manage to pay my subscription in advance, and I think if they all would do that, our Magazine would be on a safe basis.

C. A. Hadsell, Coal, Mo.:

I believe the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE has merits which should and would carry it through any financial panic, if it were not for the powerful influence brought to bear on those friendly to the interests of Freethought, by the misguided followers of orthodoxy. Believing that the "bi-chloride of bank-notes" is the best antidote for this baneful influence on the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, I inclose a small dose.

Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Va.:

I sold my copy of that cute little book, "Daughters of Cain," yesterday, for forty cents, and I inclose the forty cents as my response to thy proposal. I suppose I am free to grind my own axe in the "100 worlds," and yet it SHOULD be the axe of every Freethinker, for on the young depends the future of Liberalism. *The Little Freethinker* is the only paper for the young that is free from gods and ghosts, and every Liberal ought to help it along. Send fifty cents and get the paper and *Foot's Health Monthly*, and *The Pennsylvania Nationalist*—three papers for only 50 cents. Address as above.

Thomas McCowen, Ukiah, Cal. :

Your circular talk to Freethinkers arrived in my absence, some time since,—with your four propositions for enlarging your patronage,—all of which are altogether within the bounds of reason, and it would really seem as though there should be no hesitancy on the part of those who claim to be Freethinkers and Liberalists in coming to the rescue. Of course we can count a few who come up to the work nobly with their help "against the mighty," in good, solid cash ; but while the need is so pressing, it is rather unaccountable to see how few there are that prove themselves by their works to be liberal Freethinkers.

A. M. Mead, South Norwalk, Conn. :

I am sixty-seven years old on the 29th of January, a day well known to Freethinkers. I take five papers and three monthly magazines. I have been for forty years trying to persuade my fellow-workmen to leave the priests to their own folly, and wean themselves from the sickening drivel they were nourished on. The results are that I am ostracized wherever I go, and only that my life is clean, I would be excluded from society. The saddest thing of all is, the apathy of professed Freethinkers. There are many of them here that do not pay for or read a single Liberal journal, and think themselves Liberals because they do not pay pew-rent. I am doing all in my power to build up the co-operative society at Fopolobampo, Mexico, to which I shall return in November. To establish this community in the most healthy of climates is my first duty.

G. Fred Johnson, Aulander, Neb. :

Notwithstanding I cannot indorse all I find in the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, I am satisfied I have been much benefited by the reading of its pages. I find so many people in this section who are slaves to an opinion, that it is not an easy matter to get subscribers. They say they are afraid it will unsettle their faith, which is virtually an admission that either their faith is based upon a falsehood, or they are afraid they will find some truth in the Magazine ; for surely, a known falsehood could not unsettle the faith of any one, whose faith was founded upon truth. I would not consider a liberal worthy of the name, who would say he would not read the Bible, or orthodox books, for fear it would shake his faith in Liberalism. He would be out of place in the ranks of Freethinkers.

Henry Sharp, Alhambra, Ill. :

I send you \$2.00 in money order. I apprehend that will be of more financial advantage than my good wishes. Well-wishing is very nice in its place, but it is not legal tender for printing material. Be assured that you have it, with the anxious desire for the full success of your Magazine. I am fully satisfied that your manner of conducting a journal is nearer in accord with the feelings of a majority of free-thinking readers, than a more radical journal would be ; but my practice has been to present the beauties of spirit-life, as taught by Spiritualists, and then knock the whole system of Christian dogmas into smithereens. My wife often says that I am too unfeeling of Christian dogmas, but after I present a grand spiritual home for persons who hope and desire future life, I take pleasure in setting fire to their old rotten cabins, and laugh at the blaze.

C. L. Henderson, Chula Vista, Cal.:

When your postal came I wrote to discontinue after the October number. I had money in two banks here that suspended, and in one in Minnesota. So that I had met with losses too severe to permit of any luxuries. But when I read that splendid article by Hudor Genone, entitled "Life," and Taber's on "Equitable Taxation of Church Property," I concluded to cut down my expenses in some other way. The bank failures here has been a very serious matter to thousands. It is also accompanied by a decline in all products, that has made the hardships greater. When my wife and I saw the necessity of cutting off our magazines and periodicals, she plead especially for continuing the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, because it so happens that Chula Vista is a very theological place, so we needed the Magazine to learn what the outside world was doing in the way of real religious progress.

James A Gould, Nampa, Idaho:

I think I fully comprehend the tribulations which beset your way, and can see the "lions in the path," and when I recall the time you have occupied the field, I can have none but feelings of profound respect for a veteran in the cause of humanity, whose record is so excellent as is yours. I shall not apologize for my poverty. I am poor, but I am proud to say that I have always made it a point to aid others who were more unfortunate than myself. Had it been otherwise, I might have been differently situated to-day, but I would not be so well satisfied. I will forward five dollars to you by the 20th of the coming month. Will send a club if possible, but will send the money anyhow. It would be needless for me to affirm what I would do were things so and so. I must do what I can and not leave the result with God, but a more competent power. I believe in the nobility of human "brotherhood," and that few can live up to their ideals and aspirations, owing to wrong conditions which have been largely produced by religious fakes and fakirs. When I am ready for the "crematory's golden heat," I will have no meaningless mummery by "surpliced priest" around my bier. I want my ashes to reappear in some form of nature's beauty, in flower, or fruit, or golden grain.

LIBERAL SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE Liberal Society of Cincinnati Ohio, is doing a good work in maintaining a course of lectures during the fall and winter months. The program for October and November is as follows:

Oct. 8th.—E. C. Wilmott, "The First Transgression."

Oct. 15th.—John R. Charlesworth, of New York City, "The Origin and Development of the Christian Religion."

Oct. 22d.—Chas. T. Greve, "Money."

Oct. 29th.—Prof. J. S. Van Cleve, Ph. D., "The Historic Christ."

Nov. 5th.—C. O. Wilmot, "The Christ of Myth and Mystery."

Nov. 12th.—Judge Alfred Yapple, Economic lecture, subject to be announced.

Nov. 19th.—Allen O. Myers, "Was Judas Iscariot a Traitor?"

Nov. 26th.—Mrs. L. A. Fealy, of Dayton, Ohio, "Truth and Fallacy of Christian Science."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE are pleased to make the following announcement, as we know our intelligent readers will be gratified to learn the fact that Mr. B. F. Underwood and Mr. T. B. Wakeman have been engaged as editorial contributors to this Magazine for the coming year, to commence with the January number. They will each write an editorial article over their respective initials, for each number of the Magazine, during the year. As every Liberal in this country knows, the two gentlemen above named are among the ablest writers in the Liberal ranks. Their editorials will add greatly to the value of the Magazine, and ought to greatly increase its circulation.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF FREETHINKERS AT CHICAGO.

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

[Circumstances having prevented our being present at the late Freethinkers' Congress at Chicago, we are very lucky in procuring from Mr. Wakeman, one of the leading spirits of that Congress, the following graphic report.—ED.]

THE Congress, entitled as above, was held from October 1st to 8th, and was eminently successful,—probably the most important meeting of Liberals ever held in this country. The officers of the American Secular Union, and also of the Free-thought Federation, of last year, were re-elected. The purposes and programme of the Congress were admirable, and were substantially realized. The first important fact to be noticed was that unity in diversity was found to be not only possible, but was substantially inaugurated and illustrated among Liberals. There was a co-operation for the progress of Liberal-

ism, not only on the part of the officers and members of the two societies above named, but also from the Liberals of Canada, represented by Capt. Robert C. Adams, and from England, represented by Charles Watts, and from the Continent of Europe by representatives or messages from Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Bohemia, Austria, Switzerland, Scandinavia, etc. The common purpose of all was to further in every land the emancipation of the people from Fear and Superstition, by the extension of Liberty, Science, and Humanity, in its place. This emancipation was presented, and proved to be the necessary preliminary condition,—the indispensable *corner-stone* of all political, social, industrial, or moral progress. Such progress was proved to be impossible as long as the people were intellectual *slaves*, bound in heart and mind by the creeds of Churches, traditions and customs, which are not of this world, but which it is the interest of Churches and priests to maintain. Against these worse than useless illusions, every interest of Humanity demands that the truth should be presented, until it destroys and replaces them. The Congress, by its resolutions, which are admirable and worthy of careful study, and by its speeches, which were remarkably clear and effective, brought all of its weight and unanimity to bear in advocating the following measures of propaganda :

1. The Liberals must not trust *only* to the public or government schools, even where they are avowedly secular. Just as the Churches and other emissaries of superstition insist upon family, Sunday-school and parochial instructions, for the purpose of stunting and dwarfing the human mind and heart, so Liberals must be actively alive in securing home education, Sunday meetings, Liberal Clubs, Secular Unions and similar societies and organizations, for the purpose of securing "Universal Mental Liberty," as the condition of Science, Humanity and Progress,—in a word, as the *sine qua non* of Truth and Liberty, in the place of Error, and *mental*, which means also social and material, *slavery*.

2. In furtherance of this needful emancipation the Congress threw its urgent solicitation for a better patronage and an extension of the Liberal press. The Liberal papers and periodicals mentioned in its resolutions, including the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, were presented, not as simply business affairs of their

owners and editors, but as the very *life* of the cause of intellectual and practical emancipation of the people. As such they are to be built up, improved and sustained by constant care, *payment*, encouragement and solicitations for subscribers for them.

3. These plans for Liberal organizations and the Liberal press, were urged to be supplemented by living lecturers, teachers, and apostles of Liberty, Science and Humanity. So that the word of the mouth and the light of the eye may make real and attractive the meaning of the printed page. To this end the Congress entertained the proposal of a Liberal school, perhaps to finally become a Liberal university, so that opportunity can be afforded for education, and the assurance of support and of a *worthy career* for those who prepare themselves to be advocates of The True and The Good before the people. The Congress was manifestly of opinion that no injury is likely to ensue to the common cause from the existence of several different Liberal organizations. There is room enough and work enough for all to do, and each may do it better by taking its own way, time and methods. Especially is this true of all Liberal organizations, when members can come together in one yearly congress, wherein the common enthusiasm for the cause can, as in the present Congress, overwhelm all local personal or temporary differences.

As to the speeches before the Congress, it would be (as the old phrase goes) invidious to name any one, where all did exceedingly well. There was not a single failure from one end of the week to the other. Some of the speakers on the programme could not be present, but others took their places, so that no serious disappointments fell upon the constantly-increasing and deeply-interested audiences.

We give an outline of the proceedings, to show the extent and variety of the Congress and the subjects discussed :

SUNDAY, October 1st—*Morning* : The welcome, by President Judge C. B. Waite, of the American Secular Union. Addresses by Samuel P. Putnam, of the Federation of Freethought, and Capt. Robert C. Adams, of the Canadian Secular Union ; followed by Herman Boppe, for Jans L. Christiansen, President of the German Turn Verein, who was absent by reason of illness.

Afternoon : Address by Herman Boppe, editor of the *Milwaukee Freidenker*, "The Moral of the Republican World-view." Address by T. B. Wakeman, of New York, "Christianity, and After?"

Evening: Addresses by John E. Remsburg, "Jesus Christ;" L. K. Washburn, "The Decay of Christian Morality;" Charles Watts, of England, and John R. Charlesworth, on "Freethought—What it Implies, its Power and Results."

MONDAY, October 2d—*Morning*: Reports of Committees; Secretaries Reports of Progress; Reception of Foreign Delegates; Important paper from John Jacob Holyoake, of England, the Founder and Father of Secularism, read by Charles Watts; Letter by "Saladin," of England, read; Letter from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll; Telegram from H. L. Green, editor of FREE-THINKERS' MAGAZINE; Address by Gen. M. M. Trumbull.

Afternoon: Addresses by J. H. Burnham (read), "The Love and Worship of the Christian's God;" by J. D. Shaw, of the *Independent Pulpit*, "Progress of Liberalism in Texas and the South."

TUESDAY, October 3d—*Morning*: Reports of Committees—Standing and Special; Reports of Officers of the Freethought Federation of America; Election of Officers of that Federation for the year; Address by Samuel P. Putnam, President-elect; "The Era of Man" explained, by T. B. Wakeman, and adopted by the Congress unanimously, and recommended for use by Liberals.

Afternoon: Address by Franklin Steiner, "The Church and Freethought;" Discussion of the Ways and Means to promote the Interests of the Cause; Introductory paper, by T. B. Wakeman, followed by Captain Adams and Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., of New York, and others; Address by Dr. York, on Liberalism in California and the West.

Evening: Address by Frank B. Zornbek (in Bohemian), "Toleration;" also, by J. J. Kral, "Freethought in Bohemia," and by E. A. Stevens, "The Real and Lasting Religion of Man;" Paper by "Saladin," of England, "The Petticoat as the Basis of Religious Progress."

WEDNESDAY (WOMAN'S DAY), October 4th—*Morning*: Address by Lillie D. White, "The Coming Woman," and by Sara E. Ames, "Individuality as a Factor in the Progress of Humanity." Mattie P. Krekel was announced, but unavoidably absent. Abstract of her paper given.

Afternoon: Address by Katie Kehm Smith, "The Necessity for Aggressiveness on the part of Liberals;" Discussion on "Woman's Relation to Advanced Thought;" Introductory paper by Dr. Juliet H. Severance, many members taking part.

Evening: Addresses, by Voltairine De Cleyre, "Mary Wolstoncraft, the Apostle of Woman's Freedom;" by Mrs. M. A. Freeman, "Woman's Day;" by Susan H. Wixon, "Progress of Woman for Four Centuries;" by Addie L. Ballou, and by Lulu Monroe Power, "Emancipation and Elevation of Woman the Necessity of Modern Progress."

THURSDAY, October 5th—*Morning*: Meeting of The American Secular Union for Election of Officers, etc. After reading the reports of the officers, the old board of officers were unanimously re-elected. Address of the re-elected President, Judge C. B. Waite, of Chicago, "The Congress and the World's Fair—the Duties of Liberals."

Afternoon: Addresses, by Dr. C. W. Mack, "Freethought and Phrenology;" by Dr. J. L. York, "The New Faith,—in Action;" by J. D. Shaw, of Texas, "What is to be Done?"

Evening: Addresses, by Dr. Paul Carus, editor of *The Monist* and *Open Court*, Chicago, "Liberal Methods;" by Isaac A. Hourwitch, "Freethought in Russia;" by Madame Josephine Kodin, "Freethought in Poland;" by Clarence S. Darrow, "Freethought in America."

FRIDAY, October 6th: Visit by delegates and friends to the World's Fair, and address by John E. Remsburgh before the Portrait of Thomas Paine, in the Government Building. Singular anxiety of "Fair officials," and curiosity of the multitude.

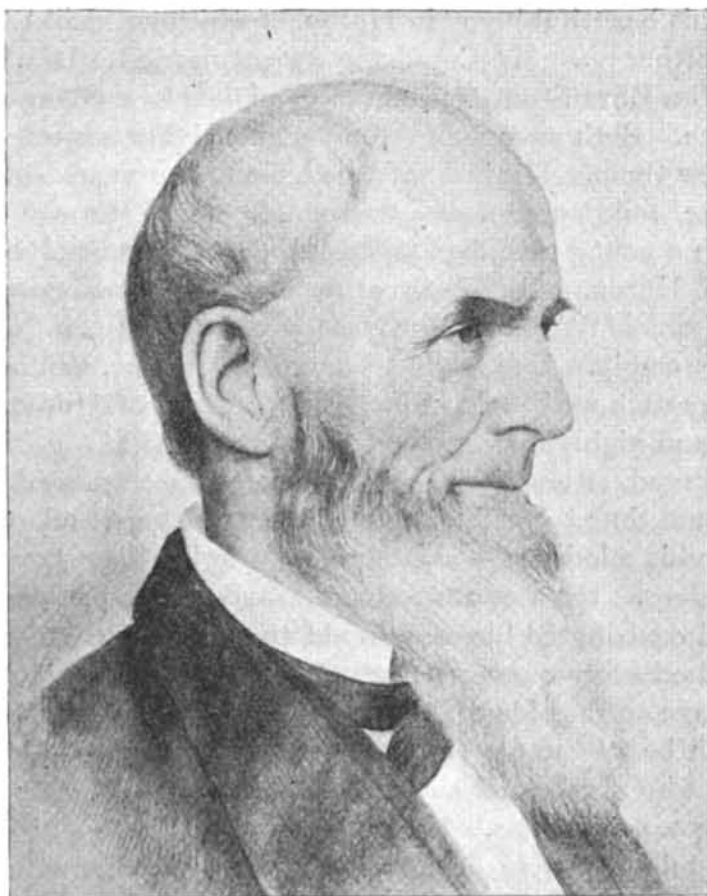
SATURDAY, October 7th: Delegates and friends enjoyed the "Freedom of the City of Chicago," in sight-seeing, until evening, when they met to partake of a modest "banquet," at which the urbane and witty Captain Adams presided as toast-master. Many of the orators above named responded, and some new voices, such as Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., of New York; Judge Hilton, of Oklahoma; Moses Harmon, of Kansas, and Dr. Pritchard, of Colorado, were gladly heard.

SUNDAY, October 8th—*Morning*: Addresses came from Moses Harmon, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, Reuben Rush, of Boston, J. H. Cook, of Kansas, John H. Copeland, of Texas, Dr. E. B. Foote, and others.

Afternoon: Resolutions by Mr. Betts, in regard to the new views of Christianity, were offered and referred. Practical addresses by Susan S. Wixon, and Misses Steiner and Washburn, and others.

Evening: Paper by W. H. Lamaster; Address by Capt. R. C. Adams, who had B. F. Underwood as an auditor. Address by John R. Charlesworth, and closing address by President Samuel P. Putnam.

Thanks were voted to the Edelweiss Zither Club, the Bohemian Orchestra, John J. Remsburgh, Prof. J. H. Cook, and the Misses Johnson, for the music, which had delighted the Congress at each of its sessions. Then Judge Waite gave the Humanity Benediction, and all departed, saying that this Congress had been a, if not *the*, great event of their lives, and the crowning event of the World's Fair, of which it had not been a part officially, because its officers would not, and could not, impose conditions upon "Universal Mental Liberty," nor engage that it should not "attack the religions."



J. MADISON COSAD—OBITUARY NOTICE.

THE subject of this notice, J. Madison Cosad, was born in the State of New Jersey, November 19, 1810, and passed from this life at his home in the Town of Huron, N. Y., August 18th of the present year. When nine years of age he removed with his parents to Seneca county, New York, where he resided until 1856, when he removed to the town where he died. When the California gold excitement broke out in 1849, young Cosad caught the fever and went to the land of promise, but remained there but one year, when he returned home, and from that time until his death he engaged in farming, which was the occupation most congenial to him, and he made a great success of it. His farm, which he divided up among his three children a short time before his death, consisted of some seven hundred acres of the finest farming country in that rich and fertile county of Wayne, N. Y.

The frontispiece of this number of the Magazine is a good pic-

ture of his beautiful home in Huron, of which we shall have more to say further on. Mr. Cosad was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Eliza Stout, and the second one her youngest sister Catherine. Both were noble women, and highly respected by all who knew them. His last wife died some five years since. He left three children, two sons and a daughter. His son Samuel, although a young man, has twice been elected supervisor of the Town of Huron, and recently came near being nominated by the Republicans of Wayne County as candidate for the New York State Assembly. The two sons and a son-in-law, William Robinson, are each well-to-do farmers in the Town of Huron, and all worthy and highly respected citizens.

Mr. Cosad, although during his whole life engrossed in business, found time to read many books and papers, and otherwise cultivate his mind, and was, therefore, very intelligent on all public questions. He was a strong antislavery man before the late war, and contributed liberally to aid the government during the war, and on every question of a political or religious character he was always on the side of humanity. From youth to the day of his death he was an out-spoken, decided, earnest, practical Free-thinker, who always and everywhere had the courage to express his honest convictions. Mrs. Grundy never had any influence over his mind. There never was but one question with him in relation to any theory or subject that came up for his consideration, and that question was this: "*Is it true?*" When that question was decided, in his mind, in the affirmative, he boldly proclaimed his belief—just the same if he stood alone in the whole community where he resided as when the public sentiment was entirely with him. By this course he often lost friends and made enemies, but in the end all respected him for it. For it is a glorious truth that there is nothing like *downright honesty* for making substantial friends.

Mr. Cosad's mind was first influenced towards Freethought by reading, when he was a young man, Thomas Paine's works, Volney's Ruins, and Comb on the Constitution of Man.

THE FRONTISPIECE OF THIS NUMBER.

Mr. Cosad was the father of our recent large Freethought gatherings in this country, as we will hereafter show from an article published in the first number of the first volume of this Maga-

zine, a part of which we here republish. Mr. Cosad got much of his inspiration for noble, practical Freethought work from the Waterloo, N. Y., meeting of "The Friends of Human Progress," which he annually attended, as did many others. In fact that annual meeting of Freethinkers, held in the old Quaker church in the town of Junius, Seneca Co., N. Y., for some thirty years, was the hot-bed of Liberalism. Many, like the writer of these lines, were first converted at these meetings to the cause of Freethought, or, if not first converted, they had their faith greatly strengthened by listening to the many progressive radical speakers, who at each yearly meeting occupied that platform. We will not attempt here to name all those speakers, for we might do some one or more, living or departed, an injustice by leaving out his or her name. We are glad to know that three of the persons, who, with others, now living and dead—mostly dead—still survive, who were the most active friends of these yearly gatherings, viz.: Henry Bonnell and Joseph Barnes, of Waterloo, N. Y., and Mrs. Phebe Dean, now of Syracuse, N. Y. The four speakers who preached the gospel of Freethought from the old Quaker church platform more regularly than any others were Charles C. De B. Mills, Amy Post, George W. Taylor and Lucy N. Colman. Some distinguished speaker, like Theodore Parker, Parker Pillsbury, Fred Douglass, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Samuel J. May, William Denton, was present at nearly every meeting.

But to return to our frontispiece. It was at this residence that the first great distinctive Freethought gathering of Freethinkers was first held in this country. That great meeting set the ball a rolling—the last effect of which was the late Freethought Congress in Chicago. That meeting was held in the grove, a portion of which can be seen in the picture, just back of the Freethought Hall.

Previous to this great meeting inaugurated by Mr. Cosad, July 4th, 1876, Mr. Abbot's National Liberal League had been organized in Philadelphia, and when the telegraph heralded the news over the country that 2,000 Freethinkers had just held a convention near Wolcott, N. Y., the entire press of the country had something to say about it. It was a kind of convention that never had been heard of before. And may we be excused for stating here something personal to ourselves, and also showing the effect of the remarkable announcement. A few days after this great

meeting was held, we received from the President of the American Liberal League the following letter, which we quote from memory :

Dear Mr. Green: I have read with great satisfaction the report of your Freethought Convention at Wolcott, N. Y. Your great success at that convention convinces me that you are *the* man I have been looking for to appoint chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Liberal League. Our treasury will not admit of our paying you a large salary, but I will guarantee you fifty dollars a month to assist you a little. The society formed at Wolcott, I am glad to learn, is an auxiliary of the National Liberal League. Please inform me at once if you will accept the position. Fraternally,

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

We accepted the appointment and served in that capacity some three years. We state this as one of the results of Mr. Cosad's great meeting.

We are sure all our older readers, who attended that great convention, will be pleased with our frontispiece. Most of the then Freethought workers have passed away, and new men have taken their places. Few of those who had control of the late Chicago Congress were then known as Freethinkers. We remember that Mr. Ernest Mendum, now editor and publisher of the *Investigator*, was present with his father and Mr. Seaver, at the Wolcott meeting and was engaged in selling Liberal works.

Our limited space will not allow of our saying all that we should like to of our most worthy friend, J. Madison Cosad, one of the best men we ever knew, and one of the best men this country ever produced. In Scripture language we will say: "He fought a good fight, he kept the faith," but he will not accept of a golden crown, even if the Lord has got one laid away for him, for he did not believe in crowns. No, he was a true democrat from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. He was one of *the* people, believed in *the* people, and spent his life trying to make the world better for *the* people who live in it. He did not pretend to know whether there was a God or a future life. If there be a God, his idea was that he needed none of our assistance, and so he preferred to help his fellow-man whom he knew did need it. And he thought if there be a future life the best time to work for its advancement would be when we get there, and that his duty required him to work for his fellow-mortals right here in this present world. We desire to say that from the first number he has been a good finan-

cial friend of this Magazine, but always requested that his liberal contributions never be publicly acknowledged. In his death we lose one of our best personal friends. We were glad to learn, when we attended his funeral, how highly he was esteemed by his near neighbors. One of them said to us: "There is very little orthodoxy among the farmers of this vicinity. Mr. Cosad has for years scattered so much Freethought literature around here that he had most of us converted to his way of thinking."

THE COSAD GROVE MEETING.

The following is a portion of an editorial article from No. 1, Vol. I, of the **FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE**:

He wrote to me saying his new Hall was finished (see Hall opposite house in picture), and wished me to select two other speakers and come over and dedicate it, not to God, but to Man. Mr. C. De B. Mills, of Syracuse, ex-Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, and myself and a large congregation of people held a Saturday and Sunday meeting there and dedicated the Hall to Truth, to Justice and to Humanity.

The next summer Mr. Cosad wrote to me saying that he would like to have a three-days grove meeting near his place in August, and wished me to aid him in getting it up. I consented to do so and went to work. I sat down in my office one day to write a notice of the meeting, and after I took up my pen a thought came to me (I can't tell from where—possibly some of my spiritual friends can), and I did not write the notice I intended to, but wrote as follows to the *Investigator* and *Truth-Seeker*:

ORGANIZATION.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., June 14, 1877.

MR. EDITOR: May I request all the Freethinkers residing in Central and Western New York, including towns as far east as Syracuse and Binghamton, who are in favor of a Freethought organization for that territory, to send me their names as soon as they read this notice? As there is to be a three-days grove meeting of the Liberals of Central and Western New York, near Wolcott, on the 17th, 18th and 19th of August next, it is proposed, if thought advisable, to form a permanent organization at that time, to be known as "The Central and Western New York Association of Freethinkers."

H. L. GREEN.

The meeting was held as announced; it was a very large gathering, the largest one of the kind ever before held in this country. Mr. Cosad at an expense of nearly one hundred dollars, procured the large tent belonging to the County Fair Association, and put it up in his beautiful grove near his house, for the accommodation of the Convention. The tent would accommodate some two thousand people, and on Sunday it was more than full, notwithstanding the orthodox people got up a grove temperance meeting near by, with noted speakers announced, on purpose to keep the people away from the Freethought gathering.

On Friday morning, August 17, 1877, the meeting was called to order, and Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, was appointed temporary chairman, E. M. Sellon, then of Buffalo, temporary secretary. The next morning C. De B. Mills, of Syracuse, was elected permanent chairman of the Convention. The meeting was a most enthusiastic and earnest one throughout, and able and eloquent speeches were delivered by the following named persons: Horace Seaver, editor of the *Investigator*, Giles B. Stebbins, C. De B. Mills, Dr. M. Woolley, of Streeter, Ill., Dr. T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, D. M. Bennett, editor of *The Truth-Seeker*, of New York City, ex-Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, Amy Post, of Rochester, Mrs. R. W. Scott Briggs, of West Winfield, N. Y., Mr. J. P. Mendom, of Boston, Mrs. Cornelia Gardner, of Rochester, and a very remarkable address was delivered on the occasion by Rev. Mr. Ellis, of North Huron, who had then but recently been a Methodist preacher, and here for the first time in public espoused the Freethought cause.

At this meeting, the Freethinkers' Association was organized, with Dr. T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, as President, E. M. Sellon, of Buffalo, Recording Secretary, Amy Post, of Rochester, Treasurer, and H. L. Green, of Salamanca, Corresponding Secretary; with the following Executive Committee: C. De B. Mills, Syracuse, Sigmond Block, Cape Vincent, Dr. T. L. Brown, Binghamton, Charles A. Gurley, Pulaski, David Cosad, Jr., Wolcott, N. G. Upson, Nunda Station, and Clement Austin, Rochester. There were thirty of the western counties of the State included in the Association, with a Vice-President for each.

MR. COSAD AS A PROPHET.

A few years ago Mr. Cosad came to Buffalo, and made us a number of days visit. During that time, at his own expense, he took the editor of this Magazine, and Mrs. Green, to all the many interesting places in and around Buffalo, including the villages of Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge. After he had looked the ground all over, he said, in substance:

Twenty-five years from now, Buffalo will be the second or third in size of the cities of America. In a few years Canada will be annexed to the United States, and five years thereafter there will be built across the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, a city of ten thousand inhabitants, that before the twenty-five years expire, will contain 200,000 people. Buffalo will be enlarged so as to take in the villages at the Falls and at the Suspension Bridge. The great water-power of Niagara Falls will be harnessed for work, and Buffalo will then have a greater water-power than all the cities of the world combined. Railroads will be built into the great pine forests of Canada, and they will be brought to Buffalo to be manufactured into lumber. Buffalo will then be the great market of all Western Canada. The Erie Canal will be enlarged so that the great vessels of the Atlantic can unload their eastern cargoes on Buffalo docks, or else they will come by the lakes and rivers and new ship canals from the ocean. The three great cities of the Union at that time will be New York, Chicago and Buffalo.

OUR MONTHLY REPORT.

THE procuring of clubs has not been very brisk for the last month, but we expect about one hundred or more for the coming month. The person who sends the largest club, with the money, that reaches this office before November 25th, will receive as a present Paine's Complete Works, in three volumes, valued at \$7.00; the second largest, Miss Gardener's six books, bound in paper; and the third largest, The History of the Christian Religion, by Judge Waite.

WHO OBTAINED CLUBS DURING THE LAST MONTH.

M. P. Briffet, Scofield, Utah; A. B. Bennett, Norwich, Conn.; Rev. G. H. Putnam, Carthage, Mo.; James Lewis, Springfield, Mass.; Andrew Johnson, Antelope, Cal.; Mahlon Ross, Virden, Ill.; Chas. H. Smith, Providence, R. I.; C. F. Swartz, Iroquois, S. D.; Philip Broch, New Ross, Ind.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE PAST MONTH.

Cash, \$100.00; F. B. Pratt, \$1.00; E. M. McKery, 50 cents; Robert Westphal, \$1.00; W. O. Williams, \$1.50; Louis Newman, 50 cents; Carl Nordell, 25 cents; Mahala Barrett, 50 cents; D. L. Haws, \$1.00; J. B. Husted, \$2.00; O. P. Loomis, \$2.00; Geo. H. Davis, 25 cents; A. B. Stebbins, \$5.00; H. J. Smith, \$1.00; John Letch, \$1.00; John Fozzard, 50 cents; H. H. Cady, 50 cents; Philip Broch, \$1.50; Capt. Robt. C. Adams, \$5.00. This list will be continued next month.

RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

As announced in last number, hereafter all subscriptions will be discontinued when the time for which they are paid has expired. Therefore, we ask all of our present yearly subscribers to renew *at once*, so that we shall not be put to the trouble of erasing their names from our subscription-book, and recording them again.

ALL SORTS.

—There is but one more number in this volume. Please renew for Vol. XII. at once.

—We expect nearly every one of our present subscribers to send us a club for next year.

—We do not propose to publish a single number of the Magazine next year that will not be worth a full year's subscription.

—How many of "Cosmology against Theology," by Vindex, will you take, if we put it into pamphlet form? Answer at once.

—We are in favor of every truth that Christianity or any other religion contains. We battle only against the errors in the various religions of the world.

—Many people have the erroneous opinion that to be a Freethinker you must hold to some particular views,—have a kind of creed. That, is Orthodoxy, and not Freethought.

—If you desire a valuable book, purchase the "Small Freethought Library," advertised for \$1.50 on the 3d page of the cover of the October Magazine, and get it bound in one volume.

—We are sure many of our readers will be glad to see we have renewed our old short letter department. In that department many can have a few words to say each month.

—B. F. Underwood will lecture in several cities between Chicago and Boston the coming season. He is now open to engagements. His address is 825 West Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

—Joe Cook, it seems, desires to have all the religions of the world molded into one religion, and that the Joe Cook religion. What a world this would be! Even a very hot orthodox hell would be preferable.

—The management of the Parliament of Religions didn't mean to do it, but they struck Church-Christianity a blow that it will feel to its dying day.—*The Moslem World*.

—Little Boy: "The preacher said there is no marryin' in heaven." Little Girl: "Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men there to go 'round."—*Good News*.

—ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 18.—Frederick W. Mosher, of this city, aged 26, committed suicide to-day by shooting himself. The deceased became insane on religion.

—"That new choir isn't filling the church the way I thought it would." "Well, what can you expect? You've got a homely tenor and a married soprano."—*New York Weekly*.

—"Didn't the way they robbed you in Chicago shock you?" said Skidmore to his friend Snooper. "Not at all," replied Snooper. "I am accustomed to attend church fairs"—*Detroit Free Press*.

—T. B. Wakeman has revised his address delivered before the International Congress of Freethinkers at Chicago, for this Magazine, and it will appear as the leading article of the December number.

—Every person who is honestly in search of the Truth, is entitled to be called a Freethinker, whatever may be his religious or non-religious opinions, and he will be so recognized by the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. We wish this could be generally understood.

—Miss Mary A. Proctor, daughter of the late Richard A. Proctor, is going to repeat next winter the lectures given in Chicago on Astronomy for children. The subjects are such as even to interest grown-up children, who will enjoy "The Goblin in Star Land," "Stories of the Stars" "and Giant Sun and his Family."

—The three things that have benefited Liberalism most during the last twenty-five years, are the Revision of the New Testament (the correcting of "God's Word"), the Briggs trial, and the late Parliament of Religions."

—Judge C. B. Waite, President of the American Secular Union, and Samuel P. Putnam, President of the Freethought Federation of America, will each furnish a pen picture of the late International Congress of Freethinkers for the December Magazine.

—One of the western train robbers, while opening a safe, said: "Some think God Almighty is agin us, but he isn't; he is wid us." Therefore, believing in God, this man was fully qualified for a delegate to the World's Congress of Religions."

—B. F. Underwood's address on the "Progress of Evolutionary Thought," published as the leading article of this number of the Magazine, has been put into pamphlet form and is for sale at this office for six cents a single copy, ten copies for fifty cents.

—As circumstances prevented us from attending the Freethought Congress, we sent this message: "Try and show the world that Freethought means an honest search after Truth, nothing more, nothing less. When it is so understood, no honest man can oppose it."

—The Rev. Dr. Dix, of New York, speaks pleasantly of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, as "a masterpiece of Satanic ingenuity."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Dr. Dix has sense enough to see that that Congress was the death-blow to orthodoxy.

—A fashionable preacher of San Francisco has been indicted for embezzling \$1,200 from a trusting ewe lamb of his flock. But his case won't receive half as much attention from his church councils as did that of Dr. Briggs, who was accused of teaching the truth as he saw it.—*Chicago Times*.

—Mr. Walter C. Wright and Miss Ellen M. Wright, as a memorial to their father, the late Elizur Wright, have presented to the State of Massachusetts forty-two acres of land in the picturesque Middlesex Fells for preservation as a public park. It was the life-long wish of Elizur Wright to see the whole of this woodland tract become the property of the State for public uses.

—Parker Pillsbury has recently delivered in sundry places a discourse entitled "Things New and Old," which discourse has been put into pamphlet form and sells for fifteen cents a single number or ten for one dollar. It is a grand discourse, and ought to have a wide circulation. We hope many of our subscribers will send \$1.00 for 10 copies to use as a missionary document. Address Mr. Pillsbury, at Concord, N. H.

—One of the "heathen" delegates at the Congress of Religions had this to say:

Learn to think without prejudice, love all beings for love's sake, express your convictions fearlessly, lead a life of purity, and the sunlight of truth will illuminate you. If theology and dogma stand in your way in the search of truth, put them aside. Be earnest and work out your own salvation with diligence; and the fruits of holiness will be yours.

—A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money, and sent him off to the continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the continent met a prominent member of the church, and said to him: "Oh, by the by, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well; he didn't look as if he needed a rest." "No," said the church member, very calmly, "it was na him; it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

—One of the good results of the Parliament of Religions was the comparison of the broad, liberal and tolerant conduct of the representatives of the Oriental religions with the extreme intolerance, bigotry and brutality of some of the orthodox

Church-Christian representatives. The class of fanatics of the Joe Cook stamp, who inflicted their presence upon the Parliament, did more to hasten the downfall of Church-Christianity, than anything known within the past decade.—*The Moslem World*.

—A leading citizen of one of our cities, who has recently been moved to procure a club for this Magazine, writes :

By the way, speaking of subscriptions, my experience of the past two weeks has given me an object-lesson on the tenacious power of the Church over men's minds, that weeks of reading could not have afforded. The lion in your path, Mr. Green, is *self-interest*. Men of business dare not antagonize the Church. Time alone can bring its power to a close. Men fear to be seen even with a copy of a Freethought publication in their possession! But patience is the watchword. You are engaged in a noble work, and can afford to wait.

—J. B. Elliott writes to the *Twentieth Century* :

Pugilism has been elevated to a fine art, and has become respectable enough to make the pious directors of the Academy of Music of Philadelphia rent the same for an exhibition of the manly art to Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett, champion light weights, as Charley is English, you know. The same pious directors refused Col. Robert G. Ingersoll the same hall for a lecture for the benefit of Poet Walt Whitman, on the ground of his infidelity. "Look upon this picture and then upon that."

—The following, that we clip from the *Buffalo Courier*, shows that Brother Webster was a very black sheep, of the male gender, in the flock. No doubt until he got found out he was very popular with the sisters, and had a holy horror of Infidels and Infidelity :

HART, MICH., Sept. 30.—The Rev. H. D. Webster, who is charged with gross immorality, and who has been on trial before a board of Baptist ministers, has been found guilty and suspended from the ministry. One of the charges against Webster was that he had never been married to the woman with whom he was living, and whom he introduced as his wife. The charge of which he was found guilty was the betrayal of Lydia Ann Clerchen-

ry, at Friend, Neb., and it is alleged the young woman has since died of shame. Webster disappeared with his alleged wife, as soon as the charges were preferred.

—Despite the warnings of the prophets women persist in wearing the big spinnaker sleeves. We have already quoted Ezekiel xiii : 18, as follows : "Woe to the women who sew pillows to all arm-holes." What will happen to the obstinate and frivolous creatures if they will cling to their puffed sleeves is recorded in the 20th verse of the same chapter : "Wherefore, thus saith the Lord God : Behold I am against your pillows, wherewith ye there hunt the souls to make them fly, and I will tear them from your arms, and will let the souls go, even the souls that ye hunt to make them fly."

The above has been going the rounds of the secular press, we suppose to show the wonderful wisdom contained in the Lord's Word. The kind of dress that the Lord made for his first girl, Eve, is the kind of dress he still prefers. For we read : "For I am the Lord. I change not. (Malachi, iii : 6.)

—In addition to those named in our October number as having submitted papers at the World's Congress of Evolutionists at Chicago, our contributor, Wm. Emmette Coleman, furnished a paper on "The Law of Evolution in the Spiritual Realm." Its main thesis was that, granting the existence of a spiritual realm in nature, the law of evolution must be as dominant there as in the material realm ; that if there is a spiritual universe, its forms must have been originated and sustained by evolutionary law. The applications made of the law of evolution to the universe of spirit, by A. J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle and others were outlined ; and the modifications made in the creeds and theologies of the day in adaptation of evolutionary law to spiritual life and existence were indicated. The essay closed with the statement that only such creeds and theologies could possibly survive as would be able to completely harmonize their conception of spiritual existence to the universal sway of the law of evolution in all departments of the spiritual realm.



J. M. Peebles, Am. M.D.

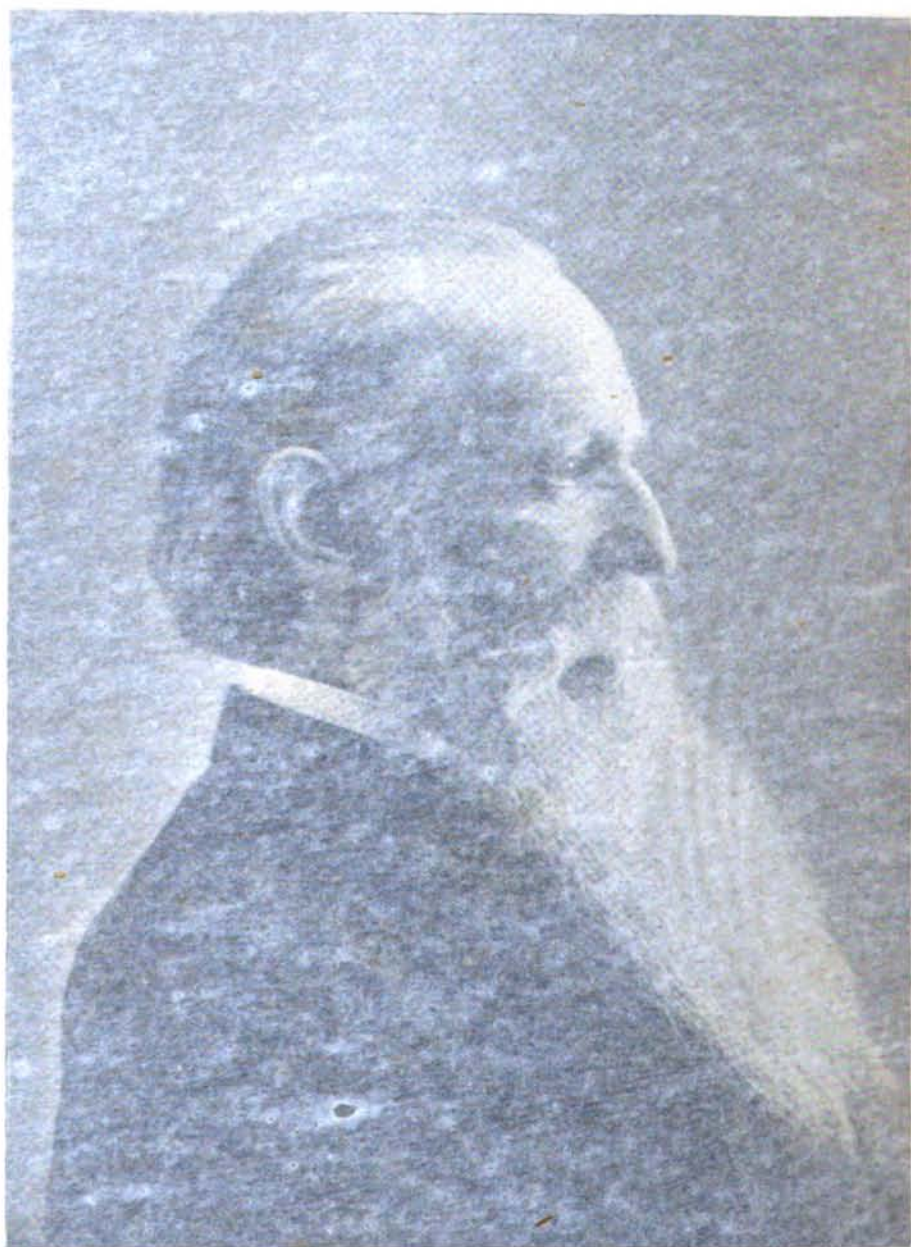
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THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER (E. M.) 293.

CHRISTIANITY, AND AFTER? *

By THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

WHAT is the most wonderful, and to us the most important, fact in the world? Certainly it is the existence of the human race on the surface of this little planet, the earth. Until Evolutionary Biology, quite recently, got hold of natural *protoplasm* and its wonders, our existence was also the unaccountable, and, therefore, the supernatural, fact. We know better now, but still the origin, history and progress of the human race is the theme of absorbing interest, for it is our autobiography written large. That progress has floated us here, and heredity makes it the business of our life to repeat it. *Floated*, I say, for the origin and progress of the successions of tribes, religions and civilizations, have been well likened to streams flowing on, and finally forming one mighty river of time and civilization, like the Nile or the Amazon. This conception of time, history, progress and evolution, as a river is the favorite imagery of poets, but it is so real and true that it may be considered as little more than theoretic and abstract history passing before our eyes in panorama. See, for instance, "The Tale," a wonder-tale and prophecy, by Goethe, wonderfully translated and explained in the works of Thomas

* Address before the International Congress of Freethinkers at Chicago, October 1, Era of Man 293.

Carlyle. Now, along this "Time-River" the banks are strewn with the remains of peoples and their religions; and their world-views are outlined on the picture-rocks and banks that border it, and rise, *strata*-like, one above another. Thus, as we float down this river of human life and history, we find evolution pictured and recorded in stages of enlarging religious beliefs and social integrations or institutions, from the lowest tribes and families to the mighty kingdoms and empires. Now, of this wonderful past you have seen the exhibits of its tribal and social progress in the World's Fair Anthropological Departments; but the similar or correlative *religious* evolution and progress—where, think you, was that exhibited? Why, in that "Congress of Religions"!

There they all were!—from the Fetich Chinee, the Parsee Sun and Fire Worshiper, the Hindoo Polytheist, the Mahomedan and Christian Monotheists; there they are, or were;—archæological remains and fossils all!—left behind on the shores of the Time-River—wonderful now as the *strata* representing the social geology and states of mind, out of which a truer and a higher, a broader modern state of mind has grown. These old religions all had and have a common fallacy, to wit: To them the world was and is WILL. To the truer modern view it is LAW. *Therefore*, these old religions gave man *revelation* in religion, and *authority* in government. "The *fear* of the *Lord* was the beginning of wisdom," and so "the Powers that Be were ordained of God." Men were slaves because a celestial despotism filled the universe as with a horrid nightmare. The past history of the human race, up to the New Era of the Copernican Astronomy (in 1600), was indeed the "Martyrdom of Man"; even to the French Revolution it was little more. During the last three hundred years, the world of law, liberty, industry—of the press, of steam and electricity—of co-operation and love, has dawned upon us.

This World's Fair and the immense secular civilization it represents, shows that already, and in joining it, the "religions" represented in the Congress of all Religions, have really outgrown their creeds, and are becoming sentimental aspirations for a better earthly future. Unfortunately their creeds, although now discredited, yet remain as fossils, and retard all higher aspirations for the future which are supposed to be based upon them. In this regard even Christianity is no exception. Evolution shows that

it, too, as to its early history and the creeds which grew out of it, is now a hopeless fossil. All of the true life which it had, has passed into the higher and newer forms of sentiment, thought, and action. Upon these newer forms which may be condensed into the new Trinity; LIBERTY, SCIENCE, and HUMANITY, Free-thought Secularism has taken its stand, and now presents them as the foundations of civilization in the place of theology, whether Fetichistic, Polytheistic or Monotheistic. It takes this position not at all out of mere wantonness, but from the firm conviction that this new Trinity of Liberty, Science and Humanity only can furnish the condition, the means and the motives of the higher progress and civilization.

This conviction arises from the fact that Evolution has hopelessly discredited the world-view, histories and creeds of every one of these old theologic religions. In this age Progress is dragging them around like so many dead bodies—simply out of ancient habit and affection for them—much as mother-monkeys persist in carrying their dead offspring. The dead past cannot become a solid and healthy foundation for the future, until it is recognized as a fossil and buried as such—buried intelligently and scientifically, pursuant to the law of evolution—and the true is recognized as growing *out of*, and over it.

Liberals do not, or at least need not, attack Christianity, as was done fifty years ago, as a bundle of frauds, but as an out-grown stage of illusions, which now evolution applied to mythologic history happily explains. The same laws of evolution which, under Niehbur, Grote, and Kuenen, explained the early religions of Rome, Greece and Palestine, explains the origin, growth and subsequent success of Christianity.

What, then, was Christianity? Evolution answers that it was a temporary phase of the Messiah belief and craze, of some of the Hebrews; in which they believed that the "kingdom of the heavens" was to be introduced on earth by their temporal king, or Christ, *and during the generation then living!* It was in its origin a purely temporal and temporary *hallucination*. The attempt to extend it to the Gentiles by Paul, gave it only an enlargement of territory and numbers, but did not change the nature of the original craze, as any one may see by his first Epistle to the Thessalonians. Christianity was this supposed coming of Christ.

The attempt to measure or guide the evolution of modern civilization around the planet by this old temporary hallucination—utterly baseless in fact and utterly impractical now—is the crowning absurdity of our age. The first glance through the telescope of Galileo proved that there was and could be no kingdom of the heavens, and remanded the whole Christ-scheme to the realm of the utterly impossible. Early Christianity was simply a messianic craze, of no more possible validity than that of our modern Millerites and Adventists, who periodically sit around in their night-shirts, waiting for the angel Gabriel to come down from these heavens, as Christ said he would, and blow his big horn to resurrect the dead, and take up the living. The Copernican Astronomy is the death-blow, with all intelligent people, of all there ever was, is, or can be, of Christianity. It is the one “anity” utterly impossible. [See my article on “Prophecies,” etc., in this Magazine for October.]

The folly of basing the actualities of this life upon, or mixing up with, those crazy Christian phantasies, is wicked beyond expression in this age of science and evolution. Akin to this illusion is the delusion that a personal Christ did come and speak and act on earth, as is represented in the so-called “gospels.” Evolution explodes this whole story, and gives us for the first time the real origin of “the Christ,” and the Christ literature. The Messianic Apocalyptic literature (of which only one specimen, “The Revelation,” appears in the New Testament), gives the start of this belief that Christ would come; and then of course he did—but only in the spirit! Thus he appeared to John, Peter, Stephen, Paul, and as in the first gospel, that of Mark, at the baptism, at the walking on the sea, at the transfiguration, and at the ascension. Peter, Paul, Stephen, John, etc., never saw him, except as in “Epiphany,” a “materialized” Messiah. Then they wrote “Epistles;” then the “driftwood” gospels were evolved, to make the story credible to those who had not seen these visions, especially to the Greeks. Read the Revelation and the Epistles, and then the Gospels, and you will get the true order of the way in which this craze originated and was propagated, and was then sought to be *proved* by “gospels” growing out of prophecies, miracles, etc., supposed to refer to a Messiah; and to which many poor crucified fellows, who sought to play that

Christ role before the destruction of Jerusalem, contributed by acts, etc., attributed to this synthetic name, "Jesus, the Christ."

Thus Jesus Christ was only a "materialized" Messiah, and as a definite person, passes from history, as the positive school have for years contended. To continue to use this ideal character, as though it was of our age, or perfect, or sufficient as a model or guide; or that some sort of belief about him, or it, is in any way anything but an obstructive waste of brain-effort, thought, energy and feeling, is to sacrifice the present and future to the crazy fantasies of the unscientific past—the substance to a shadow!

The Christ conception may be useful as an ideal, *if properly used* as a symbol of the higher union and integrative progress of mankind, of "The Christ that is to be." But all of the old views and creeds about it are deadly obstructive, and must be replaced by the new, true, and all-sufficient foundation, of which verifiable science is the corner-stone of Truth, and the co-operation of mankind for common welfare, the real assurance of *the Good*.

There is no mistake in designating these Fetichistic, Astrolatry, Polytheistic and Monotheistic religions as *fossils*, for they are all based upon illusions in regard to this world, and then upon material, or imagined *idols* which science has thoroughly destroyed. They are all, indeed, simply enlargements of the Fetichistic *will*-conception of things and of Nature—and no stronger than that silly fancy that everything has a spirit, spook, or God, or Devil, of some kind, in it. These "Religions," including Christianity, were properly exhibited together as a sort of "happy family," in this Congress of Religions—as a sort of continuation in the human world of the geologic fossils in the neighboring Mining Department. They all fell in line, naturally and properly, and thus confessedly acknowledged that each had ceased to be the true and only religion, which its founders had projected each one to be. Each was *there* because it had ceased to be *the true* religion, for only one true religion can there be. This is no inference of Liberalism only. The American secular press sensed this position at once, as the abdication and confession of fossilism, by every "religion" there. Take this specimen of their editorials from the New York *Sun* of September 17th, last :

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

(New York Sun, September 17, 1893.)

If the so-called Parliament of Religions at Chicago is for any other purpose than to be a sensational side-show to the big Fair, it is a purely agnostic purpose. It is to destroy the old conviction that there is a single absolutely true and perfect religion revealed from God, and to substitute for it the agnostic theory that no religious belief is more than an expression of the universal and ceaseless effort of men to discover the undiscoverable. It is that men's gods are of their own making, and that they are improved and finally discarded according as the manufacturers grow in enlightenment.

How, then, can Christians consistently join in any such polytheistic symposium as that now proceeding at Chicago? If Christianity is not the true and perfect religion, and if all others are not consequently false and pernicious, it is based on delusion. If it is not merely the best, but also the only religion whereby men can be saved, it is an imposture. If it contains only a part of the truth, showing that priceless possession with many other religions, its source is not as it proclaims it to be. Christianity is either the sole and complete revelation of Divine truth from God himself, and hence the only and absolute truth, or it is a fabrication of men, the more worthless because it seeks to bolster itself up by false pretences. If God did not come down from heaven and take on the form of man in order to show man the only way to salvation, thereby making all other religions false and profane, Christian theology is a sham; it is built on fiction.

That being so, Christianity cannot argue with other religions and compromise with them, accepting something and giving something. It can only say, This is the truth of God, uttered by God himself, and there is no other religious truth possible. Accept it or reject it at the peril of your soul. God does not argue with men. He commands and they must obey; and Christianity is that Divine command, or it is no more than a delusion and a superstition. If it is not divine and absolute, but uncertain human groping for truth like other religions, the story of the Incarnation and Resurrection is a fable, and the doctrine of the Atonement is a myth.

How, then, can Christians come together with Buddhists, Brahmins, Mohammedans, Jews, and Zoroastrians, to discuss their religion with them on equal terms? How can they treat them otherwise than as Infidels, who are the surer of damnation because they have seen the light of heaven, and turned away from it?

In Chicago, hospitality to all religions indicates agnostic indifference to them all.

To feel how true is this position of the secular press, you have only to recall such words of "Christ" as these: "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." "He that climbeth up another way is a thief and a robber." "I came not to bring peace but a sword." "I came into the world,

that the world through me might be saved." "He that believeth not shall be damned." "For one is your Master, *even* Christ."

The Mohammedan Koran is equally explicit as to the absoluteness of its God and Prophet. It follows, that when the Brahmin, the Jew, the Christian, the Mohammedan, embrace, it is over *the grave* of their common "religions," which they thus bury as fossils, as far as the realities and actualities of this life are concerned. In the addresses by members of this Congress, the above position was tacitly assumed. Thus Cardinal Gibbons, of the Roman Catholic Church, gave as *the* platform upon which all could stand, these three words: "CHARITY, HUMANITY, and BENEFICENCE." We thank thee, O Cardinal, for these words—this platform! By all means let them stand and take the place of the creeds, illusions and jargon of antiquity, upon which your business of "religion" is based! For they are the words of the new era, which announces that the old religious demands have been replaced by them. Of course the "millions" of Fetichist and Christian devotees will not at once suspect the change, and will pretend to be as of old; but the control and destiny of this world has passed from the supernatural, divine and ghostly, to the natural, the secular and the human—for that is the change which has been made during the last hundred years, and forever!

And then, WHAT AFTER? We answer in the three phrases of the glorious Thomas Paine: "The Age of Reason," "The Religion of Humanity," "The United States of the World"—that is to say, the era not of superstition, but of human providence, co-operation and welfare—the "higher integration" lifting Humanity above all "the religions." To prepare for and to aid the incoming of this NEW ERA, is the fundamental purpose of Freethought, Secularism, and of every interest and sentiment which has brought this Congress here. The love, charity, and integrative influences of the old religions must be enlarged, to include not a tribe, sect, creed, church or country,—but Humanity itself; the Church and Religion of the World. Or, if you Liberals cannot yet stomach Thomas Paine's name for it, "The Religion of Humanity,"—let it be the Integration or Unity of Humanity, "The Parliament of Mankind, the Federation of the World." The fancied heaven above has vanished, but the Future opens up on earth one by far more glorious, anticipated and made real to us now by laws of evolution which cannot fail. The government of authority of the

old world is yielding to the government of consent and beneficent administration for all. No God, do you say? But the Infinite World will remain, instead. No Christ? But Humanity will love, die, and redeem! No Holy Mother? But Womanhood, the blessed source of life and love, will still "lead upwards and on!"

Thus the old will pass, because the new era is taking its place. Such is the higher meaning of this Secular World's Fair of all Nations and Peoples. Such the meaning of this Congress, which represents this Era, not of imagined gods, but of living Man!

May its deliberations and influence be a memorable step of progress toward the realization of that era throughout the world!

CONSIDERED TO HELL.

BY ALMA B. WARREN.

SOME weeks ago, on my return South to my home in Texas, I had occasion to stop a few days in Hot Springs, Ark., where I had formerly lived in my happiest days, and where I thought I would try and find a suitable place and go with my three little daughters to reside for the future among the friends of my youth.

I was recently widowed—left with three small children under five years old—and as I had some property there I thought it might be to my interest to live where I could have some supervision over the same; but a short stay of a few days was sufficient to convince me it was a far too small and church-ridden place to suit one of my broad views. Being the daughter of a "house divided against itself,"—my father having been a Methodist class-leader for many years, and my mother a rigid, uncompromising Catholic, who eventually drifted away from their respective folds and became Freethinkers,—I did not have that reverence for the Bible that Christians profess, and its teachings of hell-fire and damnation had no terrors for me in any way.

I was staying with some friends of "other days," who had, since I had been away from them, "reformed," that is, they had joined the Methodists and were now earnest workers in the service of the Lord. Knowing my opinions to be rather heretic,

they conceived the brilliant idea of converting me while among them, but their labor was their only reward. Having been from early youth a person who despised the shams and hypocrisies of life, I made no show of a religion I did not feel, nor did I sue for public favor by attending church when I did not believe in their forms or creeds.

A great revival had been going on in that great cosmopolitan resort, and the devotee in the cause was "bringing souls to God" in great numbers. Bro. L—— had been in earlier days a "knight of the grip," or, in our plain parlance, a drummer, for seven years, and during his detours had seen much of the shadowy side of life, so when he did reform he felt he was called to do God's work as an evangelist. Day after day, and night after night, the "saved" exhorted with those who were in the devil's clutches to shake off the "cursed shackles and accept Christ as their redeemer."

Each day they reaped a rich reward at the "mourner's bench," and many precious souls were "saved."

One evening toward the close of the *great* work, my friends, who had been constantly in attendance and faithfully laboring in the vineyard, induced me to accompany them to the meeting. On the way Mr. H—— remarked, "Alma, have you ever been to a Methodist revival? Because, if you haven't, you must not be alarmed if they get to shouting."

I replied that I had been at a camp-meeting once, when a candidate for heaven "got to shouting," and became so hilariously happy that she tore all her clothes into strings, making quite an exposition of herself; but, as the parson declared "she had the grace of God in her and needed no covering," the sisters who proffered their aid in shielding her from the gaze of the crowd had their anxiety for naught.

My friends walked down the long aisles to the very front of the sacred edifice, and took seats among the choir, which forced me into quite a conspicuous position, but as I was heavily veiled in crape, I cared little for the curious glances bent upon me by many among the throng. Not being acquainted with the many artful dodges resorted to by God's chosen aids to force sinners into the fold, I was not prepared for the unpleasant situation I was forced into, nor the great notoriety I afterwards gained.

After many wild gesticulations and exhortations of burning eloquence hurled at Satan's followers, the good brother called upon all who were Christians, or wanted to be, to rise. The "mighty saved" rose with alacrity, and many that wanted to be saved. Not being nor desiring to be a Christian, in their acceptance of the term, I remained in my seat when all around me were standing. The hot blood of anger swept up and dyed my face crimson, as I saw the glances of many fixed upon me.

"Sing 'Come to the Savior,'" said Mr. L——, as he descended from the pulpit and came straight to me with outstretched arms, and besought me to "give myself to God and be saved." Inwardly raging at being the butt, as it were, of all the pitying glances around me, I turned and shook my head. "Come, sister, do come." "No! no!! no!!!" was my reply.

"Oh, sister, you won't come, and wearing all that mourning?"

Returning to the pulpit he called upon all who wanted the congregation to pray for them to rise, and once more the solitary black-robed figure remained seated alone. Again the brother came to me, and a patron saint on each side united their entreaties with those of the archangel who urged me with persuasive eloquence to fly from the devil. But in vain. "No sir. I could not consistently join any church. I do not believe your doctrine. I cannot be a hypocrite. According to the faith you preach my loved ones are all in hell, and if they are, I want to go there also."

With a mighty bound he reached his pedestal, and fairly roared: "*Think of it*—a young woman wants to go to hell!" The congregation had been standing all this time, so the *lone sinner* felt the pleasure (?) of being the cynosure for all eyes; but it was as "Greek met Greek," and I "sat it out" without flinching; while three of the *good* (?) brothers, *deacons*, whined out long petitions to the Almighty, to "soften my hard, rebellious heart." After the converts had all been received into the fold, with hand-clasps and congratulations, we dispersed, but a coldness seemed to come over my friends and companions, as though they felt they were in compromising company. I remarked casually, "If ever I experience a change in my faith and want to unite with the churches, I won't need to be roped in." My fame spread rapidly. Everywhere I went I heard about the woman who

wanted to go to hell because her loved ones were there, as none of them were Christians. Many related it to me, not knowing I was the candidate.

On the following Sunday Brother L—— called and spent the afternoon with my friends. After he had been in the house for some time, Mr. H—— came to my door, and, calling me, said: "Would you like to meet Brother L——?" I replied I was not particular, and said I was very busy just then with the children. "Well," said he, "he will only be here a half hour longer, and I thought perhaps there were some questions you might like to ask concerning the hereafter, that he could enlighten you on." "No," I answered, "I do not care to ask him anything." "Well, he would like to meet you. Will you come in and see him?" Disliking to hurt his feelings by a refusal, I signified my willingness to meet the "saint," and was ushered into the presence of the august brother.

As I entered the room he was relating some of his experiences of God's swift and certain vengeance; an instance being a railroad train he was on one day, when a boy was blaspheming and suddenly the train was wrecked and the boy crippled for life. Turning to me he said: "Sister, suppose the chord of your life were to be suddenly snapped, what *would* you do? *Go straight to hell.*"

"I presume, sir," said I, "if things were parceled out according to your opinions, I would; but I am truly thankful you have nothing to do with my future life, nor my place of allotment. I don't believe in hell, anyway," said I. "Where is it located; can you tell me?"

He started suddenly, and exclaimed: "I don't know, sister. I've never been there, and, so help me God, I'm never going!"

I continued: "Burns' saying expresses my thought exactly, 'The fear of hell is the hangman's whip to hold the rogue in order.'"

"Burns is in hell," said the reverend gentleman. "So is Byron."

"But if you have never been there, how do you know?" I questioned.

"I judge by their lives and writings," said Brother L——. "Oh! sister, if you don't believe in hell, you don't believe the

Bible—the Word of God. Think what you are saying, woman, and don't trifle with God's wrath;" and with this appeal he opened the Bible and read many verses concerning the terrible fate that awaits sinners in the "hell of the damned."

"You are wasting your labor in trying to frighten me with all those terrors. I do not fear them, neither do I have any dread of God's fury," was my sacrilegious response. "I do not accept the Bible as the word of God, but merely an imperfect history of those ages."

"Sister, are you an Infidel?"

"No, I am a Freethinker."

He recoiled in perfect horror from me as I gave the answer. If I was a venomous viper, and my words were poisoned fangs, he could not have shown more dread of contact with me. The relationship ceased to exist at once, and he dealt another, as he supposed, crushing blow against so vile a sinner:

"Why, woman, you won't be buried in a Christian cemetery—no preacher will deliver a discourse over your dead body if you die in that belief. Oh, I beg of you, reform. Think of your little children. Will you bring them up in such a vile faith, and send their innocent souls to hell, too?"

"How thankful I am, sir," said I, "that your assertions and your opinions amount to nothing, so far as my children or my own fate in the future life is concerned. I shall teach my children right from wrong, good from evil, and their future will unfold itself."

"But, madam, you are not capable of teaching them right from wrong, if you don't believe the Bible."

"Well, if I can't, I am certain you can't teach me," was my angry reply. "I'll take my chances in heaven or hell on my principles of honor and right, with you any day. And as for a minister's sermon at my funeral, I can promise you neither you nor any of your fraternity will ever be called upon to deliver any. I presume I shall be laid away with as much respect as you, and not in the Potter's Field. I can surely pledge my word for that. I did not seek your acquaintance, neither did I come in to meet you fearing you, nor your efforts at my reform, but merely to show you I was secure in my convictions and not afraid to meet any divine. I most certainly did not come here to listen to your

cant and insult. I neither seek your counsel nor advice, nor do I give you, nor any other preacher of the gospel, the right to interfere with my opinions. I don't busy myself to meddle in yours' nor our friends' here, and I claim the same immunity."

"But, madam, I am a servant of the Lord. It is my duty to look after your spiritual welfare, and if I can save your soul from torment I must do it."

"I absolve you from the obligation, and the Lord will pardon your inability to stay my footsteps from perdition when he can see how fruitless your best endeavors have been."

"Will you permit me to ask my congregation to pray for you?" was his next trial.

"No, sir; indeed I will not! I can point out a dozen or more among your most faithful aids, who are cloaked hypocrites and whitewashed scoundrels—bank-robbers, sharpers and arch-pretenders, to my certain knowledge. I want none of the prayers of those who have robbed the widow and orphan, and failed to make restitution, when rolling in wealth."

"That is not for you to say; you have no right to judge," said the *good* evangelist, quickly.

"Well, I take the right, and do say and repeat it. You cannot bridle my tongue."

"Are you determined to be lost; can nothing I say move you?"

"Your Bible says, 'Not a sparrow falleth;' can I be lost if the Bible is true?" I asked. "No, I have no fear of being among the missing, and I expect my case is hopeless, so far as you can help me. I am case-hardened—have been told I am hard and cold as marble, with a tongue like a two-edged sword, that only gives utterance to thoughts as bitter and unpleasant as distilled poison, so I suppose I am beyond recall—too far advanced on the 'downward path' for any one in your line of thought to save me."

"Will you kneel with Brother and Sister H—— and I, while we pray for you?" was the next query.

"No, sir," I quickly added, "pray for yourselves, and let me go to hell my own way, is all I desire at your service," but in spite of any of my remonstrances, the pious three "saved ones"—God's chosen people—bent their knees in supplication. Loudly

the "divine brother" called the Lord to witness his powerless efforts in his holy cause. How poor, deluded Mrs. W—— had denied his word and abjured the existence of his hell. Mournfully and tearfully he pleaded to him not to treasure up anything against "his aid," for Christ's sake, as he could do no more; then, with a long, loud and earnest plea for "all the blessings of life, the grace of God and life-everlasting," for dear Brother H—— and his precious loved ones, he closed his prayer by calling God's attention to the sinner who sat smiling in scornful silence and refused to join them, ending with a prayer to the Heavenly Father to spare me to repent. "Do not smite her, dear Lord, but show her the errors of her way, before she arrives at the brink of hell."

After the long, bombastic prayer was over, with its interspersed, interjected and appended "amens," "Christ have mercy's" and "Lord blesses," they rose, and I also, to leave the *good* in the presence of the blest, remarking, I feared that so great a pariah among them would counteract the effect of their entreaties.

As I passed Brother L—— he said, "Good-bye, madam; is it for all time?"

"I presume so, as I don't expect to see you any more."

"But it need not be good-bye forever, if you will promise to meet me in heaven," said he.

"Well, I can't promise anything of that kind, for I do not know that you are going there, any more than I. Good-evening and good-bye," was my parting shot.

After he was gone my friends commiserated me for my unfortunate condition of mind, and wished that I could be "saved," as they were. "I know I am going to heaven," said Mr. H——. "I believe Jesus Christ is my redeemer, and I am saved now. How glad I would be if you could be, also."

Two weeks later their God of goodness, their Savior, and Redeemer, smote them on both cheeks, took their dear little baby-girl from them, and left them reduced to the lowest depths of despair, watching hourly for the death of their last and only child.

I smile grimly at the mercy of the Christians' God, who chastens them to show his love, by robbing them of their fondest hopes and brightest happiness.

SACRED vs. PROFANE HISTORY.

BY HORACE A. TENNEY.

FOR theological convenience, history is divided into two kinds —sacred and profane. The test of truthfulness relied upon, is not one of fact, but rather the measure of faith in the reader. A sacred falsehood, demonstrated to be such, must be held veracious if it conflicts with profane truth. As there can be only one truth on a given point, the inspired record, however ridiculous or false, is, by faith, to take precedence over its opposite which professes no inspiration. Guided by this plan of history, theology is made easy. At the worst, a new and improved biblical translation oils any resistance that intelligence may produce, and makes inconsistency entirely consistent. Let us look at a few samples to better illustrate the subject.

The world was made out of nothing about six thousand years ago, in six days' time, as an abode for a new race called Man, which was planted in an experimental garden. The man was put to sleep and a rib extracted from his body, on which the first woman was engrafted. Both were made out of dust without any preliminary of birth, infancy or youth. They were indeed created instantaneous adults, gifted with every quality of mind and body in completeness. This is sacred history, and on it, as the naked truth, is based the entire superstructure of the Christian religion. If one falls, the other does also. No fall of Adam, no Savior needed.

Now, profane history, on the contrary, proves that the world proceeded from matter, millions, if not billions, of years ago, under a law of cosmic evolution, and that all changes of form and substance have always proceeded under a law of mathematical necessity which has never changed. It was no more made for man than for mice and for millions of other forms of animal life, which preceded man in an infinite series of years before his emergence as a rational being. Science proves also that man lived on this globe, and left distinct traces of his existence, millions of years ago. As to the rib story, physiology laughs at it; yet the tale is told in sacred, and not in profane, history.

Then comes the flood of Noah with his ark. The record of sacred history is that God repented that he had ever made man,

and so resolved to wipe out the race, keeping only a few for seed. He set his first naval captain, Noah, at work for one hundred and twenty years, to complete the structure. If true, the hull of the craft would have rotted some years before the upper deck was laid; but that was a small affair. It was a day of miracles, and the wonder is, that in completing the cargo of animals no record is made of a miracle more wondrous, but still necessary to satisfy the curiosity of unbelievers. Why was it not said that, for economy of space, the elephants and similar bulky forms were compressed to the size of mice, while the ostrich and condor were reduced to the size of humming-birds, and the smaller species compressed to the tiny forms of the infusoria. This would have made the ark-packing easy for land varieties, and only needed a miracle to accomplish it.

But the greatest difficulty was not with land life. A huge floating aquarium was needed to save the tribes of the ocean. By faith we might swallow a rain-storm of some seven hundred and fifty feet fall daily for forty days and nights continuously, if it were not for the fact that so much precipitation would have so freshened the seas as to kill all salt-water life, and so salted the lakes and rivers as to kill all fresh-water forms, while the intermediate or estuary forms must necessarily have perished from so great a change in the quiet and shallow waters in which they only could live. Nothing short of a stupendous miracle could have saved any of these, and yet sacred history makes no note of the difficulty, or even suggests an aquarium to save the finny pairs; yet it was as easy to provide one as the ark itself. The miracle department seems to have run short here.

Profane history is somewhat curt in its treatment of these inspired records. It declares on the testimony of the rocks, and of all who have studied them, and of all the sciences, that no such event as a universal flood ever happened or could happen; that it left no marks on the globe, and is a mere fable. Moreover, science says that if the whole atmosphere was saturated with water to the fullest possible extent, twenty-eight inches is the maximum that it could hold under any condition, and that in fact it never holds any such quantity, but is constantly unloading its excess of moisture over both sea and land, in the form of rain. The two histories are quite unlike in their facts and conclusions. Pious men and infidels can thus take their choice.

The sacred and profane records indeed do not mix well. They disagree on almost everything, yet it is said that God wrote one and man the other. Faith, reason and scientific demonstration are thus at loggerheads. The whole story is discredited by the profane. Had the sacred record been inserted in such veracious writings as Gulliver, Munchausen, or Sindbad the Sailor, it would probably pass with the devout; but the writers of these books were not sufficiently gifted to produce sacred history. They lacked not only capacity, but size of esophagus for swallowing purposes.

With such well-known discrepancies, there are those who still insist that sacred history shall expel the profane from our schools. That it is wisdom for children to be taught a lie so as to give them a chance to unlearn it when they reach the age of intelligence and reason. To the profane this plan looks like a waste of precious time, which youth ought not to lose, as life is short, at best.

Not a tithe of such discrepancies can even be alluded to in a brief article. Astronomy ought not to be omitted as strikingly variant from sacred history. Theology declared, and for a thousand years so taught, that the world was flat, covered with a firmament like the crystal of a watch, and that sun, moon and stars revolved about it as a stationary point, and that to believe it round was heresy. Only four hundred years ago the astronomer Bruno was burned alive for proving by his telescope that the earth revolved on its axis. Galileo was imprisoned for life for such dreadful and heretical teaching. Indeed, Columbus barely escaped prosecution. Belief in the rotundity of the earth was held rank heresy, until Magellan actually circumnavigated the globe, after which sinners in that respect were not actively persecuted, but were long kept under ban as dangerous persons. This was the product of sacred history put into practice. If it ever was sacred, what makes it less so now?

So sacred history records that the bodies of saints, in some cases, arose from the earth like balloons, in opposition to the laws of gravity, and that horses and chariots accomplished the same feat. They went up somewhere. Profane history now asks, where? since only in a relative sense is there such a thing as up or down. The earth moving forward in space more than one thousand miles a minute, and revolving at the rate of one

thousand an hour, gives no chance for the up, or for heaven as a locality, so no one knows where old Elijah stopped his team.

But it is useless to multiply instances. Science declares the whole biblical scheme false; yet all modern science is classed as profane history, and so it is; but what, then, becomes of the sacred? Science is truth demonstrated and indisputable on which all men of learning are agreed. How about the science of the sacred books,—for both kinds claim to be historical?

MADISON, Wis., December, 1893.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY MAHLON ROSS.

THE session of the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago has come to a close without effecting a union, or even any material compromise between the different religious creeds of the world.

Yet the Parliament has done much good by making the people of the world better acquainted with each other, and better informed as to the doctrines held and taught by the different sects of the world, and the influence that each system has upon its members, and upon the peace, happiness and prosperity of mankind.

The Freethinker who has carefully read the speeches made, and papers read before that Parliament, as reported in the Chicago papers, will readily see that all the different sects who have taken a prominent part in that Parliament believe in and are trying to worship the same God, to wit, the supreme power which controls all things; and that they differ only as to the mode of existence, character and requirements of that power. The reader will also observe that each of those religious sects claim that their notions about the existence, character and requirements of the God they worship, are founded on special, supernatural and authentic revelations from the God they worship.

They do not claim that these special revelations were made through, or in harmony with, the known laws and forces of nature; but that these revelations were made by violations of those laws, to wit, by miracles which, to all human appearance, are violations or suspensions of those laws. Yet they all claim that the laws of

nature, which by their effects are constantly visible to mankind, were made by God himself. And they all agree that God is omniscient and omnipotent.

Now, does it not look a little absurd that an all-wise and all-powerful law-giver should make laws for the government of his subjects, and then in the very act of revealing those laws to his subjects, should himself become a law-breaker, and thus set before his subjects an example of disregard for law? The reader will also observe that there are several different books, each of which are by one or more of the sects claimed to be a direct and infallible revelation from God. And that each sect denies the authenticity of every book or revelation except that on which its own sect is founded.

Now it would be absurd to suppose that an all-wise, omnipotent God would give to one portion of his subjects a revelation which differed and conflicted with revelations which he gave to another portion; and it would be still more absurd, if possible, to say that two or more infallible revelations could be different and in conflict with each other. But it would be still more absurd to say that an all-wise and all-powerful God had attempted to give to man a revelation and had made such a bad job of it that mankind are unable to distinguish the genuine revelation from spurious counterfeit ones, gotten up by impostors.

Then we must come to the conclusion, that of all the books and systems of religion which are claimed to have been revealed by God to man, there can be but one of them genuine. And inasmuch as the Christians were in the majority in that World's Parliament at Chicago, we will now concede, for the sake of the argument, that the Christian Bible, consisting of the Old and New Testaments, is the genuine revelation from God. Then, if the Bible is the true and infallible revelation from a God infinite in power, wisdom and goodness, it must be perfectly adapted to the capacity and wants of man, easy to be understood, and incapable of any interpretation except the correct one, and to be just it must be revealed to all men and to all classes and conditions of mankind alike.

But here we are met by the well-known fact that the people who have received and accepted the Bible as a revelation from God, are but a small minority of mankind, and do not agree as to the meaning and teaching of the Bible. But, on the contrary,

they disagree, and the disagreement has caused contentions, hatred, and divisions, among those who have accepted the Bible as a revelation. So that Christians are now divided into a great number of sects, parties and factions. And these sects have persecuted each other in all cases where they have had the power to do so. And within the last fifteen hundred years the Christians of the world have shed the blood and taken the lives of millions of their fellow-men, all because they could not agree upon the force and meaning of the Bible. So it appears that the Bible is not adapted to the capacity of man nor adequate to promote the peace and happiness of the people.

And the same may be said of each of the other books which have been claimed to be revelations from God. They have all been differently understood by those who have accepted them as revelations from God. And many sects and factions have grown out of each of them.

And the more intelligence there is among the people who accept any of these supposed revelations, the more numerous are the diversity of opinions and understanding of their force and meaning. We must therefore come to the conclusion that none of them are a revelation from an all-wise, omnipotent God.

Now the question arises, what is that God whom the religious sects of the world are ignorantly trying to worship and serve? The answer to this question is plain: the God whom they seek to find out, and whom they all try to worship and serve, is the supreme power which pervades all nature, and fills all space. It is the power which had no beginning and can have no end. It is the power which the finite man cannot fully grasp nor comprehend, except in a very limited degree, and what little knowledge man acquires of that power, he must acquire by observation, experience and reason. Nor has mankind, or any man on earth to-day, any knowledge, except what has been obtained by one or more of these means of information.

I do not say that each individual must depend upon his own personal observation, experience and reason alone, for he may have the benefit of that of others who have arrived at correct information by the same means.

The God whom the various religious sects of the world aim to serve and worship, is not a person having the passions and desires of a man who loves praise and worship. This God has not cre-

ated the world and all the hosts of the planetary universe, merely for the selfish and sordid motive of thereby accomplishing his own glory. This God is not a partial God, revealing himself and his will to portions of mankind, and withholding his revelation from the balance. But his revelation and will is revealed alike, and in the same manner, to all mankind, and the revelation is all the time before each individual.

- The great mistake made by the religious sects, is in trying to maintain the idea of a personal God, and in trying to form in their own minds an image of that God, and in giving to that God-image traits of character similar to those possessed by themselves. And then trying to render some worship and service to that God by praise and flattery, so that the God will in return grant some special favors as a compensation for the service and worship rendered. But every worshiper is an idolater, whether he is worshipping before an image hewed out of wood or stone, or an image formed in his imagination. The imaginary image is no better than the material image.

But what the true God is, and what he requires of man, is more fully set forth in the "Substantial Theology," which all thinkers and all worshipers ought to read. For if union and harmony is ever attained in this world, as to the existence, character and requirements of God, and as to man's duty to God and man, it must be upon the theory and principles set forth in that little book entitled, "The Substantial Theology."

VIRGEN, ILL., October 2, 1893.

THE POOR HEATHEN.

—Rev. Mr. Savage well describes what most of us who are well along in years, and not very old either, have seen and heard, when he says:

"When I was a boy, I used regularly to attend the monthly 'missionary concert,' as it was called, a meeting which was part of a concerted prayer-meeting held throughout Christendom to pray for the conversion of the heathen. I was accustomed to hear men talk upon the duty of Christians towards these heathen people, while round the walls were missionary maps showing how far Christianity had progressed in its attempts to convert India and China and Turkey and the different

parts of the world. And I used over and over again to hear the description of how thousands and thousands of souls were hourly pouring over the abyss into hell because the gospel of Christ had not yet been preached to them."

And notwithstanding all this these "heathen" who have not yet got to hell are invited to meet our Christian friends in a congress of religions, to compare notes and see which religion is the best. and the result is that in many respects it turns out that the heathen religions are superior to the Christian religion.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

AUNT HANNAH ON THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

WALL—I'm glad enough I'm hum ag'in—kin rest my weary brain,
For I've seen an' heered so much *too* much, I guess I've heered in vain,
I thought th' Fair was mixin', an' th' Midway made me crawl,
But th' Parl'ment of Religions was th' mixin'est of all!

I seen th' Turks a-going 'round th' Midway in th' Fair,
But our minister reproved me when he seen me peep in thair.
"Defilin' place," he called it, an' th' Turk a "child of sin;"
But th' Parl'ment of Religions took all them heathen in.

It made me squirm a little, to see some heathen's air,
As he told us Christians 'bout our faults an' laid 'em out so bare,
But thair flowin' robes was tellin', an' th' air mighty takin' folk,
So th' Parl'ment of Religions clapped to every word they spoke.

I listened to th' Buddhist, in his robes of shinin' white,
As he told how like to Christ's thair lives, while ours' was not—a mite,
'Tel I felt, to lead a Christian life, a Buddhist I must be,
An' th' Parl'ment of Religions brought religious doubt to me.

Then I heered th' han'some Hindu monk, drest up in orange dress,
Who said that all humanity was part of God—no less,
An' he sed we was *not* sinners, so I comfort took, once more,
While th' Parl'ment of Religions roared with approving roar.

Then a Cath'lic man got up an' spoke, about Christ an' th' Cross;
But th' Christians of th' other creeds, they giv' thair heds a toss.
When th' Babtist spoke, th' Presbyterians seemed to be fightin' mad,
'Tel th' Parl'ment of Religions made my pore old soul feel sad.

I've harkened to th' Buddhist, to th' Hindu an' th' Turk;
I've tried to find th' truth that in our different sects may lurk,
'Tel my pore old brain it buzzes, like it's goin' religious mad—
For th' Parl'ment of Religions nigh put out the light I had.

Must I leave all this sarchin' 'tel I reach th' other side?
I'll treat all men as brothers while on this airth I bide,
An' let "Love" be my motto, 'tel I enter in th' door
Of that great Religious Parl'ment, where creeds don't count no more.

—MINNIE A. SNELL *in Open Court*.

THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

BY HON. A. SCHELL.

[From the Modesto (Cal.) Herald.]

THE People of Knight's Ferry and vicinity made quite a demonstration last Friday, in honor of raising the National Flag over the fine cement reservoir recently constructed by Hon. A. Schell. The flag was hauled to the top of the flag-staff by Violet Schell. Subsequently the scholars of the Knight's Ferry School and the scholars of the Buena Vista School, John H. Williams, teacher, assembled at the school-house, where Mr. Schell read an article on the origin of our flag, following the reading with the appended eulogy :

THERE IS HISTORY IN OUR FLAG.

It means Concord and Lexington! where our ancestors, descendants from the Pilgrim Fathers who landed from the *Mayflower* upon Plymouth Rock, shed the first blood in the war of the Revolution, that fertilized the soil in which grew the Tree of Liberty on the Western Continent, which Tree grew and spread until its branches shaded 65,000,000 of people, and covered a territory that rested upon the base of two oceans.

It means Bunker Hill! where Warren fell a martyr to the cause of Liberty, and where now stands a shaft erected in commemoration of the illustrious dead, who, in the outset of our struggle for independence, offered themselves a sacrifice upon the altar of their country; a shaft that penetrates the clouds and points to heaven, where rest the souls of the heroes there slain in battle. Let us, who enjoy the glory and blessings of Liberty conferred upon us by the heroes of the Revolution, never forget the grand character of those brave men.

Ticonderoga claims a share in the history of our flag. It was here that Col. Ethan Allen demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort in the name of The Great Jehovah, and by authority of the Continental Congress, and the fort was surrendered.

It means Saratoga! where American valor and indomitable perseverance overcame British discipline and military tactics, and compelled a whole army of European veterans to surrender to the armies of the Republic.

It means Trenton and Princeton! at a time when the column of independence so recently erected by the Colonies seemed to totter to its base; when a formidable and victorious fleet of our enemy hovered upon and menaced our sea-coast; when our women and children were massacred and butchered by the merciless savage, stimulated into increased ferocity by a premium on scalps; when gloomy forebodings overshadowed the land like a pall, and the stoutest hearts began to grow faint—it was then that the genius of the great Washington seized the flag of the Republic amid smoke, blood and carnage of battle, carried it triumphantly aloft and planted it firmly on the battlements of freedom. And from there may it wave forever.

It means Valley Forge! where devotion to country, patriotism, and love of liberty could be traced by the blood from the feet of our half-naked, half-fam-

ished, bleeding and suffering army. But our flag was never lowered at the crisis that tried men's souls; it waved defiantly and triumphantly to the end. The history of our flag cannot be written with the names of Washington, Jefferson and Paine left out. You might as well attempt a description of the beautiful constellation of the heavens with the three jewels left out in the belt of Orion, as to attempt to write the history of our flag with either the name of Washington, Jefferson or Paine left out.

The history of our flag commenced with thirteen stars, representing the thirteen original States of the Union; now the number is increased to forty-four. The history of our flag embraces Yorktown, where the Stars and Stripes, entwined with the tri-colored flag of France under LaFayette, marched victoriously over the last of our foes in the war of the Revolution, and the last grand army of Great Britain under Cornwallis surrendered unconditionally to the combined forces of France and America.

It means Lake Erie! where the brave Commodore Perry transferred our flag from his flag-ship, the *St. Lawrence*, to the *Niagara* in an open boat, amid the roar of battle and thunder of cannon, and then from larboard to starboard poured broadside after broadside into the ships, proving to the astonished foe the superiority of American seamen, until the enemy's whole fleet surrendered to the prowess of our arms; whereupon Perry wrote that laconic epistle to General Harrison, which will ever live fresh in the memory of his countrymen, and will form one of the brightest pages of American history: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

It means Plattsburgh and Lake Champlain! Here again the Cross of St. George struck to the Stars and Stripes, and the British Lion crouched beneath the American Eagle.

It means New Orleans! where the Mississippi riflemen and the Tennessee militia under General Jackson hurled back the columns of the enemy under General Packingham, with a carnage unprecedented in the history of ancient and modern warfare, and vanquished the veterans of Wellington who upon the field of Waterloo conquered the conquerors of Europe.

It means Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Saltillo and Buena Vista! under General Taylor, on the line of the Rio Grande; Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec and the City of Mexico! under General Scott, on the line of Vera Cruz to Mexico, in the war that laid the Republic of Mexico prostrate and helpless at the feet of the great giant of the North.

In conclusion, you all know that a clock ticks second after second, in a dull, patient hum-drum sort of a way, till the hand reaches the sixtieth minute, and then it strikes a new hour born. What if each day should be marked at sunrise by a louder striking of a clock, to tell us that a more important minute was reached? What if the commencement of a new year should be told to us by the vibrations of some mighty bell, far up in space, that sounded only on the first of January, touched then by the hand of Omnipotence? Suppose that, when anything very important was about to happen, when a new year of hope and joy for a nation or mankind was to come, a mighty time-keeper way up among the stars should ring out, so that all men could hear it, and say: "Hark! a new

hour, one of God's hours, has struck in the belfry of the heavens!" This would be grand! But Time does mark the great seasons of the world's history by a mighty clock. In fact, every nation is a huge dial-plate, and behind it are the works, and below it is the pendulum, and every now and then its hands mark a new hour. Our Revolution was such a period. That is the glory of it. The English government had oppressed our fathers. It tried to break their spirits. It was for several years a dark time, like the period before sunrise. But the old time-piece kept ticking and ticking, the wheels kept playing calmly on, till about 1775, when there was a stir and a busy clatter in the case; the people couldn't bear it any more; a sixtieth minute came, and all of a sudden the clock struck! The world heard the battle of Bunker Hill—One! the Declaration of Independence—Two! the surrender of Burgoyne—Three! the siege of Yorktown—Four! the treaty of Paris—Five! the inauguration of Washington—Six! and then it was sunrise! We live in the forenoon of that glorious day. And this is the most glorious item in the history of our flag.

In the history of our flag, as it floats over the ramparts of Freedom from the Arostook on the north to the Rio Grande on the south; from the Keys of the Gulf to the chain of the great lakes on the north; from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, where the civilization of the Occident came in conflict with the civilization of the Orient; where the moon-eyed Mongolian for the first time met the Anglo-American, and the two stood face to face on the shores of the Pacific, we all have a common proprietary interest. The heart of every true American swells big with pride, gratitude, love and admiration for his country, and he cherishes the memory of the brave, gallant, and patriotic men who have made the history of our flag what it is.

It is the love for the flag for which the "Philosopher toiled," the "Poet sung," and the "Hero bled," and for our devotion to our flag, heaven will reward, bless and prosper us as a great nation. There will be none greater on earth than the United States of America. Boys and girls, be ever true to our flag, and to the free schools of America. The perpetuity of our free institutions will largely depend upon our free schools. In a few years the administration of our Government will be in the hands of those who now attend our public schools, and the knowledge imparted to you in these schools will, to a great extent, qualify you to properly discharge the great responsibility that will rest upon your shoulders. Be sure to get your lessons well, acquire all the knowledge you can, do as your teacher tells you, love our flag, and all will be well.

ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The early history of our great Flag is very interesting. It is a matter of record, that during the early days of the Revolution the colonists made use of flags of various devices.

It is nowadays generally accepted as a fact, that the final idea of the Stars and Stripes as a National Flag, was borrowed from, or suggested by, the coat of arms of Gen. George Washington's family.

In the spring of 1777 Congress appointed a committee "authorized to design a suitable flag for the nation."

This committee seems to have consisted of Gen. George Washington and Robert Morris. They called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, Philadelphia, and from a pencil-drawing by General Washington, engaged her to make a flag. Mrs. "Betsy" Ross was a milliner whose principal customers were the Quaker ladies. She came from good colonial stock. The story goes that during this call at that little old building at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, General Washington, after explaining his drawing to Betsy Ross, directed that the stars should be six-pointed ones. Mrs. Ross objected to this, and argued that the stars in the sky seemed to have but five points. Following her argument by a practical demonstration, she folded a piece of paper, and with a single clip of the scissors cut out a perfect five-pointed star. This was too much for the committee, and without further argument Betsy Ross prevailed.

This flag, the first of a number she made, was cut out and completed in the back parlor of her little Arch street home.

It was the first legally-established emblem, and was adopted by Congress June 14, 1777, under the act which provided for stripes alternately red and white, with a union of thirteen white stars in a field of blue. This act read as follows: "*Resolved*, That the Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Words in those days were few—actions were rapid, and spoke loudly. In May, 1777, Congress made an order on the Treasury to pay Mrs. Ross £14 12s. 2d, for flags for the fleet in the Delaware River, and a contract to make all Government flags.

Because of the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, the flag was changed by an act of January 13, 1794, which provided that after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States should consist of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars.

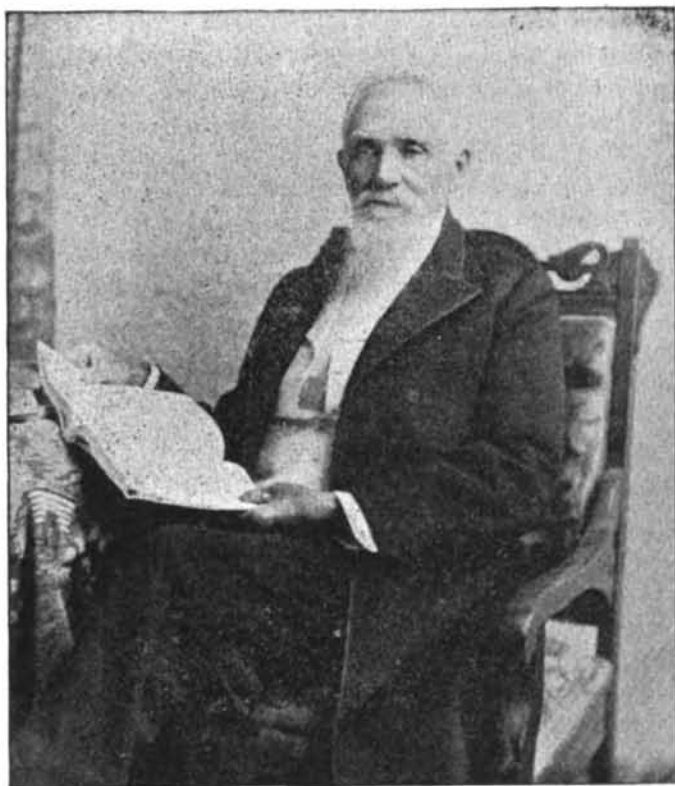
But in 1818 the flag was re-established as thirteen horizontal stripes, alternately red and white, the union to consist of twenty stars, white in a blue field, one star to be added to the union on the admission of every new State; such addition to be made on the 4th day of July succeeding such admission. This flag went into effect July 4, 1818, and remains the present regulation national emblem of the United States of America.

Some description of the symbolism of the colors in the flag is not without interest.

Red is supposed to represent courage and Divine love; white, integrity of purpose, truth and purity; blue, steadfastness and loyalty.

The quaint two-and-a-half-story dwelling on Arch street for more than two hundred years has withstood time and the elements, and though threatened with destruction from fire and modern building innovation, still stands an eloquent monument to Betsy Ross and to the American Flag.

The very bricks of this old house came over as ballast in the hold of the *Welcome* (William Penn's ship), and were placed in position under the supervision of William Penn himself.—*St. Nicholas*.



IRA H. WILSON.

UNIVERSAL LIBERTY, OR IMMACULATE TYRANNY.
WHICH SHALL IT BE?—ONE IS CERTAIN.

BY IRA H. WILSON.

WE think it proper for all persons to withhold their declaration of war until they are fully read up in Liberalism, and ready to meet the Christian army with common-sense shot and scientific shell, and fear no defeat from a Christian God, whose "ways are mysterious and past finding out," by his own brigadier-generals.

The writer is fully aware of his incompetency, and offers in mitigation the disadvantage of having to contend with fifteen Episcopalian generals in the family brigade, including nearly all of his consanguinous infantry. Yet we have never fallen back an inch, and hold the little fort, which we have made impregnable against the explosion of all clerical bombs.

Non-Church as this government was formed by its great architect, Thomas Paine, and handed over to his illustrious peer, Thomas Jefferson, for execution, was completed by him, the most perfect structure of government the world had yet conceived, and turned over to those illustrious fathers, who had wrenched the foundations of liberty from the tyrant grasp of George III. This eminent domain—this hallowed empire—this paradise of human liberty—was then

bequeathed to their children, their children's children, and from them to all posterity—forever.

The priest had lost his power in the din of revolution. He cast about to find some imported relic of religious tyranny, and found no "glebe," or "benefice," remaining, both had fled at the command of the champions of liberty. But the priest was permitted full liberty to preach and edify his ancestral God, and prey upon his devotees, but no protected right to prey upon any American sovereign. The priest was bewildered—perplexed—his soft hands, his indolent brain, was in imminent danger of the contact of labor. But in beggary he knew his cherished vocation as a skilled artist, and a ready operator, and the inherent pride in self-support with our fellow-man is a metaphysical element, which, in some men, petrifies—hence they become priests, and when evolution may intercept the free exercise of dogmatic tyranny, the priest falls back upon his natural theme of beggary, until sufficient strength is regained to shield the diadem of religious persecution, and

"He vows to beg, never to sleep,
And the spoils with vigils keep."

And the pre-eminent highway to the proverbial city "was a hard road to travel," and tyranny took a vacation. The king and the priest were permitted to live, as well as beasts of prey, but not to prey upon American sovereigns. When those knights of new-born liberty were ready to retire from the din of battles won, and to embalm their deeds in everlasting fame, no prophetic dream from the spheres could reveal the culmination of treachery to come within the life of one man. Each successive culprit, representing power, lost no time to barter his votes in exchange for others, with which to pose his egotism, for a brief time, upon the pedestal of Liberty's temple.

Many have spent a life in vain search for mortal fame, while one man found it in his arrangement of seven pleasant words, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." But these guardians of new-born liberty would not pay its current price for perpetuity. The venerable fathers had vanquished the tariff robberies of George III., and nullified his famous "Stamp Act," and the thirteen little twinkling stars were declared to be omens of terror to all national intruders, regardless of that hallowed motto of servitude. But to the priest, "eternal vigilance" were the "sweetest words that ever man pronounced or angels sung." Neither would Uncle Sam pay the price of the Alabama. Admiral Semmes would. Government scalpers scorned the servitude of "eternal vigilance," and the priests knelt to it. And in less than one century from the time that bonfires and illuminations lit up the horizon, and the old Independence Bell rang out the soul-awakening peals of Liberty—the priests ruled the country one-seventh of the time, passed persecuting Sunday laws, and Congress recognized the invocations of an automatic God—all of which the press is responsible for maintaining, and a fearful revolution awaits the result. However, if there were no criminals, there could be no Christians, hence the criminals are an indispensable aggregation of Christianity; and since Beecher snatched the pyrotechnic weapon from his church, there were indications of blending in the two extreme elements, and the priests have apostles walking the streets of large cities, in the vocation of bribing

crime, to keep up the holy distinction. And, if the editor will permit, I will give a case in point.

Comstock has directed his apostles to trap every publisher of Liberal journals and magazines. One enters the publishing house of George E. Wilson, Chicago, and sneaks up to a young clerk and asks, "Have you—(a certain book)?" The clerk replies, "We do not keep that book." The apostle continues begging, "Can you, please, tell me where to find it? I want it so much!" The young clerk says, "There, on the counter, is a circular, left here by one of the large houses; you may find it there." It was there—the name—the book was not wanted by the lying poltroon. In a few moments the proprietor was before a diminutive court, who "stood in." The consecrated liar was the only witness, and the Christian judge says, "What have you to say, Mr. Wilson?" "I have to say, that this book spoken of is in all the large book houses in this city, on sale." The opulent defender of Jesus replies, "Those book stores are not on trial." "Two years, Mr. Wilson." The officer takes him,—Mr. Wilson interposes, "I must see a man a block away." Officer replies, "Time is money—fifteen dollars, sir." Mr. Wilson paid it, he was led to the door. "He will be in in less than ten minutes," the office-boy says. The officer demands, "Time is money, march to the depot." In forty-eight hours from the arrest, Mr. Wilson had his head shaved and was behind prison bars.

The law says the briber is equal in the crime. In the above case, if the inquiry had been made for a thief (instead of the book), and the clerk had pointed him out on the sidewalk, Mr. Wilson should have been imprisoned upon the same principle, and I challenge Mr. Comstock and all his criminal colleagues to confute it. Mr. Comstock and his apostles were overlooked, in the proper time which should have been ascribed to them, long before Tertulian, who said, "Why pain yourselves in seeking for a divine law, whilst you have that which is common to mankind, and engraved on the tablet of Nature?"

Oh, we believe in a Godhead—a trinity of ancient time—who never taught unnatural or impossible dogmas, and morals more pure never fell from the mandates of any God than from Plato, Socrates, and Cicero. But the "jealous gods" required the slaughter of this trinity, to save themselves. But if we can learn nothing from the schools of the past, we may profit later by the experience of another revolution. A number of the best citizens of the country are in State prison for no crime known to constitutional law; but it was the pleasure of the fetich gods. And many have served out terms of imprisonment. And yet the Goddess of Liberty—as heartless as a stone—admired by all the nations of the earth for her form and symmetry, turns not to hear the priestly persecutions of her subjects. In her lofty aspirations to rise upon her pinions of ærial fame, to soar as peer of emperors and kings, should be ever mindful that the inevitable descent should not be premature. No nation, with all its executive wisdom, has remained any great length of time in the zenith of her glory. We believe that no greater force than the Prætorian Guards hastened the decline of the long reign of the Roman Empire. Another city of great magnitude lost her fame while "eternal vigilance" spent one night in gorgeous revelry.

One hundred years ago this year, when the peasants of France could not subsist upon one-twelfth of what they produced, retribution inspired revolution,

and royal heads fell like "falling stars," and Louis XVI. had a trial one day and lost his head the next, though innocent compared with others, but revolution must be complete.

Strange histories, which we might be glad to emulate, are buried in the ruins of many, perhaps the greatest cities the world has or may yet know, Thebes, with her five and a half million people, could never have attained its champion magnitude under our system of divine rascality. Egypt may have attained the highest altitude of national fame in the cycles of past ages. Plato alludes to Egyptian literature ten thousand years before his time. Sabacco ruled fifty years, and reduced capital punishment to labor, in raising the ground around his city above the line of inundation.

This country and generation has raised men of great literary attainments, but, as a rule, their magnanimous attributes converge at the ballot-box; beyond that magnetic point, magnanimity is lost in its divergence. Congress, catering to consecrated votes, passed a Sunday law for Illinois, at the same time cared no more for the principles upon which the law was based, than a baboon cares for—his uncle. Our long experience, and study of human traits, warrant the following analysis of the true Christian type:

Vindictiveness	20 parts.	Generosity.....	00 parts.
Charity	00 "	Torture	50 "
Tyranny	30 "	Humanity	00 "
Eleemosynary subsistence	50 "	Sympathy	00 "
Malice	10 "	Veracity.....	00 "

One hundred and sixty degrees being the sum of several mathematical problems, is, also, the sum total of filtered Christianity. These consecrated voters have been upon the market for the past forty years, and their votes, a veritable commodity, at a premium of perjury by the vender. This colossal power of infamy is the Virgin Mother of trusts, syndicates, and monopolies, with power to imprison and terrify, at any little innovation, as in a late case in New Jersey, a man was placed in prison for splitting wood to make a cup of tea for his sick wife. *Secularists, take warning, and prepare!*

Here are three immaculate propositions of recent dates: First, to close the World's Fair on Sunday with powder and ball. Second, to enforce church attendance Boston has her whipping-post, other cities their prisons. Third, at the American Sabbath Union, in Chicago, one of the apostles said: "Cholera may come and visit us next year. Let it come—it will be better than the World's Fair open on Sunday. * * * None but the disreputable desire the Fair to be open on the first day of the week, and none but the depraved will visit it, if it is open on that day."

Yes, in the name of all the gods, give the priests all the rope, and it will be convenient when needed. Tyranny must come first—Liberty after.

General Lee once said: "Paine's 'Common Sense' burst forth on the world like Jove in thunder, and proved to be the entering wedge which split the brightest jewel from the English crown, and opened up a continent to liberty." But gratitude, and "eternal vigilance," gorged with the prowess of victory, "took a night off" in glorious revelry, when the morning sun revealed the desecration of the Temple. It had been entered, robbed of its priceless gem, by the parasites

of human liberty. Now but a day has passed, in the cycles of history, and we have less liberty, more debts, more tax, more tyranny, than British colonies. There is no intrigue deeper, no treachery more securely planned, and no morals more completely corrupted, than is covered with the consecrated surplice worn by priests who prefer cholera to the open doors of the Fair on Sunday.

How did all this religious tyranny culminate its force? There must have been an opportunity. Ah, it was too true,—the disreputable, with no moral attributes, could not steal without an opportunity. It was discovered, all in the treachery of one petted class of men—THE PRESS, of the entire country. It is the practical school of the people. It has its domestic department, its farming department, its mechanical, its political, its scientific, its literary, and all practical and current information. In due time the unlimited privileges of the press found proper criticisms in high places, and several times during our memory the full liberties of the press were seriously doubted in the services of the public weal, but *vox Dei* spoke in forty millions of tongues, "unlimited liberty of the press, and unqualified criticism for the people." Through this peerless grant of liberty, given by no other nation, our press has become prosperous,—yes, rich. The Argus-eye of the priest, with his "Martin Van Buren" cunning, saw the grand opening, set his trap, and (with the exception of a few Liberal papers) captured the whole American press. And the valuable part of the clerical victory is the universal intelligence of the editorial corps precluded Christianity in their ranks; hence the priest has his greatest and most dangerous enemy under lock, and the key in his pocket. The process was for the Church to take the local paper liberally, and when the editor drops a word of natural repugnance for the Church, the priest raises his apostolic cane and says, "Careful, sir, or I'll cut off—" "Oh, oh, I was only just going to—bring on your sermons, I will publish them." The priest chuckles—the editor crouches.

In no country has the press the unlimited liberties of this, and in no other country would the press dare to exercise their treachery upon such an appalling scale. For the champion traitor we need not refer to our historic Arnold. We have his peer in every town in the United States. Had the combined press been true to the peerless liberties born to a new republic, Church would have been as far from rule of State, as Pluto from the rule of Paradise. We challenge the press to confute this statement, and if any person suggests that it is made upon a declining market, will relate a personal experience.

A little over fifty years ago, in Westfield, N. Y., we purchased the printing office of a hard-shell Baptist divine, who failed for the want of divine patronage. We started a lively little weekly sheet (on an old Ramage press, with a stone bed—interesting only to printers). After several months of uninterrupted struggle, a lean, long, lank skeleton from the Egyptian Catacombs materialized in our sanctum. His appearance indicated an analyzer of blue tints. He manipulated a weird title-page, when he presented his pronunciamiento as follows: "Mr. Wilson, I demand, in honor of St. Jerome, and by authority of John Calvin, that you change the worldly character of your paper to a—full-fledged, old-school, orthodox Presbyterion paper, directing all saints by way of the narrow-gauge, to the golden gates of the Elysian parks—" when we put in our oar. "Dear Antiquated Skeleton; Do you not behold these dead relics of a superlative dogma?"

And do you wish to hazard another human struggle in a copy of the same calamity?" His under jaw hung ajar, and a sound came forth: "I do, sir, unless you comply." Then we audibly articulated the interrogation, "O, is that all?" "No," he replied, "a quick decision." "Well," we answered, without premeditation or malice aforethought, "we are prepared to intimate a feeble declaration, that, to avert the calamity of our incarceration, from cremation and damnation, or to impede the momentum of the coming glacial period, we would not engage to send one little human blossom to hell, but for the want of baptism by some consecrated apostate wrapped in priestly robes."

At the conclusion of this mild declaration of human ethics, the dry bones of this antediluvian despot creaked upon their hinges, as he handed us the seal of our financial doom before the close of the first volume of our publication. And the Presbyterian sceptre gleamed in the sunlight, and flashed the omens of terror to all vertebrates not of blue tint. Eleven and ahalf months of Presbyterian boycott closed our publication. The average editor has proven that he would have taken the job to damn unbaptized infants, by the year, for the few ducats which we refused.

O, for a change to some dream-land, untouched by the leprous hands of Christianity; where liberty is a community inheritance; where morals are of spontaneous growth, and where the best dictates of human reason have nothing to fear from the majesty of any God.

A few years ago a trip to Central America revealed to us the relics of a race whose history is lost from the world, and the veil of oblivion will never be lifted, nor will tradition ever intimate the calamity which has overtaken an eminent race, whose handiwork slumbers in the wreck of intervening ages. No tale from the silent ruins can tell of an age of glory and regal splendor, or a reign of terror under the sceptre of a tyrant's will. Whatever may have ended that eminent race, the calamity was wrapped in sweeter composure, for the most probable absence of a Christian savage. But their temples have fallen, their palaces have crumbled, and the vineyards and gardens are swept in one mysterious ruin.

Beneath the dark shades of evergreen boughs the mortal relics lie, guarded only by the midnight prowling of beasts of prey; and there, chiseled in the walls are the mute whispers of a tradition, to catch the sympathies of nations then unborn.

But the language is lost in the whirl of evolution, and for those whose ashes consecrate the relics of ancient splendor, we hold in trust a solemn commemoration for the illustrious victims, of whom no prophetic dream will ever reveal the mystic story.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., July 4, 1893.

BRIEF SKETCH OF IRA H. WILSON'S LIFE.

There are few incidents in the average human life to interest the intelligent reader. But some of the key-notes in the march of the writer's life might prove incentives to enterprise and perseverance in young men, especially when haunted by that mythical "Tantalus," who "chasteneth whom he loveth."

Was born in Montgomery Co., N. Y., in 1825. At an early age removed to the far, far Wild West, Fredonia, N. Y. As soon as consciousness became a reality, it was forced upon his understanding that it required twenty-one years of hard apprenticeship to prepare for the tragedies or comedies of human life. At about fourteen years of his verdancy, it occurred to the writer that this Christian bond was a piece of presumption on the part of a gentleman, naturally called father; that the party of second part had never been counseled in the surpassing proposition, and the cruel entailment of service was enforced, while reason was too feeble for protest—was void upon its face—as a form of slavery. This protest was personally delivered at the age of fourteen. It was never answered, nor was the claim ever renewed.

But out of compassion for a false religion on "generation," the writer served the full term, and while so doing managed a little speculation, from his own volition. At the age of twenty, the homestead for sixteen Episcopalians was about to fall into the merchants' hands, for \$300. The writer paid every dollar, losing no "consecrated" time, before he was of age, and made all a present. But having been born the only skeptic and heretic in the patriarchal circle, the writer took his leave, not until the twenty-first birth-day, when the fifteen tipped their goblets and sipped the dregs from the River of "Lethe," and the writer, with his deeds, was consigned to oblivion.

But "Tantalus" saw the weak training of this subject, and chose him for a victim. He allowed him to get a start easily, and five times, by fire and water, he was stripped of about four thousand dollars. Changed tactics, bought a printing outfit by advice of a competent foreman, and constituted himself into a trinity—devil, compositor, and editor. At the end of six months a Presbyterian saint appeared and demanded a change to a full-fledged Presbyterian journal, to which the writer mildly replied, not to save him from cremation and Presbyterian damnation, would he engage to send unbaptized infants to hell (which was a pure act at that time). This declaration sealed my doom in one year. Humanity and poverty were sweet elements compared with the living, lying, hypocrite of wealth.

The next evolution, took a "stint" to get an admission to the "legal" bar (to improve the void which cost twenty-one years of service) in three years, not taking one hour for reading from the ten of mechanical work. This proposition elicited some eloquent remarks from some of the "smart Alecks" of the profession, but all the same the proposition was carried out to the letter, in three years—two weeks less.

Then came the great Chicago conflagration, and left nothing for the writer.

The next change that followed in turn, was five years crutching around with sciatic rheumatism. Then came to California, recovered health and secured a little start; and four years ago a runaway horse left me a bad cripple, to fight the remaining conflicts in life with only a—cane. Can walk a mile and return. Had I been a pure Christian, the one year of my life when I handled ten millions of dollars of the world's money, might have had enough for these dark days and paid amply for confessions and indulgences. But in this humiliating "finis" of all human ambition, there is a hallowed reminiscence, that no child, or adult, ever suffered cold or hunger for a dollar unpaid by

IRA H. WILSON.

WHO IS TO BLAME?—A GLANCE AT THE REALM OF DARKNESS.

BY CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

"It is only an old, old story,
And yet it ever seems new."
—Heine.

I.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.

"**W**HAT a thankless task it is to bring up children. I have toiled for so many years in order to keep you in comfort, and now you have made a very nice return for my kindness. Go, then, and follow your own ways; I'll have nothing more to do with you." Here the speaker pauses for a minute and then exclaims, in a voice of thunder: "Away now! Never let me see you again."

These are the last words she hears in her life.

She is young, she is beautiful; she has always done her best to make her father happy, and yet he is cruel enough to drive her away and forbid her to appear at his door again. She says not a word. Her tongue, always so sweet, so musical, is bereft of the power to pronounce a syllable. She sheds not a tear. Her eyes so soft, so tender, so full of pity for others, cannot find a tear for herself. But, ah! the look she casts at him is so full of suffering that it is difficult to comprehend how it is possible for him not to take her into his arms and say: "You have been wronged, my poor child! Forgive my cruel words, spoken in a moment of passion. Let me embrace you; let me see a smile on your face. There can be no happiness, no sunshine, in this house without your presence. I am, perhaps, more guilty than you are. If you can only forgive me for my blindness in the past, I will do all I can to increase your happiness in the future. So long as I live I will be your friend!" But, no! in vain she waits for a kind word. The angry features of his face show no sign of tenderness. Finding no response to her silent prayer, she leaves the house never to return.

Will the last look of his daughter ever haunt his vision? Will the suffering of the sweet girl, whom he can restore to happiness, and for whose ruin he is partially responsible himself, ever darken the horizon of his life? When old age approaches and death knocks at the door, will the image of his daughter appear and accuse his conscience?

She has gone, and forever! Why? What has she done? What crime has she committed? Alas! she was pure and innocent; she knew not the ways of the world; she had too much faith in the integrity of men. She took a "false step" and was ruined by the man who pretended to love her. That was her crime!

And her father, who is now so indignant at her fall, did he ever warn her of the traps set by men to catch innocence? Her virtuous, righteous father, who

now throws her away as a worn-out rag, what has he done to preserve her purity? Nothing! He has kept her in ignorance—how could she find the way to the tree of knowledge? He has kept her in utter darkness—what right has he now to condemn her because she could not see? The earth is filled with thorns; dangerous pits meet us at almost every step, but she knew nothing of them; she was not forewarned, and when in her passionate innocence she took the wrong road and fell into a pit, her father, instead of blaming himself for the wrong done to her, considers himself wronged and disgraced by her. Such are the habits of men. They think that ignorance is the only road that leads to heaven; they think that certain subjects are too impure to be communicated to their children, and if the latter lose their way in the labyrinth of life and perish, they stand aghast at the wickedness of the young generation.

She casts her last look around the house where her childhood has been spent, the house which is so associated with her whole being, that she never dreamed of being obliged to leave it even temporarily; but the house, of which she was the most beautiful ornament, seems not to know her. From the lifeless walls no sympathy comes. Love, hope, happiness—all faded—gone like a dream; nothing but sorrow remains. Renounced by her own father, she thinks that the doors of the whole world are closed against her. To whom else could she appeal for help?

Never again to put your head on your father's breast, never again to enter the old threshold,—ah, how sad! With the finger of scorn pointed at you, with no friends to pity and justify your conduct, without even a mere shelter, where are your tired feet to find rest?

Quickly, almost mechanically, she descends the steps of her father's house and finds herself on the street, where every house, every window, is so familiar to her. She encounters people, but notices them not. She passes through the little park, which, next to her father's house, has been her favorite resort. There stand some beautiful statues which never before have failed to attract her eyes.

“Therein stand marble forms and look at me:

What is it, poor child, that they have done to thee?”

But their presence does not attract her attention this time. She walks on unconsciously until the town is left behind her, and a lonely road stretches under her feet. Not far from the road a singing bird from a tree sings a song of love, but she hears nothing but the cruel words: “Away! never let me see you again!” The full moon sheds a brilliant light upon the distant lake, but she sees nothing but the angry face of her father. She keeps on walking, not knowing herself why or where she is going, but finally comes to the edge of the water. She stops and shudders. A terrible thought enters her head: “I shall wander no farther. Forsaken by everyone, with no means of subsistence, is there any hope for me, frail creature, to struggle my way through the world? Fare thee well, mother-earth! I will never behold thy face again.” She plunges into the lake. The water-fays receive her beautiful form and press it against their cold bosoms.

II.

SOWING WILD OATS.

They were real friends; they were sincerely attached to each other, and yet they had very little in common. Donald Rockfield was a young, handsome, happy-go-lucky fellow, a searcher of pleasure with no thought for to-morrow. He looked upon life as a big playing-ground, and troubled himself very little about the nature of the play. His motto was: "Eat and drink, for to-morrow you shall die." Leonard Woodman was ten years older than Donald. He was thoughtful, steady in his habits, and interested in science and reform; he regarded life as a very serious matter; he was a dreamer; he saw in imagination a future with no sin and no misery. He was wont of saying, "It is true, our lives are maimed and deformed; it is true that our shoulders are loaded with centuries of ignorance and injustice; still, let us not despair; let us do all we can to diminish the evils of the present, and we will have no reason to tremble for the future." His young friend caused him a great deal of anxiety. He saw that the road which Donald was following led to the City of Destruction, but he found it impossible to prevent him. All his arguments made no impression upon the reckless youth, who turned everything into a joke.

One evening Leonard sat at the window and read a paper, when the door was suddenly opened and Donald came in, whistling a gay air. Leonard was so interested in the paper that he had not noticed his friend until a loud laugh aroused him. "Hello, old fellow!" said Donald, merrily, "What is the matter now? You look so dismal as if you have just returned from the land of the shadows. Come, the surroundings of this place don't harmonize with your face. If you want to be gloomy, you better go somewhere else." Leonard made no reply. Donald took a glance at the paper and said: "Aha! a reform paper again! Is this the cause of your trouble? Well, what is the news? Any Utopia in this paper? Any story that took place in the distant future? Why, my dear fellow, you live so much in the future that you will soon forget that the present exists at all. You are more ridiculous than Don Quixote. The latter wished to restore the past. He at least knew what he wanted, but what are you about?"

"If to work for the future," Leonard replied, "is to be ridiculous, then let us have ridiculous people, and the more the better; but at the present moment I am not building castles in the air, I have just concluded reading an article on the sex question. It is written by a prominent authoress. The facts it reveals are terrible."

Donald smiled. "It is a pity," he said, "that women waste their time on writing articles on such questions."

"This may be your opinion," Leonard retorted, "but for my part the fact that the voice in favor of purity is raised by women gives me hope for the future. It is a bright star in midnight darkness. It is a sign that the stagnant pool of our life may yet become a clear spring. You ought to read the article I alluded to. It may do you some good; it may show you that the life you are leading is disgraceful; it may teach you that you have no right to amuse yourself at the expense of another human being; it may convince you that your conduct is unjust and immoral."

"Unjust and immoral! Here you are! You are a philosopher, a reformer, a radical, and I don't know what else. You wage wars of extermination against conventionalism, against the existing order of things, and yet you bow your head before the accepted morals of to-day. Now, what is justice? What is morality? When a man and a woman *agree* to do a certain act, is there anything wrong about it? If the act is performed voluntarily on both sides, why should it be considered a crime? Besides, why should variety be wrong? If a woman likes my companionship one day and on the other day prefers that of another man, whose business is it but her own? And shall not the same be true of the man?"

"No, Don, that kind of reasoning will not do. The question is not whether variety is right or wrong, but whether, under the present circumstances, it is right for a young man to take advantage of a girl, even if she willingly consents, and then leave her alone to bear the burden of maternity, while he meanwhile may be hundreds of miles away in search of new pleasures."

"Well, what of it? Does she not know the consequences of her act? Certainly, she does. If so, why should the man be blamed?"

"The man is to blame, because he has nothing to lose, while the girl may become an outcast, and, as it often happens, in a moment of despair, put an end to her life. In the second place, is it true that she really knows the consequences? May it not be that for the moment she is so swayed by passion that she does not realize what the consequences will be? If she could picture in her mind all that is to follow,—the alienation of her friends, the scorn of the world, all the physical and mental sufferings,—are you sure she would consent?"

"But why cannot you find the same excuse for the man?"

"The man cannot be excused on any ground, for the reason that men and women don't stand on an equal footing. The consequences not being alike, we can pity and forgive the woman, but we cannot possibly forgive the man."

"All this is stuff and nonsense. Why should you deny to men the rights you claim for women?"

"All this may be stuff and nonsense to the man, but to the woman it is a serious matter. Certainly, women should have more rights than men; they should, for instance, have the right to be protected from such fellows as you. Nothing can be more sinful than to trifle with a woman. Don't pursue your course, Don; stop before you have gone too far."

III.

PILING PELION UPON OSSA.

"And so, Don, you have made up your mind to become a *respectable* man, with a reputation to sustain; but, my friend, will you be candid enough to tell me, whether you had anything to do with that girl who put an end to herself last year?"

"Unfortunately, yes; I don't mean to deny it. But why refer now to that melancholy affair? Am I to blame because she was so stupid as to commit suicide?"

"Indeed, Don, was it your fault? Who was she? A grain of sand, a drop in the sea. Is it worth your while to disturb the tranquillity of your mind even

for one minute on account of some poor wretch of a girl who had not courage enough to survive her shame, of which you were the author? Was she the only girl in the world put in such a condition? Why, there are thousands of such women, and yet they live. Are you to trouble yourself about one of them?

"Why should I trouble myself *now* about a thing which cannot be helped? I did not mean to say that I don't regret the past. On the contrary, I am very sorry that I went astray so often, but can I live my youth over again? Once the act was done, I was powerless to prevent the sad catastrophe. What then am I to do now? Is it not right that I should bury the past and turn over a new leaf?"

"Well, then you fully intend to live a clean life in the future, but if you are sincere in your determination, is it right that you should marry, as I am told you intend to do, and bring forth children, who some day will curse their father? Do you not know that nature visits the sins of the parents upon the children?"

"Is this unconditionally true? Is man nothing but a machine? Has he no freedom of will at all? Can he not make his own destiny?"

"Yes, he can, if the power of will happens to be stronger than the inherited traits. Otherwise he is sure to perish. Let us examine your own case. You have scattered wild oats wherever you went, and all my warnings were in vain, and why? Because your appetite was stronger than your noble impulses. Of course, I don't know from whom you inherited your bad traits. I think *your father* was not responsible for your depravity, but I am satisfied that the ghost of *some ancestor* of yours has something to do with it."

"If what you say be true, then no man in the world has a right to marry, and even you are no exception, for how can you prove that your great-grandfather was not a thief, for instance? May it not happen that your children will become thieves and robbers, because one of your ancestors did not know the difference between mine and thine?"

"Why, certainly, we can never tell what relative is responsible for our mischievous tricks, but while I don't affirm that your children will *necessarily* inherit your habits, the *probabilities* are that they will, and this is enough for our purpose. Let me ask you another question: Have you made a clean breast and told your betrothed all about your past?"

"No, I have not. Why should I commit such a foolish act? What good may come of it?"

"Look here, Don, this is a very poor way to atone for the past. How can you marry a girl on false pretenses? You will certainly be obliged to live the life of a hypocrite, and yet you say that you mean to do right in the future; but is it honorable to deceive a girl who perhaps would not marry you if she knew the truth? You want to drop the curtain over the past and find happiness in marriage. For my part I don't see how you can even dream of such a thing. In the first place, a wrong once done to a woman can never be forgiven, and you have wronged many women. Will the last victim of your lust, the one who found it necessary to hide her misfortune in the lake, never poison your life? Can you forget that your hands are red with the blood of an innocent girl? Now, in addition to all this, you wish to hide the past, and thus live in fear that some day something to your discredit may reach your wife's ear. How, then, do you expect to be content and happy?"

"You may be right, but you should not forget that there are two sides to every question. All I have to say is this: Argue as you may, I am still not convinced that I have no alternative but to bid farewell to life, with its pleasures and hopes, and to bury myself alive. My wife will not be worse off because of her ignorance of my past. If she don't marry me, she will marry another man, who, for all that I know, may make her life miserable. Let *his* past be as pure as snow, will it make *her* future more tolerable? But *I* mean to do well by her and make her happy. I will leave no wish of hers unsatisfied. This will be at least a partial atonement for my youthful sins."

"No, Don, your sins cannot be pardoned, no matter how kindly you will treat your wife. Let us take a case in some respects analogous to that of yours. Here is a man who amassed a great fortune by murdering and robbing his fellow-men. Many children were left fatherless, many families were brought to the point of starvation as a consequence of his robberies. Having caused a great deal of suffering and misery in the world, he at last makes up his mind to mend his ways and live an honest life. Not having any children of his own, he adopts an orphan boy; he educates him and leaves him all his property as an inheritance. Remember that the poor boy knows nothing of the origin of his fortune. Can you find any excuse for this man? Is he justified in keeping the boy in ignorance? It may possibly be that had the boy known the truth, he would not have accepted even a morsel of bread from his *benefactor*. Again I ask you, does not this man deserve our condemnation? Don't tell me that he has done a charitable act, that but for him the boy might have starved to death. Away with this poor crumb of charity! We need justice, not charity. Now, your position is even worse than that of our imaginary robber. His sins died with him, but yours will become a part and parcel of the future generations. Think of your past, think of the poor girls whom you have sacrificed on the altar of your lust, and you will hear a voice whispering in your ear: You have no right to touch a pure woman. It is my sincere conviction that people with diseased minds or bodies should not marry at all. Therefore, I advise you to consider my words before you take the final step. You have violated the laws of nature and *must* bear the penalty."

Leonard's advice was not accepted. Donald thought too much of his own happiness to be benefited by his friend's warning. He got married, and a year later brought into existence another human being, of whom we shall presently hear.

Several years have passed, during which the friends seldom met each other. One day Leonard received a letter from Donald, from which the following is an extract: "My dear old friend: You wonder why I write so seldom to you, and want to know if anything bad happened. I have met with no special misfortune of late, but my life is anything but happy. My son Edward continues to be the center of my troubles. I have done all I could to keep him straight, and certainly in my house he has never seen anything suggestive of immorality, and yet he acts disgracefully. There is no girl of loose morals in the neighborhood with whom he does not have some kind of an intrigue. I don't know what to do with him."

When Leonard read these lines he said to himself: "Ah, my friend! you now have the reputation of being a respectable man, but have you forgotten the

past so soon? You sowed tares and did you hope to reap wheat? Your son was cursed before he was born; he inherited from you the stain of moral leprosy. Is there any wonder that he proved to be a true son of his father?"

Time rolls on and Donald thinks: "Is it possible that my son will always be a source of anxiety to me? What is to be done? Cannot he be cured at all?" At last he decides. "The only way to cure him of his wickedness," he says, "is to get him a wife," and he acts accordingly.

When Donald's old friend hears of it, he shakes his head and says; "Go on with your work, if I cannot stop you; build towers high enough to reach heaven, but when God comes down and confounds your language, you will learn the price of the original sin."

IV.

EPILOGUE: CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG HUSBAND—EDWARD ROCKFIELD'S LETTER.

My Beloved Wife: You have noticed a cloud on my face the other day and wanted to learn the cause of it. Innocent and happy as you are, you are under the impression that my life is perpetual sunshine, that my mind is free from anxiety, but, unhappily, such is not the case. With all your affection for me I am still unhappy, and the more you love me, the more I suffer. I had no courage to reveal to you my struggles and mental agonies, but at last I resolved to confess all,

It is needless to dwell on our married life; it is not necessary for me to tell you how much I love and adore you. You know that I would gladly give my life for you; I would sacrifice everything in order to make you happy. But, my dear, I want to be honest, I cannot be a hypocrite without despising myself. My conscience tells me that I have no right to conceal anything from you, and appear in your eyes a better man than I really am. The truth must be told, no matter what the consequences might be. I cherish the hope that you will not hate and forsake me for being honest and not following the existing custom among husbands to keep their former lives a secret from their wives, but I am prepared even for the worst. My future may be blighted, in place of happiness misery and loneliness may await me, and, besides, I may cause a great deal of grief to you, but, my darling, I cannot buy happiness at the expense of truth. Let fate crush me, let my own wife spurn me—I must dispel the illusion and appear before you with no mask on my face. I don't want (to use an expression of Heine) to hide my serpent-nakedness with foreign wool. We lived long enough in the realm of falsehood; we have been a curse to ourselves and to our neighbors. Shall we continue to live in the future as we did in the past? Shall our lives be always a mass of lies? It is true, some writers have proved (and, it seems to me, very successfully) that the very foundation of our civilization rests on a lie, but must it continue so forever? Is there no remedy at all? No, a thousand times no! If we have any respect for ourselves, let us tell the truth and bravely bear the consequences. I am aware that, under the present social and economical regime, to be absolutely honest is almost impossible. We were pushed into the world without having been previously asked: Would you like to become a citizen of the earth?

and finding ourselves here we must get the means of subsistence. That being so, we cannot blame a poor fellow for telling a lie or even committing a crime in order to get a meal, if he cannot get it otherwise. But humanity cannot afford to be satisfied with the present artificial life. We must banish falsehood as much as we can and lay the foundation of the future kingdom of truth.

Having done with the preface, let us come to the subject which induced me to write you this letter. I am going to tell a very disagreeable and unconventional story, to the disadvantage of my brother-man—a story not born in the imagination of the writer, but taken from real life. If my story is not a beautiful piece of art, it has the merit of being truthful.

There can be no doubt that many, or at least some, husbands are truthful, kind and affectionate towards their wives, and are doing their level best to live in peace, but the weight of many centuries of slavery hangs on the shoulders of women. Man is considered the lord of creation; he has rights and privileges of which women dare not even to think. Society has created a double standard of morals for men and women. Men demand that their wives should be pure and virtuous, while they themselves reek in filth and degradation. Among my own acquaintances there are young men who formerly led lives *à la* Don Juan; still they deny that they are moral lepers. They were and are considered respectable members of society. They have married nice, pure girls, who knew nothing of their former adventures. Now, I know as well as I know that I am alive, that had the morals of the girls been of a questionable nature, these young men would have considered themselves too pure to touch them. Can hypocrisy, unconscious perhaps, go further than this? A man may be impure, he may betray innocent girls and still keep his head erect and mingle with "respectable" people, but let a girl go astray and she is lost. The man sins and is forgiven, but there is no forgiveness and no escape for the girl; nature holds her captive. If she becomes a mother, the child is a constant reminder of her fall and "shame." How many of our acquaintances would be willing to relate to their wives *every* detail of their past lives? How many would like to give a truthful account of their past actions and thoughts? How many can say: "Here I am, I have nothing to conceal?" It is also true that not all women are angels, but why should we require of them to be angels, while we are demons ourselves? Where did we get the right to condemn in others what we approve or tolerate in ourselves?

I presume that by this time the meaning of this long dissertation is clear to you, and therefore I can leave the general aspect of the question and say a few plain words about myself. My desire is to tell you that I am no exception to the rule; I am not a pattern of virtue and purity. It is true, I have not been a Don Juan of the *meanest kind*, though in the days of my youth I have committed some acts which were anything but pure. It is true that for the past few years I kept my passions under control, but does it prove that I am really free from fault? Jesus of Nazareth said that he who looks upon a woman to lust after her has already committed a sin in his heart. A greater truth than this has never been uttered. No one can be considered pure unless he is pure in mind. Keeping this in view, I must confess that I cannot stand this test. I don't wish to dwell on details, as they would disgust you. Sufficient to say that realism in its worst form has found a place in my mind. I don't know that I am to blame for it; I

don't know what influences, independent of my own will, have perverted my mind (you should not forget that my father is a "respectable" man, who often used to chide me for my doings, but *his* past life is a *terra incognita* to me), but the fact still remains in all its ugliness.

Here, my darling, is my soul laid bare before you. It is not a very nice picture to gaze at. However, I wish to say that I am not all desirous of disparaging myself. I hate hypocrisy in every form, and so I am conscious that in spite of all my faults I am still better than the most of the so-called respectable people. It depends upon you now to throw me overboard or to take me into your arms with pity for my feelings. To live together with you, and under your softening influence to try to rise to moral heights, is the greatest happiness I can think of. But if you come to the conclusion that after my confession you can no longer abide with me, I will send you my blessing and good wishes and resignedly accept my fate.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., N. Y., September 24, 293.

"IS THE WILL FREE?"

BY WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

MR. S. M. INGALLS asks in the August number of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE the question, "Is the will free?" and then goes on to argue on the negative side, proving, to his own satisfaction, that it is not only very far from being free, but, furthermore, that man has no will at all—in fact that it is an absolutely unnecessary attribute.

"The man is free to carry out the behests of his will but has no power to will other than he does."

It would surely be a man with a very weak and uneducated will who would will to do one thing and then, without cause of wrong, turn about and without changing his desires do the opposite. A healthy will is governed by reason; reason is nothing but individual opinion, and a person so governed can not "will to do other than he does," because if he did he would neither use will or reason. A man with the strongest will should not be perversicacious; if he is his will is not healthy, but is full as liable to be wrong as right. Such a will might be called perverted, and a man so governed might easily "will to do other than he does," for he would not be governed by reason, but the force which ruled him would be, generally speaking, either passion or perverseness. Willful acts are the result of slow deliberation and reasoning; passionate acts are those done without thought and while the mind is for the moment incapable of reason, therefore the will and passion of man are two conflicting powers within him. Being born with these two conflicting forces warring within him, the child grows to maturity among his kind, most of whom, I will admit, seem to have no free and individual will, but are governed now by inward passion and now by the swaying passion of the crowd about them.

He must begin his work early and keep it up late if he would kill the passion and make will and reason govern his life, for that is the only way he can become a "free moral agent."

Before his will is made free there are many inborn allies of passion which he must also overpower. Superstition is one that runs like a strong undercurrent through every man's nature, and is the strongest and most treacherous ally of ignorance and passion, and is always making itself most conspicuous when least desired. But with each victory the will becomes stronger, while if the victories are few and defeats many the will becomes weak, or, what is worse, unnatural and perverted. It is when the will is in this condition that superstition gets in its best work. Such people become believers in dreams, fairy stories, signs, predestination, materialization, etc. They believe the Bible is the word of God, that Jesus was born of a virgin, and other such yarns, because there is no reason in such belief—first, and secondly, because they don't stop to reason.

It is enough for a man to say he is a believer in predestination; he need not say anything about the human will, for, of course, having no will of his own he can conceive of nothing of the kind. According to his belief a man is a mere machine. He is good or bad according as God foreordained. He brings his children up to be honorable and useful citizens, or he teaches them to steal and then kills them all because they don't steal enough, and all according to the divine will. Now this person should most assuredly be punished; in most places he would be killed, not because he did wrong willfully, but because he was so unlucky as to be a *misused agent of God*, sent to perpetrate a hellish crime on this tiny star of ours. In this case the right man is punished, and although it can be of no use to society, unless God so ordains, still justice is supposed to have been done. But let us take another view, when one person commits the crime and another receives the punishment, what is God's idea in such a case? It would surely benefit society as much to punish the guilty as the innocent, and much greater would be his honor. Was Mr. Ingalls to answer this question he would say: "I, for one, have no disposition to rejudge his justice and be the God of God."

It is the most natural thing in the world to desire to shift responsibility from one's own shoulders upon some one else and prove an *alibi*, if not of the body at least of the mind. The believer in predestination surely does this to perfection; he is responsible for nothing. If he commits a crime he lays it all to God and goes his way rejoicing in spirit.

A man's environments have much to do with his desires and his ambition; a person brought up among savages partakes of the nature of savages, while a person brought up in a society of refinement and culture is naturally refined in his tastes. Motives are not furnished by the man himself, but by his surroundings and by his associates.

No one can make me do anything, and yet I can, if I will, do that very thing still. An educated will is open to argument and reason, and is liable to change or modification of purpose. That a person changes in face of argument does not signify a weak will, but that one does not change often denotes pertinacity and egotism.

Desire and will are often great enemies, but as the will becomes stronger desire for that which is not right becomes weaker, until, in time, *wrong desire* hardly enters the head of the *right-willed* man. That which is right for one is wrong for another, so here again are many classes and grades. A certain knowl-

edge of right and wrong is inborn in every man, together with his will, desire, passion, superstition, etc. Passion predominating over will, the desires of man are to a great extent wild and of an animal nature; his knowledge of right and wrong remains undeveloped and is of a very low grade.

The human will, properly developed, works always as a moral force for the benefit of mankind, being governed by principle, not by expediency.

With the development of the will, coupled with a corresponding development of the knowledge of right and wrong, the man becomes a power for good in the community. His example awes the weak and timid and gives strength to those whose inward battles are fierce and uncertain. Once convince a man of the truth of predestination and I can see nothing to spur him on to a higher development of will, for when after successive battles the goal is finally reached, alas, nothing is won at all; his fight and his endeavors are all for naught, his future is all marked out before him, and the honor or the curses are not his but God's. Man is a mere puppet, worked by mental wire communications from God. He does this or that as the communication from the all-wise and all-powerful dictates to him. A man is told to murder his mother; he does it because "he can not will to do other than he does," and still must do according to his will, over which he has no control.

This man who was made to commit murder is eternally damned, for no other reason that I can see except the pleasure of God who wills man's acts.

The eternal damnation of souls is revolting and disgusting however taught, but doubly so when taught in connection with predestination. What a farce God enacted in giving the ten commandments to Moses if he knew he was obliging man to do something he had no power to do. How must the poor believer in eternal damnation and predestination suffer when he reads the words of Christ. Surely he was not a believer in the law of necessity, as his Sermon on the Mount and other teachings plainly show; and that being the case, his is a perfect example of what man, as a free moral agent with a fully developed will, can become.

SHORT LETTERS AND EXTRACTS.

H. C. Hiles, Burlington Junction, Mo.:

I intended to write you the letter you asked for from each of your subscribers some time ago, but have hardly had time till now. I wish first to compliment you on the last number. I think it is excellent. I hope you will not cheapen the Magazine in any way. I believe the Liberals of this country are able to maintain such a publication, and I hope they will. I will send you a new subscriber in a few days.

Henry Bird, Newark, N. J.:

Inclosed please find my check for \$10.00 for new subscribers. I feel indebted to you for past favors, and wish I could have made the check \$100, instead of ten. I am heart and soul (if I have one) in sympathy with all Freethought work, and regard your Magazine as one of the best of means of the propaganda of such work. Accept my love and earnest desire for the success of your as well as every other means for the establishment of Science and Truth, and the uprooting of priestcraft and superstition.

A. D. Campbell, Winona, Minn. :

Permit me to compliment you on the article from C. W. Coolidge, in October issue. I have read it with pleasure. It strikes me as in the right line. I believe in accepting truth and right wherever found, and I believe that the way to crowd out error is by injecting truth. I hope to see more along this line. An ounce of sober, sound argument will do more good than a pound of sarcasm. I hope all the Liberal papers will note the sentiment, and I hope them all the amplest prosperity.

George D. Clay, Thorold, Ont., Canada :

I am much pleased with the Magazine. The matter it contains is pure and well gotten up. It continues to improve, and I trust you will long continue at the helm to guide the intellectual ship into the calm waters of pure Liberalism ; as in this world of ours the mind is environed by dogmas and superstitions, and it is only through Liberalism that we hope to usher in the era of Freethought, which should be the aim of every one to think for himself. Wishing you success in your efforts for the cause, and hoping you may enjoy good health and success, I am yours, truly.

John Clayton Porrite, South Bend, Wash. :

Inclosed you will find P. O. order for \$5.00 which will be a trifle towards supplying you with a little ready cash, although if every subscriber would send you \$5.00 cash now it would put the Magazine in first-class condition. All good liberals should do their level-best to send a few dollars and keep the grand Magazine afloat, for the good it does toward the cause of liberty and freedom is incalculable. I am as yet unable to get you any subscribers; money is so scarce and times so hard out here that it is almost impossible to collect cash for anything, but you can rely on me as one who will do all I can to help the cause of Liberty.

A. B. Stebbins, Canisteo, N. Y. ;

Inclosed find P. O. order for \$5.00 as a contribution in reply to your circular letter. As to the one hundred-word letter for publication, will say that, as I have never in the past been able to write anything interesting enough to publish, it would be difficult for me to commence now—my grammar would condemn all I might say, if the ideas were all right. However, I hope that your Freethought Congress department will prosper and help to bring prosperity to you and your good wife. [Brother Stebbins is mistaken. He seems to know *exactly* how to write a first-class short letter. We have received letters covering ten pages of foolscap paper that were not half as valuable as this one.—Ed.]

D. C. Jenkins, Staples, Minn. :

I have seen nothing in the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE regarding the A. P. A. I can tell you one good thing, at least, the order is going to do. It is going to make thousands of Freethinkers. It will set men to studying and thinking on the subject, and after Catholicism has been investigated awhile, Protestantism will have to take its turn. The result will be Freethinkers. They tell me there are some twenty-five Protestants in the lodge here—about one-eighth of the total number in town. I am not a member; and can not say how true this statement is. There is one very good plank in their platform,—their demand for the taxation of all church property. If they succeed in that I shall wish them well.

William Cughan, Constantia, N. Y.:

I wish to say the statements contained in your circular were not a surprise to me. I believe many who pretend to be Freethinkers really fear the orthodox God, and if it were not for the church contributions, priest-tax, pew-rent, etc., they would be in the church, and when they see death coming they will fall back on the old "scheme of salvation," and attempt to sneak into heaven, where everything is free. One of these fellows said to me the other day, "Billy, I am not in it as I used to be. It don't pay." "Bird," I replied, "is that a good principle?" He made no reply, but looked ashamed. I have the greatest contempt for such false pretenders. Find one dollar inclosed to help the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, a name I hope will continue to adorn the title page.

Mrs. Louis Eysenbach, Delphus, Ohio:

I am an ardent admirer of your Magazine, and am loth to miss one of the numbers. My son, who is at college now, asks for the Magazine in every letter, so I concluded to send in the subscription price and request you to send it to him, beginning with the September number. Address is: Ernst Eysenbach, N. Dorm. O. S. U., Columbus, Ohio. I would very much have liked to get up a club, but I am a very busy woman, and chances are very slight in our town. We are trying to organize a Freethinkers' society, but as yet have made little headway. People are so indifferent, but I can have patience, remembering we were the same, before reading your invaluable Magazine, and the German *Freidenker* of Milwaukee, through whose advertisement I first got acquainted with your publications.

John J. Palmer, Upton, Pa.:

I couldn't do without the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. If I had to, it would be simply an impossibility. Single numbers of your valuable Magazine, friend Green, are more than worth a whole year's subscription. What an intellectual treat for the isolated Freethinker, is your Magazine. Beauty of style and expression, thoughts of deepest search and worth. Being isolated from the Freethought world your Magazine comes to me as does an oasis in the desert to a wandering traveler. Brother Green, you have earned the lasting gratitude of Humanity's friends. "Superlatively grand," is my estimation of your Magazine and its heroic editor. May it continue to shine forth in a brighter luster than ever, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend. Find inclosed next year's subscription, \$1.50.

Mrs. ———, Wyoming Ave., Washington, D. C.:

I shall mail with this letter two postals addressed as follows: "Postmaster, Cantril, Van Buren county, Iowa," and "Postmaster, Frederick, Md.," on each of which will be written the following: "Should you know of anyone who would like to have the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE for a year please let him know that he can have the same by writing to H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y." I am willing to furnish the Magazine to one applicant from either of these places, or both. If it is asked for please let me know and I will send the money, \$1.50 or \$3.00. If I was that power of limited form which theology teaches, is somewhere in space, ruling the limitless vastness of the universe, I would lead every human mind into conditions that would make it desire to read the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. I have a great objection to having my name in print.

Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Va.:

I am glad to learn you are to have two such able editorial assistants next year, as Underwood and Wakeman. Mr. Underwood's "Progress of Evolutionary Thought" in the November number, is worth a year's subscription of itself.

J. H. A. Lacher, Winona, Minn.:

Inclosed find express order for \$35 in payment of subscriptions of the inclosed 35 members of my club, thirty-three being from Winona and two from elsewhere. Between now and January 1st, I hope to be able to secure at least a dozen additional names. Two years ago while stopping at the Syndicate Hotel at De Smet, S. D., I saw for the first time a copy of your Magazine, and becoming interested in Mrs. Freeman's able essay on "The Battle for Bread," I asked the landlord for the loan of the journal. He replied that I might take it along, as somebody had left it there. Several months later I fished the Magazine from out my satchel and read the above-mentioned stirring article to my wife, who appreciated it heartily. Thereupon I became one of your subscribers. Admiring its tone and the high standard of its articles, I was impelled to do a little missionary work in its behalf. Its clean argumentative pages accomplish more than mere derision and mud-flinging, the latter usually angering the wavering, driving them back to orthodoxy and making them deaf to further argument. If I have accomplished anything in furthering the interests of Liberalism by adding a few names to your subscription list, you can attribute it to the man who placed that copy of your Magazine in the hotel at De Smet. From an obituary notice that appeared in your pages last year, I apprehend that that person was Almond Owen, who died at that place June 2d, 1892.

Prof. A. I. Oliver, Annie, Ga.:

It would afford me the greatest pleasure imaginable to be able to send a list of paid-up, permanent, perpetual subscribers to the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, whose pages are replete with sound, solid, sensible, choice first-class, excelsior reading matter; but, as I have often stated to you before, I live in a religion-cursed, priest-ridden country where, as of old, "Ephraim is joined to his idols," determined to know no happiness not sanctified by religion, and no hope not adorned by the brilliant rays of faith. So true is it, that

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

I will, however, make an effort to procure a few trial subscribers to a Magazine whose worth entitles it to universal patronage. I have learned by experience that whoever selects truth-seeking and truth-speaking for a vocation, must calculate on being repaid with calumny, scorn, abuse, boycott and ostracism, and the history of Freethinkers in all ages and nations who have been persecuted and maligned for opinion's sake, from time immemorial, fully attests and corroborates. Nevertheless we should not weary in well-doing, remembering that

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of time are hers;
While error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshipers."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF FREETHINKERS. PRESIDENTS WAITE AND PUTNAM REPORT.

THE late International Congress of Freethinkers seems to have been a great success. The weekly Liberal papers—*The Truth-Seeker* and *Investigator* especially, gave very full reports of each day's proceedings, which we, publishing only a monthly journal, were not able to do. But this Magazine is published in such form that each volume, when bound, makes a very beautiful book, and one of good size to preserve, and we desire to have therein recorded all of the most important Freethought events and movements of each year as it passes, so that the entire series of volumes, which now number eleven, may contain a very perfect history, in a condensed form, of the progress of Liberalism during the years of its publication. Therefore we are endeavoring to obtain for our pages,—and think we have admirably succeeded,—a very full, true, and just to all, account of the late great Freethought Congress. Last month, in the November number, Hon. T. B. Wakeman, the Bishop of Freethought in the Diocese of New York, gave a valuable digest of the interesting convention, and in this number we publish, as our leading article, Mr. Wakeman's great speech delivered at the Congress, and in our next number Susan H. Wixon will furnish a report of Woman's Day at the Congress; and we expect, during the coming year, to publish most of the speeches that were delivered there.

We now have the satisfaction of presenting to our readers most valuable contributions on the same subject, from Judge C. B. Waite, President of the American Secular Union, and from ex-Rev. Samuel P. Putnam, President of the Freethought Federation of America.

WHAT PRESIDENT WAITE HAS TO SAY.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:

You have commanded me to write a pen-picture of our International Congress. If I were an artist, which I am not, the genius within me would rebel at the idea of being required to paint a specific picture within a specified time. I could paint you a picture of the Court of Honor at Jackson Park. I could let you see me, of a beautiful mellow evening, surpassed only by the evenings of Greece and Sicily, sitting on one of the steps bounding the lagoon, surrounded by grand buildings of wonderful architectural beauty, all brilliantly illuminated—to the right, the majestic Statue of Liberty, supported by the classic columns of the peristyle—to the left the MacMonnies Fountain, playing in variegated colors, and beyond it the Administration Building, the queen of all the buildings, its dome all aglow with thousands of electric lights, all adding to the brilliancy of the scene.

Yes, I could take you in imagination to distant lands, and could show you many a lovely vision, many a grand old ruin, many a landscape of enchanting beauty. But none of these are commanded. The order received, and which, had I the necessary time and talent, I might attempt to execute, is for the International Congress. You would have me seated on the platform, surrounded on every side and in front, by those who, for many years, have been battling for freedom of every kind, freedom of the body and of the mind. The up-turned faces all aglow with enthusiasm, mingled with an expression of pride and satisfaction at the consciousness of being themselves, each part and parcel of the great demonstration. Every sentence and every word of every speaker is looked for with the keenest interest, and nothing is to be dispensed with, unless it is in a language they do not understand.

As to the speakers themselves, I leave that to Mr. Putnam, who, I trust, will be able to execute, in his eloquent way, the order you have given him. The effect of this Congress will long be felt, not only in this country, but throughout the world. Its significance can only be fully realized when it is considered in connection with the Parliament of Religions, which was just then closing its sessions. That Parliament is the most striking indication of the decay and speedy downfall of the religions of the world. It is but a very few decades since such an assemblage would have been utterly impossible. So long as orthodox religion maintained any of its pristine vitality and vigor, its advocates could never consent to meet side by side, not only with devotees of other semi-orthodox religion, but even with atheists, acting under the thin disguise of some so-called religions.

What was it that had driven these people together, and which enabled them to tolerate each others' presence in so-called religious council? It was the sense of a common danger,—a danger typified by another assemblage, even then congregating in another part of the city, where, even then, the hand-writing was being traced upon the wall,—*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.*

C. B. WAITE,
President American Secular Union.

CHICAGO, November 12, 1893.

PRESIDENT PUTNAM'S REPORT.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine :

The White City, the most beautiful and wonderful architectural display in the world; the vast lake, measureless to the eye as the ocean itself; the huge metropolis, with its gigantic buildings and enormous factories and resplendent parks and glittering avenues, covering a space of one hundred and seventy square miles; amidst these accumulated glories of the "Western Empire," a favored spot, with auspicious promise, gathered the World's International Congress of Freethinkers, for the first time on the American Continent. Surely there could not have been more delightful and animating surroundings for this great pioneer assembly, since Freethought itself is universal, sympathetic with all that Art or Poetry can give, and breathing inspiration from every beauty and grandeur of man's advancement.

And this was a notable Congress in itself—and even without such magnificent surroundings would have been of pre-eminent interest. The Old World could not send many of its representatives, for the reason that most of them are in the heat of the conflict where they are, and could only send the messages of comradeship; and the immense distances and cost of travel would not allow those who have sacrificed almost everything for freedom to leave their arduous path and greet their allies from over the sea. Those who meet in ecclesiastical council, have millions at their command; they have leisure, and enjoy the fruits of eighteen centuries of tyranny, and can afford to come together and spend weeks in gorgeous array, for they are sunshine soldiers, and the Parliament of Religions on the shores of Lake Michigan is just where they can do their best fighting, and win their proudest laurels in a battle of words; but the veteran of Freethought is generally on the picket-line, or in the wilderness blazing the path of human progress for a thousand generations to come, and hence he cannot join, from his far-away scene of toil, those more fortunate comrades who, for a few days beneath sunny skies, can enjoy the jubilee of a common brotherhood. It must come occasionally—this thrill of comradeship—this fraternal and splendid association which gives new courage to the heart, and new illuminations to the mind; and world over the impulse of this brilliant Congress will signal to every reformer a more radiant outlook.

This was, without question, the most representative Freethought Congress ever held in America. More variety of Liberal people were present—from a wider territory than ever before. All parts of the United States were represented, and Canada, England, and Australia. In *spirit* it was an International Congress, although hundreds of friends were absent whom we would gladly have welcomed from other shores. Those who were present, however, by their earnestness, ability, harmony, and decisiveness of action, made this Congress a fitting accompaniment of the great Columbian celebration.

Only by a few rapid strokes can I give a pen-picture of this animated scene. The hall was beautifully decorated. The flags of every nation waved. The portraits of Paine and Ingersoll adorned the platform. The banner of the Freethought Federation, all the way from the Rocky Mountains, blazed in the

center. In the alcoves glittered the tables of the *New York Truth-Seeker*, the *Boston Investigator*, and *American Sentinel*, laden with manifold intellectual dynamite, and their own illustrated and handsomely-printed journals.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The World's Fair gates were open by the law of the land, and so was the International Congress wide open and giving welcome. At an early hour friends gathered, and many were the greetings before the gavel of the president fell, and the crowded assemblage was called to order.

John J. I. Remsburg gave a piano selection. John is the son of the other John—John E. Remsburg—and nobly and skillfully in music does he render the ringing Freethought utterances of his famous ancestry. Judge Waite presides—of the American Secular Union—and like a faithful sentinel at the front, he pointed out the dangers, and urged the attack. Judge Waite is a radical to the back-bone. He thoroughly understands the situation, and is a worthy and successful leader. He takes no backward steps in any direction.

Seated on the platform were T. B. Wakeman, Dr. Foote Jr., Captain Adams, Charles Watts, John R. Charlesworth, Franklin Steiner, S. P. Putnam, Susan H. Wixon, and Mrs. M. A. Freeman. A letter was read from Col. Ingersoll, regretting that business engagements prevented him from attending the Congress. Of course the name of Ingersoll was welcomed with applause, for wherever his genius flames it is for freedom and humanity; and wherever he speaks, he speaks to all the world.

S. P. Putnam of the Freethought Federation, then said: "Freethought must meet the combat; the combat for freedom, fought through all the ages, and not ended yet. But Freethought, in its nature, is not destructive. It means the highest and grandest progress of man. It is liberty; it is human brotherhood. We know not the Fatherhood of God. God we cannot find in earth or heaven. But man is ever present with us, and man we must help. With man we must work. With man, each for all and all for each, we win the victory, and a paradise for man on the bosom of this green earth itself. Freethought is science. It is all the truth that man can attain. Freethought is humanity. Its goal is the noblest virtues of which the mind of man is capable."

Captain Adams followed with ringing words, which show that this child of orthodoxy has reached all the breezy heights of Freethought. He is as broad as the universe. His radicalism, however, is the radicalism of common-sense. He didn't want flags in the sense that there should be any limitations to human brotherhood. He wanted union all 'round,—unity of the race, Canada with the United States, and America with all the world. He visited E. H. Haywood while in the dungeon, and also when liberated. What a lesson is here. The struggle is not ended. Liberty and Justice are not yet established. We must work—tear down and build up.

Charles Watts then stood before the audience, as the representative of seven thousand Freethinkers in England, members of the British Secular Union. Watts has a warm place in the hearts of our countrymen, and he received a fitting welcome as the representative of Old World Liberalism.

The name of George Jacob Holyoake is always a beloved name to every Liberal, for he stands for Freethought in the realm of toil, as well as in the world

of thought, for man as a worker, in whose interest every god and every priest must disappear. His letter to the Congress was characteristic. Its genial wit and wisdom was thoroughly appreciated.

Herman Boppe made a short and eloquent address in German.

In the afternoon the Edelweiss Zither Club entertained the audience with beautiful music.

Mr. Boppe, of the *Milwaukee Freidenker*, gave an elaborate paper on "The Morals of a Republican Conception of the World." It was a series of arguments for a determined and enthusiastic campaign against every sort of superstition. It was an earnest, hearty appeal to all Freethinkers, for a greater display of courage, manliness, and energy, as against the hitherto lame spirit of dread, indifference, and heartlessness. Mr. Boppe is a vigorous speaker, and though all did not understand the language in which he spoke, the eloquence of his thought was expressed in the grace and earnestness of his delivery.

Mr. T. B. Wakeman was at his best, and thundered forth plenty of sound logic, philosophy, hopes, and radical thoughts, which must transform the world. The new trinity, Liberty, Science, and Humanity, will furnish the condition, the means, and the motives of the higher progress and civilization. Christianity is a fossil. Study it, but not use it. As a fossil, it is valuable; as an institution, it is in the way. To prepare for and aid the incoming of the new era, is the fundamental purpose of Freethought, of Secularism, and of every interest and sentiment which has brought this Congress together.

Mr. Remsburg opened the evening with a telling lecture on "Jesus Christ," showing that we didn't know anything about the founder of the Christian religion. In fact, he was a myth. Mr. Remsburg's dissection of the gospels was as complete as critical acumen could go.

If we were to say that any one gave us the gem of the Congress, we should say that Washburn did so, with his delightful sentences touched with wit and fire, his charming delivery, and clear, expressive voice. It was oratory that enchanted the audience like a strain of music. But it was sharp as a knife, and cut out the very heart of Christianity,—its rotten heart. It was a fine surgical operation.

Then Watts comes, strong as a Titan. He brings with him the vernal airs of England, the hum of its vast industries, and the beat and throb of its mighty metropolis. There is something of the old viking in him, as he pours forth his vigorous speech, in which, however, argument rules, and the fire of his utterance does not disturb the clearness of his vision. While representing Old England, the expansion and glory of the New World kindle his eloquence. Watts is cosmopolitan by nature, and is at home on every soil. He handles his subject with his usual felicity, brilliant logic, and intellectual breadth.

John R. Charlesworth has already won his spurs, and at that late hour the audience were willing to listen to his attractive speech,—a plea for universal liberty and justice. Mr. Charlesworth has not only the promise of the future, but a success for the present time, upon which he may be cordially congratulated.

Monday morning opened with a membership of one hundred and fifty for the Congress; the largest membership of any Congress ever before held. The credentials of the foreign delegates were read, and a letter from Jeremiah Haeker,

urging the nomination of Ingersoll for the Presidency—Jeremiah Haeker, who, for over fifty years, has waved our colors to the breeze.

C. B. Reynolds, now laboring on the distant Pacific Coast with unflinching courage, sent his fraternal greetings, "Ever for Reason, Right, and Truth." Communications were also received from J. Spencer Ellis, Louis Levine, and S. F. Benson. After these, Mrs. Kinsella sang, and with her sweet voice added to the delight of the occasion.

Dr. J. L. York then entertained the audience with picturesque Western oratory, which, in its way, was quite acceptable. There were a number of solid thoughts in the midst of his rollicking fire-works. The flavor of California and the Wild West permeated his varied rhetoric, and impetuous delivery.

Then came Saladin's humorous and sparkling message from across the waters, "The Two Petticoats—Kate's and Ann's." The sarcasm of this unique writer is always mingled with fact, and the sword of the Oriental conqueror could not flash with greater precision or splendor.

In the afternoon came the stirring words from G. W. Foote, President of the National Secular Society, England, which received a hearty welcome. There was universal regret that this fearless and knightly champion was not with us, who in dungeon darkness has flamed the light of liberty.

J. H. Burnham could not be with us, but his speech was read, and a good speech it was, as all his speeches are.

Mr. Herman Wettstein, who dives down to the ultimate atom and reads its glittering secret, gave the best metaphysical treatise of the Congress. If there is any sense in metaphysics, Herman Wettstein gets it, and clothes it in the garb of Freethought.

David S. Cincose, the "Colored Bob Ingersoll," next adorned the occasion. As Scipio carried the war into Africa, so Africa now carries the war into the Church, and that is a good sign. Our friend was once a Baptist preacher, but his baptism did not go deep enough, and he has come out a Freethinker.

Tuesday morning the Freethought Federation opened session with flags and banners. Secretary Charlesworth read his report, which was unanimously accepted. The banner presented by the Liberals of Boulder, Colorado, through Dr. L. Z. Coman, excited much admiration. It depicted, in gold and blue and red colors, the trials, progress, and ultimate victory of Freethought. The letters U. M. L. flashed the motto, "Universal Mental Liberty," and with it was emblazoned the Era of Man, which era is now adopted by the Federation. The old officers were re-elected.

In the afternoon Franklin Steiner spoke his piece, and spoke it well. He is now our youngest lecturer, and for many a year I hope he will occupy the field which he enters with such bright prospects. He has the enthusiasm of youth, but by thorough reading and study he has the wisdom of age, and can marshal his material like a practiced speaker.

A. T. Jones, of the *American Sentinel*, followed with one of his keen discourses, which, with the logic of facts, shows the enormous dangers by which we are confronted. No man understands this question better than this undaunted agitator.

T. B. Wakeman, Captain Adams, and quite a number of others spoke upon the methods of Freethought with some difference of opinion, but the good nature of the Congress was not disturbed.

Tuesday evening was Bohemian evening, and it went off magnificently. The Bohemians have fought through bloody centuries with dazzling heroism, and they have not given up the battle yet, as was witnessed by the eloquent discourse of Frank Zdrubek, and the history of Freethought in that land of song and romance, given by J. J. Kral. As for music, there was plenty of it this evening, and it made the heart beat high. The Edelweiss Zither Club poured forth its delicate strains with exquisite movement, like a limpid river flowing on and on; while the Bohemian Orchestra, like the sweeping of the sea, with grand and beautiful melodies made the animated scene rich with inspirations. S. P. Putnam spoke on the "Rights of Man."

Wednesday was Woman's Day, and a lovely day it was, of course. The genius of woman was never more charmingly displayed. Freethought never waved with such gorgeous colors. It was an eventful day, betokening, not that woman is separate from man, but is with man, in all his highest and grandest achievements. She is in the front rank of the intellectual battle. The object of Woman's Day was to emphasize the union of all our forces, and to show that in the hereafter woman's rights will be blended with universal human rights, and there will be no thought of any distinction. Susan H. Wixon, Lillie D. White, Voltairine De Cleyre, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, Sarah Ames, Juliet H. Severance, and Mrs. Webb, were the speakers. There was no monotony in the discourses. Every one had their own point of view. The addresses sparkled with radical thought, and the flowers of eloquence were not wanting, nor logic, learning, or inspiring sentiments. It was beauty and strength combined.

On Thursday morning the American Secular Union met. The report of Secretary Mrs. M. A. Freeman showed progress in the past, hope for the future. The Treasurer's report indicated that the sinews of war were not lacking. The old officers were unanimously re-elected, and the Union marches forward.

Otto Wettstein then read one of his bristling addresses—bristling with logic like so many shining bayonets. Otto Wettstein is always good—and this was one of his best. The old metaphysics never had a more satisfactory shaking up.

Thursday afternoon the ringing resolutions, already published, were presented by Captain Adams, and unanimously adopted. C. V. Goff, of Nebraska, called attention to the Freethought University, which he hoped might bloom upon the Western prairies. This noble institution must some day come, for education is the very heart of Freethought progress.

Thursday evening J. D. Shaw, of *Independent Pulpit*, gave a lecture, in which he picturesquely described his own evolution of thought, from the pulpit to the Freethought platform and press. It was a story well told, entertaining, instructive, broad and wise, and genial in its criticisms of the past, and hopes for the future.

Isaac H. Hourwich followed, with an address throwing vivid light upon the dark scenes of Russia, where such a battle is being fought with noblest heroism and terrific suffering.

Friday the delegates visited the World's Fair, gathered about the picture of

Thomas Paine, listened to a short address by John E. Remsburg, and in spite of the rainy day, we felt that "This old world was growing brighter."

Saturday evening was the banquet, and there was a jolly gathering. Free-thinkers could not revel in much style or gorgeous display of gold and silver; but all the same they could gather around the camp-fire and be merry, and even if the feast was an economical one, the surroundings could be made bright and beautiful, with an intellectual repast and the "hopes of divine liberty."

The largest audiences gathered together on the closing day, Sunday, October 8th.

Moses Harman, the sturdy martyr of *Lucifer*, began the speeches. Harman is a rugged, honest, independent being, just the man to do and dare for his convictions, and he was a welcome addition to the International Congress.

Remsburg followed, with a most telling address on "The Church and Slavery." The truths he uttered should be sounded all over the land, until the Church shall hang its head in shame of its base and cowardly record.

Mrs. Freeman, with her characteristic gentleness, keenness, earnestness, and boldness of thought, won deserved applause.

Reuben Rush, from Boston, is a rattler. He made a splendid impression upon the audience, stirred them up, and made us all feel like going ahead, and doing better than ever. He created a whirl of enthusiasm.

Prof. J. H. Cook, the oldest Freethought lecturer present, over half a century in the work, made a speech which all were delighted to hear; for now the veteran is feeble—though it seemed for the time being as if all the fire of youth was in his veins. The whole audience joined in singing "Old John Brown," to Freethought rhymes, and after that nearly fifty dollars were thrown upon the platform for the benefit of this war-worn soldier.

John H. Copeland, of Texas, gave a fervid speech, and fired the Northern heart with Southern eloquence, beneath the glorious Stars and Stripes. Then Dr. Foote was called to the front. His persevering and heroic work is known to all.

The afternoon session opened with music by the Misses Johnstone, of Hoopston, Ill., which charmed us all. Resolutions by Mr. Betts were presented, also a communication from San Antonio, Texas, followed by a few words from Professor Crowe. Miss Wixon then made one of her fine addresses. We are proud of Miss Wixon, the friend of the children, she is so thoughtful, so sympathetic, so clear in vision, so graceful in expression, so courageous, and yet so mild and persuasive. No wonder that the children love her, and we all honor her. Steiner and Washburn came after, and I have already told how good they are. The afternoon was filled with gems.

Sunday evening was opened with a letter from W. H. Lamaster, and then Captain Adams gave a lecture on "Church Bells; What are they Saying?" Captain Adams, from his wide experience on land and sea, with all sorts and conditions of men, a man of the world, a citizen of the universe, has a taking way of speaking, a breezy, sailor-like manner of putting things, so entirely human and common-sense, that he makes a most attractive orator. The audience does not get tired of his matter-of-fact, yet at the same time fresh and original sayings. They are full of "pioneer pith."

Mr. Charlesworth, Dr. York, and S. P. Putnam made the closing addresses, of which I have not space to quote, except this: "From this magnificent, this animating Congress, we go forth upon the fields of time with brilliant hopes; with nobler fellowship, with grander impulses, we can continue the mighty conflict, handed down to us from the immemorial past, dark and terrific at times, but now opening to sunny heights and splendid victories, so that afar we see the day of triumph, the flag above the cross, truth above superstition, reason above faith, character above belief, manhood above priesthood, science above the church, civilization above barbarism; and above God, Humanity,

"Good and great and wise and beautiful and free."

Of course among these pen-pictures I cannot omit the editorial fraternity, for where would these "pictures" be, without "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of the Liberal press? Macdonald is present, and you wouldn't think by his youthful appearance that he had been for two score years in the Liberal work, battling with Bennett from the very beginning of the *Truth-Seeker*; Ernest Mendum, also, who carries forward the banners of the *Investigator* with a zeal worthy of its illustrious founders, aided by the genius of a Washburn; Watts, who represents the press of the Old World and the New, J. D. Shaw, who, with wonderful tenacity has made Texas and the South an illuminated field of progress; Harman, beneath whose calm exterior burns the fire of *Lucifer*; Saladin and Foote are missed, but their words and the blaze of their dauntless spirit are with us; plucky Ellis, too, can only send his greeting; and all wanted to see the editor of FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, for as far back as we can remember, he has been in the cause—but the swift lightnings bore his message, and the whole Congress received with applause its electric sympathy.

So the Congress closes with hope and felicity, and the broad paths of human progress, more beautiful and golden-hued and sunny-skied than ever, open upon our view, and the magnificent panorama of the future stretches away and onward from these "pen-pictures" of the International Congress of Freethinkers.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D.

DOWN by the foot-hills of the Green Mountains of Vermont, the rough and stormy month of March, 1822, gave birth to a child now widely known by the name at the head of this article in this and foreign countries, as an extensive traveler, having several times circumnavigated the globe, and who has become distinguished as a physician, lecturer, and author of Liberal and Spiritualist books and pamphlets. The ancestors of Dr. Peebles were Scotch. The grim old Peebles castle south of Edinburgh, near the ancient-looking town of Peebles on the Tweed, disappeared about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The subject of this sketch, whose portrait is the frontispiece

of this number of the Magazine, is emphatically a self-made man. He early exhibited an overmastering desire for knowledge, teaching a district school while in his sixteenth year, and applying the finances gotten thereby to an academic course of study. As a student, while reported mischievous, genial and jovial, he was industrious and energetic, excelling his classmates in history and the classics. His early religious education was rigidly Puritan. When about eighteen, Calvinistic Presbyterian preaching drove him into the rankest atheism, the Christians' God answering very nearly to his idea of Milton's devil. He then considered religion a priestly imposition, and immortality a visionary dream. The works of Hume, Paine, Volney and Voltaire, were his four gospels. They did not, however, fully satisfy him. All nature seemed to him afire with life, and aglow with the prophecies of a future existence. There was naturally a vein of the mystic in him, and at times the unseen seemed the more real. He studied and experimented with Mesmerism, and later crucially investigated Spiritualism in its very beginnings. He claims that from sheer force of evidence he accepted it as a fact—as a demonstration of a future life. He also publicly advocated it, as he had previously advocated Universalism. In Spiritualism he contends that he has found the key that unlocks the mysteries of Egypt, and the miracles of the New Testament. In modern mediums he thinks he sees, as did Edmonds, Hare, Owen, Brittan, Kiddle, and others, a kindred reproduction of the marvels wrought by the gymnosophists, hierophants, oracles, magicians, ecstasies, prophets, and the apostles of the dust-buried past,—all proving, in his estimation, a future existence; and finally culminating, as he strenuously maintains, in the sublime philosophy of *one* God, *one* universe, *one* Church, *one* conscious immortality, and *one* grand upward tendency of all things.

The Doctor has never turned his mind to money-making. He was ever noted for having the full courage of his convictions, and a marked independence of character, as well as great tenacity of purpose. These characteristics necessarily have led him into numerous controversies. He greatly enjoys pioneering newly discovered and unpopular truths. Although naturally social, generous and kind-hearted, almost to a fault, he is also impulsive, vehement, and emphatically self-willed, and in discussion sharp and incisive, and sometimes intensely sarcastic and defiant.

The Doctor's present religious status may be inferred from the following extract from a letter recently addressed to J. O. Barrett, Esq., Secretary of the Minnesota "State Forestry Association." The Doctor writes:

"Why should I, as you urge, attend the World's Parliament of Religion's? I have studied these religions and their influences in the Oriental land of their birth. Religion is innate in human nature. It is not superstition, but the soul's aspiration for something higher and better. Both Oriental and Occidental religions are schools of development. All are in some way or form religious worshippers. Atheists, so called, worship reverently at nature's shrine. Catechisms and creeds, like spittoons, are serviceable to those who need them. Crutches are helps to the lame. I believe in Religion, in Freethought, in Christianity, and in Spiritualism, as I understand them. The Shakers are the only organized body of plain, practical Christians upon the earth. Briefly put, I am a Christian, a Spiritualist, and a Freethinker. Is there not honey in the rose, the thorn and the thistle? Bigotry is the twin-brother of idiocy. Sectarists are but blight-stricken skeletons. When traveling around the world I worshiped with the Brahmins in India, the Buddhists in Ceylon, the Parsees in Bombay, the Mohammedans in Cairo, and in God's first temples, the evergreen groves of the South Sea Isles. I, myself, constitute a Parliament of Religions."

In matters of health, energy and philanthropic work, the Doctor ranks high among the vigorous Septuagenarians of this decade. This is undoubtedly owing to his industry, cheerfulness of temperament, and rigid hygienic habits. He eats no animal flesh, uses no liquors, no tobacco, no tea, no coffee. He has been accused of eccentricity. Such is often the case with genius. He was never a mimic. He is naturally radical, originally imbibing much of his spirit of progress from a short stay in early life at the Brook Farm Community, where he fellowshipped with Channing, Ripley, Alcott, Dana, and other transcendentalists. As a reformer he has worked in the Antislavery movement, in the Woman's Suffrage movement, the Woman's Dress-Reform movement, and in the Temperance Reform movement, being one of the original organizers of the Independent Order of Good Templars. His sympathies for half a century have been with all progressive enterprises, and with the scholars and thinkers of the deepest research. He is now writing a series of Magazine essays upon Sanitation, in which he condemns inhumation and advocates cremation as the only proper method of disposing of the dead.

The Doctor has had many honors and fellowships conferred upon him by learned societies, in this and European countries. He is a Fellow of the Academy of Sciences of New Orleans; of the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Naples; of the Anthropol-

logical Society of London: of the Psychological Association of London; of the American Akademie of Jacksonville, Illinois; of the National Climatological Association; of the National Hygiene and Health Association; of the American Institute of Christian Theosophy, and he is also a member of the Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain.



SAN ANTONIO SANITARIUM.

In 1869 Dr. Peebles was appointed by President Grant to Government service as the United States Consul to Trebizonde, Turkey in Asia. In 1881 he was appointed Representative Abroad, to the International Peace Congress of Europe, convening at Berlin, in the interests of arbitration, and for the dispersing of all war-clouds and the settling of all international difficulties. In 1868 he accompanied and participated in the deliberations of the Northwest Indian Peace Commission, duly appointed by the previous Congress. He has owned and edited several journals and newspapers, and is the author of numerous pamphlets and several books, such as "Immortality of Our Future Homes,"

"How to Live a Century," "Christ: Myth, Man, or God," "Travels Around the World," the "Seers of the Ages," etc. This latter book has been translated into Hindustani, Norwegian and other languages.

The Doctor graduated from the Philadelphia (Pa.) University of Medicine and Surgery, receiving the degrees A. M., M. D., and has been and still is eminently successful as a medical practitioner. His treatment is, in the broadest and widest sense of the term, eclectic and progressive. At present he is the proprietor of and physician to the San Antonio Sanitarium, the finest and most noted institution of its kind in Texas, especially Southwest Texas, so famous for its pure air, crystal waters, sunshiny days, and delightful invigorating breezes.

Doctor Peebles is a great lover of Nature in all her varied manifestations, therefore he loves the fields, the trees, and is passionately fond of flowers, and, above all else, worships little children. He is for this reason never lonesome, never alone. Had he lived in the first century he would probably have been an Ascetic. Had he been born in the fourth century before Christ, he would doubtless have been as stoical as Zeno. He is ever ready to champion the cause of the oppressed, of the unfortunate, of the outcasts of humanity. His creed may be said to be similar to that of Thomas Paine's, viz.: "The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

The Doctor's idea is that, as shadows are necessary to produce beautiful pictures, the mental storms, struggles, slanders, and fiery trials of life are necessary to the soul's discipline and development. He lives much in the ideal, and cherishes a rich faith in a more golden future.

Doctor Peebles is not only a physician, reformer, author and traveler, but a philosopher, and was ever one before he received, unasked by him, the PH. D. degree. Whatever theories may have been broached as to life being a failure, the Doctor's existence, considered as a whole, appears to have been a magnificent success. His trust in Providence is absolutely unswerving. And now, though past seventy, and nearing life's setting sun, there is not a fragment of doubt in his mind but that the incompleteness of this rudimentary life will, in some approaching evening-time, open upward into the sunlight of another and higher life of growth and ultimate completeness.

OUR MONTHLY REPORT.

FOR the want of space, we must make this Report as brief as possible.

CLUBS PROCURED, AND THE NUMBER OF EACH.

James Hart, Monroe, Iowa, 5; William Milligan, Luna, N. M., 6; John E. Flecton, Lake Lillian, Minn., 5; Henry Bird, Newark, N. J., 8; Henry M. Taber, New York City, 5; J. Lewin, Hartford, Iowa, 6; O. P. Loomis, Bound Brook, N. J., 5; J. H. A. Lacher, Winona, Minn., 35; W. S. Moke, Massillon, Ohio, 9; Wm. Thomas, St. Charles, Minn., 10.

THE PRIZES.

It will be seen that J. H. A. Lacher took the first prize, Wm. Thomas the second, and W. S. Moke the third. We will offer the same prizes for next month, that we did for this month. As no prizes were offered for last month, we will allow the parties named on page 723 of the November number, who procured clubs, the advantage of the prizes now offered for the January number. That is, these persons can count in the number reported in their respective clubs, with what others they may obtain before December 25th, on which day we will report for January number. We ought to have a hundred clubs next month.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE PAST MONTH.

N. F. Griswold, \$10.00; Mrs. Charis Schofield, \$5.00; H. J. Clark, \$2.00; Wm. Buwalda, \$1.00; William Clark, 50c. This list will be continued.

RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We hope every subscriber who intends to take the Magazine next year will renew at once, and save us the expense and trouble of notifying him or her that their time has expired. The January number will be sent to no regular subscriber who has not renewed. The "pay-in-advance" rule will be *strictly adhered to* hereafter. No exceptions will be made. All will be served alike, then no one will have reason to complain.

ALL SORTS.

—Look out for a splendid number with which to commence next volume.

—Subscribers to this Magazine should get their volumes bound for future use.

—"A Cityless and Countryless World" can be had at this office in paper cover for 50 cents.

—We can assure the readers that the next number will be well worth a year's subscription price.

—Remember Wakeman and Underwood will commence their editorial labors in this Magazine next month.

—You will not receive the January number if your subscription expires with this number, unless you renew your subscription.

—Myron H. Goodwin will furnish a very able paper as the leading article of the January number entitled "The Antiquity of Man."

—Susan H. Wixon will furnish a paper on "Woman's Day at the International Congress of Freethinkers" for the January Magazine.

—Please remember, in remitting to this office, to not send money in letters, as it is liable to be lost, nor checks on local banks, as it costs us from 15 to 25 cents to collect them.

—St. Peter—I'll wager you the new arrival is a clergyman.

Gabriel—What makes you think so?

St. Peter—Everything reminds him of something he saw abroad.—*Cleveland Leader*.

—Karl J. Ellington of Wara, Sweden, will furnish a very forcible and sarcastic letter as the leading article of our Literary Department for the January number, entitled "The Great Columbian Imposition." All our readers will not like it, but those who do will enjoy it very much.

—We wish to call especial attention of our young people readers to the patriotic article in this number entitled "The United States Flag," by that well-known and staunch Freethinker, Hon. A Schell of California.

—First Green Goods Man: How is it you have so many more replies to your circulars than I?

Second Green Goods Man: Oh, I and the religious newspapers swap mailing-lists regularly.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

—Mr. Henry M. Taber writes: "I congratulate you on the announcement in your November number, that Mr. Wakeman and Mr. Underwood are both to contribute each month during the next year for the Magazine. It ought to, and I hope it will, be of great service to your Magazine in every way you may desire."

—"Wanted, a Gospel for the Age" is the title of a leading article in the *Christian World*. What has become of the Gospel of our old friend Jesus Christ? Isn't it good enough nowadays? If so, he should come again, and give us something up to date. Perhaps the *Christian World* will jog his memory. He promised to come eighteen hundred years ago.—*The (London) Freethinker*.

—Charles S. Parks of the National Military Home, Kansas, sends us the following and requests an answer from some one:

Out of earth's element mingled with flame,
Out of life's compound of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of our own,
And helplessly into life-history thrown,
Born by that law which compels men to be,
Born to conditions we could not foresee,
Born by that law through all nature the same,
What made us to differ, and who was to blame?

—A telegraphic news item, of October 23, is to the effect that the Grand Jury of Baxter county, Arkansas, has indicted sixty persons for using profane language, and that a test case will be made. The entire list of existing religious laws will soon be put into active operation. These things are the flying straws which show the direction from which the storm is coming.—*American Sentinel*.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley has been distributing Bibles at the school, and singing the praises of that old-fashioned volume, which he appears to have studied pretty faithfully, if we may judge from the way in which he went through Africa with "the resources of civilization." The next time he distributes Bibles he should also give a list of the corpses that marked his track through the Dark Continent.—*The (London) Freethinker*.

—Some time ago the Protestants and Catholics in Uganda were firing at each other, and there was a good deal of lying as to who was in the wrong. It appears, however, that on Sunday, the 18th of June, the Protestants and Catholics joined forces and attacked the Mohammedans, who were driven off with the loss of several hundred killed. After this victory, the rival Christian sects will probably fall to loggerheads again. Uganda is but displaying an epitome of Christian history.—*The (London) Freethinker*.

—The September number of the *American Missionary* has an article from the rector of an Episcopal church in Charleston, S. C., who labors to prove that Negroes, Mongolians, and Indians, do not belong to the Adamic races. "Every dollar, and all time and labor, expended on non-Adamic races," he says, "is so much withdrawn from the forces of Christ's kingdom." This is the newest excuse and apology we have yet noticed for the futile failure of the missionary effort among the "heathen." Will the "field" be abandoned, and will the missionary be called home? It looks as

though that would be the sensible thing to do, upon the admission of this distinguished divine "that their Christianization is hopeless, and it is idle to attempt to change their nature, and defeat the purpose of the Almighty!"—*The Moslem World*.

—The telegraph informs us that:

A clergyman of Minneapolis has just recovered \$417 from a Chicago local express company for the loss of his valise. The valise contained 40 type-written sermons of his own composition and some note books. The jury thought the sermons were worth \$10 apiece, and threw in the \$17 for the rest.

This was probably the luckiest loss this clergyman ever met with. We expect to see a number more of poor preachers losing their grip-sack filled with the contents of the old barrel of sermons heretofore considered worthless.

—One of our friends sends us the following lines. We omit names and locality:

During my stay in ——— this summer I had several arguments with a lady with whom I became acquainted—a church member, but of a reasoning disposition—she had charge of the Sunday-school and regular meetings every other Sunday, and on one occasion she requested me to write something for her to read. I did so, writing very moderately. The effect was very good and she asked me to write a second time. The result has been that she has thought a great deal and is causing something of a stir in her neighborhood. I do not wish her to become a backslider, and although I am a poor invalid, not having done a day's work in two years, I send you inclosed one dollar and request that you send to her the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE for one year.

—Talmage wants the whole world to be represented at New York at a big celebration of the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Christ. We invite him, first of all, to find out the right day. Nobody knows the day on which Christ was born. The only way to be certain, is to let this New York convocation, in A. D. 1900, sit from the first of January to the thirty-first of December. It would be a long sitting, and we don't

suppose they would hatch much, but they could all swear that they had celebrated the birthday of Christ. That is, if he ever was born at all—which is another very knotty point.—*The (London) Freethinker*.

—A friend from Texas, when sending in his subscription, writes. "Your Magazine is a mild form of Infidelity. It would hardly displease a Christian. I glory in being an illiberal Liberal of the *Iron-Clad Age*, and *Truth Seeker* stamp." We do not desire to displease Christians, we only desire to show them the error of their theology, and make good *consistent liberal* Freethinkers of them. We can not see much difference between an *illiberal* Liberal and an illiberal Christian. The only difference is that the first would be inconsistent, and the second consistent with his professions. Illiberality is just what we are warring against. The only trouble with our friend is, he has not entirely got rid of his inherited orthodoxy. He calls it "illiberal Liberalism."

—George Jacob Holyoake sent the following interesting letter to the late Freethought International Congress :

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am far enough away to be a Mahatma, but I have no pretensions that way. I know no ghosts, I see no spirits, and, like the Prophet Esdras, can only address you on "things of this world, and such as pass before me in daily life." Mr. Charles Watts, the representative of Free and Secular thought from Great Britain, who will deliver this message for me, is known as an Unsettler of Opinion. That is the name given to those whose aim is to substitute new opinion for old—better for bad. The American poet Whittier owned that he once turned the crank of an opinion mill. I have worked in a similar way a good portion of my life ; and, provided good material is used and the work turned out with good finish, opinion-making is as honest and useful a business as any going ; and I hope your Chicago Congress will increase the demand for such produce.

In these days, when competition of all kinds is admitted on all hands to be more incessant, sharper, and more engrossing than ever, prudent people are obliged to

be more economical than formerly in order to live. Every day there is less and less time to believe in creeds, and that of Christianity is the most ponderous, complex, and conflicting in the world. The Moslem creed is better suited to the exigencies of business—you believe in Allah and have done with it. It takes threefold more time to believe in three gods than to believe in one. It takes even preachers—who have nothing else to do—years to adjust the preferential claims of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to the ruinous neglect of secular duties—not to mention original sin, incarnation, salvation by faith, and other engrossing perplexities, which absorb an unconscionable amount of time. Therefore, whoever assists in simplifying Christianity and reducing its time-wasting tenets economizes human life and acts in accordance with the spirit of the age. Our English delegate therefore comes to you as an apostle of mental economy and progress.

For myself, I pray, in such imperfect way vouchsafed to me, that your International Congress may advance the principles of intellectual brevity and truth which they represent.

—The attendance at the World's Fair on Sunday, October 15, was 82,276, and on Sunday, October 22, reached the number of 140,578. Such a Sunday attendance as this, together with the fact that the great World's Fair is now an assured financial success, despite the enormous initial expenditures that were made, and also in consideration of the remarkable immunity of the World's Fair grounds, during the summer, from destructive storms which have swept the country so generally, and the unusually pleasant weather and comfortable temperature which that section has experienced during the continuance of the Fair, would seem to show that the Sunday closing seers, who prophesied destruction if the Fair opened on Sunday, should be classed among the false prophets.—*American Sentinel*.

—Some time since a friend of this Magazine wrote to us saying in substance that a Mrs. W., a distinguished literary woman, who was a personal friend of his, was very Liberal, and he had no doubt

that if we would request her to do so she would furnish a poem or an article for this Magazine. We made the request and received the following reply:

NEW YORK, May 15, 1893.

My Dear Mr. Green: I fear our mutual friend is much mistaken in my religious bent. I am far from a "free thinker," as he and you would understand that word. I am a most *devout believer* in a future life—succession of lives. I believe in the divine in me and *outside* of me. I have a superstition for every hour in the day and would not give them up for any price! I believe in *miracles* accomplished by prayer—and am certain of the presence of guardian angels about me. I am sure the "dead" have often communicated with those on earth; therefore I am hardly fitted to write for your Magazine, or be represented in it. I am sure you would hardly care to have me publish such beliefs in your Magazine.

Sincerely yours, ———

We replied to this letter by informing the distinguished writer that we should be very much pleased to have her express her religious views in this Magazine, but we regret to say that up to this date she has failed to do so. Why is this thus?

—Lucy Stone, who died recently at her home in Dorchester, Mass., was born August 13, 1818, on a farm in West Brookfield, Mass., and was descended from men who participated in the French and Indian War, the Revolution, and Shays's Rebellion. She early rebelled against the treatment received by women about her, and having earned enough money by the time she was 25 to enter the only college then open to women, Oberlin, she worked her way through that institution by the performance of household duties and by teaching in vacations. She practiced public speaking in the college debating society, and when she was graduated she refused to write a commencement essay because she was not permitted by the rules to read it. During her four years in college she had only one new gown, a cheap print, and she did not go home for a visit. For a part of the time she cooked her own food. Upon leaving college in

1847 she became an agent and lecturer for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Association, and the same year she delivered her first woman's rights address from her brother's pulpit in Gardner, Mass. In 1855 she married Henry B. Blackwell, a hardware merchant and Abolitionist of Cincinnati, and to secure the omission of the word "obey" from the marriage service, they sent to Worcester for Col. T. W. Higginson, then pastor of a Unitarian Church there, to perform the ceremony, which took place at West Brookfield. The wife retained through life her maiden name. In 1866 she helped to organize the American Equal Rights Association, and in 1869 the American Woman Suffrage Association, being chairman of the executive committee of the latter for nearly 20 years. Most of the money to establish the *Women's Journal* was raised by her, and for the last 23 years she was its editor. She never voted, for when she attempted to register under the Massachusetts school law she was required to sign her husband's name instead of the one she had borne for 60 years, and this she refused to do. She was a model wife and mother and was the mistress of a beautiful home.

Rev. M. J. Savage has just preached a splendid sermon on Lucy Stone, which we shall publish in full, with a good likeness frontispiece, so soon as our space will permit.

—Under the title "Is Christianity Losing Ground?" Professor Briggs, Felix Adler and Dr. Paul Carus contribute three articles to the November *Forum*, which are interesting and suggestive. The general conclusion of these writers is that Christianity, so far as it is identified with the dogmatic systems of the denominations, is rapidly losing ground. But, on the other hand, they unite in declaring that the fundamental principles of Christianity are all the time finding a larger and truer expression in the world of thought and action.

Professor Briggs addresses himself to the task of showing that the people are becoming alienated from the church. They no longer believe in its ability to teach them the truth, because it has declared that the maintenance of tradition, and not the pursuit of truth, is its only concern. They have lost confidence in it as a divine institution, because it is broken up into a multitude of sects, each one of which claims exclusive divine authority. And as these claims are mutually destructive of each other, the people have concluded that all the denominational machines are merely human makeshifts that do not truly or perfectly express the mind of Christ. Lastly, the people no longer believe in the sanctity of the church, because it does not show the fruits of sanctity. "Where," asks Dr. Briggs, "do we find the great preachers, the great church buildings, the great expenditure of Christian men and money—among the toiling masses of the people or among the comfortable and well-to-do? Such questions as these, honestly answered, determine how far the church of our day is Christ-like, and to what extent she follows the Christ in self-denial and self-sacrifice." For these and other reasons Dr. Briggs argues that the alienation from the church is already very great, and will continue until the church discards denominationalism and returns to the first principles of the Gospel of Christ.

Professor Adler discusses the work of ethical societies in reaching those who, as Dr. Briggs shows, refuse to accept denominational Christianity, and yet desire to cultivate the ethical impulse. The gospel the societies preach is essentially this: "That the good life is possible to all, without previous acceptance of any creed, irrespective of religious opinion or philosophic theory; that the way of righteousness is open, and can be entered directly, without a previous detour through the land of faith

or philosophy." Instead of religion being the main proposition and morality the corollary, the ethical societies teach the exact contrary; and the phrase, "mere morality," used by so many Christians, is to them blasphemous. The ethical societies cover the ground which the churches can not cover. They are missionary societies of the moral life.

Dr. Paul Carus, who has gained recognition as a philosophical thinker of ability, discusses the effect upon religion of the Parliament of Religions, recently held in Chicago. In his opinion, the Parliament sounded the death-knell of traditionalism in Christianity. "From its date," he says, "we shall have to begin a new era in the evolution of man's religious life. The religion of the future will be that religion which can rid itself of all narrowness and of the Phariseism which takes it for granted that its own devotees alone are good and holy, while the virtues of others are but polished vices. There is but one religion, the religion of truth. There is but one piety, it is the love of truth. There is but one morality, it is the earnest desire of leading a life of truth. And the religion of the future can be only the Religion of Truth."

Approaching the question as they do, from such different points of view, says the *New York Tribune*, the testimony of these representative men is valuable. That an increasing number of intelligent people, as well as those not so intelligent, are falling away from the churches is admitted by the churches themselves. Is this alienation due to defects in the churches, as Professor Briggs maintains? Or is it merely a temporary swirl in the tide, soon to lose itself in the great forward movement of Christianity, as many Christians assert? Those are the questions which the churches confront to-day, and which cannot be brushed aside by a general denunciation of infidelity.

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